

FIFTEEN CENTS

August 17, 1931

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine



Volume XVIII

SAMUEL SEABURY

*From an Elizabethan window he spies a Wigwam.
(See NATIONAL AFFAIRS)*

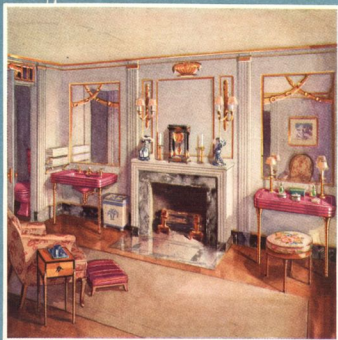
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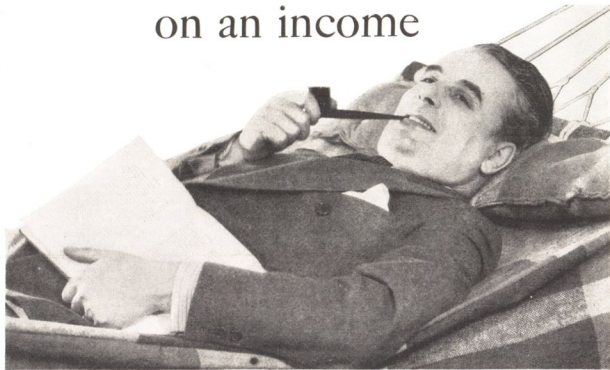


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Curtius & Kin

Sirs:

May I call your attention to remarkable statements regarding Dr. Julius Curtius, German Foreign Minister, to which I cannot be reconciled.

In your issue of June 15, you mention Husband Curtius as "a family man, devoted to his small children." Yet, in *Time*, July 27 issue, I am amazed to find that "German Foreign Minister Curtius had something real to smile about. Word had just reached him that he was a grandfather."

In congratulating Dr. Curtius, I cannot help but marvel at his children's unusually fast growth. My probable reason for noticing this error (if error it be) is that I was very much amused at your first description of family man Curtius and his lachlor friend, Brüning. Though a "bunder" and lacking genius, you must admit that Husband Curtius is no ordinary man, according to the above statements.

EDWIN A. HALL JR.

Binghamton, N. Y.

Husband-Father-Grandfather Curtius has six children: Barbara, 23, who married Hans Bernd von Maesten and whose son, Johan, was born July 10; Klaus, 25; Wolfgang, 20; Verena, 18; Dorothea, 16; Christel, 7.—Ed.

Wisconsin's Nardin

Sirs:

The rightly admired brevity of *TIME*, for once, might have been profitably stretched a trifle in the characterization in your issue of July 20 of Frances Louise Nardin, dismissed dean of women at the University of Wisconsin, as "the 53-year-old, unmarried dean." I am sure that "understanding, sympathetic, hard-fighting" are descriptive terms which the great majority of the thousands of women students who have come in contact with Dr. Nardin in her 13 years' work at the university would have liked to have seen added, especially because they would have precluded any chance of an erroneous view which a too-ardent Freudian might have gotten "with half an eye."

As a reader I appreciate the news judgment of your magazine in grasping the importance and general interest of the fact that Dean Nardin was notified that her name was not included in the budget for the next fiscal year at the university. Disciplinary power at Wisconsin University now will rest with a committee on which the Dean of Women and the Dean of Men have no vote. Too few realize the enormous task faced by a dean of women in these days, standing as she does in the center of a dramatic clash between the "new liberalism" and standards of conduct which parents who trustfully send their immature and eagerly searching sons and daughters to the university believe to be beyond any challenge.

Dean Nardin's fight at Wisconsin always has been based on her conviction that faculty believers in "new liberal principles" in student discipline should explain to the parents of their students exactly what they meant. The preposterous stories you mentioned in your interesting article as having been associated recently with Dean Nardin—that she told girls they should not lean over to drink at water fountains; that they should not "arouse" male students by wearing red dresses or clocked stockings or pucker-

ing their red lips—were first raked together in a collection of campus legends in an anonymous fictionalized attack on deans of women in general more than two years ago. The article did not attribute the droll sayings to Dr. Nardin and she has the assurance of President Glenn Frank of Wisconsin University that he never believed them. Her complaint was and is that President Frank maintained a discreet silence in every attack by the "new liberals" without making definite suggestions on what he believed the situation should be.

