

# TIME

*The Weekly Newsmagazine*



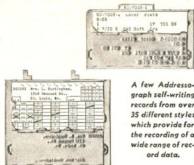
*International*

Volume XVIII

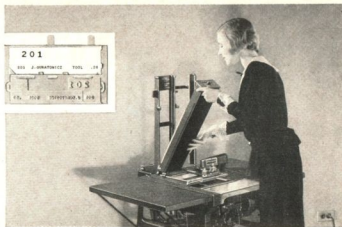
OGDEN LIVINGSTON MILLS

*The angle is political; the cigar, perfect.*  
(See NATIONAL AFFAIRS)

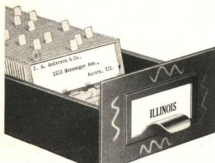
Number 2



A few Addressograph self-writing records from over 35 different styles which provide for the recording of a wide range of record data.



# Self-writing records



The Addressograph illustrated is the new, low-priced, all purpose, electric model, which mechanically transcribes fundamental business records at high speed. There are also hand operated models and super-speed automatic models from \$42.50 to \$12,000

Fundamental business records when kept in the ordinary way are inefficient—costly to handle. Before they can be put to other than reference work, the information on them must be copied onto business forms by hand.

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Count the places in your business where you are now hand copying names and other data on order forms, bills, statements, ledgersheets, letters, envelopes, shop pay-

roll, shipping and other forms.

Count the number of costly motions this work now requires. Then, calculate what it would save you to do this work in one motion and in one-tenth to one-fiftieth the time now required. With Addressograph self-writing records you can do exactly that.

Without obligation an Addressograph representative will add you in a check-up of the name and data-writing operations in your business and demonstrate the actual savings that can be effected through the use of Addressograph Self-Writing Records.

**ADDRESSOGRAPH COMPANY**  
General Offices: 1814 E. 40th St., Cleveland, Ohio  
Addressograph-Multigraph of Canada, Limited,  
Toronto

Addressograph, Limited, London, England  
Addressograph G. m. b. H. Berlin, Germany  
Addressograph, S. A. Paris, France  
Speedamatt Manufacturing Co., Cleveland, Ohio  
Divisions of  
Addressograph-Multigraph Corporation  
Factories:  
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**Addressograph**  
TRADE MARK  
PRINTS FROM TYPE

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



MAKING NEW FRIENDS  
AND KEEPING THE OLD



## GOOD FRIENDS ARE THOUGHTFUL

The farmer boy knows as he takes care of his pets that friendship is won by thoughtfulness —by the little extra things we do to make life pleasanter for others.

We have reason to think that much of the friendliness of those who drive our cars is due to many little 'extras' they hadn't expected.

For instance, it might not seem necessary to study out whether it's easier to read white dial figures on a black background or black figures on white. But we found there is a difference —so you read your dial figures white on black.

Another unexpected thing that has won approval is the three-spoke steering wheel which leaves you an unobstructed view of the

instrument panel. Then there is the close placing of the choke and the throttle buttons so that you may operate both of them with one hand at the same time. At night, the slanting windshield and 'smoked' rear vision mirror protect your eyes from glare, and the toe-button switch enables you to deflect the beams of your headlights without taking either hand from the wheel.

Since we've taken so much care to provide all these little touches, isn't it reasonable to suppose that we've taken equal care with the major things, too?

Won't you drive these cars? You'll find in them ample evidence of friendly thoughtfulness for your pleasure and comfort.

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PRODUCTS OF  
Bodies by



**PONTIAC 6**

GENERAL MOTORS  
Fisher

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## SAVE by Building NOW

These modern, fireproof structures with steel windows, steel doors and insulated Steeldeck roofs are priced moderately and are now erected at lower cost and in quicker time.

Buildings may be any type, size or arrangement to meet innumerable industrial and commercial uses. The standardized units are combined in any way to give a building of individual design. Walls may be of Ferroclad Insulation, steel, brick, concrete or masonry.

### FERROCLAD INSULATION

for exterior wall panels—consists of 1-inch insulation sealed between galvanized sheets—equal in insulation value to a 12-inch masonry wall.

### Write for Catalog and Prices

Suggestions and quotations will be furnished without obligation to you.

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YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO  
Engineering and Sales Offices in Principal Cities

## RETURN COUPON for USEFUL FACTS

Truscon Steel Company, Youngstown, Ohio  
Send free information on building  
\_\_\_\_\_ ft. long \_\_\_\_\_ ft. wide \_\_\_\_\_ ft. high  
to be used for \_\_\_\_\_  
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# L E T T E R S

## Circulation

Sirs: The *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's* and frequently *The Literary Digest* print on front covers their various issues their circulation. Never have I seen a report concerning *TIME's* circulation.

As close as I have ever come to a good guess is a statement in your own advertisement, issue of June 13, p. 62: "... in 350,000 homes." Why not print, just for once, your circulation?

ROBERT MILLER

Palmerton, Pa.

In 1929, upon passing 250,000 circulation, *TIME* announced the fact on its front cover. Average net paid circulation first six months of 1931 was 355,000.—Ed.

## Boston Latin's Trophy

Sirs: May I inform the managing editor of *The Exonian*, through your columns, that the Boston Public Latin School for Boys has received the Phi Beta Kappa Trophy sponsored by Harvard University for permanent possession rather than Phillips Exeter Academy?

ELMER B. MICHELSON

Dorchester, Mass.

Sirs:

I was surprised to see on p. 2 of your issue of June 29 a letter entitled "No Lead Shot," in which the Managing Editor of *The Exonian* asserts that "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." I should like to say that on the Head Master's mantle rests the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa Trophy, which was won by the Lawrenceville School in 1930. Exeter won this in 1929.

If the winning of the Phi Beta Kappa Trophy means that "Exeter is more potent scholastically than other schools of its kind" (according to the correspondent) does this mean that Lawrenceville is most potent, since it has won this trophy from New England?

L. W. TOSTEYIN  
Registrar's Office

Lawrenceville School  
Lawrenceville, N. J.

The Harvard Phi Beta Kappa Trophy, a plaque showing a cap-&gowned student clenching a diploma in his hand and striding stately across Harvard Yard toward the famed seated statue of Puritan John Harvard, was won by Boston Latin School from 1925 through 1928 successively, then by Exeter, then by Lawrenceville. This year's award, the final year of a second term of competition,\* has not yet been made. No matter who is the 1931 winner, the Trophy goes permanently to Boston Latin for having won it four times out of seven.

\*First term (1915-23) Trophy went to Springfield, Mass. Central High School.

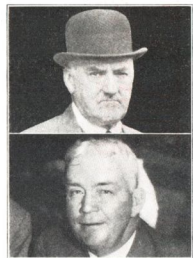
Established in 1915, the Harvard Trophy has been competed for by an invited group of schools, each represented by a team of seven picked students. Scored were the marks made in four subjects (English, a foreign language, mathematics or physics or chemistry, one elective) in the College Board entrance examinations.—Ed.

## Needles for Cole

Sirs:

In your issue of June 29 there appear on p. 8 what purport to be reproductions of pictures of the Chairmen of the three different groups of railroads: ... Messrs. H. A. Scandrett, J. J. Pelley and myself.

It so happens that the picture which purports to represent me is one of my friend, Mr. A. C. Needles, President, Norfolk & Western Railway.



PRESIDENT NEEDLES (Above)

PRESIDENT COLE (Below)

Co., I call your attention to this error not that I think it makes a great deal of difference, or that I think the American Public is particularly interested in my physiognomy, but because of what I understand to be your desire for and claim to accuracy in everything which appears in your publication. I make no claims to physical pulchritude, hence my complacency over the error you have made in substituting Mr. Needles' picture for mine. Under these circumstances, it only remains for you to make your peace with Mr. Needles.

W. R. COLE  
President

Louisville & Nashville Railroad Co.  
Louisville, Ky.

To Messrs. Cole & Needles apologies for  
(Continued on p. 6)

## "CURT, CLEAR, COMPLETE"

—and the Subscription price is \$5 yearly

ROY E. LARSEN, CIRCULATION MGR., TIME, INC.  
350 East 22nd Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

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

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"Mobiloil hauds its ain!"

"Mobiloil hauds its ain!"—"Mobiloil holds its own!" That's the way the canny Scot expresses his enthusiasm for Mobiloil's ability to stand up. This enduring stamina of Mobiloil has made it the world's leading oil.

## ..in Scotland or St. Louis First..second.. high.. Mobiloil stands up!

Drop into first! Mobiloil **stands up**. Slip into second! Mobiloil **stands up**. It grins at the hard punishment of hills. It laughs at the slow grind of traffic.

Slip into high! Step on the gas! Mobiloil **stands up**. It's made to give rich lubrication at high speeds. It's made to give sturdy protection to fast-flying moving parts.

This amazing ability to **stand up** has made Mobiloil the most popular quality oil in the world. Two hundred motorists ask for Mobiloil every *minute*, every day—year in and year out.

Mile after mile Mobiloil **stands up** in their engines, whatever the climate, whatever the country, whatever the road.

Step by step the famous Vacuum Process has toughened and tested that Mobiloil to fight heat and wear. The makers of Mobiloil do not rely on choice crude oils alone. The Vacuum Process builds the ability of Mobiloil to **stand up** through more than twenty separate steps. Mobiloil stamina is made, not found.

You can easily prove Mobiloil's rugged ability to **stand up**. Drive in where you see the Mobiloil sign and ask for the correct grade of Mobiloil for your car.

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

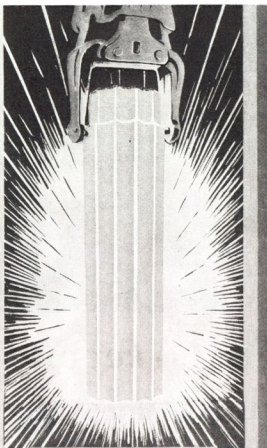


# Mobiloil stands up

*because it is Made..not Found*

## VACUUM OIL COMPANY

# FOR THE MOST EXACTING USES



## Typical Uses:

☛ **AUTOMOTIVE and AERONAUTIC**—For radiator shells, hub caps, lamp housings, moldings, polished parts and fittings, hardware and trim, airplane parts and instruments.

☛ **MANUFACTURING and INDUSTRIAL**—Machinery and furnace parts, clamps, tanks, pressure pumps, conveyors, turbine blades, nozzles, plungers, and machinery specialties.

☛ **CHEMICAL**—Vats, tanks, stills, digesters, condensers, reactors, paper and pulp manufacturing equipment, circulation systems, and laboratory apparatus.

☛ **OIL REFINING**—Bubble caps, still tubes, liners, heat exchangers, ducts, containers, tanks, agitators, and other refining equipment.

☛ **FOOD HANDLING**—Pasteurizers, tables, hospital and hotel kitchen equipment, restaurant fixtures, cafeteria trays, food processing and dairy machinery and accessories, ice cream and milk containers and utensils.

☛ **ARCHITECTURAL**—Structural members and supports, houses and hardware, decorative metal embellishments, flat surface facings, moldings, doors, grilles, panels, and ornamental work.

☛ **HOME APPLIANCES**—Kitchen equipment, cooking and canning utensils, furniture, cabinets, electrical appliances, sinks, plumbing fittings, showers, faucets and tubs.

☛ **MISCELLANEOUS**—Packing house equipment, soda fountain counters and fixtures, display cases, humidifiers, landers, books, trays, golf clubs, skates, service boards, metallic mirrors, laundry machinery, tank cars, railway car parts and fittings, and many other uses where beauty and resistance to corrosion are important factors.

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Chromium-Nickel Steels  
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FOR all applications in which appearance and beauty, effective resistance to corrosion, and unusual physical properties are important considerations, the alloy steels of the USS series are furnishing an answer to the question, *what metal is adaptable?*

In your living room and kitchen, favorite hotel and restaurant, bank vault and office building, on your automobile, and even in your pockets, you may encounter articles with essential parts made of USS Stainless Steels.

Industries ministering to your needs use this remarkable alloy steel in their products and processes. Artistic as well as utilitarian, the USS Stainless Steels find manifold applications. Write for full information to the subsidiary companies of the United States Steel Corporation listed below.

*USS Chromium-Nickel Alloy Steels are produced under licenses of the Chemical Foundation, Inc., New York; and Fried. Krupp A. G., Germany.*



American Sheet and Tin Plate Company, Pittsburgh  
*Sheets and Light Plates*

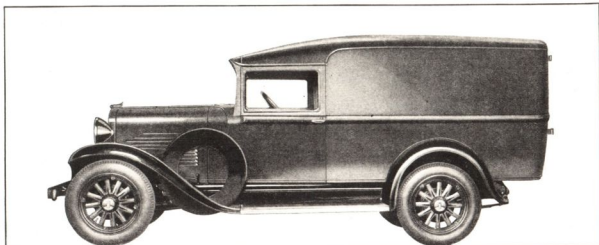
American Steel & Wire Company, Chicago  
*Cold Rolled Strip Steel, Wire and Wire Products*

Carnegie Steel Company, Pittsburgh, and  
Illinois Steel Company, Chicago  
*Bars, Plates, Shapes, Special and Semi-Finished Products*

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# NEW WILLYS SIX TRUCKS



Chassis and De Luxe Sedan Panel Delivery, \$645. Smart Appearance. Inside body measurements, 72 inches long, 46 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide at floor, 52 inches wide at belt.

## *Smart, Distinctive*

Willys Six Trucks combine graceful lines with advanced engineering . . . Bodies reflect a new de luxe style in delivery equipment, yet provide generous loading space . . . Two capacities— $\frac{1}{2}$ -ton and  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -ton . . . Three wheelbases—113, 131 and 157 inches . . . 65-horsepower engine, full force-feed lubrication, floating type oil suction, 4-wheel duo-servo brakes . . . The  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -ton units have 4-speed transmissions, full-floating rear axles. See your nearest Willys dealer, or write Willys-Overland, Inc., Commercial Car Division, Toledo, Ohio, for descriptive literature.

$\frac{1}{2}$ -ton chassis (113" wheelbase)

**\$395**

$1\frac{1}{2}$ -ton chassis (131" wheelbase)

**\$595**

f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio

WILLYS SIX  
157" WHEELBASE  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -TON CHASSIS  
MODEL C157

For extra long or bulky loads. Priced \$35 over standard  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -ton Model C131. Heavier frame, sturdier bridge type cross members. Oversize single tires and dual wheel options at nominal additional cost.



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# save strokes



not just one...or two...  
but maybe four...maybe  
more...on every round!

THE Silver King can actually  
lop strokes from your score! Because  
Silver King is 4.9% to 19.9% more  
consistent.

Who says so?

The Consistency Tester... the one  
true measure of golf ball accuracy.

This machine measures the *performance-in-play* of golf balls. It reveals  
amazing facts... things you never  
suspected.

It shows why putts you felt had been  
hit true sometimes roll off line; why  
your clean drives sometimes break and  
sail out-of-bounds; why crisply hit ap-  
proach shots sometimes drop 10 yards  
short or soar 10 yards over. It isn't  
necessarily your game. It's often that  
"inconsistent" ball you're playing.

You will play a more uniformly good  
game if you switch to Silver King  
because Silver King is more consistent.

Silver King is more consistent be-  
cause its internal compression remains  
uniform throughout the life of each ball.  
Also, the compression of *all* Silver Kings  
is the same. You get used to playing

Silver King just as you get  
used to playing a pet driver.  
Play this consistent ball. Be  
sure your shots go exactly where  
you hit them. Eliminate the variable  
of "erratic" balls... the one variable  
in your game that no amount of good  
form or practice can overcome.

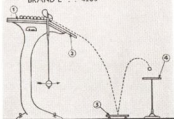
Get the new Silver King from your pro  
or at any good store. Distributed in  
U. S. solely by John Wanamaker...

Golfers going abroad will find the new  
size Silver King in pros' shops at British  
golf courses as well as on the Continent.

## PROOF

OUT OF 1000 "SHOTS"

SILVER KING	5395	"BULL'S-EYES"
BRAND B	5103	" "
BRAND C	4948	" "
BRAND D	4660	" "
BRAND E	4205	" "



**SILVER KING'S RECORD**... Out of 6,000  
"shots" on the Consistency Tester, Silver  
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the booklet "Golf—What a Game!"  
Write for your copy, John Wanamaker,  
Wholesale Golf Dept., New York City.

PLAY

NEW SIZE...  
NEW CONSTRUCTION 85c

# SILVER KING

... it's more Consistent!

reproducing a picture agency's error.  
Herewith are printed pictures of both  
gentlemen with proper labels.—Ed.

## Busy G-G

Sirs:

Here and there one finds a progressive com-  
pany that is busy. Grigsby-Granov Co. (Chi-  
cago) under new management since January 1,  
1931 has had between 5,000 and 6,000 employees  
busily occupied. The first three months they  
made radios to the extent of 3,500 daily and the  
last three months these employees made refrigera-  
tors to the extent of 1,500 daily.

G. S. McKee

Chicago, Ill.

## Grape-Nuts

Sirs:

Your report of the American Medical Asso-  
ciation's annual session (TIME, June 22) was  
extremely interesting and is attracting wide favor-  
able comment by physicians. The high lights of  
the convention are adequately selected and con-  
sidered.

Only two errors annoy me personally. I never  
said anywhere that people are going nuts on  
irradiation. Maybe they are, but I never used  
this inelegant expression.

The second error concerns Grape-Nuts. You  
say our Committee on Foods will insist on a  
change of name because the product is not grapes  
and not nuts. This is wrong. Some uninformed  
person must have misled your representative at  
Philadelphia. Grape-Nuts might have been con-  
sidered faultily named but the rules of the  
American Medical Association Committee on  
Foods permit names long-established. The com-  
mittee does not insist on a change of such com-  
mercial names. It does ask that a proper de-  
scriptive statement accompany distinctive trade  
names on labels and advertising for the informa-  
tion of consumers.

Grape-Nuts is thus a baked cereal composed  
largely of wheat and malted barley. Justification  
for the name may lie in the taste and feel of  
the food on the tongue and teeth. The term Grape-  
Nuts was in use before the passage of the Food  
& Drug Act and no official objection has ever  
been taken to the name of this product. It has  
been accepted by our committee without change  
of name.

Please publish this letter in justice to General  
Foods, which is co-operating fully with the work  
of our committee.

MORRIS FISHBEIN

Editor

Journal of the American Medical Association  
Chicago, Ill.

TIME erred in regard to Grape-Nuts, ex-  
tends apologies to General Foods Corp.

Grape-Nuts, which is made of wheat  
and barley, has a longer history than any  
cold cereal now on the market. It was  
invented in 1897 by Charles William Post,  
soon after he invented Postum. Today  
the housewives not only of the U. S. but  
also of 51 foreign lands serve it for break-  
fast. In the U. S. many a sweet-shop has  
concocted a "Grape-Nuts" ice-cream.—  
Ed.

## Shod Shah

Sirs:

In its article on Persia (June 8), TIME did not  
follow its usual, praiseworthy habit of exploiting  
the interesting implications of a situation. Cer-  
tainly the report that the entrance of the in-  
furiated Shah was announced by "the ring of  
spurs on the stone mosque floor" and his exit  
accompanied by the sound of "clinking spurs" is  
worthy of comment. By going shod into the holy  
mosque did His Majesty mean deliberately to  
flout an old Moslem custom or was he merely  
exasperated beyond the point of taking thought.  
In either case, was he not furnishing quite as  
much food for scandal as did his queen by her  
surreptitious veil-lifting? Or does he rely on the  
edge of his biting lash to clip the wings of gos-  
sip? No Mokaumedan, I yet am curious.

HAROLD COY

St. Louis, Mo.

TIME's correspondent did not attempt  
to analyze the Shah's state of mind, simply  
reported his action, including spur-clinking  
which seemed sufficiently indicative.—Ed.



*Enduro cafeteria equipment in St. John's Riverside Hospital at Yonkers, N. Y., George P. Butler, Jr., Architect, Charles F. Neergaard, Hospital Consultant, S. Blickman, Inc., Fabricators, Percy Clark Quantard, Kitchen Plan Consultant.*

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**... THEY USE ENDURO**

**A** HOSPITAL CAFETERIA—carefully designed as part of an institution where cleanliness is an absolute necessity—where sanitary surroundings are taken as a matter of course.

Like similar equipment in hundreds of other places, it is built of Enduro.

Rust, corrosion and most acids can never start their destructive work here, for Enduro is immune to their attacks.

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Picture the limitless field for such a metal. Already it has taken

the automotive industry by storm. Oil companies, dairies, chemical plants, paper mills, laundries—all are using Enduro. It is changing our architecture—and our interior decorations.

Mirrors are being made of Enduro—and jewelry—and even dental plates. You will find it in bank vaults, huge condensers, tanks and shipping drums. You see it in spokes for wire wheels and in upholstery tacks.

Enduro is easy to work. It can be drawn, cast, welded and machined—yet it is stronger than carbon steel.

An interesting set of booklets tells the Enduro story in detail. Write for them on your business letterhead.



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We shall be glad to send this booklet *free* upon request to any interested person.

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### Chinese General Cohen

Sirs:

Your issue of June 22 under Foreign News, China, You refer to Morris Cohen having recently been gazetted a brigadier general in the Chinese Army. General Cohen is intimately known to me and some facts about him are as follows:

He served in the Canadian Expeditionary forces all during the War and was made a sergeant early in 1915, his knowledge of Chinese was gained through having charge of Chinese imported to France during the War for clean-up work. He is British-born and speaks with a decided English accent. He went to China in 1918 and became Dr. Sun Yat Sen's right-hand man or body guard. He is very shrewd and a good talker, speaks Chinese fluently. He is the only white man to my knowledge ever to become a Chinese Mason, which is considered among Chinamen a great honor. He is not a trick pistol shot.

During a visit to Canada sometime in 1924 I met him again and we visited Chinatown in Vancouver, B. C. As soon as the Chinamen found out who he was, they certainly showered him with attention giving us a special dinner for which we were not permitted to pay.

LEE SERETH

Houston, Tex.

### Chapter & Verse

Sirs:

IN TIME of April 27, p. 23, "barbaric Lord [N. B. only War-Lord] of Manchuria, Chang Tso-lin, he who reclined elegantly [*sic*] with one or more of his wives [*sic*] on a couch of tiger skins while an executioner, for his amusement, chopped off a head—any head would do." (Ah, those barbaric Orientals!) Pray, will TIME be good enough to quote chapter and verse of the authority for this fine specimen of yellow journal sensationalism? Eh, perhaps someone has been delving in Roman History of *circa* A. D. 37-47. *Vide*: Caligula.

IS TIME aware of the difference between polygamy and concubinage? The Chinese are not polygamists, though concubines abound among them. Rather a distinction, what? Nevertheless, a distinction.

森莊  
(Jang Sun)

Shanghai, China

TIME has told of the able rule, the high achievements of Marshal Chang Tso-lin. Subscriber Jang Sun well knows that in Manchuria the word of the "Old Marshal" was law, and chapter & verse into the bargain. His English and his Russian women called themselves "wives," and he whose word was law permitted it. At a dinner which he gave "In honor of Ching Chuen-chien" he had Guest of Honor Ching shot dead at table. On meeting a retainer whom he had not seen for some days the Old Marshal would say as a joke: "What—didn't I order your head cut off yesterday?" His executioner, a powerful man with a great broad sword, was always near, frequently functioned in the manner TIME has indicated.—Ed.

## TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine  
100c U. S. Post-Office

Editor: Henry R. Luce.

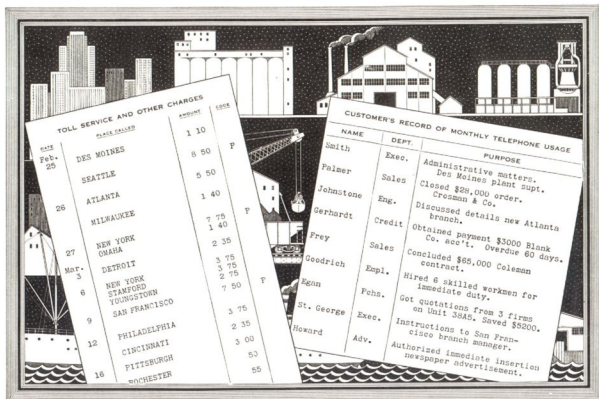
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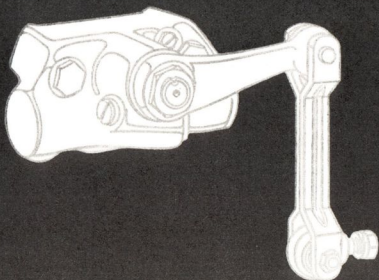




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# TIME

Vol. XVIII, No. 2

The Weekly Newsmagazine

July 13, 1931

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE PRESIDENCY

#### *Sandwiches & Success*

In the cool of his Rapidan camp last Sunday President Hoover lolled restfully. It was the first relaxation he had had in a week of intense negotiation with France over his proposed debt holiday (see p. 16). His eye roved across the placid Virginia countryside. Inside the "Town Hall" a telephone bell rang. It was Acting Secretary of State William Richards Castle Jr. in Washington. The President, excited, almost leaped to the instrument. What was it? Another note from France. Was it satisfactory? No, it made serious proposals counter to the President's plan. Very well, the President would return immediately to Washington to help frame a reply.

"Get my car at once," he ordered as he turned from the telephone. But no car came. Camp cooks continued to prepare Sunday dinner. The President's temper began to rise. He repeated his command, louder this time: "Get my car AT ONCE!" A few minutes later the White House motor rolled up before him. Behind it came the presidential bodyguard, buttoning their shirts and tying their cravats as they scrambled into their escort car. A brief nod of farewell to his camp guests and President Hoover, without dinner, started down the mountain toward the capital 112 mi. away. Thirty miles along the road a car from his camp careened up beside the President's motor. Its driver handed Mr. Hoover a box of sandwiches prepared after his departure. Without stopping the President munched bread & chicken & cheese while his car whizzed through heavy holiday traffic, got him back to the White House in the record time of 2 hr. 41 min.

Awaiting him there were Mr. Castle and acting Secretary of the Treasury Mills (see p. 13). All three hurried into the office, began to ponder the French note. The issue was Germany's Reparations payments in kind. The President had proposed that these be settled by a commission of experts acting within the spirit of the Hoover moratorium. France wanted the experts to act on their own best judgment and quite independent of the moratorium. That, the President agreed with his advisers, would never do. Together they drafted a reply to France, rejecting her proposition and sending the negotiations off on a new track which might lead no man knew where.

This uncertainty and confusion of Sunday were but a continuation of what had been going on from day to day all week. In the Cabinet room three telephones with special head-pieces had been hooked together. There President Hoover and

Messrs. Mills and Castle would go to hear transatlantic reports from Secretary Mellon, chief U. S. negotiator in Paris. Mr. Mellon usually called around noon and again at dinnertime. Sometimes the connection was so poor that the President and his aides could not hear the soft-speaking Secretary. It was also found that the President's voice did not carry well to Paris so a telephone girl was brought in to do his talking for him. Once the President asked the 76-year-old Secretary if he were exhausted by his strenuous diplomatic activities. Replied Mr. Mellon: "No, I find all this rather good fun."

But at last on muggy Monday afternoon word was flashed from Paris to the White House that France had finally accepted. The French had won their point: Germany, to maintain the Young Plan, was to pay her unconditional reparations. President Hoover had won his point: Such payments were to be immediately relouped to Germany. Happily President Hoover summoned a clerk, dictated: "I am glad to announce that the American proposal has been accepted in principle by all. . . . Good will. . . . Earnest co-operation. . . . sincere humanity of the American people. . . . Economic relief means the swinging of men's minds from fear to confidence, the swinging of nations from the apprehension of disorder and governmental collapse to hope."

### THE CABINET

#### *Hurley to Manila*

Agitation for Philippine independence reached such a pitch last week that President Hoover decided to send Patrick Jay Hurley, his Secretary of War, halfway round the globe to look into the islands'

affairs. Obediently Secretary Hurley canceled a trip to Ireland to attend the Dublin Horse Show in August, arranged to sail with his wife and staff for Manila from Seattle July 25.

Because of the growing probability that the next Congress for financial reasons will vote to free the Philippines, Secretary Hurley's mission took on large political significance. His purpose will be to collect first-hand material on which President Hoover can act if & when Congress sends an independence bill to the White House. Almost certainly this material will be in the form of a veto ammunition. The Philippines *Herald*, nationalist sheet, sensed this when it declared: "We would wish that the purpose of this mission be one of inquiry into the necessary details of separation. Yet it might be that of gathering an array of facts so devastating as to make a presidential veto of Philippine independence preclude further agitation and argument."

Meanwhile in Manila, Missouri's Senator Harry Bawlow Hawes, author of the Philippine independence bill in Congress, last week continued to stir the brown-skinned natives to feverish excitement. Old Army men were shocked, *politicos* dejected, when he proposed that the U. S. turn over its fortress and defense works at Corregidor to the Filipinos. Voicing the sentiment of U. S. residents, the Manila *Herald* flayed the Senator for hobnobbing exclusively with the natives, for discourteously ignoring U. S. officials. So alarmed was one large commercial house over the prospect of independence that it applied to Lloyd's for insurance rates against such an eventuality.

### ARMY & NAVY

#### *Old Ironsides*

A happy, happy man was U. S. Circuit Judge Curtis Dwight Wilbur one day last week as he stood on the dock of the Charlestown (Mass.) Navy Yard and watched the 134-year-old frigate *Constitution* go back into naval service for the fourth time. The occasion was a belated climax to his career as Secretary of the Navy (1924-29). Frankly a sentimentalist, one of his outstanding deeds in office was sponsoring the collection of thousands of pennies from thousands of school children to pay for the reconstruction of this black, chunky relic. Now he had crossed the country from California to participate in the ceremony of recommissioning, to make a speech linking the *Constitution's* record with international peace.

Built on President Washington's orders, the old frigate was first launched not far from where a naval battery of 21 guns boomed out a salute last week. Paul

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## National Affairs—(Continued)

Revere supplied her original sheathing and brass work. Today there remains only 15% of the vessel that fought the Barbary pirates, defeated the *Guerriere* in 1812, earned the name of "Old Ironsides"



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SKIPPER GULLIVER

... travelled in tow.

from the way her planking withstood shot. When the Navy prepared to junk her in 1850, Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote his "Ay, Tear Her Tattered Ensign Down," caused her to be commissioned a second time in 1853. Her third reconstruction came in 1871.

Last week's fourth commissioning was spectacular. Naval officers in dress uniform brightened the crowd of 600 special guests on the pier. From the quarter-deck Rear Admiral Louis McCoy Nulton read official orders putting the *Constitution* into active service. The colors and jack were hoisted, the first watch set. Command of the vessel was turned over to Commander Louis J. Gulliver.

Next day Skipper Gulliver set out from Boston on his travels to exhibit the *Constitution* in 18 Atlantic ports this summer. Thousands watched in silence as the old frigate was towed away by the minesweeper *Grebe*, her brand-new sails tightly furled. Her crew of 60 was too small to handle her under her own canvas (Captain Isaac Hull had 450 men when he beat the *Guerriere*). Her first port was Portsmouth, N. H., but at Gloucester she had to be towed in because of fog.

A great nautical pother has been stirred in the Press because Old Ironsides was not sailed. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Ernest Lee Jahncke made trouble for himself by publicly doubting whether the present-day Navy could muster a crew capable of handling a square-rigger. Old sailors' homes fairly thundered with indignant denials. Mr. Jahncke later explained that the *Constitution* had an exhibition schedule to keep, could not risk delays under canvas. He proposed that she be turned over later to Annapolis shipmen for training purposes.

## CONSERVATION

*Excision;  
Explosion;  
Examination*

In Colorado's Mesa Verde National Park fortnight ago Navajo Indians were giving a tribal fire dance. One interested spectator was a very tall, very thin man with bright deep-sunken eyes. Beside him stood the manager of a bus company. Suddenly the bus manager clapped his hand to his right side, groaned in agony, collapsed. The tall thin man had him removed to an emergency hospital nearby, tapped his abdomen, announced crisply: "Appendix. We'll have to operate at once. Not a moment to lose!"

The bus manager was made ready on the operating table while the tall thin man whipped off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, put on a surgeon's white robe. A quick deft incision and a few minutes later the tall thin man had excised the bus manager's ruptured appendix. Such was the first operation performed by tall, thin Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, brother of the *Constitution* sponsor (see p. 11), since he became President Hoover's Secretary of the Interior.

Rather proud of himself, Secretary Wilbur proceeded to Las Vegas, N. M. where he joined Carl Raymond Gray, Union Pacific System's president and then on to Hoover Dam. There he exploded the first charge of dynamite in Black Canyon's wall for the 4,000 ft. diversion tunnels which will carry the Colorado River around the dam site during construction.

The heat in the canyon was intense. It had already killed one workman. Secretary Wilbur, the sweat running into his eyes, felt dizzy. Last week his department ordered physical examination for all Hoover Dam workers to determine if they were fit to stand the blazing canyon temperature (100° plus) at dam site. Much of the labor has been recruited from nearby camps of unemployed men whose physical condition has been lowered by scant rations.

## HUSBANDRY

*Wheat Moratorium*

In Santos, Brazil fortnight ago 530,000 sacks of coffee were burned up to reduce the Brazilian surplus, relieve the market, up prices. At about the same time in Washington, James Eli Watson of Indiana, Republican floorleader of the Senate, was beseeching the Federal Farm Board to reduce the U. S. wheat surplus, relieve the market, up prices by drastic action upon the Board's 200,000,000 bu. of wheat. Senator Watson as spokesman for the Senators from wheat-growing States did not seriously propose that the Board destroy its vast holdings by fire, much as such a spectacle might delight U. S. husbandmen, but he did strongly urge the Board to cease selling wheat for at least a twelve-month.

Ever since the Board declared it would not peg prices for the 1931 wheat crop, its 1930 holdings have threatened the

market with a selling avalanche. What, became the big wheat question, did the Farm Board propose to do with its supply? Hold it off the market? Dump it at every price rise? Dribble it out steadily?

The Board would give no specific answer. It belligerently maintained a broad right to sell as much as the market would absorb without a major price decline, despite the fact that it would lose 30¢ at current prices on each & every bushel thus sold. To the pleadings of Senator Watson that all wheat be withheld from sale, greying, strong-jawed James Clifton Stone, the Board's harassed chairman, turned a deaf ear. The Board, he said, would follow its selling policy regardless of political clamor.

Senator Watson has been in politics too long to be easily discouraged. He marched straight to the White House, saw President Hoover. The President, said the Senator, should declare a wheat moratorium to match his debt moratorium. The Farm Board's policy, he insisted, was making all sorts of political trouble for the President. He advised the President to influence a change. At first the President was reluctant to interfere. But when Senator Watson finished explaining how wheat growers held the Farm Board—and the Republican Party—responsible for low prices (35¢ per bu. in Kansas), the President dispatched a message to Chairman Stone in which he "suggested" that "in view of unusual conditions growing out of the Depression . . . it would be wise for the Farm Board to consider a more definite policy in respect to sales."

At first Chairman Stone was huffy at this presidential "suggestion." Said he:



International

FARM BOARD CHAIRMAN STONE

"... not subject to interference from the President or anyone else."

"This is an independent board under the law and not subject to interference from the President or anyone else. Whatever we do or don't do is our own responsibility." Nevertheless he quickly sum-



## National Affairs—(Continued)

moned a board meeting, called in for consultation Alexander Legge, onetime chairman, whose stabilization program got the Board into its present difficulties. They sat long & late. There was much wrangling, many a dispute. Three days later the Board framed a statement of policy which Chairman Stone took to President Hoover for approval. The President ordered changes. Another long Board session followed. Finally late one night last week Chairman Stone met newsmen, handed them a statement. Explained he blithely:

"We've not modified our program and have not surrendered to the President or the farm associations. We have simply amplified our position."

Surrender or not, what the Farm Board promised was to limit its sales, exports excluded, to a cumulative maximum of 5,000,000 bu. per month or 60,000,000 bu. per year. By this arrangement the Board if it saw fit could cease all selling for ten months, then dump 60,000,000 bu. on the market in 60 days.

But the Board's limited sales policy hardly satisfied wheat-growers and their political representatives who wanted the Board to sell no wheat at all until the price rose 30¢ or 40¢ per bu. In Kansas Vice President Charles Curtis, who rarely speaks out on administrative matters, declared: "I think they [Farm Board members] have made a mistake in not fixing a price of from 85¢ to \$1 per bu. at Chicago as the minimum level at which stabilization wheat holdings would be sold. I can't understand where they got information which would induce them to take the course they did."

The Vice President's sudden interest in wheat quickened rumors that he would seek his old seat in the Senate, instead of standing for re-election on the national ticket. He and Kansas' Senator, Capper entrained immediately for Washington where they planned to urge the President to stop all Farm Board wheat sales. In Idaho Senator Borah growled: "Nothing could be more unfortunate than this policy. This surplus of wheat should be taken off the market."

## BOARDS & BUREAUS

### Four In, Eight To Go

Quietly from the Washington scene last week passed the National (Wickersham) Commission on Law Observance & Enforcement, its legal life ended. Twenty-five months ago President Hoover called it into being as his first and greatest special agency. Its eleven members trooped importantly to the White House. President Hoover made them a speech of welcome in the Cabinet Room. Photographs were taken on the rear posing-ground. An elaborate luncheon was served in the State dining room. Press headlines throughout the land blared the news. Last week there were no White House ceremonies, no Hoover speech of thanks, no news pictures, no luncheon, no big headlines.

**Romance.** But unexpected romance saved the Commission's exit from being altogether drab. When Dean Roscoe

Pound of the Harvard Law School, second only to Chairman George Woodward Wickersham in legal eminence, went to Washington in 1929 to serve his President as a commissioner, he put up at the



Acme-P. & A.  
BRIDEGROOM POUND & BRIDE  
... saved his colleagues from drabness.

Lafayette Hotel on 16th Street. Who should also be staying there but Mrs. Lucy Berry Miller, widow of his old Washington friend, Dr. James E. Miller. When Dean Pound, himself a widower, was not hard at work at the Commission's headquarters, he courted Mrs. Miller about the hotel and elsewhere. Last week just as moving vans were backing up to the Tower Building and overalled workmen were beginning to clean out the Commission's offices there, Commissioner Pound, aged 60, escorted Mrs. Miller, aged 49, to famed old St. John's Church, made her his second wife. He and his bride sped to New York, sailed for Scotland aboard the *S. S. Transylvania*. Declared Honey-mooner Pound: "I've been working very hard these last few weeks. I'm tired and need a rest."

**Reports.** Moved out of his Tower Building suite with its airy outlook and fine furniture, Chairman Wickersham last week hired out of his own pocket a tiny office with two second-hand desks and chairs in the Walker-Johnson Building, close to the White House. There with two assistants and a clerk he read proof on the Commission's unfinished reports. In 25 months the Commission had spent \$475,000 of its \$500,000 appropriation. It had made four reports to the President: 1) Prohibition (preliminary); 2) Prohibition (final); 3) crime statistics; 4) prosecutions.

Before its assignment was over, it had eight more to hand in: 1) crime causes; 2) crime costs; 3) prisons and probation; 4) police methods; 5) foreign-born crime; 6) lawless law enforcement; 7) juvenile delinquency; 8) deportation of criminal aliens.

Secretary of Labor Doak had written a 57-page letter heatedly protesting against the Commission's conclusions on his Department's deportation methods.

## FISCAL

## Red Year's End

(See front cover)

From the Treasury basement, where gold is stored, to the east wing of the White House runs a dark little tunnel under East Executive Avenue. Many times through this tunnel last week passed a thickset, youngish man with a big nose and eyes of clearest blue. He wore a linen suit. His teeth bit hard into a Benson & Hedges cigar. He walked fast. Out of the tunnel he skirted the rear portico of the White House (where the presidential kennels are), paced down the west colonnade, marched unannounced by a back door into the offices of the President of the U. S. Nobody barred his way because he was Ogden ("Ogie") Livingston Mills, the rich and high-born Undersecretary of the Treasury, now acting as the Department's chief in the absence of Secretary Andrew William Mellon. The President, many a time last week, wanted to see him in a hurry.

Mr. Mills was one of Washington's three busiest and most publicized men. The other two—President Hoover and Acting Secretary of State William Richards Castle Jr.—awaited him inside the air-cooled White House office. What engaged their joint attention there were the international negotiations incident to Mr. Hoover's proposed debt holiday (see p. 16). Undersecretary Mills was the President's statistical expert in whose head were all the facts and figures needed to deal with France. Two, three, sometimes four times a day President Hoover would summon him for conferences from his great oblong office on the second floor of the Treasury overlooking statues of Alexander Hamilton and William Tecumseh Sherman, with the Potomac beyond. So preoccupied was the Treasury's Undersecretary with the debt negotiations that he cancelled his usual Friday-to-Monday holiday at his summer home in Westbury, L. I. Miss Beatrice Todd, Mr. Mills's admiring secretary, has rarely worked harder or later at the Treasury than she did last week.

In the midst of this exciting activity over international affairs Undersecretary Mills paused briefly last week to wind up the fiscal year of 1931, balance the Treasury's books. And a red year it was for the Government. For the first time since the War, expenditures had, as everyone well knew they would, exceeded receipts, thereby producing a thumping big deficit. Perhaps it was just as well that Secretary Mellon, who had piled up ten annual surpluses in a row, was away in Paris when the Treasury had to make its dismal accounting to the country. A depression far beyond his darkest estimates had hit the Government's pocketbook and now to his chief assistant fell the unpleasant task of making explanations.

Undersecretary Mills gathered together his fiscal statistics, added, subtracted, arrived at his totals. He found that the 1931 deficit was \$903,000,000. The Gov-

## National Affairs—(Continued)

ernment had had to go out and borrow \$616,000,000 to keep functioning during the year and this sum was therefore added to the public debt. Every source of revenue had been affected by the drying-up process of hard times whereas expenditures had climbed to a new peace-time record. Mr. Mills's figures produced the following tables:

Revenue (in millions of dollars)		
Source	1931	1930
Income tax	1,860	551
Customs	378	209
Internal Revenue		
(Tobacco, stamp and estate taxes, etc., etc.)	569	59
Other Receipts		
(Foreign debt payments, Panama Canal tolls, property sales, etc., etc.)	510	42

Total	3,317	861
-------	-------	-----

Expenditures (in millions of dollars)		
	1931	1930
Total	4,220	226

	1931	1930
River & Harbor and Flood Control	25	35
Drought relief and road construction	119	41
Farm Board	41	7
Commerce Department	7	34
Postal Deficit	112	358
Bonus loans	—	—

	1931	1930
Navy	20	48
Interest on public debt	64	64
Tax Refunds	—	—

Increased expenditures (\$358,000,000) less the Government's economies (\$132,000,000) gave Mr. Mills his net increase in 1931 outlay (\$226,000,000). Said he: "The increase was largely due to agricultural aid and relief, additional benefits to War veterans and the accelerated governmental construction activities which more than offset other reductions."

Deficit (in millions of dollars)		
Increase of Expenditures	226	—
Decrease in Receipts	861	—
Less surplus carried over from 1930	1,087	184
Net 1931 Deficit	903	—

Public Debt (in millions of dollars)		
June 30, 1930	16,185	—
Retirements	440	—
	15,745	—
Borrowings	1,056	—

June 30, 1931	16,801	—
Net increase	616	—

What Undersecretary Mills had the most difficulty in explaining was the differences between Secretary Mellon's estimates of the Treasury condition and the actual figures. Last December Mr. Mellon set the deficit at \$180,000,000, an error of \$725,000,000. He missed his guess on receipts by \$518,000,000, on expenditures by \$205,000,000. Frankly declared Undersecretary Mills: "The discrepancy was due to the difficulty [last autumn] of measuring the severity and duration of the business depression. . . . The Treasury underestimated the effects which the fall in prices and the reduction in volume of business operations would have on taxable incomes. . . . At the time the estimates were made in the autumn it seemed not unlikely that the turn of the year would witness some business improvement."

A notable change has come over "Oggie" Mills since he entered the Treasury four years ago as the dictatorial, rather supercilious scion of a wealthy old family. Born 46 years ago at Newport, R. I. at the height of the social season, he inherited a background and outlook by no means favorable for a political career. His grandfather was Darius Ogden Mills who left a Buffalo bank for the 1849 gold rush, not as a prospector but as a hard-headed merchant and trader. Grandfather's first year's profit in California was \$40,000. The Comstock Lode in Nevada made him rich. He doubled his money in railroad stock and timber land, returned to New York 30 years later to take his place near the top of Society. When he died in 1910 he left an estate of \$41,000,000 in New York Central, Atchafalaya, Topeka & Santa Fe, International Paper, Shredded Wheat, Tidewater Oil, Black Diamond Coal, Seaboard Air Line, et al. His daughter became the late great Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. His son Ogden collected works of art, married Ruth Livingston, great-great-granddaughter of Robert Livingston whose statue New York put into the U. S. Capitol as one of its two most illustrious citizens.\*

Of the elder Ogden's three children, Gladys married Banker Henry Carnegie Phipps. When the eighth Earl of Granard took Beatrice to wife in 1909, the New York Times gave the story front-page display. Ogden Jr. went to Harvard and upon his graduation (1904), much to the surprise of his family, took a law course at Cambridge. Even more surprised was his family when he began to practice his profession in New York. When he went into Republican ward politics in New York City, his kin threw up their hands in social horror. Later he explained: "I was possessed of a fortune but I wanted to put myself, as a matter of personal pride, in a position where I was not dependent upon the income I had inherited. I tackled politics because I concluded that a man with money should justify his existence and take a turn at the oars to propel the civic boat."

\*The other was George Clinton, revolutionary soldier, seven times Governor of his State, twice Vice President of the U. S.

After years of door-bell-pulling and poll-watching, he ran for Congress in 1912, surprised his family not a bit by being roundly beaten. Two years later, however, he did get himself elected to the New York State Senate, served two terms. He was with the A. E. F. as a captain. The Harding landslide of 1920 carried him into a seat in Congress from Manhattan's "blue stocking" district (upper Fifth and Park Avenues, the seat now held by Oil Widow Ruth Pratt).

In the House where he served for the next six years he developed a marked flair for fiscal affairs. Possessed of an excellent memory, he absorbed figures quickly, used them shrewdly in debate. As a member of the Ways & Means Committee he became Secretary Mellon's chief advocate in the House, fought many a fierce floor battle for him and his tax plans. But Congressman Mills, for all his knowledge and dexterity with figures, had a manner that got him into ill favor with his colleagues, antagonized those with whom he had to work. He treated them with intellectual and social contempt, scorned their arguments—legislative snob. Though his good friend Speaker Longworth declared he had "the best knowledge of national taxation of anyone in either house of Congress," his superciliousness in using that knowledge made him many a good enemy.

In 1926 he quit the House to run as the Republican nominee for Governor of New York against Alfred Emanuel Smith. Assertive and hard-hitting, he lost all chance of victory when he declared: "There is no truth in the man [Smith] in private or public life." That gave Democrat Smith his chance to stage a highly effective scene with his wife about his private life. Nominee Mills went under by 250,000 votes. Four months later President Coolidge rewarded him with the Undersecretaryship of the Treasury.

Today Ogden Mills is no longer the aggressive, arrogant young man who tried to bulldoze his House colleagues with scorching sarcasm delivered with a high nasal drawl. He has grown affable, friendly, almost democratic. He listens politely to other people's views and opinions, is ready to accept their suggestions. Age has mellowed him, changed enemies to friends.

As the Treasury's No. 2 man, his major achievement has been the enactment of legislation for the issuance of short-term bills bearing no specific interest but bid for under par by investors.\* This new and more flexible device for Treasury loans has been of great value to the Department in financing itself through the Depression. Undersecretary Mills, because of his knowledge of the money market, managed virtually single-handed the two big bond issues put out this year. With his Congressional contacts, he replaces Secretary Mellon before House and Senate committees, hurries in to serve as a quick-witted buffer when the Press starts to press the shy old gentleman too hard.

\*Last week the Treasury sold \$100,000,000 worth of these bills at the low rate of 5 1/2%.

## National Affairs—(Continued)

Mr. Mills' first wife was Margaret Rutherford. After their divorce she married Sir Paul Dukes and later Prince Charles Michael Joachim Napoleon Murat. The second Mrs. Mills, whom the Undersecretary married in 1924, was Mrs. Dorothy Randolph Fell, who divorced John R. Fell in 1923 for drunkenness. Mrs. Mills has three children—Dorothy who made her debut last year; John, 21, who works with Mergenthaler Linotype Co. in Brooklyn; and Philip, called "Tiny," aged 11.