The Milwaukee *Journal*, close to the situation at Wisconsin, stated in an editorial of July 12 that in the correspondence between Miss Nardin and President Frank "it must be said in truth that Miss Nardin has the better of the argument. Not on the point of Miss Nardin's abdication, for the letters do not disclose, and nothing else has so far disclosed, what were the real criticisms of the dean. But on the question whether there was guidance from the University head as to what the deans should do there seems to be but one conclusion, there was no such guidance." The editorial explains: "In the Leonard Goodnight war, brought about by Dean Goodnight's son [dean of men] in dismissing a couple caught in a love tryst, it was painfully apparent that President Frank had not made up his mind what the standards of life at a university should be. In such a situation it was, of course, impossible for him to guide his deans. As Miss Nardin so tartly puts it, quoting Theodore Roosevelt, 'You can't nail a custard pie to the wall.'"

BETTINA DILLARD WRIGHT

New York City

Porter v. Eastman

Sirs:

In "Ex Parte 103," *TIME*, July 27, p. 12, Massachusetts' Eastman is called "mildly and conscientious member of the I. C. C."

Does "most" modify "conscientious" as well as "liberal"? If such is the intention, does not *TIME* make a sweeping statement which may lack considerably for proof?

I have witnessed in action Commissioner Claude R. Porter of Iowa, a distinguished, alert, and intelligent gentleman and feel sure that if Mr. Eastman's conscientiousness is of a greater degree than that of Mr. Porter, the former is a record breaker.

Would not *TIME* be more accurate if it had called Eastman "best known" and "most listened to"? *TIME* might also have added that the liberalism of Commissioner Eastman has caused newspaper editorial writers to place him on the same shelf with the so-called liberal minority on the Supreme Court Bench whose every utterance or dissent is over-publicized as a liberal voice whether the matter at hand be of real importance or not.

JAMES FRANCIS KELLY

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Reader Kelly takes his point well. *TIME* should eschew superlatives. For conscientiousness there is not a pin to choose between Commissioners Eastman and Porter.—Ed.

Sugar Coated Idiots

Sirs:

I note in "Letters" a couple of issues back, in reference to Will Rogers, that he attended

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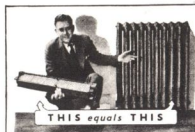
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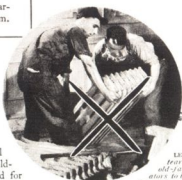
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P A S T E U R I Z E D

GRAPE JUICE

school at "Willie Hassell," in Neosho, Mo. (Time, July 9).

Having lived in Neosho from 1889 'til 1927, I have been wondering about such a school. Never was one by that name to my knowledge. I knew this comedian in school days when he was a student at Scarritt College Institute in Neosho, when we "towners" referred to such students as the Sugar Coated Idiots.

GURNEY LOWE

Huntington Park, Calif.

Willie Hassell School which Will Rogers says he attended in Neosho when small, is in Vinita, Okla., 45 miles from Neosho.—Ed.

Standard Stories

Sirs:

Thanks many times for the highly interesting historical note anent the demise of the Anaconda Standard (TIME, July 27). Herewith some addenda which may be of interest.

For a number of years before the final 30 was written, the Standard occupied the unique position of being probably the only news sheet in the nation with its editorial desk some 30 miles away from the press room.* Before the advent of automatic printers, Butte copy was relayed to Anaconda via phone. This procedure was necessary since the Standard relied on Butte for its chief circulation and, because of AP franchise restrictions, was forced to publish in the smelter city.

Interesting among ancient traditions of the sheet is the "rubber da rag" (read the paper) anecdote. The story is told of a new man in the ad alley, a chap who was assigned the job of setting up an ad for one of Butte's big department stores. This man had begun his task when it occurred to him that perhaps the store in question employed individual makeup and type. He asked the boss of the ad alley about it. The boss, a squat and blue-jowled individual squat on the floor, observed, "Jest, why don't you rubber da rag?" Dr. Dardson, on business somewhere in the background, overheard the remark, thought it apt. Next day every machine, desk, locker and press in the Standard office carried the words "Rubber da Rag" on neat white cards.