In Washington the Mills family lives in a big house on 18th Street rented from Walter Evans Edge, the asparagus-loving U. S. Ambassador to France. Before breakfast each morning to the house comes H. C. Langmak, physical trainer, to box, skip rope, do setting up exercises with Mr. Mills before he hustles away to his office by 9:15 a. m. In slack times the Undersecretary slips out to Burning Tree Club where he plays an 85-to-90 game of golf. In Manhattan the Mills home is just off Fifth Avenue on 60th Street. There is also a Newport villa. Two chauffeurs are kept busy with four cars, one of them a handsome Isotta Fraschini. Last spring at the Pusey & Jones shipyards in Wilmington, Mrs. Mills christened her husband's new 160-ft. yacht *Avallon*.

Between Secretary and Undersecretary of the Treasury there is almost a father-and-son relationship. Mr. Mills calls his chief "the old man." So active is the younger man's control of all Treasury affairs, so complete is "the old man's" confidence in his judgment that Mr. Mellon has become a sort of Secretary-emeritus. Undersecretary Mills is politically ambitious. He yearns to sit in the U. S. Senate from New York, provided of course he is not elevated from the sub-Cabinet in the meantime upon Mr. Mellon's retirement. His new geniality is political. His slant on public questions is political. The angle of his cigar is political. But the cigar, and the social product behind it, are still perfect.

### HEROES

#### 1881 Man

To have witnessed the assassination of a U. S. President is something to remember all one's lifetime. To have collared the assassin is a distinction, a thing to tell about, that has come to only three groups of men in the history of the land. One of those men, the man who collared Charles J. Guiteau in Washington's old Sixth Street railroad station a few seconds after he shot President Garfield, last week observed the 50th anniversary of the occasion by granting press interviews.\*

Robert Andrews Parke, the national hero of July 2, 1881, was special Wash-

ington agent of Baltimore & Potomac R. R. It was his duty to arrange transportation for the President or any other dignitaries going and coming at the capital. President Garfield wanted to go to commencement exercises at Williams College



Acme-P. & A.

ROBERT ANDREWS PARKE

President Garfield fell at his feet.

in Massachusetts, which his two eldest sons were entering that autumn.\* It was an ominously warm day. Special Agent Parke, having seen that all was aright with the presidential train, stood in the ladies' waiting room. He vaguely remembered having been interrupted by a calm, little man who asked a lot of questions. Evidently just another traveler. Agent Parke was watching now for the fine horses that drew the carriage of Secretary of State James Gillespie Blaine.

James Abram Garfield had been in office only four months but already he was tired. He leaned heavily on Secretary Blaine's arm as they got out of the carriage and entered the waiting room. Agent Parke started walking to meet them.

Suddenly from a jutting behind the officials, he saw the calm, little traveler emerge, draw a huge bulldog revolver, fire twice. The President crumpled at Agent Parke's feet. The hot waiting room reverberated horribly.

Thinking quickly, Agent Parke paid no attention to the fallen President but rushed past, seized the assassin by neck and wrist and held him, shouting: "This is the man!" until relieved by policemen. Assassin Guiteau was a disappointed office-seeker whom both Garfield and Blaine had ordered kept off their premises. He had wanted, apparently, a consular appointment.

Reminded Hero Parke last week: "I thought the President was going to die

right there.\* I tried to speak to him but he could not recognize me. Mrs. Sarah E. White, the mistress of the waiting room, rushed up and lifted the President's head into her lap. He vomited a little. The station had been empty but the news spread and soon there were several thousand people about us. They got a Pullman mattress and carried the President to a room upstairs."

Some time later a Congressional committee presented Hero Parke with the piece of the fringe of the flag in which John Wilkes Booth's spurs caught as he leaped from the theatre box after assassinating President Lincoln.

Quick-thinking Mr. Parke, now 80 and white-whiskered but still erect, still spry, remembers also trips he arranged for Presidents Cleveland and McKinley. Best of all he remembers the transcontinental funeral of California's Senator George Hearst, father of the chain-publisher, of which he still cherishes the bills for champagne, wine & whiskey; and the grand tour of the U. S. taken by Princess Eulalia of Spain in 1893, for which he laid out the itinerary. About that time he was called into consultations which led to building the first taxicab—"not for speed, but to eliminate horse-droppings from the street"—in Philadelphia. Since that time he has lived in quiet retirement, except when horse races are being run. He boasts more of having seen every Kentucky Derby than of having known every President since Lincoln. Cried he last week: "God willing, I shall see Twenty Grand race again!"†

Only once since 1881 has Hero Parke figured in the public prints. In 1927 he overheard a Manhattan park employee using abusive language to some women. He intervened and after a long, much-publicized court fight, made the fellow publicly apologize.

### RACES

#### No More Magic

New Orleans Luck Powder . . . Money-bringing Luck Bags, Holy Oil, and Dragon's Blood . . . Mystic Brahma lodestones . . . The Great 7 to 1 Dream Book. . .

With such advertisements in Negro journals are U. S. blackamoors, a few generations removed from their African fetishes, beguiled by sharp traders on primitive superstition.

Last week the Aframerican Pittsburgh Courier dealt a hard blow to the powers of darkness. It announced that it would hereafter reject "all advertising pertaining to luck, mysticism, fortune-telling, get-rich-quick schemes," and the like.

Editorialized the Courier: "We regard this type of advertising as a reflection on the intelligence of our readers. . . . Six years ago we took the initial stand against advertising revolvers; and while it was costly, we believe that the elimination of such advertising served a good purpose."

\*Only one shot hit him, in the back. He died of the wound at Elberon, N. J. on Sept. 19.

†He was present when Twenty Grand won at Aqueduct last week. (See p. 20.)

\*John M. Fry who directed the party which cornered John Wilkes Booth in a Virginia barn twelve days after he had shot President Lincoln on April 14, 1865, died last week in Seward, Ill. Detective Ireland of the U. S. Secret Service seized Leon F. Czolgosz by the left arm immediately after he had shot President McKinley, Sept. 6, 1901.

\*Garfield sons: Harry Augustus, now president of Williams College; James Rudolph, one-time Roosevelt secretary of the Interior; Abram Cleveland architect; Irvin McDowell, Boston lawyer. All are living.

# FOREIGN NEWS

## INTERNATIONAL

### Hoover to Laval!

Like two perspiring miners pickaxing toward each other from opposite sides of a stone wall were President Herbert Hoover and Premier Pierre Laval of France last week. They yearned, they slaved to clasp hands. From day to day the lessening thickness of the wall of disagreement could be measured in millions of dollars.

**\$97,000,000.** Had France completely rebuffed President Hoover, the wall would have been \$97,000,000 thick—that being the total sacrifice he invited France to make (TIME, July 6). But early last week France and the U. S. agreed on a procedure to postpone for one year the "postponable annuities" owed France by Germany. This thinned the wall to approximately

**\$60,000,000.** Next both pickaxmen whanged the "non-postponable annuities," a rock which loomed huge when France declared that the Young Plan must be preserved intact and that what was "non-postponable" in the specific language of the Young Plan must be paid to France and kept by her.

Spitting figuratively on his hands, each pickaxman soon hewed concessions from his own side of the wall. President Hoover conceded that Germany must continue to pay. France conceded that she will not keep what Germany pays but will loan it back to Germany through the Bank for International Settlements.

Fragments remaining to be cracked after this big rock was split were:

**Repayment by Germany of her B. I. S. loan** should be made to France in how many years? President Hoover and Premier Laval agreed that repayment will be postponed for three years, then paid up fully in the following ten years.

**The Central European Allies**, proposed France last week, ought to be loaned \$25,000,000, this to come out of the B. I. S. loan to Germany. Would President Hoover consent? He would not last week; but the President asked Chairman Eugene Meyer of the U. S. Federal Reserve Bank to see about a U. S. bankers' loan of \$25,000,000 to the Central European allies of France.

**The Guarantee Fund**, a sort of fiscal flying buttress in the Young Plan, was cut out of the negotiations last week by Mr. Hoover, whose State Department announced: "We understand that the French Government now indicates that it can drop this from the discussion." Only a few hours earlier the obligation of France with respect to the Guarantee Fund\* had brought the parleys near to a dead end.

\*Should Germany default her Reparations payments this year, France is obligated by the Young Plan to pay \$119,000,000 into a Guarantee Fund for the benefit of Germany's other creditors if asked to do so by the B. I. S. The matter was dropped when France received assurances last week that the B. I. S. would not call on her in case of German default.

By this time the wall of discord, so the hewers said, had thinned to only

**\$23,000,000.** The final rock pickaxed last week was that of German reparation "payments in kind," payments made not in money but in goods.

How the system works: *Schmitz A. G.* of Berlin receive an order for \$100,000 worth of sausages from *Pierre et Cie* of Paris. They fill the order. The sausages are shipped from Berlin to Paris. Thereupon the German Government pays *Schmitz A. G.* \$100,000; and *Pierre et Cie* pay the French Government \$100,000. Obviously the effect of this procedure is that the German Government has paid \$100,000 to the French Government, although no money whatever crossed the frontier.

France contended last week that contracts already existing between firms like *Schmitz A. G.* and *Pierre et Cie* must not be disturbed by the Hoover Holiday, a primary purpose of which is to promote world trade. But on this point President Hoover set his square jaw. His reason: such "deliveries" are in effect "payments." Mr. Hoover let it be known that "the spirit of the [Hoover] proposal" demands that no reparations payments be made by Germany during the moratorium year except such as are released to Germany through the B. I. S.

**Unsung Heroes.** With a telephone headset clamped on his skull, President Hoover dominated the negotiations in Paris last week almost as completely as though he had been there like Theodore Roosevelt with a Big Stick. French papers again accused the President of roughness, rudeness and big stickery—but their tone was less angry than at first.

Trusty Hoover helpers who scampersd sweltering around Paris day and night, popping in now upon Premier Laval, now upon Finance Minister Pierre Etienne Flandin, and now upon "the Old Tomcat of the Quai D'Orsay," slumberous, feline Foreign Minister Aristide Briand, included notably a youngster and an oldster.

**Andrew William Mellon**, despite his 76 years, vigorously sat up nights with the best, revealed a surprising ability to understand French. (Only one of the French negotiators had any command of English, Finance Minister Flandin.)

**Robert T. Pell**, young and no member of the U. S. Foreign Service, is said to be privately employed by Ambassador Walter E. Edge to whom he is personal private secretary. Throughout the week Personal Private Secretary Pell played important intermediary rôles, chiefly the Great Interpreter. So able was his work that French statesmen called in no French interpreter.

**Breaking Through.** Goaded President Hoover, Tomcat Briand, Secretary Mellon and Premier Laval to efforts which finally succeeded was the desperate state of the German Reichsbank last week.

Fear among capitalists that their money was not safe in Germany produced a "flight of capital," which strained, almost sprained the credit resources of the

Reichsbank. President Hans Luther had received a new credit of \$100,000,000 from New York and other banks to defend his position. Ordinarily a hard pressed government which receives such a credit is able to stretch it over the requirements of months—as Italy did when she got \$100,000,000 some years ago. Last week Dr. Luther found that he had run through the \$100,000,000 literally in a few weeks! Hoover and Laval must not fail.

Precisely on what basis the two pickaxers at last broke down all barriers and clasped hands they were not in a position to reveal last week. The President's announcement, ringing with triumph (see p. 11), was meagre as to details. But hands had been clasped, a bargain struck along broad lines already well defined, and it appeared that experts limited or experts unlimited would do the rest.

"Without going into technical terms," said Washington, "while certain payments are made by Germany for Reparations accounts, the substance of the President's proposal is retained, and the sums so paid are immediately returned to Germany. . . . The technical difficulties arising from many complicated international agreements . . . are now in course of solution by the good will and earnest co-operation of government leaders everywhere."

Quick and spirited in his praise of the U. S. was German Foreign Minister Julius Curtius. Said he: "What Andrew Mellon did is simply grandiose. To think that this fine old gentleman came over here expecting to spend most of his time with his son, and instead plunged into the intricacies of this discussion is simply great."

## GREAT BRITAIN

### J. R. M.

When he has no more important thing to do, Prime Minister James Ramsay MacDonald burbles in pleasant, heart-warming fashion.

**Major Burble.** Bouqueted by members of the American Society in London last week, he told them that their country is "the greatest nation that now exists on the face of this earth!"

Of contrary opinion are most of His Majesty's subjects. They hold the British Empire "greatest." Recently Scot MacDonald was called "traitor" by the precious-precocious son of Conservative Winston Churchill (TIME, Feb. 23). In Britain's coming electoral campaign Conservative candidates & professional patriots will roast J. R. M. for his generous, reckless major burble.

**Minor Burble.** As the Prime Minister opened a protect-the-beauties-of-our-countryside exhibition in London last week, he said: "If you want to be horrified by a broad, straight, brutal road, which if it lasted 50 years would never acquire a mellow, lovable personality . . . go up and look down from the air."

"On the other hand, if you want to see a glorious old twisting and twining road



## Foreign News—(Continued)

... you should also go have an air journey."

Frequently J. R. M. has an air journey from London to his Scotch home at Lossiemouth and return—a round trip of over 850 miles made with zip & zing in a straight-streaking Royal Air Force plane.

## Men be Men!

Holding no permits to do so, four Scotch lay preachers marched defiantly out upon Glasgow Green not long ago and deliberately preached.

Promptly arrested and sentenced for this crime, they were still in jail last week—and Scotland's eye was on the House of Commons. In its boxlike wooden hall arose a Scotsman from the banks of Clyde, John McGovern. "The sentence on those four lay preachers," cried he, white-lipped, "was cowardly and brutal!" Turning upon William Adamson, Secretary of State for Scotland, Mr. McGovern said: "I demand that the Government act to set these preachers free." Put off with an assurance that the Government was "investigating," Clydesider McGovern would not subside or sit down. "I demand Justice!" he kept shouting.

Sternly Speaker Edward Algonern Fitzroy of the House of Commons demanded that Scot McGovern come to order. But he stood his ground: "It was no crime for those four good men to go out on the green and preach! I demand Justice!"

"Order! Order!" roared Conservatives. "Name! Name!"

"I must name the Honorable Member," intoned Mr. Speaker, "for disregarding a ruling of the Chair."

The Honorable Member continued to ask Justice. This, in the circumstances, was intolerable. A fellow Scot, the Prime Minister, leaped up and moved John McGovern be suspended. "That's about all you can do nowadays!" jeered Scot McGovern at Scot Ramsay MacDonald. By a count of 315 to 16 the House promptly voted suspension of John McGovern, but John still stood his ground. "Wring his neck!" advised a Conservative M. P.

Mr. Speaker is not empowered to wring necks or have them wrung. It was 20 years last week since any Speaker had had anyone thrown out of the House (in 1911 the late Mr. Speaker Gully had some Irish nationalist M. P.'s ejected). Last week, as Mr. Speaker Fitzroy hesitated to make history, John McGovern taunted, "You don't have to tell me when to sit down! I sit down when I please."

Intoned Mr. Speaker (for the first time in a generation and for the first time in his life):

"I must ask the Sergeant-at-Arms to remove the Honorable Member."

The last time Sergeant-at-Arms Admiral Sir Colin Keppel had to act in an emergency (an Honorable Member was trying to carry off the Mace—TIME, July 28, 1930), his old sword caught his old legs and tripped him neatly as he tried to rise from his little wooden pew. But last week Sir Colin Keppel and his six elderly assistants in full evening dress had plenty of time. Stiff and still stood their quarry.



Keystone

JOHN HENRY WHITLEY  
India's root-evil is poverty.  
(See col. 3)

Slowly, majestically they made at John McGovern and laid hands upon him.

Suddenly boomed a great Scotch voice: "BE MEN!"

At this rallying cry Scotch M. P.'s of the "Clydeside Group" hurled themselves upon the Sergeant-at-Arms' parliamentary posse. Began a serious fist fight.

Conservative M. P.'s, conscious that DIGNITY is the *sine qua non* of a true British Parliament, sat owlishly upon their benches, silent for the most part, but exclaiming murmurously from time to time, "Wring his neck. Hear, hear! Wring his neck. Hear, hear, hear!" Mr. Speaker, as a last resort, adjourned the sitting and departed, but still the panting, tugging, shirt-tearing, tie-mussing, hair-touling tussle went on.

Fighting off Scot McGovern's friends as best they could, Sir Colin Keppel & posse dragged him inch by inch the length of his long bench, dragged him into the aisle and down the aisle, dragged him to a point within the Parliament Building where they could conscientiously say, "We have removed the Honorable Member from the House."

Panting like grampuses, mopping their red faces, Sir Colin & posse then went back to their pews. Mr. Speaker reappeared from his chambers. The House received him standing. He resumed the chair.

In Scotland, where men are men, men recalled last week the last time that John ("I demand Justice") McGovern got into trouble in English London.

A Conservative M. P. had just told the House, "It is idle to raise the school-leaving age. Laboring people do not want their children to remain in school after they are 14 years old."

"That," interrupted Scot McGovern

\*Most radical wing of the Labor Party, led by M. P.'s James Maxton and David Kirkwood.

"is a damned lie." He was thereupon suspended for five days last November. Last week Mr. Speaker stated that "the Honorable Member has been automatically suspended for the remainder of the session" (probably about a month).

## St. Gandhi Yessed

Sweetly reasonably John Henry Whitley who as "Mr. Speaker" used to soothe irate members of the House of Commons into sitting down (see col. 1) turned up again last week like the brightest of pen-nies.

In the two years since his retirement as Speaker (TIME, July 2, 1928), Mr. Whitley has spent \$400,000 to find out what is the matter with Indian laborers, spent it as chairman of a Royal Commission which presented its 570-page report last week.

Ascending to those Britons who think St. Gandhi a crack-brained fakir is the fact that the Royal Commission's conclusions are substantially those which the Mahatma has trumpeted for years.

Mr. Gandhi has always said that the grinding poverty of India's half-starved masses is the root-evil of the whole Indian question. Last week the Royal Commission reported that "stark poverty" is the "major reason" for the Indian laborer's "comparative inefficiency."

"An endeavor must be made," urged the Royal Commission, "to enhance the efficiency, to heighten earnings and to improve conditions of life. . . . Poverty leads to bad conditions and inefficiency, inefficiency and bad conditions to poverty." Thus the Royal Commission discovered a 20th Century vicious circle similar to the mystic Hindu *Wheel of Karma*: a series of events everlastingly repeating each other from which the only escape is violently to break the wheel.

Mr. Gandhi has charged British employers with heartless, indifferent exploitation of their Indian employees. The Royal Commission stigmatized last week the "vicious system" whereby British employers do not hire & fire their Indian help themselves, but leave this to Indian foremen who extort the last anna of tribute from wretches who pay to get a job, pay to keep it. An entire chapter is devoted by the Royal Commission to abuses and extortions practiced upon simple Indian peasants who come to town seeking factory jobs.

The Royal Commission reported cigar factories in which Indian children aged from six to ten are employed 14 hours a day, seven days a week, at a wage of 4¢ a day, adding, "similar conditions were found to prevail in the mining and wool industries." Adult Indian workers, the Royal Commission ascertained, receive some 37¢ a day unless highly skilled, when they may earn 50¢.

Mr. Gandhi is tireless in his crusade against intoxicants. The Royal Commission, notwithstanding that a trifle of their \$400,000 expense account went for drink, reported in favor of "prohibition or restriction" in India—not Britain.

Composed primarily of married men, the Royal Commission viewed with alarm



## Foreign News—(Continued)

"deplorable and wretched conditions" in Indian factory towns "where there are twice as many females as males."

### Miss Lester on St. Gandhi

A-flutter last week was Miss Muriel Lester of Kingsley Hall Settlement, Bow, who had just received a letter from her good friend Mahatma Gandhi that if & when he goes to London to confer with Prime Minister MacDonald he does not want to stay at Hampstead's Indian Hostel as expected, but at her settlement house. Reporters found Kingsley Hall very clean and neat, smelling slightly of disinfectant. It has a large flat roof from which St. Gandhi may survey the squalid East End, and a large bronze bell, presented by white-whiskered First Commissioner of Works George Lansbury.

In the visitors' parlor Miss Lester told reporters her memories of the great man:

"One of his rules is, 'Whenever you are in danger of infection, fast.' He loves doctoring. When I was at the Ashram [Gandhi's religious retreat] I was ill for a day or two, nothing serious, but Mr. Gandhi insisted on treating me and he made me fast much longer than I thought necessary. He came to see me on his weekly day of silence and therefore he wrote down all his questions, and such comments as what he thought of my tongue when I put it out at a gesture from him. I registered a mental vow that if ever a germ got down me again I would not let him know about it.

"Once he went to see his colleague Mrs. Sarojini Naidu when she was ill. She was staying at a very fine hotel. Everyone there was extremely excited in expectation of the great man's visit. When they were all keyed up a humble looking man dressed like a coolie stepped into the lift. The liftman, not troubling to look at the intruder, turned him out with a surly 'Get out, you. Who do you think you are? Mahatma Gandhi?' Mr. Gandhi said nothing but climbed quietly up the stairs and paid his visit to Mrs. Naidu."

## GERMANY

### Napoleon's Gift

Herr Groepier, a stolid individual whose profession forces him to lead a rather unsocial existence, left his cosy home in Magdeburg last week with a bag of tools and a coil of new rope. He took the train to the Prussian State Prison at Klingelpütz, near Cologne. In the prison yard he disappeared into a dusty, dilapidated shed. Prisoners tense in their cells heard him hammering, hammering, filing metal all day long.

In the evening three Lutheran pastors in white ties and black frock coats arrived. They were taken to the cell of Germany's most dangerous criminal, mild-mannered, flutter-fingered Peter Kuerten, "the Düsseldorf Fiend" (TIME, May 4).

In May Killer Kuerten was sentenced to death nine times for a fiendish series of blood-lust killings. Düsseldorf children,

who had been going to school in vans guarded by armed policemen, played in the streets again. Peter Kuerten confessed all his crimes, muttered that when his head throbbed he just had to kill.

His last day last week he spent writing letters of apology to the parents of his victims. That night he prayed with the three pastors. At dawn the doors of the shed in the prison yard were opened. Executioner Groepier wheeled out what he



International

FIEND

Düsseldorf trembles no more.

had been hammering and filing on all day, a dusty French guillotine, 130 years old, which, with the Code Napoleon was a present from the Emperor to the Rhine states. At 6 a. m. Killer Kuerten walked unmoved to the machine, stretched out his naked neck. Down crashed the knife.

## NORWAY

### East Greenland Nailed

Half a dozen flat-faced Eskimos and a little group of sad-eyed arctic puffins sat on the bleak rocks of Myggbukta (Mosquito Bay). Greenland, recently while a party of five explorers, snug-buttoned in woollies, tacked the Norwegian flag to an improvised flagstaff. The event seemed of only passing interest to the Eskimos and the puffins, but when news of it broke last week all Scandinavia seethed.

"So Norway is trying to steal East Greenland!" stormed the Danes. Editorials in the Norwegian press pointed out that, although Denmark claims all Greenland, the region of East Greenland has never been thoroughly explored (much less settled) by white men and has long been claimed by Norway (TIME, June 8 et ante). In Copenhagen last week, Norway and all her works were excitedly denounced in both houses of the Danish parliament, the Landsting and the Folketing.

Fifty times as big as Denmark is Denmark's only colony, Greenland. (Iceland is an independent kingdom that merely

happens to have the same King as Denmark.) In recent warm summers parties of Norwegian hunters have made frequent trips to East Greenland, built little shack settlements there. The Danish-Norwegian problem first boiled over more than a month ago when a semi-official Norwegian body known as the Arctic Council suddenly announced that Denmark was about to send an expedition to explore East Greenland, sounded an alarm that the time had come for Norway to stake and bellow her claim to E. G.

To this alarm the Norwegian Government remained deaf, ostensibly at least, thus conciliating the Danish Government. Not so certain patriotic Norwegian hunters! Vowing that they would get to East Greenland before the official Danish expeditions led by Dr. Laue Koch, they improvised their own expedition, rushed off to puffin-land, took the puffin by the bill and nailed Norway's colors to Myggbukta.

Wars have been started for less, but Norway and Denmark are among the world's least warlike nations. Their statesmen talked last week not of war but of civilized appeals to the World Court. Premier Stauning of Denmark, running his fingers through his patriarchal whiskers, announced that he had asked the Danish Minister at Oslo to ask the Norwegian Government "for a more definite elucidation of their position."

Answered an Oslo official:

"Norway will not officially back the action of the hunters, but it has not expressed regret over the incident."

## FRANCE

### French Line Floated

With a U. S. syndicate bidding \$28,000,000 for control of the *Campagne Générale Transatlantique* (French Line) last week, Premier Pierre Laval went before the Chamber of Deputies, fought to keep this major maritime enterprise 100% French.

The French Line, M. Laval reminded the Chamber, operates not only transatlantic, trans-Mediterranean and Far East services (to French Indo-China) but has pioneered French Morocco as a tourist playground, built in the oases of its deserts a chain of de luxe hotels. With depression striking everywhere, M. Laval found it possible to understand how the French Line has incurred a deficit, asked the Chamber to guarantee in the name of the State a \$6,000,000 French Line bond issue. "The *Campagne Générale* is not the only navigation company now in trouble," wound up M. Laval. "I might cite the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company of Great Britain" (TIME, June 15).

"Yes!" shouted Deputy Jacques Stern, a Paris banker of some prominence. "Yes, but a director of the Royal Mail is going to be sent to jail! How did the French Line get into such trouble? Mismanagement!"

"You can have no proof," retorted M. Laval, "that there has been mismanagement of the *Campagne Générale*. By such

## Foreign News—(Continued)

insinuations you serve the ends of foreign competing companies."

Soon M. Laval got the patriotic guarantee he sought by a smash vote of 500 to 78, the largest majority his Government has won on an important issue this year. But Deputy Henri Tasso arose to croak like Epic Poet Tasso of old:

"There is a tonnage of 60,000,000 in transatlantic service, and there are but 40,000,000 tons of freight to be carried. Such a situation cannot be prolonged."

### BELGIUM

#### *Scandal à la Hals*

Publication in Brussels of a photograph procured by stealth stirred up last week an ugly situation for the Throne.

Pro-French Brussels is of course fiercely anti-Fleming. The photograph showed Queen Elisabeth not merely in the company of Flemings but Flemings drinking Flemish beer. At Her Majesty's elbow loomed a beer keg. Around her in attitudes made classic by Franz Hals lashed a group of Flemish gentlemen carelessly attired, puffing blissfully at their Flemish pipes.

Brussels insisted upon being shocked by this photograph, shocked to the marrow of its Frenchified politics. Antwerp, Malines and Louvain were delighted—but how happened the Queen to get caught amid Flemish smoke and beer? It was this way:

The Royal Family, laboring to preserve their impartiality and promote the unity of Belgium, had recently grown unpopular among some of their Flemish subjects. Proof: Crown Prince Leopold and Queen Elisabeth have been hissed and booed within the past year at Antwerp, Malines, Louvain. The obvious remedy seemed to lie in a discreet, informal holiday to be taken by Her Majesty among the wandering canals and soft green meadows of reposeful Flanders.

Aboard the yacht *Waterhoen* a two-hour get-together was staged between able Queen Elisabeth and some of the Flemish writers, publicists, poets, playwrights and professors who had been agitating for a Change. To all appearances the Flemish beer-party had a most happy effect—in Flanders. That a skulking French-blooded reporter was there with his snoopery concealed camera was, for the whole Belgian Royal Family, indeed for Belgium itself, a minor tragedy.

News that "Miss Belgium" had been chosen "Miss Universe" in Galveston, Texas appeared in Brussels last fortnight under the largest headlines and accompanied by the largest pictures which have appeared in Brussels before or since.

### FINLAND

#### *Potatoes v. Asparagus*

Loomed in Finland last week a rival to asparagus-loving Ambassador Walter Evans Edge who has the succulent stalks in which he delights shipped regularly to the U. S. Embassy in Paris from New Jersey asparagus beds (TIME, May 25).

From the U. S. Legation at Helsinki, for loyal Matilda Weidemeyer Gantt despatched recently to TIME an autographed picture of her chief (see cut), plus the following comment:

"Edward Everett Brodie, the American Minister to Finland, imports all his Irish potatoes from Idaho.

"In Finland there has never been seen anything like those potatoes. They come in boxes, each potato wrapped separately



U. S. MINISTER BRODIE

... gives bouquets rarer than orchids.

in tissue paper, fifties and seventies, according to size, fifties being the larger.

"Although they make the long journey from the far west to the far north over icy seas not one of them has ever been damaged or the least frost bitten. The packing is done with such infinite care that they arrive in perfect condition.

"The first unpacking was a great event in the Minister's home and the potatoes a curiosity to the servants.

"Any one of the fifties is large enough to serve three persons.

"When Minister Brodie wants to give his Finnish friends a real treat, he sends them several of his huge American potatoes, and the gift is more appreciated than would be a basket of American beauty roses or the rarest of orchids. Accompanying the gift is always a receipt showing how to prepare the potatoes for the table.

"The Minister is most generous with them as his sympathy goes out to the person who has never tasted the lusciousness of an American baked potato split through the center while it is steaming hot and filled with a huge piece of fresh, sweet butter.

"Minister Brodie says: 'I can do without an American egg nog and a fragrant mint julep, but do without Idaho baked potatoes—NEVER, no NEVER.'"

Nearly all U. S. diplomats import U. S. cigars, get them tax free and duty free, pay less for standard 15¢ brands in Berlin or Bangkok than in the U. S. where each package is taxed 6¢.

### POLAND

#### *Poznan's Wilson*

Thomas Woodrow Wilson, twelve feet high, stood in the centre of Poznan's municipal park last week pointing to a granite map of Poland with an enormous outstretched arm which promises to be a great convenience to Polish pigeons. Mrs. Wilson, Poland's President Ignacy Moscicki, U. S. Ambassador John North Willis, Auguste Cardinal Hlond, Mr. & Mrs. Bernard Mannes Baruch and Daughter Belle piled wreaths about Statue Wilson's ankles. Out by the gate was a smaller bust of Democrat Wilson's faithful lieutenant Herbert Clark Hoover. President Hoover, now unalterably Republican, sent a message: "It has been my own good fortune to visit Poland. It has been my good fortune to meet the illustrious citizen to whose inspiration this gathering is due. It has been my good fortune to know President Wilson to whom it was given to play a part in the history of Poland . . . Kosciuszko . . . Pulaski . . . ragged regiments of Washington . . . It is therefore peculiarly touching to us that a ceremony such as this should take place in Poland on the anniversary which stands first in our calendar."

The distinguished-citizen-to-whose-inspiration-the-gathering-was-due was the silver-haired Politico-Pianist Ignace Jan Paderewski, first Premier of Republican Poland (1919). He it was who ordered the Wilson statue from the U. S. mountain-molder, Gutzon Borglum, and paid for it. Many years ago he was engaged to give a concert at Stanford University. Subscriptions failed to raise the necessary amount. The treasurer of the concert, an undergraduate working his way through college, presented his own note for the deficit. Paderewski returned the note to the concert treasurer, Herbert Clark Hoover.

Poznan, where the statue was erected, is a city that had nothing in particular to do with Thomas Woodrow Wilson, a great deal to do with Ignace Paderewski. It was there that he landed from a British warship in 1919 while Germans still held the town, to become Poland's first Premier. Poznan has always been a Paderewski, anti-Pilsudski bailiwick. The Wilson unveiling resolved itself into a grand Paderewski jamboree. Dictator Pilsudski and Pianist Paderewski (officially tending his sick wife in Switzerland) both considered it wise to absent themselves. So did General Pershing who had been invited. At the last minute, lest the Paderewskites should stage some really serious demonstration, Dictator Pilsudski sent puppet President Moscicki to the unveiling. He drove with Mrs. Wilson and the Baruch family through streets of cheering citizens. As President Moscicki came abreast of rank after rank of Poznan citizens most of them shouted: "Long live Paderewski!", a few "Long live Mrs. Wilson," none shouted "Long live President Moscicki." The President, Mrs. Wilson and friends rode on through the streets.

## Foreign News—(Continued)

### ITALY-PAPAL STATE

#### "Everything is Promised"

"Encyclical Letter of His Holiness, Pius XI, by Divine Providence Pope"—thus last week began a document which was spirited out of the Papal State, past Italy's eagle-eyed frontier guards, and so to Paris. For this dramatic exploit the Holy See employed a young priest, modest, inconspicuous.

Large though his sober soutane was, the young priest had to secrete a quantity of papers so great as to have given a man of faint heart pause. The Holy Father was sending to Paris not one copy of his encyclical, but copies in Latin, Italian, French, English, German, Spanish, etc. etc., all on substantial paper.

As best he could the young priest stowed them away, slipped with pounding heart out of the Vatican, penetrated Italy, rode demurely in a hot and rattling railway car for more than 24 hours, then faced grim but unsuspicious Fascist frontier guards who gave one scowling look at his Papal passport, let him go. After that it was easy for the young priest to carry his precious documents to their destination. Once in Paris, he turned them over to Catholic superiors who nodded approval when the young priest begged, "Please do not let the newspapers know my name."

**Pope v. Pagan.** In the Papal State experienced electricians cared last week for the wireless apparatus by means of which Pope Pius can instantly dot-dash an encyclical letter to Paris, should couriers lose their cunning.\*

**Situation Which Provoked the Encyclical:** up to last week the Italian Government had sent a total of two notes and the Holy See a total of five notes respecting the Italo-Papal differences over suppression by Dictator Benito Mussolini of numerous Catholic clubs and the Society for Catholic Action (TIME, June 8 *et seq.*). His Holiness was getting no satisfaction, receiving no apology from the Italian Government. The world press had dropped the story from front-page headlines to inside squibs. By his 15,000-word encyclical Pius XI stirred slumbering interest as by a mighty trump (though the Italian Government took no visible notice). Presumably with direct reference to Benito Mussolini, the Supreme Pontiff thundered:

"One is not a Catholic who adopts and develops a program that makes his doctrines and maxims so opposed to the rights of the Church of Jesus Christ and persecutes Catholic Action. . . ."

**Fascismo**, the encyclical charged, plans

\*Associated Press dot-dashed the entire encyclical out of Rome last week, complained of no interference from the Italian censor. United Press, which carried the "young priest's" exploit exclusively, saved money by dot-dashing the encyclical from Paris, where it was released at the same time as in Vatican City. It was later said that the young priest traveled from Spellman to Whitman, Mass. Thus had the Monsignor's party been searched or subjected to indignity U. S. Catholic opinion would have mobilized with double force.

"to monopolize completely the young, from the tenderest years up to manhood and womanhood, and all for the exclusive advantage of a party, of a regime, based on an ideology which clearly resolves itself into a true and real pagan worship of the State, which is no less in contrast with the natural rights of the family than it is in contradiction with the supernatural rights of the church."

In these circumstances, Italian Catholics who swear Fascist oaths and participate in pagan worship of the State are advised by the encyclical to do so with mental "reservations, such as 'safeguarding the laws of God and of the Church' or 'in accordance with the duties of a good Christian' with the firm proposal to declare also externally such a reservation if the need of it might arise."

**With Jesus and For Jesus.** With the calm assurance of one to whom the future is all but an open book, Pius XI concluded thus: "Everything is definitely promised in answer to prayer; if the answer will not be the re-establishment of serene and tranquil relations, it will have its answer at any rate in Christian patience, in holy courage, in the infallible joy of suffering something with Jesus and for Jesus, with the youth and for the youth so dear to Him, until the hour hidden in the mystery of the divine heart which will infallibly be the most opportune for the cause of truth and of good."

### RUSSIA

#### Stalin Shifts the Helm

Captain Lenin, Captain Trotsky and today Captain Stalin have never been afraid to alter Russia's course—the course of over one-seventh of the world—by a sudden titan's tug at the helm. Last week Captain Stalin tugged.

He issued no decree. He permitted the Press of Russia to disclose a speech he had made June 23 to a group of Soviet industrial executives. So awful is Comrade Stalin's power that not one of his many hearers had publicly breathed a syllable. His words, according to Moscow correspondents, will soon be law:

❧ "We have not yet reached our Communist goal," said Stalin with devastating simplicity. "Meanwhile emergency measures are necessary. . . . It is unbearable to see a locomotive driver receiving the same wages as a bookkeeper!"

The wages of Soviet locomotive drivers and other skilled proletarians will be raised, Stalin indicated, above the wage level of unskilled proletarians and despised white collar yes-men. Up to last week the theory of Soviet wage scales (varied somewhat in practice) was approximate wage equality between the skilled and the unskilled. With a mighty tug Stalin seemed to shift the whole Soviet wage structure—in a direction seemingly opposite to Communism.

❧ "Break up the family!" was one of Russia's by-words when she went on the Five-Day Week (TIME, Oct. 7, 1929). Factories began to run every day of the week with four-fifths of their personnel, the

other one-fifth resting. Thus each man or woman has, under the present Five-Day week, one day of rest after each four of work; but the "rest day" of husband and wife may not be the same, thus tending to disrupt the family.

J. Stalin, happy family man, now said that factories in which the Five-Day Week does not seem to work well should return to the old system of five days' work and the same rest day for everyone at once.

❧ Still more striking was the Dictator's word that management of factories *à la Soviet* by voting councils of the workers must in some degree give way to management by a manager with power to manage and responsibility to show a profit. Obviously this is "State Capitalism." The State being the owner for whom the manager must earn a profit.

❧ Abruptly J. Stalin demanded more tolerance for Russia's pariah class, her "bourgeois intellectuals," the professors, industrial technicians & such left over from tsarist days, some of whom have been shot after "propaganda trials" (TIME, Dec. 8, 15; March 16).

If Stalin did not guarantee safety for exiled "bourgeois intellectuals" who may now dare to return to Russia, he hinted it. But resoundingly he declared that Russia, with Communism still her goal, must produce as fast as possible "proletarian intellectuals . . . a new working class intelligentsia."

❧ Flaying "endless writing of papers and discussion," Dictator Stalin ultimatumed: "Comrades, we cannot govern this way any longer!"

### CHINA

#### "Thou Shalt Not Covet Rifles"

The Chinese Officers' Moral Endeavor Association ("organized to build character") issued at Nanking recently Ten Commandments. Not legally binding, they are nevertheless officially sanctioned and strongly recommended to Chinese officers of all ranks by slim, shrill, waist-waisted little President Chiang Kai-shek, now busy fighting bandits (TIME, June 29).

I. Thou shalt not covet rifles.

II. Thou shalt not fear to die.

III. Thou shalt not ostentatiously show thyself.

IV. Thou shalt not be proud.

V. Thou shalt not be lazy.

VI. Thou shalt not commit adultery or gamble.

VII. Thou shalt not smoke.

VIII. Thou shalt not borrow money.

IX. Thou shalt not drink wine.

X. Thou shalt not lie.

Thus a Chinese officer may by implication:

Covet anything except rifles.

Commit anything except adultery.

Borrow anything except money.

Drink anything except wine.

Steal, kill, dishonor father & mother, disregard the Sabbath, have any gods they like and images thereof.

## THEATRE

## "Good Old Follies"

Florenz Ziegfeld, whose slick grey hair is growing thinner as his piquant, 44-year-old second wife (Billie Heward) passes on to join his svelte first (Anna Held) in Broadway's legend of beauty, knows what nostalgia is. He is one of the few gentlemen of his race and profession who can capitalize nostalgia with finesse and good taste.

When, after an interim of three years, he put together another *Follies* (his 23rd) and sent it out to Pittsburgh last fortnight for a tryout, he knew he had no breathtakingly new ideas or humor. He knew the music was only cheerfully dependable, not intoxicating, and during the trial he hustled Composer Johnny Green ("Body & Soul") out to try and brush up the songs. But he had followed his old formula: really beautiful girls, the best tap and ballet dancing that money can buy, principals who are currently at top popularity, and the most perfect mounting, dressing, laundering, discipline. To all this he had added his priceless ingredient, that dash of nostalgia to make people say "Good old New York, good old Broadway, good old *Follies*." And as he stood in the back of the darkened theatre, tired but happy in his working clothes (grey suit, blue shirt), he heard his opening-night audience say just that. Next day he heard the critics say it, unanimously, vociferously. And then the paying audiences began saying it every night, with burst after burst of glad applause, clink after clink of hard dollars.

Greater than usual must have been Producer Ziegfeld's sense of relief to know this show was "over." He has a profit-sharing contract with William Randolph Hearst, owner of the Ziegfeld theatre. Publisher Kohler of the *Mirror* is supposed to have a "slice" of the production; so is Ticket Broker Joe Leblang's widow. Working for others, Ziggy felt he must be surer than ever of success. Accordingly he aimed pointblank at the middle-aged male who is the basic support of all girl shows, by having shapely Faith Bacon open the proceedings with nothing on at all. Gladys Glad, still rated as the most perfect "Zie" ever discovered, was paraded after Miss Bacon, led out by handsome, hard-working Harry Richman, to whom few tired businessmen's wives are indifferent. Richman's duty was to pace the evening and loosen up laugh muscles, stimulate the tune appetite.

Now it was time for a sketch—"Grand Hotel" by Gladys Glad's smart husband Mark Hellinger, a fairly disorderly sequence with Harry Richman as Baron Al Capone of Chicago, sputtering Semitic Jack Pearl as Cecil B. Goldwarner of Hollywood, Milton LeRoy as Alphonso Smith, late King of Gibraltar, and deprecured Helen Morgan as Polly Adlerlitch, the Russian danseuse who visits all their rooms in a business-like way, leaving green carnations as receipts.

Ready for insertion whenever the program needed them were first-rate Albertina Rasch numbers: the Britton & Gang orchestra which smashes peanut-

brittle violins with acrobatic abandon; dusky, soft-hipped little Reri from Tahiti, native star of the film *Tabu*; Miss Universe and the next two prizewinners fresh from Galveston's beauty contest; miming Albert Carroll (without makeup) and his impersonations. Better than any of these, the gangling 17-year-old named Hal LeRoy is a new loose-leg hoover with the appeal of a playful, intelligent puppydog. The show was his whenever he danced.

High point of humor was Harry Richman's scene after the intermission, selling a broom to a housewife by radio advertising technique (including quartet). But the main box office insurance, besides frequent and generous glimpses of lovely Zigs, remained the injections of nostalgia. These were administered in two ways, for contrast. Under a sidewalk perspective of the Empire State Building, industrious Mr. Richman sang while the company pranced a stagger-jazz cacophony called "Doing the New York," sure to make out-of-towners feel well away from home. And out of a



RUTH ETING

She Bayes the moon.

hard-drinking penthouse party scene were developed two scenes of New York nightlife, new and old. In the new, placed after the old to clear lumpy throats, a gangster gunfight broke up the proceedings in an ultra-smart night-box run by a pansy. In the old-style scene, an evening at Rector's before Prohibition was reproduced to the last sparkle on Diamond Jim Brady's shirtfront and Lillian Russell's dog-collar.

Nora Bayes, Sam Bernard, Hazel Dawn, Al Jolson and some others are sitting with Diamond Jim and Lillian, a quiet, friendly supper party with wit and wine. Miss Russell asks Miss Bayes to sing. Miss Bayes, reincarnated in electric yet mellow Ruth Etting, arises simply and simply sings "Shine on Harvest Moon." Hardened revue-goers call it the smash song of this summer on Broadway, all *Little Shows* and *Band Wagons* notwithstanding.

Other *Follies* songs that will be heard: "I'm With You," "Sunny Southern Smile." Flash fashion note: Mr. Ziegfeld has endorsed the return of larger busts. False rumor: that the elephants who carry the undressed girls are real.

## MUSIC

## Moscow Marvel

Many an artist hates and fears Sovietism as inimical to Art.\* Many a Pole and Jew traditionally holds Russia in deep loathing. But Conductor Leopold Stokowski of the Philadelphia Symphony is a Polish-Jewish British-born artist who visited Soviet Russia for the first time this spring, returned last week in high enthusiasm. Back in Manhattan he told newshawks about it:

"The Moscow Grand Opera House was 'simply marvellous.' I had never heard opera until I heard this finished Moscow company sing. The big thing there is the spirit; they are alive and enthusiastic, and they are singers. Not only can they sing exceptionally well, but each one is an actor. They are acting all the time. The great chorus moves back and forth along the stage and never relaxes a minute, thus giving a perfect picture. Nothing I have ever heard compares with it."

Chief Soviet musical organizations, according to the Soviet fortnightly *Voks* (Voices), are the leaderless Moscow Perysymphance ("First Symphonic Ensemble Orchestra") of some 100 musicians with occasionally an able bourgeois soloist like Pianist Carlo Zecchi. Violinists Robert Casadesu and Joseph Szagit; the Moscow "Opera of the Workers" which aims to train proletarian singers and musicians to sing proletarian operas; and the Moscow and Leningrad State Academic Choirs. The Leningrad Choir and Orchestra lately rehearsed a performance of Joseph Haydn's oratorio *The Creation*. "Creation, indeed!" thought Leningrad's atheist art censors. Last week it was announced *The Creation* had been banned.

## At Bad Homburg

Once famed as a favorite watering place of the late King Edward VII, home of the high-crowned felt hat which he popularized, Bad Homburg is today frequented mainly by very minor German ex-royalty and old British ladies. But last week the population of its hotels and pensions was being increased; tourists and music-lovers were arriving for the first definitely organized European festival of U. S. music. Under the patronage of U. S. Ambassador to Germany Frederick Moseley Sackett Jr. and the direction of Music Critic Irving Scherke of the *Paris Chicago Tribune*, it was planned not only to point to the excellence of U. S. composers but (frankly) to bring visitors to Bad Homburg.

A young lady with a fine, American-sounding name, Miss Mignon Nevada, was billed to open the festival with a recital of 18th century colonial songs. "The Program," said the *Manchester Guardian*, "is of considerable interest, though one misses the sky-scraping if not heaven-scaling young composers who are intent on building an independent music future for the U. S." Program of the

\*Notably Basso Frodor Chaliapin, who stoutly refuses to sing in Soviet Russia. He is fond of Paris, where it is currently considered chic to smoke a new "Chaliapin Cigarette," especially recommended to people who wish to cultivate bass voices.



## THE PRESS

second day was devoted to chamber music of Frederick Jacobi, Roger Sessions, Leo Sowerby and Quincy Porter. The Frankfort Radio Orchestra under Dr. Oskar Holger was to play works of Edward MacDowell, Leo Sowerby, Charles Tomlinson Griffes, William Grant Still, Howard Hanson and Carl McKinley.

### \$8.01 Opera

Had Samuel Insull last year decided it was time for his Chicago Civic Opera to break even financially, had he therefore charged actual cost for seats, the patrons who attended the 1930-31 season would have had to pay an average of \$8.01 per seat per performance. But Mr. Insull made no such radical decision. Chicago opera-goers last season paid an average admission of \$3.99. Result: a deficit for the year, announced last week, of \$1,079,473.06, highest in the history of the company, nearly a half-million greater than the 1930 deficit.

Significant was a drop of almost one-third in attendance, from 306,018 a year ago to 208,077. This decrease, explained Mr. Insull, was only partly accounted for by the fact that this season there were but 89 performances as against 101 last. Average attendance for individual performances also dropped—from 3,030 to 2,338. What Mr. Insull did not explain, but what seemed apparent, was the fact that in addition to Depression, further cause for the decrease lay in Chicagoans' continued dissatisfaction with the new opera house and its personnel (TIME, Dec. 15).

Like most opera companies, Chicago's has a long and potent list of guarantors—3,000 of them. This year their share soared to \$625,000. The remainder is to be made up by the Chicago Music Foundation, organized two years ago by Mr. Insull with seven trustees\* to assist in defraying expenses of the opera and to promote musical talent in Chicago. The Foundation holds all the common stock of 20 Wacker Drive Building Corp. (the Civic Opera Building), some of the preferred, and also various other stocks, all contributed by "public spirited citizens."

Despite this year's loss, next year's opera will continue just the same. In the same statement in which he announced the past deficit, Mr. Insull announced plans for next season, to open Nov. 2. Present on the roster was many an old favorite—Sopranos Lotte Lehman, Frida Leider, Mary McCormic, Claudia Muzio, Contralto Cyrena Van Gordon, Tenors Charles Hackett, Tito Schipa, Baritones John Charles Thomas, Vanni-Marcoux. Notably absent from the roster was the company's biggest drawing card—oldtime Mary Garden, who last April made a quiet exit from Chicago opera, signified her intention of going on tour, or perhaps playing in Manhattan. Chicagoans last week wondered whether Mary Garden's departure would increase the deficit still more next season; whether the presence of Herbert Witherpoon as Musical Director would offset the absence of Chicago's Mary.

\*The seven: Stanley Field, Vice President, John Foster Gilchrist of Commonwealth Edison Co., Ernest Robert Graham (architect), Samuel Insull, Samuel Insull, Jr., George F. Mitchell, Vice President Herman Waldeck of Continental Illinois Bank & Trust Co.