Incidental note: Dean A. L. Stone, head of the school of journalism at Montana's University, once stated that the best story he ever wrote was one he concocted while on the Standard staff. A spectacular railroad wreck had, so to speak, fallen in Stone's lap. The only newsman in miles, he strung thousands of words together while the blazing cars of the unlucky train made the night horrid in Hellgate canyon near Missoula. He filed the yarn on the wire. Discovered next day that the Standard office had burned to the ground.

Biggest day in Butte's history was when the late, great W. J. Bryan arrived in the city. Silver, no small part of Butte's mineral production, was a prominent item in popular mind. "Egg" Eggleston, in a stupendous spurge of sheer inspiration, concocted a long poem, title, "When Bryan Came to Butte." Ran it in the Standard. In later years, on Bryan's revisiting the city, the poem was trotted out and given front-page space. Interesting contrast, in a day crammed with 100 point heads, is the fact that the Standard's lead story on the day of Bryan's

(Continued on p. 40)

*Time's editorial desk is 711 mi. (airline) from its press room.—Ed.

TIME

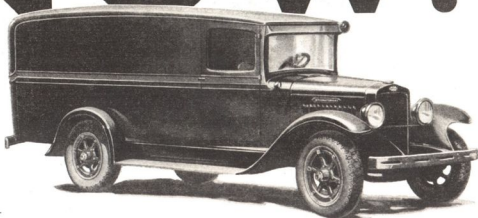
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TIME

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The Weekly Newsmagazine

August 17, 1931

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Load of Distress

President Hoover last week worked on Work. To get a running start on Congress where dole demands are sure to appear next winter, he held conference after conference on unemployment and relief. From the Treasury he got a report which showed that \$453,000,000 had been authorized for 735 public building projects, that at least \$300,000,000 worth of this work would be actively started before snow flies. To the White House, Secretary of Labor Doak brought another report showing that in the last four months the U. S. Employment Service "by combing the highways and byways has succeeded in finding jobs for 281,769 unemployed." Next the President called in Julius Barnes, board chairman and Silas Strawn, president of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce to see what that organization could offer in the way of jobless relief. Anxiously discussed was the probability that a Federal dole would have serious Congressional backing. Declared Mr. Strawn as he emerged: "It would be deplorable if this country ever voted a dole. When we do that, we've hit the toboggan as a nation."

To sum up his week's work President Hoover told the Press "The problem of unemployment and relief, whatever it may be, will be met. With the organized co-operation of local, State and Federal authorities, the problem was successfully handled last winter. We shall adapt organization methods in such manner as may be necessary for the coming winter."

"The first of the facts to be determined is the probable volume of the load of distress to be provided for. Economic changes will materially improve certain areas and others may be worse. . . . I have been canvassing the situation. . . . The completion of these conferences and inquiries will require another month. By that time all the facts should be clear. . . ."

The President took the problem with him over the week-end to his Rapidan Camp where he pondered unemployment insurance methods with Rhode Island's Senator Felix Hebert, just back from a European study.

"I christen thee Akron," declared Mrs. Hoover last week at the Goodyear-Zepplin plant at Akron as she pulled a red, white and blue cord which released 48 pigeons from the Navy's new dirigible.

President Hoover appointed Frank Evans of Salt Lake City, onetime executive secretary of American Farm Bureau Federation, to the fruit-&-vegetable vacancy on the Federal Farm Board.

STATES & CITIES

Indian in the Woodpile

(See front cover)

Out of the spacious oak-paneled chamber of New York State's Court of Appeals at Albany, last week issued a fine distinction. The case was one of Municipal bribery, civic corruption. The decision confirmed the jailing of a citizen who had refused to tell a committee of the Legislature whether he had bribed an official of New York City. At the same time it denied that that legislative committee had power to deal similarly with any suspected citizen in its search for civic corruption. The fine distinction was between actual bribery and conspiracy to bribe. Straightway the legislative committee moved to erase that distinction.

The decision brought to a sharp legal head the long conflict between New York City's Tammany Hall, fighting desperately (for the fifth time since 1896) to keep its political secrets, and the Republican-controlled Legislature's committee which is investigating the Democratic administration of Tammany Town (TIME, April 6). The case is an illuminating example of a great U. S. city's established Ring at grips with the spasmodic spirit of Reform.