### Editor Bares All

For the man who reads the New York Times there is little if anything to choose between Patterson's *Daily News* and Macfadden's *Evening Graphic*. To him both are tabloids and thereby tarred with the same brush of blatant sensationalism. The fact is that the *News* has definite pretensions to being a newspaper; the *Graphic* none. Somewhere between the two but perceptibly nearer the *News*, falls the Hearst-Kobler *Daily Mirror*.

If the distinction between *Mirror* and *Graphic* is hazy to the chance observer, it is bold as a banner headline to Editor Emile Henry Gauvreau of the *Mirror*. To him it is the difference between outmoded pornography and the beginning of a new "Tabloidia," in which he implicitly believes. He was the porno-*Graphic*'s first managing editor. He stuck with it for five years until, sick of dishing up nothing but sex, scandal, crime, faked news and faked pictures to an illiterate circulation, he quit and went to the *Mirror* (TIME, July 22, 1929). There he could print at least some legitimate news along with sex and crime. There he was permitted to write a column called "Now and Then," on the pattern of Brisbane's "Today." There too he found opportunity to disgorge some of the bile which his porno-*Graphic* experience had secreted within him. He wrote, in his office after working hours nearly every night for a year, a version of his five mad years on the *Graphic*. Last week the story appeared as a novel, *Hot News* (Macaulay, \$2).\*

Obviously autobiographical is *Hot News* although the exploits recounted are a composite of all Tabloidia. Probably for fear

Himself, as protagonist, he calls Jonathan Peters, his tabloid, *The Comet*.

Familiar to most newsmen but perhaps difficult for laymen to believe is Editor Gauvreau's account of how sensational stories were deliberately cooked up and kept alive by artificial respiration in the dizzy scramble for circulation. Notable was the case of "Uncle Cocoa" Rodgers ("Daddy" Browning) and "Sugar Plum" McGinnis ("Peaches" Heenan), whose queasy romance and parting were practically engineered in the *Comet*'s editorial rooms. With the eager connivance of the exhibitionist Uncle Cocoa, the *Comet*'s reporters wrote his and his wife's "own stories" of their honeymoon, contrived new bedroom stunts to keep them on the front pages. So, too, for need of a current "master mind of crime," a dullwitted hoodlum named "Bum" Cadman was built up into a king of outlaws. So, too, were girls in the street paid by photographers to sob publicly at the funeral of Cinema-sheik Adolph Valerino. (Few days before, Editor Peters had sold out an entire edition by the ingenious banner-line: VALERINO DEAD—followed by small type reading: Says Rumor Fortunately Not True.)

Naturally, a paper like the *Comet* is practically barren of reputable advertising despite the hiring of mercenary or publicity-hungry clergymen to write daily editorials. But on the theory that a million circulation—no matter what its class—will force advertisers to buy space, the *Comet* and its competitors push on, trying to outdo each other in nauseous antics. And that weird battle robs Editor Peters of his bitterest competitor and closest friend—Editor Anthony Wayne of the *Lantern*. Here Author Gauvreau makes no attempt to obscure the figure of the late Editor Philip Payne of the *Mirror*, to whom the book is dedicated. Beaten at every turn by *Comet* (as Payne was frustrated in business and love), Wayne goes as a passenger on an attempted nonstop airplane flight to Moscow sponsored by his paper (as Payne went in Hearst's *Old Glory*).

Excerpt: "He wanted to win a signal victory, not through some unsavory sensation, but through an exploit that would redound to his honor and that of the *Lantern*. [He said:] . . . 'Peters, I have nothing to live for. We are both wrong. Keeping up newspaper circulation with stunts is like reviving a dying man with oxygen tanks. I couldn't keep it up and I wouldn't. My flight will be a relief. If I make it, my paper will have something to talk about. If I don't . . . what the hell's the difference?'"

Soon afterward Editor Peters' endurance breaks. He quits, goes to Paris, tries to shake off the fever of Tabloidia, finds himself too deeply infected. Finally, in an improbable transoceanic telephone conversation with his most loyal reporter who has gone over to the *Lantern*, he consents to return and succeed his old friend Wayne there. Exultantly cries the reporter: "Sugar Plum is suing Uncle Cocoa and we've got it exclusive. . . . What kind



THE LATE PHILIP PAYNE

His friend veils his anguish thinly.

of libel, Author Gauvreau has veiled his characters with flimsy disguises which require no seasoned newsmen to penetrate.

\*Chapters of *Hot News* readily identified Editor Gauvreau as author of the anonymous serial "A Venture in Tabloidia," published last month in the *Saturday Evening Post*.



of a head shall we put on it?" To which Editor Peters replies: "Keep it down to seventy-two point, and make room for other news besides Uncle Cocoa. Let's get out a well rounded paper . . . with all the news. . . . And listen, you pack of



IRVIN S. COBB

"Remember the pores. . . ."

(See col. 2)

delightful bastards . . . tie your hats on because we're all going for a fast ride."

Editor Gauvreau is 39, lean, gimlet-eyed, hard-boiled, literate. He walks with a limp, the result of "shellshock" suffered as a youngster when practical jokers set off a Fourth of July cannon under his bedroom window. He was schooled on the ultra-conservative Hartford *Courant*, of which he was managing editor when he went to work for Macfadden. The *Mirror* had less than 400,000 circulation when he joined it. It has now about 600,000. In September Editor Gauvreau will inaugurate a Sunday edition to compete with the Sunday *News*.

## 1 1/2 %

Most thorough-going newspaper in the world is the august New York *Times*. Last week on a financial page appeared hilt-high proof of its claim to that title. Under the headline CALL LOANS IN JUNE HELD AT 1 1/2 % RATE appeared a story beginning: "Call Loan rates on the New York Stock Exchange were at 1 1/2 per cent throughout all of June. . . . The renewal average for call loans in June was 1.500 per cent. . . ." Below came a complete, full-length table showing the 1 1/2 % call loan rate on each and every one of June's 30 days, arranged in this manner:

June	Renewals	High	Low	Last
1	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2
2	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2
3	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2

Least some *Times* reader failed to grasp the significance of the report, this information was summarized:

"Monthly range: High 1 1/2, low 1 1/2.  
"Average daily mean, new loans, 1.500%.

"Average renewal rate 1.500%."

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

**King Prajadhipok** of Siam: 1) had the John Davison Rockefeller Jrs. to tea; 2) ascended with **Alfred Emanuel Smith** to the top of Manhattan's Empire State Building whence he peered through dark-green glasses at the city's multicellular environs; 3) called on **Thomas Alva Edison** at West Orange, N. J. and inspected models of the inventor's achievements. The royal plan: to stay on at "Ophir Hall" in Purchase, N. Y. until late July, go to Canada for a month, sail for Siam from Vancouver.\*

For the past three years Britain's *Who's Who* has repeated that **Baron Terrington**'s favorite recreation is "motoring," has tactfully omitted his address (Parkhurst Prison, Isle of Wight). Having served three years for swindling \$350,000, Lord Terrington regained his freedom last week, resumed his favorite recreation.

In Wilmington, Del. Mayor **Frank C. Parks** went to court and paid a fine of \$1 & costs for having parked his car too long in front of City Hall while he was being inducted into office.

Corpsulent Author **Irvin Shrewsbury Cobb** complained: "Why can't men wear linens, silks or other summer-weight fabrics? . . . Remember the pores, for they are with us always."

The stewards of Arlington Park race-track near Chicago having disqualified his horse Princess Camella for fouling three other horses in a race last week, **Joseph Leiter** used what the stewards called "intemperate language and conduct." They fined him \$250, suspended him from the track.

Lieut.-General **Sir Thomas Astley Cubitt**, His Britannic Majesty's new Governor of Bermuda, startled Hamilton society by inviting Robert C. Crawford, Negro member of Bermuda's House of Assembly, to luncheon at Government House. Bermuda is strictly, historically Jim-crow.

At a party in London, **Edward of Wales** seized his brother **George**, cried "Pretend you're a lady and keep your long legs out of my way!" and stamped off with him in an exhibition of the tango.

**John Pierpont Morgan** declined to accept the presidency of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, an office long held by his father. Reason: "Pressure of business." Same day he announced he will leave soon in his yacht *Corsair* for a few weeks in "Wall Hall," his 16,000-acre estate at Alderham, Herts.

Because, lecturing in 1928, he had stated that **Count Stanislaus Dohna**, 80, one-

\*Spring out good night life for his majestic son-in-law, gay old Prince Svasti last week bewitched the manager and bartender of Manhattan's new, swank Terrace Club by letting them smoke one of his fat, perfumed special cigarettes whose wrappings are lotus leaves.

## PEOPLE

time Grand Master of German Freemasons, knew in 1911 that the Serbs planned to assassinate **Archduke Ferdinand** of Austria (nominal cause of the Great War) and took no steps to prevent it, eccentric General **Erich Ludendorff** was given a choice of paying 500 marks in fine or spending ten days in jail, by a court at Gotha, Germany.

To the editor of the New York *Times*, Editor **Edmond William Nicholls** of *Bookseller & Collector* wrote about dial telephones as follows: "The telephone authorities have presented us with an excellent plying and aid to memory. . . . If I want to call a number such as Murray Hill 4-9867, I have not to memorize it. I just dial 'Mugwump' and it comes at once. Ravenswood 8-7243 is 'Sausage.' Columbus 5-0639 is too much to carry in the mind at one time, so I dial 'Boloney' and get it swiftly. . . . My only regret is I cannot do anything better than 'Plesido' with my own number. . . ."

Trouble with Editor Nicholls's scheme was that numbers with "11" or "0" in them lie out of the dial alphabet. And only a few people could translate their numbers into anything even as memorable as "Plesido." For example, best that Owen D. Young could get out of his Butterfield 8-2765 would be AV U A ROK? George Fisher Baker Jr.'s ATwater 9-2366 makes nothing better than BUY A FOO.

Actor **Otis Skinner**, mild-mannered son of a clergyman, talked with a reporter about the "joyous murderer Hajj" and other badmen he has portrayed on the stage. He sighed. "The only part that I



OTIS SKINNER

. . . fancies himself a Scarface.

have not played and wanted to play is Iago in *Othello*. There is a delightfully villainous person." Then he said: "I might like to play **Al Capone**."

\*Played in the current *Follies* by Crooner Harry Richman (see p. 21).

## S P O R T

## Inverness

If you had tried to pick out the two most contrasting personalities in the field of 144 golfers who were playing in the U. S. Open tournament at Inverness last week, you might have selected the two who tied for the championship after 72 holes. One was George Von Elm, a trim blond-haired little man with self confidence so noticeable that it approaches conceit, who played in the Open last year as an amateur. A few months later, describing himself as a "business man golfer" he set about playing against professionals for money prizes, made a good business of it by tying John Golden in the \$25,000 Agua Caliente Open. Five years ago he beat Bobby Jones in the finals of the Amateur. He might have been a favorite at Inverness except that his right thumb, badly pinched in the door of an automobile, had been protected by an aluminum cast until the day before the tournament started.

The other was William Burkowski who started to call himself Billy Burke when he gave up being a puddler in a steel mill and became golf professional at the fashionable Round Hill Club in Greenwich, Conn. A ponderous, muscular fellow, he smokes large black cigars when golfing, observes few of the niceties usually appreciated by onetime caddies whose golfing proficiency has enabled them to know nice people. Before the Open started, theorists spoke well of Burke's chances. The week before, in the Ryder Cup matches, he had kept his wooden shots straight, a trick that would be valuable on a narrow, well-trapped short course like Inverness, where Ted Ray won the U. S. Open in 1920.

The Burke-Von Elm tie came about as a result of a typically exciting situation in the last round. Von Elm, eighteenth on the first day, got back into the running by shooting a second round of 69, two strokes under par and the lowest score of the meeting. He started the last round two strokes ahead of Burke, who had played three rounds consistently a stroke or two over par, with few birdies and one eagle on the long ninth hole. Burke, playing ahead of Von Elm in the last round, finished with a steady 73 for a total of 202, took a shower and amused himself by standing naked in the middle of the locker room and playing pitch shots into a spittoon, while waiting for Von Elm to finish.

Von Elm, out in 36, needed only a 38 on the last nine holes to win. Knowledge of his apparently impregnable position made him nervous. He had a six at the twelfth, a five on the fifteenth. Needing three par-fours now for a tie, he dubbed a twelve-inch putt on the sixteenth, took a five instead of a four. This blunder, which would have destroyed the poise of most golfers, appeared to invigorate Von Elm. He played the seventeenth in four, put a mashie shot 15 feet wide of the pin on the eighteenth green and sank the putt, almost angrily, for the birdie and a 292 to match Burke's.

Ties in the Open are decided by a 36-

hole play-off. When Burke and Von Elm came to the 36th hole the next day, Burke needed a four for a 149; Von Elm, a stroke behind, needed a three. Confident in the assumption that miracles—and a birdie on a tricky 325-yard last hole in the strain of an Open can be described as a miracle—never happen twice, Burke drove well, put his approach 30 feet from the pin, his approach putt three feet from the cup. Von Elm's pitch shot was twelve feet from cup. He studied the green, tapped the ball with the air of a man accustomed to miracles, watched it drop for another birdie, another tie.

Von Elm had wired his good friend Oilman Silas Newton COULD WIN IF YOU WERE HERE. Oilman Newton and a gallery of not more than 250 came for the unprecedented second 36-hole play-off



WIDE WORLD  
WILLIAM BURKOWSKI  
... survived two miracles.

the next day. Burke played an erratic round, his first, in the morning, but Von Elm was shaky too. They had 77 and 76. In the afternoon, both played beautifully. When they came to the 36th tee, Burke was two strokes ahead. He hit his approach too hard and it scampered across the low platform of the green 15 feet beyond the hole. Von Elm's ball went a foot further. He leaned over to putt and then looked up; the whirling of a camera had disturbed him. There was a reverent silence as he tapped his ball, watched it curl slowly toward the cup, and stop, unmiraculously this time, a yard beyond it. Burke, with three putts for a win, signalled to the cameras to take his picture. Obliging, he putted three times, won the U. S. Open after 144 holes, 589 strokes to 590.

Third in the Open, two strokes behind Burke and Von Elm, was green-eyed Leo Diegel. On his second round, he had sunk his tee shot at the 13th hole, the first hole-in-one made in an Open since 1922. Fourth was Gene Sarazen, dapper little ex-caddy who won in 1922.

## Wimbledon

Jean Borotra usually makes a tennis match interesting by falling down, laughing at the gallery, wagging his head clownishly, whistling with exaggerated disapproval when his opponent makes an ace. When he plays someone as good or better than himself, he has less time for antics and his admirers have noticed that the more seriously Borotra plays the more likely he is to be beaten. He was serious when he came out on the centre court at Wimbledon last week to play Francis Xavier Shields, a handsome, 21-year-old New Yorker who was anxious to do what only William Tatem Tilden II and Gerald Patterson have done—win the British Championship on his first trip to Wimbledon.

Borotra unrolled and adjusted his blue beret, quickly got a lead of 3-1 in the first set. Shields pulled even, kept winning his own serve till the score was 6-5 on Borotra's serve. The Frenchman won the advantage point nine times in a row, but could never win the next one against Shields's superb cross-court backhand drives. When it finally became Shields's advantage, it crossed Borotra's mind that he might lose the set on a double-fault. He did.

Borotra won the next set, 6-3, lost the third, 4-6. He was making too many doubles—14 in the whole match; netting too many volleys; playing without his usual happy brilliance. The raven-haired Shields, always a favorite with galleries, delighted the Wimbledon crowd by the style and power of his ground-strokes, his serve not unlike Tilden's which he seldom followed to the net. When he had Borotra 4-3 and 40-30 in the fourth set, he seemed certain to win in the next few minutes. Then another unaccountable thing happened. Running for a shot in the forecourt, Shields dropped a ball he was carrying, stepped on it, twisted his leg badly, tumbled full-length into the net.

Borotra helped him to get up, rubbed the leg, brought Shields some water and his coat, said: "We can finish the match some other time." When they went back to the court, the umpire called to Shields: "Are you all right?" Shields was not all right. He rested again, patted his leg, rubbed it, but refused to consider a postponement. He limped out on the court, won the game with an unreturnable serve, lost the next game without trying for it. Serving again, at 5-4, Shields delivered an ace, a first-ball which Borotra hit out, then lost a point at the net. At 30-15, he served a second ball which Borotra netted, and another ace which ended the match.

In the other semi-final match, tow-headed Sidney Wood put out Fred Perry, son of a Laborite M. P., whom he had beaten four years ago in a tournament at Harrow. Perry won the first set after being behind at 0-4. Thereafter, Wood finished him off quickly, took the match 4-6, 6-2, 6-4, 6-2.

The Wimbledon gallery looked forward to an all-American final, like last year's when Tilden beat Wilmer Allison, like the finals in 1923 when California's little William Johnston defeated Frank Hunter, Wood, who divides his time between New York and California, justified comparison with Johnston. Slight, delicate, with big

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# GOOD YEAR

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# Fire

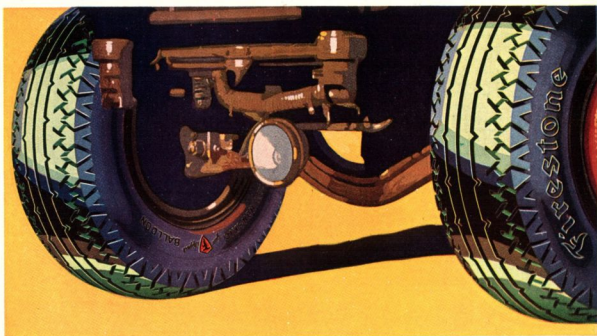
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We are glad to acknowledge this remarkable tire performance that is made possible by Firestone inbuilt quality and the highly efficient service rendered us by our Firestone Dealer."

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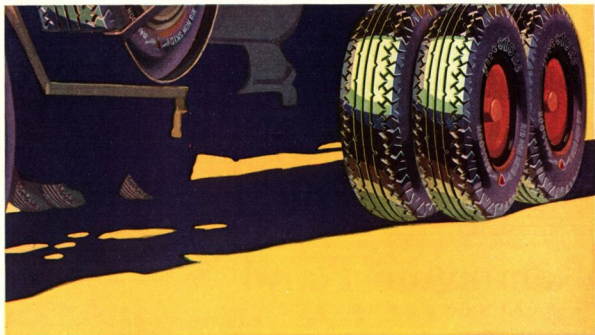
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forearms and incongruous stamina, he plays a heady game, often loses a set or two while experimenting with his opponent's weaknesses. As was Johnston's, his best shot is his forehead though until this year it was so undependable that he made a habit of borrowing his friends' rackets, taking lessons, practicing against a wall when the trick deserted him. Two of his uncles are Watson Washburn, 1921 Davis Cup player, and Julian S. Myrick, onetime (1920-22) president of the U. S. L. T. A.

Shields is Wood's best friend. Last year they were classmates at Roxbury School. Shields has often invited comparison with Tilden whom he resembles in build and technique rather than temperament. His game, less artful than Wood's, has sometimes seemed less determined; but his strokes, now that Tilden has turned professional, are the most impressive in U. S. amateur tennis. Till this year his conviviality, his susceptibility to admiration, have made it appear unlikely that he would turn his potentialities into a championship. Aged 21, a year older than Wood, Shields started to play tennis at 8, has since found time to become good at basket-ball, bridge, poker. He practices five or more hours a day, diets carefully and cuts down his smoking in the tennis season which, for him, is nearly all the time.

Teamed together in the doubles, Wood & Shields lost their match to Henri Cochet and Jacques Brugnon the day after the singles semi-finals. Shields, because he found his leg still hurt badly, then defaulted the singles to Wood. Wood thus became the youngest of all Wimbledon champions, the only man in Wimbledon's 54 years who has won without playing in the finals.

Disappointed but not resentful, the knowing Wimbledon gallery was only partly recompensed by the phenomenon of a final in the women's singles championship between two sprightly German girls, the first all-German final on record. Long-legged Fräulein Hilda Krahwinkel, who hits her drives hard and never gets tired of running, had won a long match against Helen Jacobs of the U. S. after Helen Jacobs had surprisingly beaten England's Betty Nuthall. The other, Fräulein Cecilie ("Cilly") Aussem, a demure little brunette who played well in the French championships last month, decided to take no chances. They stood as far back in the court as possible, banged the ball until one put it out or in the net. Fräulein Krahwinkel hit the ball harder, hit it out or in the net more frequently. Fräulein Aussem, wearing an eye-shade and a pre-occupied air, looked a little like Mrs. Helen Wills Moody. She won the first set, 6-2, fell down hard in the second but finally won that also, 7-5.

Three other championships were decided before Wimbledon Week (which lasts a fortnight) was over. George Lott Jr., who last year declined to be a "tennis bum" but still tours the world playing tennis, and John Van Ryn, who jumps around the court as though his legs were pogo-sticks, won the doubles championship in a long match against Henri Cochet and Jacques Brugnon—6-2, 10-8, 9-11, 3-6, 6-3. Two British women, Mrs. D. C. Shepherd-Barron and Phyllis Mudford, became women's doubles champions. Mixed

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"IN warm temperatures like this," said the Duke of Hades in an unpaid-for testimonial, "there's nothing like a little coolness on the cheek! And that's why I patronize the 2 Ingram barbers!

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*No matter whether you pick the jar or tube! Each is the same—full of the finest, coolest stuff ever invented!*

Get behind a brushful of Ingram's, and forget your fears of razor damage. No nasty nicks or burning stings with Ingram's!

It's unique. There's nothing like it on earth (or anywhere else). And if you're a skeptic send us the coupon below. We'll bet 10 Free Shaves—10 gloriously cool shaves—that you'll like it! That's a safe bet for us, but it will pay you to take it—so send the coupon!

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doubles champions were George Lott Jr. and Mrs. Lawrence A. Harper, a slim, serious Californian who plays with a bandeau around her dark hair and looks like an Indian.

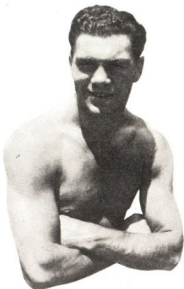
## Revival

Since prize-fighting has been enjoying a private and acute depression of its own, strenuous means of ballyhoo were required for the meeting of World's Champion Max Siegfried Adolf Otto Schmeling, German printer, and William Lawrence ("Young") Stribling of Georgia. Stribling, an able if eccentric aviator, borrowed a plane from Cleveland airport and flew it 90 miles from his training camp at Geauga Lake Park, Ohio to Schmeling's training camp at Conneaut Lake Park, Pa. Here he flew low, shouted: "Yeah, Maxie!" and flew away again. Other exciting training camp incidents were few. Reporters assigned to the Stribling camp were compelled to interview the numerous members of the fighter's family (mother, father, brother).

Nonetheless, since a big fight is always a social event of sorts, trains, planes, and autos were crowded going into Cleveland last week. A yacht brought Wisconsin's dapper young Senator La Follette; a plane brought Edsel Ford; trains brought Chicago's Mayor Cermak, onetime Heavyweight Champions James J. Corbett (1892-97), James J. Jeffries (1899-1905), James Joseph Tunney (1926-28). Bobby Jones, who had been at Toledo to watch the Open golf championship (see p. 24), came over for the week-end. But trains

and autos failed to bring the expected big crowds of non-celebrities.

There were approximately 35,000 people in the huge dark horseshoe of



CHAMPION

"I am a very happy boy."

Cleveland's new Municipal Stadium when the fighters, almost unnoticed, got into the ring. In the first rounds, Stribling seemed to have deserted his customary and tedious method of embracing an op-

ponent and pushing him around the ring. He tried to hit Schmeling with left jabs and hard rights to the face. He succeeded frequently. Schmeling kept coming in, grinned ostentatiously whenever hit, swung his short hard right at Stribling's head and body.

After the fifth round, Stribling had apparently made up his mind that the best he could do was to keep from being knocked out. He began to lead punches that served no purpose beyond enabling him to get close to Schmeling and hold his arms. In the tenth round, he hit Stribling with short lefts and rights to the face, heard his manager, who had taken the cigar out of his mouth, shouting, "Go on Max, you've got him!" Stribling was still on his feet when the round ended.

When the fighters touched hands at the beginning of the fifteenth, Stribling's face was smeared with blood, his mouth was cut and swollen, his left eye had begun to draw together bruised and dark like the halves of a mussel-shell. He tried to clinch immediately but after two minutes of fighting Schmeling landed the right he had been trying for all through the fight. Stribling fell on his face, got up when the referee had counted nine. He tried to clinch again. When the referee saw that Stribling, leaning in, was supported almost entirely by the punches Schmeling was pouring into his face, he stepped between the fighters and raised Schmeling's hand, ending the fight by a technical knockout 14 seconds before it would have ended otherwise.