Of all the persons and personages involved, three stood out last week with special clarity. First there was the Reformer—pontifical Counsel Samuel Seabury of the Legislature's committee, lord high inquisitor into New York City officialdom. Second there was a grey, little old horse doctor named William Francis Doyle, the culprit of the moment, the witness through whom the Reformer hoped to get at the Ring. Third there was Judge Benjamin Cardozo, personifying the

State's highest court, the authority for the rules of the contest between Reformer and Ring.

Horse Doctor. William Francis Doyle was graduated from the New York American Veterinary College in 1889. For 19 years he tended the ring bone and spavin of Brooklyn carriage horses, got in with the politically right people. In 1909 he was given the best horse doctor's job in the city: veterinary to the fire departments of Manhattan, Richmond and The Bronx. Had shrewd Dr. Doyle not divided his early years between the care of horses and the cultivation of politicians he might have been ruined when the Metropolitan fire departments were motorized. But Mayor Hylan made him Chief of the Fire Prevention Bureau in 1918 at a salary of \$6,000 a year. In this office he became familiar with the inner working of the Board of Standards & Appeals which grants building permits. Four years later he was pensioned off (at \$2,755) "on account of eyesight."

Instead of being thrown into penury, Horse Doctor Doyle set himself up as a special pleader before the Board of Standards & Appeals. Such a position requires no legal experience. Word soon got round that if you wanted to locate a garage in a restricted neighborhood or construct a building out of unapproved material, the man to "see" was "Doc" Doyle. By 1930, aged 60, the genial little man had acquired nine children and more than a million dollars.

But, also in 1930, ill luck overtook Dr. Doyle. U. S. District Attorney Charles Henry Tuttle, then a Republican gubernatorial aspirant, tried to smoke out Tammany corruption by charging the retired horse doctor with income tax evasion. Prime purpose of the charge, of course, was to find the person or persons who had made Dr. Doyle's special pleadings so invincible and with whom he may have split some \$2,000,000 worth of fees. A Manhattan jury dismissed one of the two income tax charges against him. The other case hung fire. The Tuttle investigation into the Scandals of New York (TIME, Aug. 25) was superseded by those of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, of the Governor, of the Legislature.

Immunity. During preparations for the first public hearing of the legislative committee last month, to which Dr. Doyle was summoned, it became evident that Tammany very strongly desired the veterinarian not to be questioned. Immediate conclusion of Counsel Seabury was that Dr. Doyle—holed-in at his home in Deal, N. J., where Counsel Seabury could not reach him—was a shield held close over a vulnerable part of Tammany's anatomy.

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National Affairs—(Continued)

Dragged back to New York by the Federal court which had him under bond and led before the committee, the recalcitrant horse doctor still refused to talk despite the committee's guarantee of immunity.

It was, Counsel Seabury knew, typical Tammany tactics: Say nothing, admit nothing, lie low. During the Seabury inquiry into the city's police and judiciary

Curry. When news of this got out Manhattan newspapers pictured a worried Tammany with its back against a closed door from behind which came the querulous voice of Horse Doctor Doyle saying: "I don't want to go to jail." Max D. Steuer, one of Tammany's slickest and most willing legal henchmen, quickly announced that it was *he* who had telephoned from the Curry apartment. He

most impotent. Each time it wanted to make a reluctant witness talk it would have to promise him a pardon from the Governor. Even then, the witness would not have to accept the pardon.

The fine distinction in the high court's decision, which Judge Cardozo wrote, rested on two points: 1) The law of New York allows immunity to be granted to an actual briber, so that the State may discover and punish the public servant bribed; 2) In the case of a person who has only conspired to bribe or otherwise break the law, the State of New York does not compel him to testify against himself; without specially enacted authority, no judge or legislative committee can relieve him of the risk of prosecution.

Thus Horse Doctor Doyle had been contemptuous, since actual bribery was the subject of his case. But a special act of the Legislature would be necessary before Inquisitor Seabury could promise immunity to witnesses for testimony on other phases of his inquisition.

Inquisitor Seabury is in the extraordinary position of representing all three branches of State government—judicial, executive, legislative. In the first capacity he has had eight policemen indicted, sent six others to prison, removed two magistrates, sent three scampering off under fire. In his capacity as the Governor's representative to hear malfeasance charges against doddering District Attorney Thomas C. T. Crain of New York County, Tammany Sachem, he had not, up to last week-end, reported his conclusions. As the Legislature's agent he was pressing his queries into the political machinery of sprawling Queens Borough, and even into the private financial affairs of Mayor James John ("Jimmy") Walker, who started off last week on another of his famed vacations "for health," this time to Europe.

Pontiff. Peculiarly and paradoxically is Samuel Seabury fitted to sit in judgment upon the wily rulers of the world's greatest city. A reformer by inclination, he is no fanatic; he uses the conventional means of the law. A representative of the Better Element, he has had political experience more varied than the most cunning double-crossing ward heeler. Pontifical are the remarks which he makes in a soft baritone about the weather. Even his manner of blowing his nose in court is sonorous, distinguished. He also has imagination and a sense of humor.

Lawyer Samuel Untermyer, chief legal brains of Tammany Hall, is an elegant dresser, always sports an orchid *boutonnieres*. He usually makes his opponents in court look shabby. Well does Counsel Seabury, who dresses sombrely, almost clerically, know this. When Lawyer Untermyer was defending District Attorney Crain last spring, on the first morning of the trial, Counsel Seabury and his young assistants marched into the courtroom tricked out in morning coats, with sponge-bag trousers and pink carnations, looking like the groomsmen of a wedding party.

Samuel Seabury was born 57 years ago



International

JUDGE CARDOZO

Handed down a fine distinction . . .

a long parade of vice squad men had refused to tell the source of their astonishingly large bank rolls on the ground of possible self-incrimination (TIME, Dec. 20, *et seq.*). Tammany district leaders, along with indignant Boss John Francis Curry, had refused *en masse* to waive their constitutional immunity for questioning. "They love to wave the Stars & Stripes," sang the Press, "but will not waive immunity."

Tammany on the Telephone. The legislative committee cited Dr. Doyle for contempt. A Supreme Court Justice sentenced him to 30 days in jail. Then Dr. Doyle's smart young lawyers began appealing to higher and higher courts, occasionally winking at the rules of strict legal ethics. Counsel Seabury thought he had a gentleman's agreement with Doyle's counsel whereby he would be given notice when the case was to be taken before an Appellate judge. He was mistaken. Late one evening, one of Doyle's lawyers raced to Lake Placid, got an uncontested stay from Justice Henry L. Sherman, oldtime Tammany worker.

When Counsel Seabury heard of this he angrily accused the opposition lawyers of "trickery and deceit," announced that Dr. Doyle was being protected "by tactics of the Tweed Ring." Meantime, Counsel Seabury learned of a certain telephone call which had been put through to Lake Placid a few hours prior to Justice Sherman's order, a call from the Manhattan apartment of Tammany's crafty Boss



Acme-P. & A.

HORSE DOCTOR DOYLE

. . . between a briber & a conspirator.

had, he said, telephoned to his wife at Loon Lake. But the New York Telephone Co. declared that calls to Loon Lake never go through Lake Placid. Lawyer Steuer then hedged on his story.

Judge. Tammany's effort to protect its own now looked hopeless indeed. A last appeal for Dr. Doyle was made to Chief Judge Cardozo. For all practical purposes Judge Cardozo is as far from Tammany's reach as is Chief Justice Hughes from Scarface Al Capone's. Scholarly, liberal, a creative as well as an interpretative force upon the bench, he is always one of the first jurists mentioned when a vacancy occurs in the Supreme Court of the U. S. When the question of Horse Doctor Doyle's immunity came to him in the homely old study of his uptown Manhattan house he found it a question of the sort he loves, of logic and the law. Judge Cardozo could find no satisfactory previous ruling on such a case. But fearing that "grave prejudice to the cause of public justice might ensue" if Dr. Doyle jumped bail and disappeared, he decided that the appellant must go to jail until the whole Court of Appeals had been recalled from its vacation to judge the matter.

Judgment. Inquisitor Seabury awaited the judgment anxiously. If the high court upheld the decisions of the lower courts, he would be provided with a potent stick to prod from the city's political jungle a host of important facts hitherto lurking behind Immunity. If the decision were reversed, Reform would be rendered al-

National Affairs—(Continued)

in the parish house of Manhattan's Church of the Annunciation, now obliterated. His great-grandfather was another Samuel Seabury, the first Anglican bishop in America and an out-&-out Tory.