Radio descriptions by gruesome Graham McNamee, breathless Floyd Gibbons and a tough-tongued fight expert named Sam Taub, made the fight sound more exciting than it was. Schmeling, pleased at vindicating his right to the championship, and at being paid 40% (\$106,138.36) of the gate receipts said: "I am a very happy boy!" He planned a quick trip home, perhaps another fight in September. Madison Square Garden Corp. acquired a deficit of \$23,000, but expected to recoup on the stimulus to prize-fighting provided by the first good, big fight in two years.

In Reno, Nev., a crowd of 18,000 attended Reno's first big fight since Jack Johnson beat Jim Jeffries on July 4, 1910. The fighters were Paulino Uzcudun, golden-toothed wine-bibbing Pyrenean lumberjack, and Max Baer, reckless young Californian who once killed an opponent with punches. The U. S. rules were relaxed, to permit almost any kind of fighting. After 19 rounds of ordinary gut-thumping and jaw-bashing, unconventional kidney-pounding and neck-hacking, cruel and unusual heeling, gouging, wrestling, butting and arm-twisting, Jack Dempsey, the promoter and referee, said the fight was even, the next round would decide it. After the 20th round, he raised the arm of Paulino Uzcudun, who could scarcely have raised it by himself.

## Little Olympics

At Lincoln, Neb. last week, the 350 foremost U. S. track and field athletes gathered to compete in the 56th annual American Amateur Athletic Union championships, a meet called the "Little Olympics" because the 350 included al-



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## "Listen, Lydia . . I've heard enough about 'Pink Tooth Brush' from you"

MANY a husband has grown bored, weary, and irascible over remarks to the effect that the lady of his house has found "pink" on her tooth brush—*again*.

He probably has "pink tooth brush" himself—but men are far more likely to ignore symptoms of trouble, and later find themselves embroiled. A woman *will* do something about it—if she knows what she should *do*!

"Pink tooth brush," of course, comes of lazy, unexercised gums . . . and lazy gums are the result of the soft foods we moderns almost unanimously prefer—foods that give our gums almost none of the exercise they need for healthy firmness. Circulation slows up day by day, until gums are so "touchy," so tender, that they begin to bleed on practically the slightest provocation.

It's a very real trouble, "pink tooth brush"—often the fore-runner of more serious trouble. Gingivitis, for instance . . . or Vincent's disease . . . or even pyorrhea, rare though that is. Also, it has been known to threaten sound teeth, through infection at the roots.

So it's best not to ignore that first touch of "pink" on your tooth brush. Step into your druggist's and get a tube or two of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it regularly, twice a day. Ipana is a marvelous cleanser. But each time, put a little additional Ipana on your tooth brush and gently massage it into those touchy, tender gums of yours.

The ziralol in Ipana, with the regular massage, stimulates the flagging circula-

tion—tones and firms the gums—strengthens the flabby walls.

Within even the first few days your teeth will begin to sparkle again. Your mouth will feel cleaner, fresher. And before the month is out, your gums will have recovered some of the healthy hardness they used to have. But don't stop using Ipana with massage! Conquer "pink tooth brush" for once and all, by *keeping*

your gums hard and strong with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage!

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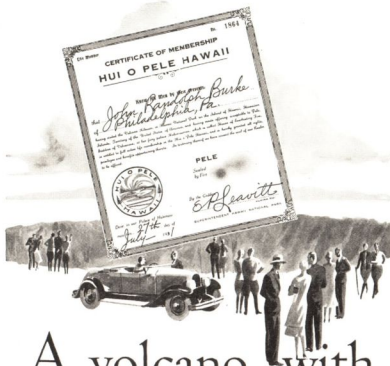
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# HAWAII

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most all the runners, jumpers and weight-throwers who will foregather again in the final Olympic trials at Los Angeles next year. Among them were: Frank Wykoff, Los Angeles sprinter, who was recovering from a horse-kick during last year's championships, who has unofficially surpassed the world's record for 100 yd. (9.5 sec.), who has not been beaten in four major meets this year; Patrick J. McDonald, 52-year-old, 350-lb. Manhattan policeman who handles a 35-lb. weight as though it were a toy balloon; Percy Beard, a 23-year-old instructor in engineering at Alabama Polytechnic Institute, whose long skinny legs are well suited to the high hurdles; Leo Lermond, New York Athletic Club miler, who got off to practice on the way to Lincoln every time the train stopped; Wilson Charles, Oneida Indian decathlon champion, whose foremost rival was large and angular Jess Mortensen, onetime Southern California javelin-throwing champion; George Spitz, N. Y. U. freshman who high-jumped well over six feet when he was a school boy and now holds the world's unofficial indoor record; Barney Berlinger, Pennsylvania's all-around man; Herman Brix, blond Los Angeles giant who had won the shot-put championship three years in a row and won it again last week; Eddie Tolan, Michigan's stubby Negro, and many another runner who has not yet been outrun by renown.

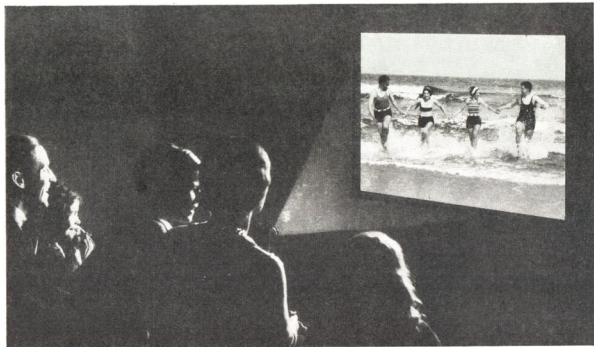
The red track in Lincoln's municipal stadium was fast and hard the first breezy day, when the junior championships—for athletes who have never won a championship—were contested. The next afternoon rain made dark spots on the cinders. There were 10,000 spectators in the stands by the time the 120-yd. high hurdles were run. Beard was expected to win but no one had expected him to win the way he did, leaving Lee Sentman of Illinois behind him at the fourth bar, winning by two full yards. His time, 14.2 sec., was  $\frac{1}{2}$  sec. better than the world's record made by Dartmouth's Earl Thomson in 1920.

In the clear evening, when huge arc-lights made the grass sparkle, another world's record was broken. Policeman McDonald tossed his 35-lb. weight 21 ft. 6 in., six inches farther than the 18-year-old record set by his onetime team-mate, Patrick Ryan. Leo Lermond won the mile race by a yard over his New York Athletic Club team-mate Gene Venzke; behind them both came another New York A. C. runner, Frank Crowley. All three were far ahead of the defending champion, Ray Conger. Frank Wykoff ran the 100-yd. dash in 9.5 sec., a yard and a half ahead of Emmett Toppino of Loyola, three yards ahead of Eddie Tolan. But Tolan won the 220-yd. race in the fastest time ever made around a curved track, in a great finish against Ralph Metcalfe of Chicago. The new decathlon champion was Jess Mortensen. Against the most imposing field in U. S. track-meet history he scored 8,177.463 points, passing the recognized world's record of 8,053.200, made by Paavo Yrjola in the 1928 Olympics. Berlinger was fifth, Indian Charles second. Los Angeles A. C. won the team championship with 43 points. New York A. C. was second.



# Vacations last the year round

## IN HOME MOVIES



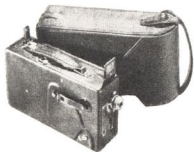
Keep an action record of your good times  
— with this simple \$75 Ciné-Kodak

**T**ODAY a vacation is only half a vacation without movies of it. You'll enjoy taking the pictures. But that's only the beginning.

Think of living over, on December evenings, midsummer incidents that might otherwise be forgotten.

That's what Ciné-Kodak offers you — pleasure that never ends!

THIS marvelous little movie camera (Model M) is the lightest camera made for a full 100 feet of 16 mm. film. Comes with  $f.3.5$  lens and a special attachment for close-ups. It's easy to use. You don't even have to



CINÉ-KODAK, MODEL M, the lightest camera that loads with a full 100 feet of 16 mm. film, only \$75 including carrying case.

focus. Look through a finder. Press a lever. That's all there is to it.

Ciné-Kodak, Model M, costs but \$75. Developing, done by Eastman experts,

is included in the price of the film.

Before you leave for your vacation, let your dealer show you the \$75 Ciné-Kodak... and the \$60 Kodascope projector. He'll show you typical movies and tell you about the payment plan that makes ownership easy.

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EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, New York  
Please send me FREE illustrated booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

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# Ciné-Kodak *Simplest of Home Movie Cameras*



# C O R D

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greatest fine  
car value

**\$2395**

Co. b. Auburn, Indiana  
Equipment other than standard at extra cost  
Prices subject to change without notice



AUBURN AUTOMOBILE CO., AUBURN, INDIANA

## Baseball, July 4

Baseball legend says that the team which leads the league on July 4 will win the pennant. Last week the World's Champion Philadelphia Athletics were still leading the American league, five and a half games ahead of Washington. In the National league, the St. Louis Cardinals were three and a half games ahead of the New York Giants, five games ahead of Brooklyn which had just won 16 out of 20 home games.

## Who Won

☛ Twenty Grand, champion three-year-old race horse, owned by Mrs. Payne Whitney: the Dwyer Stakes, at Aqueduct, L. I. At odds of 1 to 50, increasing his total winnings to \$175,575.

☛ David Jones, Eastern intercollegiate tennis champion: a Montclair, N. J. match against John Hope Doege, No. 1 amateur of the U. S. and National Champion; 6-3, 6-1 in 35 minutes.

## MILESTONES

☛ **Engaged.** Frank Carideo, quarterback of last year's championship Notre Dame football team; and one Vera Imogene Crawley of Columbia, Miss.

☛ **Engaged.** Eric Martin-Smith, 22, Cambridge student, new British amateur golf champion (TIME, June 1); and Joan Surtees, great-granddaughter of Robert Smith Surtees, oldtime sporting novelist (*Jorrocks's Jaunts & Jollities*, *Handley Cross*).

☛ **Married.** Roscoe Pound, 60, Dean of Harvard Law School since 1916, member of the Wickersham Law Enforcement Commission (which expired with June—see p. 13); and Mrs. James E. Miller, 49, widow of Dean Pound's old friend Dr. James E. Miller, organizer of Government hospitals for War veterans. Honeymoon: to Europe. Dean Pound's first wife, who was Grace Gerard of Columbus, Neb., died in 1928.

☛ **Divorced.** Ralph Modjeski, famed bridge builder, son of late tragedienne Helena Modjeska; from Felicie Benda Modjeska, whom he married in Poland in 1885; for "extreme cruelty"; in Reno.

☛ **Won.** By the estate of the late Viscount William Waldorf Astor\* (1848-1919) a rebate of \$10,000,000 in Federal inheritance taxes, together with \$6,000,000 in interest accrued since 1922. The refund will be divided between Viscount William Waldorf Astor II, 52 (eldest son), husband of Lady Astor, and John Jacob Astor, chairman of the Times Publishing Co. (London).

☛ **Convicted.** Rogers Clark Caldwell, 41, Nashville banker; of fraudulent breach of a trust agreement between defunct Cald-

\*Great-grandson of Fur Dealer John Jacob Astor, the original founder of the Astor fortune. As a young man he was a member of the New York State legislature (1857-61). Afterward he served as U. S. Minister to Italy for three years, published two romances, *Valentine Stora*. In 1899 he became a naturalized British citizen. He was created a peer in 1916, a viscount in 1917.



## "MY PURSE!"

The shopping district was crowded . . . a sudden tug at a handbag . . . a scream . . . small chance to catch a sneak-thief in that excitement.

If only her money had been in A. B. A. Cheques! It makes no difference where or how they are stolen or lost, *the money that they represent is safe*. They are insurance against theft, loss or destruction.

This money, rightly famous with globe-trotters, is equally useful at home. Carry A. B. A. Cheques instead of cash wherever you go. You can get them at your own bank.



## A·B·A CHEQUES

CERTIFIED

OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF  
AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

well & Co. (TIME, June 8 *et ante*) and Hardeman County, Tenn. Offense: posting as collateral securities of less than specified value. Penalty: not more than three years imprisonment. Three similar indictments rest against him.

**Died.** Harry Lafayette Reichenbach, 49, press agent; of lung disease; in Manhattan. Versatile, spectacular, he served governments, corporations, and such personages as Phineas Taylor Barnum, Sarah Bernhardt, Wallace Reid, Rudolph Valentino, Gloria Swanson, Charles Chaplin, Ethel Barrymore. "September Morn" was his idea. He loosed a lion in a Broadway hotel to advertise the cinema *Tarzan*. He imported eight Turks and had them search Manhattan's Central Park for a missing *Virgin of Stamboul*. A member of the U. S. Diplomatic Corps for three years, he worked with Lord Northcliffe in England, d'Annunzio in Italy. Said he after the War: "I got the Italians worked up to such a point that they would fall down and worship Wilson's picture every morning, before they gave the Pope a Thought."

**Died.** Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, 64, medical director of the Life Extension Institute, initiator of periodical medical examinations; of apoplexy caused by prolonged strain; at Dresden, Germany.

**Died.** Joshua Alexander Hatfield, 68, president of American Bridge Co. (U. S. Steel subsidiary); after brief illness; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Dr. Edward Goodrich Acheson, 75, inventor of carborundum; after brief illness; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Alice Mary Robertson, 77, second woman to serve in Congress (1921-23); of cancer; penniless, in Muskogee, Okla. A pronounced anti-suffragist, she refused a woman secretary while holding office, said it was "a man's job." During her campaign she made no speeches, announced the following platform: "First, I am a Christian; second, I am an American, and third, I am a Republican and a standpatter, too."

**Died.** Representative George Scott Graham, 80, of Philadelphia, U. S. Congressman for nine consecutive terms (since 1913), chairman of the House Judiciary Committee; of paralysis; in Islip, L. I.

**Died.** Dr. Stephen Moulton Babcock, 87, famed agricultural chemist; of heart disease; in Madison, Wis. His greatest contribution: the standard means of determining the butter-fat content of milk. He refused to patent or exploit his discovery, saying "no one man was large enough to own a key to dairy prosperity." Last year he received the Capper publications' award for distinguished service to agriculture.

**Died.** General Albert Taylor Goodwyn, 88, onetime (1928-29) Commander-in-Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, husband of U. S. President John Tyler's granddaughter Priscilla Cooper Tyler, grandnephew of William Wyatt Bibb, first Governor of Alabama; in Birmingham, Ala.



## Millions get longer-lasting shaves with small-bubble lather

*Colgate's softens hair at base, making shaves closer, cleaner*

Millions of men swear by it—because *small-bubble lather* softens tough whiskers right down to the very base... enables the razor to get right down to the *skin-line*...and gives closer, cleaner, longer-lasting shaves!

The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: First, the soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. Second, billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard...crowd around each whisker...soak it soft with water. Instantly, your beard gets moist and pliable...scientifically softened right down at the base.



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



**COLGATE LATHER**  
This picture of Colgate Lather (same magnification) shows how tiny bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard. This softens every whisker right where the razor works.



**FREE!**

**Colgate's After-Shave**

A new lotion, Refreshing... invigorating... delightful... the perfect shave finale. Trial bottle free, with your sample of Rapid Shave Cream, if you mail coupon NOW.



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**FREE**

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

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## AERONAUTICS

## Pretold Story

When the wheels of the big white Lockheed *Winnie Mae* kicked a cloud of Roosevelt field dust into the sunset one evening last week, they ended a story already read and re-read by every newsreader in the land. Any urchin in the crowd of 10,000 that milled about the field could have told how the plane had left Solomon Beach near Nome two days before on the last laps of its round-the-world flight (TIME, July 6); how Navigator Harold Gatty had miraculously escaped serious injury when the propeller kicked him; how one-eyed Pilot Wiley Post had whipped the plane off a concrete avenue and out of Edmonton, Canada, that morning, saved from Cleveland less than four hours ago. Only the final sentence remained to be written with the actual landing. That

air? Gatty did not know. A newsman told him it was about 52%. Did they drink anything to keep awake on the flight? No. Post touches neither coffee nor tobacco. Doesn't he drink Choctaw beer in Oklahoma? He might drink more if they made it better. Did they sense the guidance and protection of some superior being? Here one of the reporters suggested that they all pool their wits and try to suggest one significant question. The plan was not a great success.

Soon after the end of the flight, the business of making the flyers official heroes and their families great personages was in full swing. They were paraded, be-medalled, feted, photographed within an inch of their lives. (They had engaged as publicity counsel the firm of Bruno & Blythe.) Their wives were included at



GATTY, WINNIE MAE, POST

Keystone

Significant questions petered out.

was the *Winnie Mae*'s time: 8 days 15 hr. 51 min., around the world, a record.\* The tale of the flight being already thrice-told, the news yet to be created was that of the hysterical reception at the field, an event which the Nassau County Police saved from stereotype by slugging jaws and cracking pates among the crowd.

As the two exhausted airmen were swept across the field to a hangar, radio announcers fought to get near them with microphones, begged them almost tearfully to "say something." Examples:

Announcer: Do you feel very tired, Wiley?

Post: Oh, not very tired. I am getting rested now.

Announcer: Isn't it pretty nice to see the wife? . . . How do you do, Mrs. Post. What do you think of all this?

Mrs. Post: I think it's wonderful.

Manhattan newsmen, confronting the two flyers in "mass interview" in a suite at the swanky Ritz Carlton, experienced somewhat the same difficulty in thinking up questions to which they did not already know the answers. Pilot Post, still deaf from the roar of the motor, sprawled on a divan and let Gatty do the answering. What percentage of time was spent in the

many of the functions, including the luncheon given by Mayor Walker, where Arthur Brisbane quoted Paul Block as saying: "It must have been hard to fly away from either of those two ladies." Also there was Col. Lindbergh ("Only one Christopher Columbus, only one Lindbergh."—Brisbane). But the wives found most enjoyment in shopping, a procedure closely followed by the Press which was able to report that Mrs. Post wore a size 16 dress, Mrs. Gatty a 14.

Over the week-end, flyers & wives and the backer of the flight, modest, self-effacing Florence (not Frank) C. Hall, were taken a-yachting aboard Tycoon William H. Todd's *Saelmo*. In the course of the cruise Mrs. Post & Mrs. Gatty were presented with the first orchids either had ever seen. Next day Post & Gatty went to Washington to be White House guests for luncheon. Later in the week they and Backer Hall were to fly to Oklahoma, Post's and Hall's home, to let Chickasha lionize them.

The woman whose name had been flown to fame the world over, herself flew from Oklahoma to Long Beach, Calif. with her infant son to join her husband. She is Mrs. Winnie Mae Hall Fain, 24, only daughter of Oilman Hall who said one of his reasons for backing the flight was "to let the whole world pay honor to her."

## Fokker Out?

When General Motors bought control of Fokker Aircraft Corp. two years ago (TIME, May 27, 1929) it acquired also the proudly erratic genius of Anthony Herman Gerard ("I-do-it-myself") Fokker. The idiosyncrasies of this impetuous Dutchman were bound to prove irritating to G. M.'s conservative businessmen, but in the light of brilliant prospects that was looked upon as a natural and slight cost of genius.

Fokker fortunes have not been happy of late. The much-touted 32-passenger *F-32* turned out to be a white elephant. The *F-14* mail & passenger job showed no speed; the flying boat and amphibian did not qualify for Government approval; construction on Army and Coast Guard contracts had been neglected; finally—but this could not fairly be thrown up to "Tony" Fokker—there was the unfortunate aftermath of the Rockne crash (TIME, April 13) when the Department of Commerce temporarily ruled Fokker tri-motors off the airways for inspection. Last week General Motors decided it was fed-up, took active charge of General Aviation Corp., engineering away from Fokker.

Out went a dozen of "Tony's" best foreign-born engineers (including Chief Engineer Albert Gassner).<sup>\*</sup> In, with his own staff, was brought Herbert von Thaden, head of Pittsburgh Metal Airplane Co. (like Fokker Aircraft, a wholly-owned subsidiary of General Aviation Corp.). To Washington went Ace Edward Vernon Rickenbacker, director of sales, to promise Army and Coast Guard officials full speed on their contracts. Commercial activities were practically suspended. Sitting on the lid of the stewing cauldron is G. M.'s James M. Schoonmaker Jr., president of General Aviation Corp.

The shakeup was by no means complete last week. This week's meeting of the board, observers guessed, would witness the firing or resignation of "Tony" Fokker.

## "Haphazard Luck"

Within one week after they flew the Atlantic to Germany and Denmark in the *Bellanca Liberty*, the names of Pilot Holger Høiriis and Passenger Otto Hillig could scarcely be found in U. S. newspapers. Their momentary flame of fame had been blown out by the propeller blast of the glorious *Winnie Mae* (see col. 1). Here & there little two-paragraph despatches told of their jaunt from Copenhagen back into Germany, where Mr. Hillig became king for a day to the 300 inhabitants of his native Steinbrücken, whence he emigrated to the U. S. 40 years ago. There he shook hands with those oldsters who thought they remembered him as a boy of 15, dined at the table of his former brother.

Next day Høiriis & Hillig flew back to Denmark for a reception at the pilot's birthplace, Brabrand. But the important city of Aarhus only three miles away, capital of the county, disdained to take

<sup>\*</sup>G. M. officials have long felt that the profusion of foreigners in Fokker personnel was a handicap in seeking U. S. Government contracts. Last fortnight Fokker renewed his own application for citizenship papers.

\*Distance covered: 15,474 mi.; flying time, 4 days, 10 hr. Previous round-the-world record was the *Grail Zeppelin's* 21 days 7 hr. 34 min. Her distance was 19,500 mi.



## FORD EXPRESS!

THE time has come for freight to fly! Transportation of passengers by air is already an established factor in business. So also is air transportation of mail.

The new Ford plane, designed primarily for freight, mail and express, first appeared at the National Aircraft Show in Detroit.

The wings and fuselage of the Ford Express conform to the specifications of the famous Model 5AT Ford transport. Its greatest distinguishing feature is that it is equipped with only one motor . . . a Hispano-Suiza 715-H.P. (American rating at 2000 r.p.m.) water-cooled engine.

### PERFORMANCE SPECIFICATIONS ARE:

Pay load, 3500 pounds.

Useful load, 4900 pounds.

Weight of plane, 6100 pounds.

Gross weight carried by plane, 11,000 pounds.

High speed . . . 135 m.p.h.

Cruising speed . . . 110 m.p.h.

Ceiling . . . 15,000 feet.

Rate of climb . . . 700 feet.

The Ford Express plane is specially valuable as a carrier where swift freight and express are at a premium.



# Sock . . . .



*and it'll go just as far  
as in 1930, if it's a*

# KRO-FLITE



THE IMPARTIAL DRIVING MACHINE proves that, except in the wind, the new-size Kro-Flite is just as long as the old. And that, with the wind, it's even longer!

And Kro-Flite is the only ball that does retain its 1930 distance. Every other ball was tested—and every other ball was shorter in the new size than it was in the old.

To the patented Kro-Flite cover goes the palm for this exclusive Kro-Flite achievement. That cover permits certain refinements in manufacture—refinements which make up for the distance lost by larger size and lighter weight.

To that Kro-Flite cover goes another palm, for making Kro-Flite the most durable ball the game has ever seen!

The closest thing to Kro-Flite's achievement, in retaining 1930 distance, is found in the Spalding Ball. The Spalding Ball is slightly shorter in the new size than it was in the old. But it is still longer than any other—it is still the longest golf ball made!

If you cut a ball at times, play the Kro-Flite. If you're in the hallowed low-handicap circle, play the Spalding.

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## KRO-FLITE

*made by Spalding*

*each 75 cents*

official notice of their visit. The flight, said Burgomaster Jacob Jensen, was "haphazard luck." Had the flyers not named Copenhagen as their destination? And had they not floundered about over Spain and France before getting their bearings? So what if they had flown across the Atlantic Ocean safely? Many another has done the same. That is nothing nowadays.

### Names in the Air

As new names and new planes flashed across oceans and front pages last fortnight, famed old names cropped up in curious profusion, mostly for unspectacular reasons.

¶ While Amelia Earhart (Mrs. George Palmer Putnam) was being officially reprimanded by the Department of Commerce for "poor judgment" in her autogiro crackup (TIME, June 22), her husband's publishing company (Brewer, Warren & Putnam) brought out the first book written by Capt. Frank Monroe Hawks. Last week Capt. Hawks returned from Europe, unloaded his plane from the steamer at Quebec, flew it off the pier.