Graduated from New York Law School in 1893, young Samuel Seabury almost immediately took to politics. Aged 24, he was nominated for Alderman by the Citizens' Union. This he refused in order to campaign for Single Taxer Henry George, who died without knowing his cause was so disastrously lost. Subsequently he ran for office as a Democrat, a Republican, on Fusion and Progressive tickets. He was made a judge of the City Court in 1901, a judge of the Supreme Court (with Tammany backing) five years later, was elected to the Court of Appeals in 1914. For almost every office to which he was elected he had been previously defeated on the ticket of another party. In 1916 he was the Democratic nominee for Governor. Tammany knifed him, Theodore Roosevelt mysteriously withdrew Progressive support. Disillusioned, Samuel Seabury retired to private practice of law.

Only once did he re-enter the political arena. At the Democratic State Convention of 1918 he rose to denounce William Randolph Hearst, who wanted to be Governor. Hearstlings raised a furore, ordered the sergeant-at-arms to throw Mr. Seabury out. But majestic Samuel Seabury eluded a firm grip on the seat of his pants, made his speech, buried Hearst for Alfred Emanuel Smith.

In retirement he has made a comfortable fortune. He helped Frank and Anna Gould win the interfamily Gould estate suit in 1927. In 1919 he got Frank a divorce from Edith Kelley, British chorus girl.

At East Hampton, L. I. is the Seabury summer home. He plays golf rather badly at the Maidstone Club. He is married, childless. He was touring Europe with his wife when suddenly and to his surprise he received his Appellate Division appointment last year. It was given him for the simple reason that he is the city's greatest authority on its lower courts.

In Manhattan's East 63rd Street is his town house. In its library he has stored an enviable collection of ancient legal books. Portraits of his ecclesiastical ancestors out-stare each other from the high walls, and in winter a fire crackles on a Tudor hearth. There is candlelight.

Here, behind a slightly superior but tolerant smile, sits Samuel Seabury. He has heard that he may be nominated for Mayor in 1933 on a Fusion ticket. He has heard that he might even go to Albany to replace Governor Roosevelt, who is dreaming of the White House. But for the present, from an Elizabethan window Samuel Seabury spies on the Tammany Wigwam. Behind the Wigwam he sees a woodpile. In the woodpile, he feels sure there is many a corrupt Tammany Indian. Last week it was expected he would ask Governor Roosevelt to call a special session of the Legislature to help him drag the rascals out.

Oil, Arms & Economics

Martial law was matched against economic law in Oklahoma last week. The State's oil industry was the object of a dramatic experiment to see if rifles and machine guns can replace supply and demand as price fixers. Conductor of the experiment was Governor Murray Henry ("Cocklebur Bill") Murray, fresh from his Red River bridge war with Texas (TIME, Aug. 3).

Last month when crude oil prices melted down to 22¢ per bbl. and independent operators clamored for a voluntary shutdown, Governor Murray dug up a half-forgotten Oklahoma law passed in 1915 which prohibited oil production when its sale price dropped below its intrinsic value. On the strength of this law the Governor announced that Oklahoma oil was worth \$1 per bbl. and that unless the big refiners posted \$1 as their purchase price by Aug. 1, he would order shut in all the flush wells in the State's 27 great pools. Oil prices, under this threat, climbed to 50¢ within a week. There they remained as Aug. 1 came and went. When no shut-in order was forthcoming, oilmen opened pipe-line valves at their gushers, started their pumps to get as much of their August quota as possible above ground and catch any price rise. To their charge of bluffing Governor Murray retorted: "I won't be rushed into this. When I'm ready to shoot, I want to give a lot of these people a lesson in constitutional law."

Early last week the Governor was "ready to shoot." He issued an executive order closing down 3,106 Oklahoma oil wells and proclaimed martial law for 50 ft. around each. Guardsmen were called out to enforce with shot & shell, if necessary, the Murray edict.