¶ In East St. Louis, Ill. Major James H. ("Jimmy") Doolittle flew the wings off a new plane of his own design in which he hoped to break the world speed record of 278 m. p. h. for land planes. Few days later he announced that "Mrs. Doolittle has made up our mind" that he will quit racing because of "my advanced years." (He is 34.)

¶ In New York Capt. Lewis A. ("Lon") Yancey, New York-Rome navigator of 1929, qualified for the first pilot's license he ever possessed. And Bert Acosta, who may not fly licensed planes because his pilot's license was suspended more than two years ago, cracked up a rickety 1919 Fokker at Roosevelt Field.

¶ From St. John, N. B. to Armonk, N. Y. flew Clarence Duncan Chamberlin. Strapped to a stretcher in the cabin was his friend and pupil Ruth Nichols whose back was injured in the crash that ended her attempt of a transatlantic flight (TIME, June 29). Prior to fetching Miss Nichols, Flyer Chamberlin had taken his Crescent monoplane to Floyd Bennett Airport, New York City, hung out a sign coaxing joy-hoppers to "fly with a pilot who flew the Atlantic," promising an autograph on every ticket. Immediately Roosevelt Flying Corp. hired Roger Q. Williams, just released from "almshouse" jail, made him pilot of one of their Fairchilds at the same field, hawked his transatlantic fame in competition to Chamberlin's.

¶ In New York Col. & Mrs. Charles Augustus Lindbergh received permission to fly over Soviet territory on their proposed flight to the Orient, arranged for fuel caches, tested their plane remodeled for the trip.

¶ In Paris Joseph Lebrun (former flying partner of Dieudonné Coste) and Marcel Doret, famed stunt flyer, tuned up their Dewoitine monoplane *The Hyphen* for an eastward flight around the world in four hops.

¶ The *Graf Zeppelin* flew from Friedrichshafen to Iceland and back as practice for its Arctic cruise late this month.

## ANIMALS

### Less & Less Gunning

Approved last week by Secretary of Agriculture Hyde but not at once published was a further revision of the Federal law on waterfowl. Last year the bag limit was reduced from 25 to 15 ducks per day, and four geese (including brant). The new revision shortens the gunning season in the North and West to ten weeks, in the southern Atlantic States to eight weeks; and further reduces the number of live goose decoys allowed to not more than ten. Cause for the change: serious drought in nesting areas, reported to have reduced this year's hatch of wildfowl to the smallest on record.

Secretary Hyde demonstrated last week that he plays no favoritism when it comes to protecting wild life. His instructions to his staff have been to publish in Department of Agriculture news releases stiff and salutary punishments for hunting out of season. The bad example selected last week came from the Secretary's home State of Missouri, from near Jefferson City where he lived as Governor for four years (1921-25). A hunter had killed one wild duck from a motor boat during the closed season. His Federal fine was \$250.

### Johnsons

Home in Manhattan from their Nairobi plantation with another series of animal films arrived Mr. & Mrs. Martin Johnson, naturalists de luxe. Their live importations: one cheetah, two monkeys, two chimpanzees, three gorillas (the seventh, eighth and ninth now resident in the U. S.), two red-felled Uganda boys, Manuel and Diosaner, who scoop up their gravity in their hands, are startled by ice cream.

### Niagara Plunger

One woman and two men, all of them in well-padded containers, have gone over Niagara Falls and come up alive.\* All of them went over the Horseshoe Falls on the Canadian side. No man ever lived through a ride over the rock-bottomed American Falls. Yet last week a stray police dog blundered over the American side and came out to shake himself on the bank.

It was a hot day and the dog was playing alone in the shallow water near Prospect Park above the Falls. Fascinated tourists watched until a patrolman enticed the dog to shore, tethered him away from danger. The dog broke the rope, jumped into the cool river. The rapids caught him, carried him over the edge. He fell 165 ft., happened to land in a deep, quiet pool. One John Cavanaugh, kindly connoisseur, leaped across the shore rocks, got the abandoned dog to safety.

\*Anna Edson Taylor, Oct. 24, 1901; Boldy Leach, July 23, 1911; Jean A. Laussier, July 4, 1928. Last July George Stathakis went over in a barrel, smothered to death while waiting rescue from the cataract below the Falls. Last May as well as the May before one William ("Red") Hill rode over the lower rapids in a barrel. He did not go over the Falls either time.

## Just missed him— ....but next time?



BY midnight tonight, 85 of today's motor accidents will have proved fatal. Before you finish reading this message, 2 more people will have been injured by automobiles. If "next time" it should be *your* misfortune *not* to "miss him"—and *you are sued*—will you have a great insurance company behind you? Or merely the sleep-robbing knowledge that a judgment may not only seize every form of property you own *today*, but may even snatch away anything you may own or acquire *for years to come!* An Aetna Combination Automobile Policy not

only covers every insurable motoring risk but can be written with Liability limits of any amount needed to protect you against high damage awards. Further, an Aetna Policy is *acceptable* evidence of your financial responsibility in every state in the Union. Canada, too. What's more, Aetna service covers the country from Coast to Coast through

25,000 Aetna Representatives  
See the Aetna-izer in your community. He is a man worth knowing.

### Going to Tour?

Then clip and mail the coupon below for a fascinating 48-page

**Book of Motor Tours**  
"Seeing America with Aetna"

22 tours. Each illustrated with a large 2-color map. Each adaptable to the length of your vacation and the limits of your budget. A unique guide to America's most beautiful scenery and most interesting historical points! Your name and address on the coupon, plus 12¢ to cover mailing costs, will bring your copy by return mail.

# ÆTNA-IZE



The Aetna Casualty & Surety Co.  
The Aetna Life Insurance Co.  
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The Standard Fire Insurance Co.  
of Hartford, Conn.

### MAIL THIS TODAY

The Aetna Casualty & Surety Co., Hartford, Conn.

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

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T-7

**WHEN YOU RECEIVE A CHECK** made on La Monte National Safety Paper you instantly recognize its quality. There is a crispness that says good paper; color and a distinctive



background of wavy lines that say good taste. Your own checks, on La Monte Paper, will speak for you with equal satisfaction and authority.

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

**LA MONTE NATIONAL SAFETY PAPER FOR CHECKS—Identified by wavy lines**

# BUSINESS & FINANCE

## Nabisco

### Uneeda Biscuit

*Do you know Uneeda Biscuit?  
Do YOU know Uneeda Biscuit?  
Do you KNOW Uneeda Biscuit?  
Of Course Uneeda Biscuit—  
!!! Of course Uneeda Biscuit—  
Certainly !!!*

With this carefully planned sequence a campaign began, 32 years ago. At the time National Biscuit Co. was but one year old, had just thought of selling biscuits and crackers in cartons instead of bulk. The campaign worked. The public obeyed. Uneeda became one of the great U. S. trade-names. Today National is the world's biggest biscuit baker, has 84 plants in 29 States. It also makes bread, dog biscuits, Shredded Wheat, gingerbread goodies, peanut butter, zwieback, macaroni, pretzels. Its assets come to \$138,000,000 of which \$38,000,000 is working capital. Last year it earned \$22,800,000, most of which was paid out in dividends to about 23,000 shareholders. It is one of those select companies which are in the First National-G. F. Baker group.

Last week Nabisco figured prominently in financial news. There was a change of presidents, the fourth change in the company's history. There was also newsworthy selling of the stock on printed rumors that the company is not earning its dividend, and that Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co. ("A & P") may enter the biscuit business. On the change of presidents Nabisco adopted an attitude of "no significance." Hence Wall Street whispered there was significance. On the other matters the company maintained a silence of which the late great George Fisher Baker would have approved heartily.

New Nabisco president is Frank Clifford Lowry, chiefly known as a sugarman. About 50, neat and reserved, Mr. Lowry moves briskly. Much of his moving has been on the New York Coffee & Sugar Exchange of which he was once (1927-28) president. He is a director of several sugar companies including Punta Alegre and Warner. He is president of the latter company. He heads the sugar-broking firm of Lowry & Co., one of whose partners is Horace Havemeyer. Partner Havemeyer's father was once president of American Sugar Refining Co., a company which in 1925 was reported to have offered Sugarmen Lowry \$100,000 a year to become its president. Sugarmen last week recalled the coincidence that when Mr. Lowry declined, the position was filled by Earl D. Babst who left his job as general counsel and first vice president of National Biscuit.

Retiring as president is Frederick Beers who becomes chairman of the manufacturing committee. Chairman of the company is Roy Everett Tomlinson who started in the legal department, succeeded Lawyer Adolphus Williamson Green as president of the company in 1917.

Executive offices of Nabisco are in their big factory adjoining New York Central's West Side tracks. Here President Lowry may look into the engineering department (which fills part of two stories of the

building), may also watch the busy bakers baking. And in the art department he may see draughtsmen carefully designing new products, submitting them to cutters for mechanical approval. For while a good 50% of the company's business is in staples with large consumption (Lorna Doone Shortbreads, Slim Jim Pretzel Sticks, Holland Rusk, Butter Wafers, Snow Peaks) much of it goes into 500 varieties of biscuits and cookies which enjoy the public's favor briefly and are discontinued, replaced. Last year Nabisco withdrew 150 varieties, sent out a similar number of new ones. The problems involved are many in addition to those of cooking. A biscuit must be attractive in appearance so that the ultimate consumer will feel a definite urge to bite it. It must be tasty so that he will not feel disappointed. And if possible it



Blank-Stoller, Inc.

FRANK CLIFFORD LOWRY

... Lorna Doones, Slim Jims, Robenas and exuding Bonny Tarts.

should create an urge to eat more. An example of the latter quality is found in the Bonny Tart, invented recently by an Indiana salesman. The Bonny Tart is filled with grape jelly, its sides are perforated with tiny holes. When it is subjected to tooth pressure the Bonny Tart exudes grape jelly upon the consumer's tongue. Naming so many varieties is difficult. The Robena cookie is so called because it is iced on both sides by an "enrobing machine." The Nancy Lee is named after the daughter of a plant manager in Toronto. A subsidiary of National Biscuit Co. is Wheatsworth, Inc.

The history of National Biscuit Co. has been filled with profits and acquisitions. Its most notable competitor is Loose-Wiles Biscuit whose Sunshine brands rival Uneeda, whose Sunshine Fig Bars are similar, for example, to Uneeda Fig Newtons. A third big company is United Biscuit Co. of America which as yet has no great national trademark although more & more it is using the phrase: *Supreme Bakers*.

## At the Robert Treat

From the Robert Treat Hotel in Newark, N. J., where Bethlehem Steel Corp. stages stockholders' meetings, last week came echoes of the two wars, one foreign and one civil, which Bethlehem fought last year. The foreign war, the effort to merge Bethlehem with Youngstown Sheet & Tube, was rumored about to begin again. The civil war, over Bethlehem's bonus-plus-salary system, was arbitrated and ended, with victory for the enemies of Bonuses.

Cyrus Stephen Eaton of Cleveland, the man who blocked the Youngstown merger, was the man who caused the bonus war. What justification was there, he had asked to know, for paying as high as \$1,623,753 in one year (1929) to President Eugene Gifford Grace? Minority shareholders echoed Mr. Eaton in surprise and indignation. Chairman Charles Michael Schwab, who had issued the bonuses in his discretion (but never taken one himself), pleaded with tears in his eyes and a catch in his voice for the shareholders to "drop it, drop it" (TIME, April 27). Last week, having altered the bonus system, he explained: "It is not necessary for me to say that the statements I have made . . . have been made with all sincerity. I believe today . . . that the system is sound. . . . At the same time I must recognize that criticisms . . . have been made by a substantial number of stockholders and that such criticisms require careful consideration. . . ."

Such consideration led to these modifications: 1) Bonuses will be determined by Chairman Schwab and a committee of bonusless directors; 2) Bonuses will be computed after depreciation, must never exceed 8% of net income; 3) Officers hitherto on a "small salary," such as President Grace who last year received \$12,000, will henceforth receive "normal salaries"; 4) Full publicity will be given all awards.

## Panhandlers

A railroad brings prestige to a community. It may also bring prosperity by carrying to market what the community produces. So in 1912 the citizens of Forgan, at the entrance of the wheat-rich Oklahoma Panhandle, were glad when the Wichita Falls & Northwestern (now part of the Missouri-Kansas-Texas) chose their town for a terminus.\* And the folk of Beaver, the county seat seven miles to the south, were chagrined because railroadless Beaver was outdone. They pooled their wheat receipts, hired a teamster at \$4 a day, graded the land by eye, started a railroad to Forgan. Before half of the seven miles was finished they found their capital gone.

Up in Hardtner, just across the Kansas line, lived two farmers, Jacob Achenbach and Ira B. Blackstock. When Hardtner had been left railroadless by the Missouri Pacific these two men had built a railroad to Kiowa, ten miles away. Their fame as railroad builders had spread. The farmers of Beaver called upon them for help. Soon the Beaver, Meade & Englewood

\*Forgan was founded by Frank Kell, then president of Wichita Falls & Northwestern. The road had banking connections with Chicago's famed Forgan family, in whose honor the town was named.

Railroad Co. had a train running. But profits were hard to get, and in 1918 Carl J. Turpin of Oklahoma City, an ex-railroader, was called in as general manager. He soon had things shipshape along the seven-mile right-of-way, cheerfully worked without salary. In 1924 the road was extended 20 mi. westward, its terminus called "Turpin." Two years later the B. M. & E. went farther west to Hooker where it crossed the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific tracks, then on to Hough. This gave it 65 mi. of track. Last year it pressed on another 40 mi. to reach the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe tracks at Keyes.

During this period of expansion Vice President Blackstock moved to Springfield, Ill.; President Achenbach began to feel old. Railroads which had refused to enter the territory themselves began to want the B. M. & E. Last week its officials met in their small Oklahoma City office, completed a deal whereby M-K-T will get the road and equipment (three locomotives, 12 box cars, two section cars, two cabooses) for about \$2,300,000. This, estimated 83-year-old President Achenbach, compares to a cost of \$2,100,000, a profit of about \$2,000 a mile.

### Contract

In Holyoke, Mass. last week a Railway Express Agency truck turned into Canal Street. Finding no place to park, it drew up in the middle of the street. A crowd of curious Holyokels gathered around it for they knew that it carried a curious load, a load of history, a load of the bitter

antagonism long smoldering between two great Holyoke companies.

Two years after the panic of 1857, when industry was picking up again, there was incorporated Holyoke Water Power Co. whose canals were to be the lifeblood of



Blank-Stoller, Inc.

SIDNEY LOUIS WILLSON

... sent the rent by truck.

the factories and mills in Holyoke and South Hadley. Through its life of three-score years and twelve the company has retained its independence, grown rich on impressively steady earnings. But when

the express truck drew up last week Holyoke Water Power had reason to regret something it made the very first year of its long life—a contract with American Writing Paper Co.

No friend of the power company is Sidney Louis Willson, 63, the vigorous six-foot president of American Writing Paper Co. In 1923 he assumed the difficult task of reorganizing A. W. P., putting it on a profitable basis. From the first he considered that Holyoke Water Power Co. was too rigid in insisting upon exact adherence to old contracts. He and his company's counsel searched for something they too could insist upon. It was discovered in this phrase: "... Annual rentals shall be paid in troy weight of silver of the standard value and fineness of the silver coin of 1859 . . . or an equivalent in gold, at the option of the grantee." President Willson warned the power company he would insist upon a show-down unless certain modifications were made in the contract. The power company did nothing. So what was in the truck last week was a half-ton of silver bullion in payment of an \$18,000 bill. At current prices the silver had cost American Writing Paper only about \$5,000.

The power company refused to accept the payment. Back to a bank went the silver bullion. Into the courts will now go the Battle of Holyoke.

### New Glanplank

Most glorious chapter of U. S. shipping history was the one written by the clipper-ships, fleetest commercial vessels ever whipped over the seas by the winds. Homeport for the majority of clippers was Baltimore. Last week as a late afternoon sun was sending its slanting rays over Chesapeake Bay a steam vessel cast off from a new Baltimore pier, nosed into midchannel. After stopping at Norfolk she cleared for Havre and Hamburg. Official civic celebration marked the sailing for she was *City of Baltimore*, first transatlantic passenger ship to be documented out of Baltimore since the clippers, first sailing of the new Baltimore Mail Steamship Co. formed last year by interests including Baltimore Trust, Pennsylvania RR., Roosevelt Steamship Co. On Oct. 15 the line will begin a weekly transatlantic freight-passenger-mail service.

### Personnel

Last week the following changes were news:

*Clinton Stephen Lutkins* who left the Stock Exchange house of **R. W. Pressprich & Co.** to become a vice president and director of mysterious **Allied Chemical & Dye Corp.** (TIME, March 2) last week resigned both positions, returned to Pressprich. Rumor said his successor would be *William Gibbs McAdoo*. Vague tales that big blocks of Allied have changed hands, that hard secret fighting has been waged, continued.

*Major General George Sabin Gibbs*, 55, retired chief signal officer of **U. S. Army Signal Corps**, was made a vice president of **International Telephone & Telegraph Co.**

*Frank Clifford Lowry*, sugar broker, was made president of **National Biscuit Co.** (see p. 37).

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requiring in most instances the assistance and suggestions of those long trained in the study of security values.

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# TWENTY MILLION BOTTLES

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The Curran Laboratories, Inc., manufacturers of Jo-cur' Wave Set, Jo-cur' Shampoo, Jo-cur' Hot Oil Treatment, and Jo-cur' Brilliantine, started business in 1925 . . . Their filling equipment, at that time, was a tall pitcher — and the filling was done by hand.

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Here is a practical demonstration of the flexibility of the Pneumatic



System of packaging machinery, which enables a manufacturer to start with one machine and to add on correlated equipment as his needs increase. For both dry and liquid products, Pneumatic are the most widely-used packaging machines in the country . . . Send for the booklet, "An Interview," which gives the story of the experiences of America's most famous manufacturers with Pneumatic Machines.

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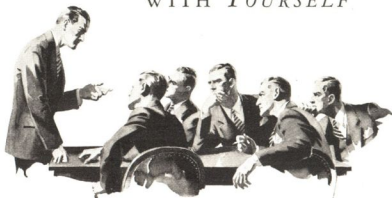
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## HOLD A DIRECTOR'S MEETING WITH YOURSELF



• MOST MEN can learn much from the financial policies of the successful corporation. Like any going concern, usually the individual has years of good earnings and years of poor earnings. He is subject to unexpected reverses for which he must be prepared. Beyond a certain age, his earning power declines. He must provide for declining earnings, just as the corporation provides for depreciation in its equipment.

Suppose you held a director's meeting with yourself, went over your financial statement, considered the reserves you should allow for possible business difficulties, decline in earnings or loss of position. Very probably you would decide to provide for yourself an income not dependent on personal earnings. You would begin at once to build a second income that would always be standing by to take care of those unforeseen contingencies that occur at some time in the life of almost every man.

Any man or woman of substantial earning power can build a dependable *stand-by* income. One sound method is by steady investment in conservative bonds. Regular investment of a portion of your current earnings in this type of security, with reinvestment of interest you receive, will provide a substantial second income in a surprisingly short time.

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## EDUCATION

### N. E. A. Week

It was hot in Los Angeles as 22,000 members of the National Education Association\* began arriving last fortnight for their 66th annual convention. Hearty in all things, the city had decked itself with N. E. A.'s banners of blue & gold and welcoming committees waited everywhere to hand the delegates boutonnières of California flowers.

**New President** elected last week, according to the Association's custom of alternating male & female, was a woman: Florence M. Hale, director of rural education in Maine, who succeeded President Willis Anderson Sutton, superintendent of schools in Atlanta, Ga. One of N. E. A.'s vice presidents, she was elected without opposition, prompting Will Rogers to say: "America is a land of opportunity and don't ever forget it. . . . There was elected to a very high office . . . just a plain, pleasant-looking, fat (and enjoying it), commonsense woman. . . . I guess from her name, 'Miss,' that she is an old maid, but, darn it, I just liked her looks in the paper this morning and I believe she could teach these young modern heathens of ours some sense."

**Rural Education**, President Hale's particular concern, had been chosen one of the chief subjects to be discussed. Some points:

"The majority of the children still live in the country. This is, of course, simply a reaction of economic law. In the country children are a financial asset; in the city they are a liability." City children have every advantage, but "the son of the farmer goes to school in a shack, has a teacher who may not even have been to high school. . . . The State must actually favor the country child or take over the whole responsibility for education." (*Dr. Sutton.*)

Country school finance is based upon an obsolete system: the property tax. Teaching is poor, the curriculum antiquated. Country school trustees know little or nothing about schools. But the Federal Office of Education is busying itself with these matters. (*William John Cooper*, Federal Commissioner of Education.)

If rural education is not improved, the ambitious will refuse to stay in the country. "Only the stupid will be left. We shall then have accomplished the calamitous job of making the American farmer a peasant." (*Governor George Henry Dern* of Utah.)

Rural education must provide high school as well as elementary training, else the adolescent farm boy will be deprived of home background during crucial years. It must emphasize cultural training by means of radio, and improve health conditions. (*President Hale.*)

Other snippets of fact & fancy during the meetings:

"Radio is worth \$100,000,000 a year to the schools of America. . . . The radio

\*With 216,000 members (10,000 in 1918) it has become one of the world's largest professional groups.



# A KNOCK

... that cut a  
manufacturer's costs

THE general manager picked a letter from the stack before him. The others could wait. This one was important . . . it called for action.

He read it again, frowned, picked up his 'phone—"Send Kelly up," he said. Kelly came.

"Kelly," he began, "what's wrong with our number four dyers? . . . a complaint from a customer this morning . . . something on those machines is rusting, staining fabrics. That's bad. We can't sell machines like that and stay in business. Here, read this letter. Catch a train and wire me what you find out." Kelly went.

Four hours later the wire came in—"Ratchet quadrants on our dyers rusting badly cause trouble." The general manager called in the engineer.

"Greene, ratchet quadrants on our number four are rusting and raising a rumpus . . . read this wire. What are we using for those quadrants?"

The engineer told him. "Can't we use something that won't rust?" queried the G.M. The engineer thought a moment. "We might," he ventured. "Trouble is we need something with high tensile strength—that quadrant has to lift quite a load. I'll hunt for something."

And he found it—an alloy composed principally of Copper . . . yet it had the requisite tensile strength. And,

strange to say, this part, of rustproof metal, cost 40 per cent less.

There are innumerable cases where other metals have failed, and where the use of Copper alloys have not only proved a remedy, but a saving. Their ductility, workability and the high salvage value of their scrap often provide economies in manufacture as well as advantages in the product.

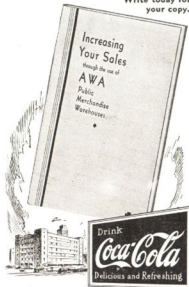
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The flexibility of such a distributing system is almost unlimited. You can use as many warehouses as your business requires . . . in two cities, in twenty cities, or in a hundred cities! Costs are based on the number of units of your goods that are handled. You have little or no overhead if business is dull and very few shipments are moving through the warehouses . . . and whether business is dull or brisk you pay only on a "piece work basis" for goods actually stored or distributed by AWA warehouses. Such flexibility in controlling costs enables you to expand your business without risk, and to make important savings by using our warehouses instead of operating your own branches at a fixed overhead.

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industry will eventually cease its short-sighted policy of trying to kill off stations associated with educational institutions." (Joy Elmer Morgan, chairman of the national advisory Committee on Education by Radio.)

**This Brill.** Dr. Abraham Arden Brill's characterization of Abraham Lincoln as a schizoid-maniac personality (TIME, June 15) must be painful to teachers who hold Lincoln as a model for their pupils. "But who is this Dr. Brill?" Teachers have never before heard of him. What do other psychiatrists say? . . . Teachers, before accepting his conclusions, would want to see an analysis of the doctor's own mentality." (James William Crabtree, secretary of the Association.)

**Modesty.** Teachers are excessively modest. "At present they fit so noiselessly into the social and political fabric that the public does not hear the sound of the spindle and the loom." (Dr. Sutton.)

**Abnormals.** There is no average child. Every child is an individual. Of the 45,000,000 children under 18 in the U. S., 12,000,000 are abnormal or subnormal. In elementary schools 450,000 are mentally retarded, but only 60,000 are cared for in special classes; 675,000 present behavior problems, but only 10,000 are in special schools, 50,000 are partly blind, only 5,000 are provided for. There are but 18,000 deaf or partly deaf children attended to out of a total 3,000,000. (Edwin Cornelius Broome, superintendent of Philadelphia schools.)