Affected were all the wells (except salt water producers) in the State's prorated area. Exempt were "strippers" which produce less than 25 bbl. per day. Hardest hit by the order were the flush fields of Oklahoma City (30 sq. mi.) and Greater Seminole (40 sq. mi.). With one pen squiggle Governor Murray had reduced the daily flow of Oklahoma oil from 425,000 bbl. to less than 150,000. To newsmen he declared: "The State's natural resources must be preserved and the price of oil must go to \$1. Now don't ask me any more damned questions."

When told the oil operators might seek relief in the U. S. courts, Governor Murray exploded: "Just let 'em try to pull that old Federal court injunction stuff on me. It'll be like a jackrabbit trying to tree a wild cat. Some of these quill suckers" said my action was bad precedent and that if I could do that for oil, it could be done for cotton and wheat. They don't understand that an executive order must invariably follow the law and there's no law to control cotton or wheat production when the price is less than its value."

On the day Governor Murray issued his shut-down order, he called in Cicero Irvin Murray, his second cousin and oil rep-

*Governor Murray's definition: "A fellow who sits down to write, sticks a pen in his mouth and finally proceeds to write without thinking."

resentative, commissioned him a lieutenant-colonel in the Oklahoma guard, sent him forth in command of the oil field troops. No military man, Lieut.-Colonel Murray was ably assisted by Major Abe Herskowitz. About 200 youngsters in khaki made up their military force. Major Herskowitz, in a final "fight talk" at their armory, told them: "Now, boys, you're going on a bivouac. Don't forget to keep



International

CICERO MURRAY & TROOPER

From a crownblock he ordered shut-ins.

your rifles clean." At the Oklahoma City field Lieut.-Colonel Murray picked out an old barn as his headquarters and assigned Major Herskowitz one of its stalls as an office. Then he went outside, climbed the crownblock of an oil well, began to rap out orders to the two companies lined up before him:

"I am acting under orders from the Governor. We're ready to stay here in this field 90 days if necessary. Sergeant, take six men and close down these five wells of the Champlin Company over yonder. Lieutenant, take a squad and shut in those Sinclair wells. . . ."

In three days 90% of the State's prorated wells had ceased to flow. Oil operators offered no resistance to the Murray order. Not a single shot was fired. So tame was the oil war that two young guardsmen were caught dozing under a Sinclair derrick. But despite martial law, economic law held its ground and the price of Oklahoma oil did not rise above 50¢ per bbl.

To help personalize his fight Governor Murray had singled out for attack in his executive order Harry Ford Sinclair, board chairman of Sinclair Consolidated Oil and one of the biggest Oklahoma operators. Oilman Sinclair was accused of exerting a "monopolistic control" on the State's oil industry, of trying to "overthrow the State Government and overawe its legislators," of "filching from the school children's legacy" and intriguing to have Governor Murray impeached because he blocked repeal of the State's oil laws.

National Affairs—(Continued)

Retorted Oilman Sinclair: "If the absurdity and injustice of the Governor's proclamation is not clear to all, anything I might say about it would be wasted breath. All the proclamations and troops in the world can't add one cent to the price of oil. It verges on the ridiculous."

Meanwhile the Federal Government did not raise a finger against the Murray order in Oklahoma, but, instead, pointed one of scorn and reproach at Texas and its unregulated oil production. The new East Texas field was bringing in close to 600,000 bbl. per day. Operators there were selling their product at 10¢ and 15¢ per bbl., so low that Oklahoma refiners could buy and transport it to their plants at less than the local price (50¢) which Governor Murray's order was designed to double. Declared Assistant Secretary of the Interior Joseph M. Dixon:

"There would be no situation in Oklahoma if Texas would co-operate with other states to control her new oil pools. Her failure to do so has dragged the whole industry down, ruining thousands of independent producers, driving them bankrupt into the hands of the great companies, creating great unemployment and hardships."

But even in Texas last week there seemed to be a change of heart. More than half of 60 East Texas oil pool operators, meeting at Tyler, opened a campaign for a voluntary shut-down until prices rise again. They denounced their colleagues who were nullifying Governor Murray's efforts at price-upping by offering oil to Oklahoma refiners. This week at a large conference a general shut-down agreement for the whole field will be sought.