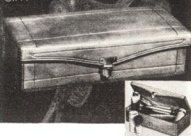
## At Culver

"High citizenship expectancy" is a quality which, so far as it could be gauged by competitive tests, distinguished four 9th grade schoolboys who last month were awarded the first Emily Jane Culver Scholarships given by Culver Military Academy at Culver, Ind. These four, who are in the upper third of their classes, "emotionally stable and in good health, possessed of ambition and a settled purpose in life," are George R. Koons, 14, of Chicago, Guy Barry, 15, of Portage, Mich., Robert Ernst Carroll, 14, of Fall River, Mass. and Campbell Gould, of Toledo. Unable otherwise to attend Culver (by the award's terms), they will receive an unusually generous stipend: \$6,000 for a three-year course. Culver trustees will award in all twelve such scholarships, will watch closely the young students, for at Culver there is a "controlled situation": a uniformity of life, under military supervision, which they think will indicate the accuracy of the tests employed in spotting "high citizenship expectancy."

Culver Academy's reiterated aim is one that many an older school regards as supererogatory: to train the youth in self-control, stick-to-it-iveness, fair play, courage, self-restraint, etc. etc. Founded in 1894 by Henry Harrison Culver, stove manufacturer and onetime itinerant clock salesman whose own education had been meagre, it has today a fine military Tudor-Gothic plant and 677 cadets—twice as

\*Dr. Brill, disciple of Dr. Sigmund Freud, is a sometime head of Columbia University's psychiatric clinic, lecturer at New University, author of authoritative works on abnormal psychology.

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many as any other U. S. private military school. On the wooded shores of Lake Maxinkuckee it stands, hard by the farm where Founder Culver met and married Emily Jane Hand in 1864. He died in 1897, aged 57, but his wife had borne him five sons to carry on the work. Mrs. Culver, in whose memory the new scholarships are named, watched over the school until her death in 1922, was the donor of many a scholarship prize medal.

### Merchant of Syracuse

"I hate him, for he is a Christian!" said William Shakespeare's Shylock, and claimed his pound of flesh.

Because *The Merchant of Venice* presents "an unfair and malicious conception of Jews," the Syracuse, N. Y. Board of Education was petitioned last week by the Good Will Committee, a local interdenominational group, to remove it from the school reading list.

## CINEMA

### The New Pictures

#### Forbidden Adventure® (Paramount).

If two child cinemactors were taken to London by their mothers to derive favorable publicity from meeting a king the same age as themselves, it might happen that one of them, a small girl with a rebellious disposition, would make friends with the king, conspire with him to escape from an environment in which all the things that amuse children were forbidden. It might happen that if the other child cinemactor, an urchin with a disgruntled disposition, overheard their plans, he would demand to be taken with them. The three might then join a gang of small wharf rats, foil kidnapers who noticed their good clothes, become slightly homesick, finally be retrieved by detectives.

All this does happen in *Forbidden Adventure*, adapted from a story written by Author Sinclair Lewis when he was not in a critical mood. The first part of the picture, less diverting than the London adventure, concerns the efforts of the two mothers to promote their children, keep them out of mischief and disguise their plebeian origins by plutocratic gestures. Good shots: the mother of Daisy Tate ejecting the King of Slovaria from her suite because she thinks he is a bell-hop; the King of Slovaria fondling a frog to get warts; Tiny Tim Tiffany trying to sneer while crying.

The list of child cinemactors is particularly large and able at present. One of the most extraordinary is Mitzl Green. In *Forbidden Adventure* she is Daisy Tate; Tiny Tim Tiffany is Jackie Searl; the King of Slovaria is Bruce Line, a new child actor with a cultivated voice. As Daisy Tate, Mitzl is somewhat miscast, for the part is sympathetic and her chief talent is to irritate. A disagreeable, incredibly impertinent child with a sarcastic laugh and an air of independence, she seems totally composed of frogs & snails & puppy dogs' tails, and likely to grow worse as she grows older. Audiences watch

\*Released in Manhattan as *Newly Rich*.

### Iron Fireman pays for itself out of fuel and labor savings

Here's what it did for...

**ALLERTON HOUSE HOTEL, CHICAGO**  
"Iron Fireman paid for itself in three months." **HIGH SCHOOL, GLENWOOD, MINN.** "Yearly fuel savings with Iron Fireman amount to \$1321.94." **AMERICAN LITHO. CO., INC., BUFFALO.** "Saving in fuel and payroll will pay for Iron Fireman in two years or less."

Why pay a premium for hand-fired coal, or costly types of automatic fuel? Iron Fireman can give you better heat or power for less money.

Buy your Iron Fireman by the month. Fuel and labor savings will go far toward meeting the deferred payments. Iron Fireman *earns* as it *works*, for it (1) cuts fuel costs; (2) provides steady, uniform heat or power;



Iron Fireman "Forced Underfiring" is like burning a candle right side up. Fuel fed from below gives a bright, clear flame with no waste... Hand-firing is like burning a candle upside down. Fuel fed from above causes smoke, sluggish flame, poor combustion.

(3) reduces labor costs; (4) eliminates the smoke nuisance.

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Ask an Iron Fireman engineer to survey your boiler or furnace room. His report should convince you that Iron Fireman is one of the best investments you can make. Iron Fireman Mfg. Co., Portland, Oregon. Branches or subsidiaries in Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Milwaukee. Dealers everywhere.

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**AUTOMATIC COAL BURNER**

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The most essential characteristic of management is organization. If management is right its organization is right. No need to go further to find the qualities that make for success.

In business life there is no greater tragedy than the failure of able, honest and potentially successful men. Modern Accountancy sees these failures often and emphasizes them as quite unnecessary.

Success is not to the superman alone. Most often it comes from a right concept of organization and the application of a well-ordered plan. Every day, normal business intelligence is discovering and understanding better these truths; and so is achieving more fully the results that mark good management.

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DETROIT	NEW ORLEANS	WHEELING
ELIC	NEW YORK	WINSTON-SALEM
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	PHILADELPHIA	

and long to beat her. She is the child who yells in every Pullman car, the urchin whose sticky and precocious finger-print is on the page of books not fit for kindergarten reading. In private, her character is less appalling, though she is noted for her impudent mimics of Moran & Mack, Maurice Chevalier, Fanny Brice, Eddie Cantor, Groucho Marx. Aged 10, she is insured for \$1,000,000, makes \$625 a week,



MITZI GREEN

... frogs & snails & puppy dogs' tails.

supports her parents who put her in their vaudeville act when she was 4. She has a brother in high school, a dog named Von, as much time to play as most non-cinematic children. Previous roles: Becky, in *Tom Sawyer*; Eloise, in *Skippy*; a black-mailing urchin in *Honey*.

**Laughing Sinners.** (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) is the title given to a cinemasculated version of *Torch Song*, the play by Kenyon Nicholson which was the first outstanding success of the past Manhattan season. In *Torch Song* Author Nicholson played about with a case of mistaken identity between sex and religion. He showed his heroine joining the Salvation Army when deserted by a traveling salesman, later having a reunion with her lover when she tried to convert him. This aspect of the story has been overlooked in the cinema, which tells a plain and not particularly stirring case-history of a girl who misbehaves, reforms, reverts to misbehavior, then to reformation. Much of the action takes place in a small-town hotel where traveling salesmen are shown engaged in chores and recreation. Particularly partial to the latter is an aged, bald-headed casket vendor (Guy Kibbee). He chuckles quietly when a lady drinks herself unconscious, employs the absurd severity of inebriation in telling the heroine that there is nothing worth crying about.

*Laughing Sinners* was started six months ago, Joan Crawford, and remade. As a result Joan Crawford, whose duty it is to portray the indecisions of the salesman's playmate, appears as a brunette in some sequences, a blonde in others. In almost

"Saves  
one hour  
out of  
four..."



"\$1020  
saved a year"...  
"figuring costs  
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all of them she acts well and makes her dilemma seem both plausible and pathetic. Actor Hamilton is a little too unctuous as the salesman. Actor Gable, hitherto an impersonator of hard-boiled characters, seems slightly puzzled to find himself banging a Salvation Army drum.

—◆—  
**The Black Camel** (Fox) is an amusing mystery story in which the corpse is that of a cinemactress, the scene Hawaii, the detective celebrated Charlie Chan, the suspects as follows: a patently fake male fortune-teller, a slick actor in a dinner coat, a pretty little girl who steals an emerald ring, a butler who does not know his place, a young millionaire who drives a roadster and is anxious to get out of town, a maid servant, a man who mumbles indignantly, a beach-combing artist with sneering enunciation, a tough blonde who incites Detective Chan to aphorism. After several aphorisms (sample: "Death is a black camel who kneels unbidden at the gate of every man"), suitable rebukes to an over-enthusiastic assistant, and three narrow escapes which do not cause him to modify his placid nonchalance, Detective Chan reveals the guilty suspect, explains the actions of the others.

—◆—  
**The Girl Habit** (Paramount) is a farce which uses the oldest, most dependable methods for producing hilarity. Whether it succeeds or not depends entirely on the mood and taste of individuals in the audience who will find it 1) screamingly funny, 2) rather silly, 3) crazy but dull. It concerns itself with the predicaments and escapes of a young man who seems to have a perpetual case of the jitters (Charles Ruggles). Engaged to marry a debutante with a dignified mother, he is pursued with kindly intent by an ardent blonde (Tamara Geva), later, with less kindly intent, by her gangster husband. To escape the gangster, the young man tries to get himself jailed, succeeds in going to the same jail as the gangster. Here he finds the warden guilty of crooked bookkeeping, is later discovered, by his fiancée and mother, lying under a bed which belongs to the warden's wife. The suspense which provokes most of the comedy in *The Girl Habit* would vanish in a moment of unbiased consideration. But the picture runs along so fast that this moment never arrives. Although she has the rôle of a villainess, *The Girl Habit* serves as a satisfactory vehicle for the U. S. cinema début of Tamara Geva, hitherto known for her dancing (in the *Chauve Souris*, in *Whoopie*, in the "Body and Soul" episode of *Three's a Crowd*) and her beauty—blonde, with a strangely triangular face, large, exciting eyes. Her career in Europe had the same twists—she danced in the Diaghilev ballet, was later featured in two UFA cinemas. Before that, she had grown up in Russia, won a dancing contest in Petrograd at 17. She is now 23, pronounces her name with a soft G, to rhyme with Eva.

Albe shots: Ruggles trying to throw a brick through a window, kidnapping a child, telling the warden's wife that her face would not stop a clock, if it was a good clock.

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## MISCELLANY

"Time brings all things."

### Swill

At Buffalo Mary Kascmarek, 2, was placed by some older children in a cardboard packing-case near the curb. Along came the garbage-wagon; the garbageman hoisted case, Mary Kascmarek & all, into the peccant swill. When the wind blew back his wagon tarpaulin, the garbageman discovered Mary Kascmarek, wiped her off, took her home.

### Ways & Means

At Baltimore Bertram R. Yeatman planned to divorce his wife and marry a Mrs. Sophie Lowery. One morning Mrs. Sophie Lowery told him she was already married. Nevertheless she promised to meet him on a street-corner later in the day to discuss ways & means. Bertram R. Yeatman kept the appointment, waited on the street-corner for five hours. When Mrs. Sophie Lowery at last came, he shot her dead.

### Taxi

At South Nyack, N. Y. Mrs. Ida Barrett Wheaton, 55, relic of a War veteran whom she met by mail, heard that her new War-veteran-correspondence fiancé, one Warren Harris, was weakening in his resolution to marry her. She packed her bags, hailed a taxi, directed the driver: "Walkerton, Indiana. Step on it!" At Walkerton she found her fiancé was only 36 years old. Also she disliked her prospective mother-in-law. Therefore she directed the chauffeur to drive her back to South Nyack. Distance covered: 1,778 mi. Fare: \$400.

### Behind

In Manhattan Theodore Reinhardt was bending over some toys in his sixth-floor shop when an arrow came flying through the window, pierced him painfully behind. Police went hunting for the toxophilite who pierced Theodore Reinhardt.

### Ear

At Norfolk, N. Y. one Harold Green bent down to change a tire on his automobile when an arrow pierced his left ear. It had been shot by an unidentified girl archer.\*

### Love

At Pittsburgh William Creco, 25, was kissing Mrs. Margaret Fritz, 28, goodnight when suddenly he bit off the end of her nose. Arrested, he said: "I love her."

### Love

In Pittsburgh, police found Genevieve Monarch Miller in a car with three men, her arm bloody with the letters ED MILLER, carved into the flesh by a pen-knife. Arrested, forced into a hospital, Mrs. Miller explained that she had allowed her husband to carve her. "I love him," said Genevieve Monarch Miller.

\*For the improvement of toxophilites a book by Philip Rounseville, published by Barnes, called *Archery Simplified*, last week appeared in the bookstalls.

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## BOOKS

## Albion

ENGLAND THE UNKNOWN ISLE—Paul Cohen-Portheim—Dutton (\$3).

If you had been caught by the outbreak of war in what you thought a friendly country and interned behind barbed wire as an enemy alien for four years; if later you wrote a book about your captors, their ways & means, you might be pardoned for taking a somewhat acid view. Paul Cohen-Portheim was in just that case, but his book about England is one of the most tolerant, friendly, sympathetic retellings imaginable. A Jew, a cosmopolitan (he now lives in Paris), a well & truly educated man, Cohen-Portheim wields an Anglophilous pen, his other cheek turned but both eyes wide open. "The intention of this book is to throw light on the character of a nation and an Empire whose significance for Humanity is overwhelmingly great. They are far too little known, and if this book contributes . . . to the spread of a knowledge of them, it will have fulfilled its purpose." Never brilliant or startlingly original, *England The Unknown Isle* is the kind of book an English Tory might have written if he had been calm enough to be coherent in these troublous-to-Tory times.

His defense (it amounts to that) of England, the English and their Empire, covers: climate & physical features, history, traits, London, the Universities, Society (large and small), politics, art, literature, the Press. He thinks the English irrational, humorous, sentimental, prone to exaggerated understatement, believers in character rather than intelligence. And he thinks this is on the whole a good way to be. "The fact that the late Lord Balfour was in his seventies still a keen tennis player was a much greater title to fame than the fact that he had written important philosophical works."

Even when Author Cohen-Portheim exaggerates it is to make a friendly point: "London harbours an international exhibition like Wembley, but the Londoner is hardly aware of it; the General Strike scarcely touched the surface of the place, and even the Great War hardly made any difference in its daily life." Real ruler of England is Society, which controls the permanent, appointive offices of State, understands "the art of making talented individuals serve its interests and ideals by taking them up; so Disraeli is made Lord Beaconsfield, Rufus Isaacs Lord Reading and Viceroy of India, and [Joseph] Chamberlain, a Birmingham manufacturer, becomes the champion of the aristocratic point of view."

Though Apologist Cohen-Portheim grants that "in politics the English have a world-wide reputation for treachery and hypocrisy," he explains: "that only means that [England] definitely does not allow herself to be deflected from her straight course by any principles." Speaking literarily he becomes more critical, thinks that: "Together with what is perhaps the greatest literature of Europe, England, since the middle of the nineteenth century at least, has also produced the largest and most degraded body of trash in Europe; it is only quite recently that she has yielded

in this sphere too to American competition." Of thumping and bethumped Bernard Shaw he avers: "He is at bottom a typical Puritan and a typical Protestant: the English middle classes regarded him for years as a terrible revolutionary and iconoclast, but Society always found his



PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM

... got over Britain's barbed wire.

eagerness a little comical, because it believes in the underlying truth of the conventions . . . quite as little as Shaw himself does."

He concludes: "The English genius is intuitive and the British Empire a chaos, like the works of Shakespeare or like its metropolis, London." But, he implies, England, her people, her Empire, are the chief hope of the world against Communism; they are Communism's negation.

## Nutshells

LIVING PHILOSOPHIES—Albert Einstein, Theodore Dreiser, Hu Shih, John Dewey, H. L. Mencken, Irving Babbitt, H. G. Wells, Julia Peterkin, George Jean Nathan, Robert Andrews Millikan, Fridtjof Nansen, Sir Arthur Keith, James Truslow Adams, Irwin Edman, Joseph Wood Krutch, Bertrand Russell, Bronislaw Malinowski, Beatrice Webb, Lewis Mumford, Sir James Jeans, J. B. S. Haldane, Hilaire Belloc—Simon & Schuster (\$2.50).

Not that it will help people to live a beautiful and true life but because it is always interesting to hear famed men praise or blame the eternal verities, this collection of credos is offered for serious summer reading. Perhaps from this display of fireworks you may catch a guiding flash; you may end up a Confucian worse confounded.

Views represented are various. Unanthropomorphic Einstein "cannot imagine a God who rewards and punishes the objects of his creation, whose purposes are modeled after our own—a God, in short, who is but a reflection of human frailty. Neither can I believe that the individual survives the death of his body, although feeble souls harbor such thoughts through

fear or ridiculous egotism. It is enough for me to contemplate the mystery of conscious life perpetuating itself through all eternity . . . and to try humbly to comprehend even an infinitesimal part of the intelligence manifested in nature."

Lucid Bertrand Russell's attitude "is not really one of hostility to moral rules; it is essentially that expressed by Saint Paul in the famous passage on charity . . . namely, that no obedience to moral rules can take the place of love, and that where love is genuine, it will, if combined with intelligence, suffice to generate whatever moral rules are necessary."

Says dusty-tongued U. S. Philosopher John Dewey: "A philosophic faith, being a tendency to action, can be tried and tested only in action. I know of no viable alternative in the present day to such a philosophy. . . ."

Clumsy but honest Theodore Dreiser, although he would not like to write himself down "as a total pessimist," and thinks Life "taken all in all, a fairly good show," has "not the faintest notion of what it is all about."

Utopianist Herbert George Wells believes "Man is immortal, but not men. . . . Man . . . is more important than the things in the individual life, and this I believe not as a mere sentimentality, but as a rigorously true statement of biological and mental fact. Our individuality is, so to speak, an inborn obsession from which we shall escape as we become more intelligent."

Henry Louis Mencken: "If, while the taxidermists are stuffing my integument for some fortunate museum of anatomy, a celestial catch-pole summons my psyche to Heaven, I shall be very gravely disappointed, but (unless my habits of mind change radically at death) I shall accept the command as calmly as possible, and face eternity without repining."

Young U. S. Critic Lewis Mumford's ends, "difficult of achievement," are: "To be alive, to act, to contemplate, to embody significance and value, to become fully human."

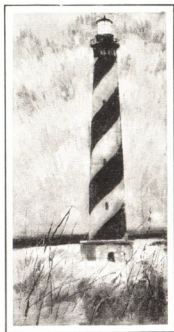
**The Significance.** In this cross section of intelligent opinion you may observe two common tendencies (perhaps different aspects of the same thing): disbelief in personal immortality, a growing preoccupation with practical problems. *Living Philosophies* is July choice of the Book-of-the-Month-Club.

## Murder Might-Have-Been

THE COLUMNIST MURDER—Lawrence Saunders—Farrar & Rinehart (\$2).\*

No one has yet shot smooth-haired, Gossip-Monger Walter Winchell (New York Mirror's "On Broadway") though *Zit's Theatrical Newspaper* hinted more than six months ago he would be killed within six months (TIME, Nov. 3). Author "Lawrence Saunders" (Burton Davis) calls the victim of his murder-story "Tommy Twitchell," has him shot in a theatre telephone booth during a first-night performance, proceeds with his unraveling tale in a style that owes much to his hero's prototype. As a murder story *The Columnist Murder* is not above the average; but in germ and treatment it is Times-Squareish, up-to-date, Winchellesque.

\*Published June 25.



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## M E D I C I N E

### Ringworm

Dr. Herman Goodman, 37, Manhattan skin specialist, had a heavy mail last week. He had supplied statistics on *tinea* to the *May Archives of Dermatology & Syphilology*, and the queries were coming in.

*Tinea* is the technical name for ringworm. It is caused by varieties of a fungus called *Trichophyton* which gets into the skin. Various trichophyta affect the scalp or beard (causing patchy baldness), the torso, arms and legs (where the infection usually takes the form of a ring), the fingers, toes and the interdigital folds, the nails. The feet and hands are the most common sites of infection. Small blisters form and the skin erodes. W. F. Young Inc. of Springfield, Mass., makers of the proprietary germicide *Absorbine Jr.*, taking a lesson from *Listerine's* Halitosis and *Life Buoy Soap's* Body Odor, have for the sake of advertising and popular education been translating *tinea* or ringworm as *Athlete's Foot*.

Ringworm has been increasing rapidly in the U. S. lately. Two years ago Dr. Goodman made a compilation of skin disease cases which doctors had treated. In a list of 14 skin ailments occurring in almost 1,000,000 people up to 1927, ringworm was the ninth most common.\* During 1928 and 1929 ringworm at the New York Skin & Cancer Hospital became second most common after eczema. Of 56,705 patients examined, 5,078 had ringworm. Of the 5,078, 4,328 had it on their hands or feet. Surgeon-General Hugh Smith Cumming of the U. S. Public Health Service Bureau figures that half the adults in the U. S. suffer from ringworm at some time. The American Medical Association says "probably 75 or 80% of the adult population have ringworm of the feet either by clinical or by laboratory examinations."

The increase of ringworm has been attributed to the promiscuity of the War. A more definite and traceable cause is the increasing use of artificial bathing pools and club showers. An infected foot leaves shreds of the fungus on the floor, which a healthy foot picks up.

Another cause for the increase is that doctors are recognizing as *tinea* what they used to call eczema.

Preventing infection depends on personal hygiene. Because ringworm most often comes on the feet, one should not go barefoot even in one's own home, never in a carpeted hotel room, ship cabin, or train compartment. At public bathing places, wear bathing slippers. Careful club managers provide paper treaders for guests. Custodians of showers and pools should scrub the floors several times daily. Soap and hot water suffice to flood out trichophyta.

The most successful professional treatments for ringworm include these: opening any blisters and applying cool wet dressings of diluted aluminum acetate liquor or of saturated boric acid; painting daily with a strong solution of permanganate of potash, tincture of iodine, or

mercurochrome; anointing with a salve of salicylic and benzoic acids, of ammoniated mercury, or of chrysarobin; exposing to X-rays; soaking in gasoline (six or eight seconds). Combinations of the above may be dangerous.

### Ovaries for Bleeders

Dr. Carroll Collins Laflaur Birch, 36, is an associate in internal medicine at the University of Illinois medical school. Recently she located a family of hemophiliacs, or bleeders, in southern Illinois. During 125 years and through six generations there have been 16 bleeders in that family. The living members provided an ideal group for research.

Hemophilia is a blood disease. The blood coagulates very slowly. A nosebleed may become a fatal hemorrhage. A chafed skin may ooze blood for weeks and weeks, until death ensues. Females never have true hemophilia, although some suffer from ailments which seem like this disease. Only males do. They inherit the disease through their immune mothers. Most notable living bleeder is the onetime Crown Prince of Spain. Another was the late Tsarevitch of Russia.

Because hemophilia is exclusively a disease of boys and men, Dr. Birch reasoned simply that there must be something in girls and women which suppresses the disease. The greatest difference between males and females is their sexual apparatus. Perhaps something in the ovaries was the suppressor.

Fortwith Dr. Birch got hold of one of the Illinois bleeders, a boy, and injected him with ovarian extract. His symptoms disappeared.

Dr. Henry Bascom Thomas, professor of orthopedic surgery at the medical school, was struck by Dr. Birch's experiment. He suggested transplanting an ovary into one of the boy's brothers. That was done. The transplant bleeder stayed cured five and a half months (until the ovary was absorbed), the extract boy eleven months. Well satisfied with a treatment of a stubborn disease, cautious Dr. Birch nonetheless declared last week that her experiments were far from complete.

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\*Most common: eczema; next: acne.





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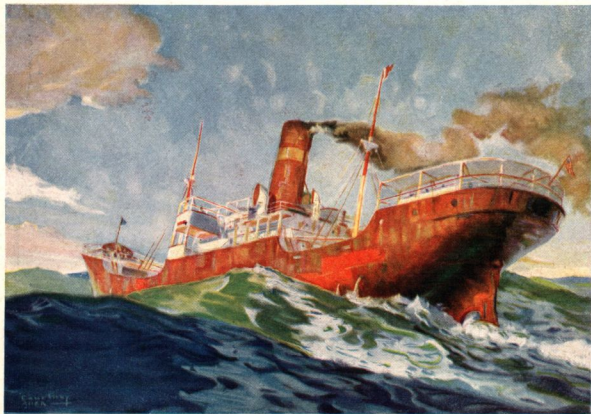
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