At Austin sat the Legislature, called in special session by Governor Ross Shaw Sterling to deal with the oil emergency after a Federal court had voided the State's regulation law. But the legislators made small progress toward enacting new statutes. Defeated was an administration bill for a commission to control oil production. Dolefully declared Governor Sterling: "If the Legislature defeats our conservation measures, the oil industry will receive no relief and I don't know what will happen. You may have a corn crib with enough corn in it to feed your hogs all winter, but if you open the crib door and let the hogs run wild inside, your corn will be gone in a couple of days. That's what's happening in the oil burners."

RACES

Black, White & Blood

In the back of every Southern white man's head lies a mortal dread that some night, somehow, some crazy black man will lay hands on his wife or daughter, rape her, kill her, or both. For the white man, eternal vigilance over his womenfolk is impractical, impossible. And such crimes as he mortally fears do happen. One happened near Birmingham, Ala. last week.

Three young girls of good Birmingham

families were out for an evening motor drive. They were Nell and Augusta Williams, daughters of an attorney, and Jennie Wood, whose father is a produce dealer. Suddenly out of the shadows of a wood sprang a Negro in overalls. He leaped on the running board, ordered the girls at gun-point to drive up a lonely road. There he robbed them. Not satisfied with that, he began insulting the frightened young women, threatened "to get even for what their race had done to his." At this point, Nell Williams made a grab for the gun. The Negro shot her in the arm. He shot her sister in the stomach, and another slug tore into Miss Wood's spine. With her friends stretched groaning in the woods, Nell Williams jumped in the car and made for the nearest house, three miles away.

When she drove back with help she found her sister dying. The Wood girl may live.

That night 100 sheriff's deputies and many a private citizen combed the nearby woods for the killer, but he had fled into the hills, vanished. Terrified, innocent Negroes trembled behind the thin walls of their clapboard cabins. The misdirected white man's fury which they feared was not long in arriving. Eleven suspects were jailed. They were comparatively lucky. At Irondale, 10 mi. from Birmingham, two whites shot two blacks from the top of a passing box car. One Negro died. In Birmingham, a Negro was dragged out of his home by two whites, led two blocks up the street and shot in the back of the neck. Another pair of white men, in the city's suburbs, shot another Negro.

Independent of the Birmingham disturbance, elsewhere in the U. S. last week black and white blood was plentifully spilled:

☛ In Chicago's Black Belt, police evicted a colored woman from her flat. Instantly a crowd estimated at 3,000 gathered in the street. Evidently led by Communist agitators, shouting "Put that furniture back!" and "We want something to eat!" they rushed the constables. Casualties: three Negroes killed, 20 Negroes and whites injured. Mayor Anton Cermak ordered further evictions to cease.

☛ Near Pointe-a-la-Hache, La., occurred Lynching No. 4 for the year. The victim, Oscar Livingston, 23, had been jailed on a charge of attempted rape of a young white woman. Eight days after his incarceration a band of masked white men broke into the jail, drove Negro Livingston 15 mi., made him get out of the car and run for it. They shot him as he ran.

☛ Three days later at Hayneville, Ala., Lynching No. 5 took place. A Negro boy was said to have frightened an 11-year-old white girl. A crowd took him out of town, tied him to a tree with a rope and dog chain, shot him 32 times, twice for every year he had lived.

☛ At De Witt, Ark., three days after that, occurred Lynching No. 6. A Negro and a white man forced a deputy sheriff to surrender Negro John Parker, arrested on a murder charge. Negro Parker was taken to the roadside, killed. His colored assailant was promptly arrested for murder. The white man was held as an accessory.

PROHIBITION

Wine Bricks

Section 29 of the Volstead Act was the farmer's price for supporting Prohibition. Under that clause he was permitted to continue making his own applejack or blackberry wine on the legal fiction that it was a non-intoxicating fruit-juice for home consumption. Soon shrewd vineyardists seized upon Section 29 to supply the wine wants of city folk. Virginia Dare Vineyards, Inc. promised to ship a grape juice that would ferment into champagne in the home and thus be quite legal (TIME, Aug. 6, 1928). Seeking new markets for their grapes, seven California co-operatives in 1929 merged as Fruit Industries, Inc., joined the California Grape Control Board, obtained and shared a \$10,000,000 loan from the Federal Farm Board, hired as their counsel Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt who knew every wrinkle of the Prohibition Law from her eight-year service as Assistant Attorney General. Last year Fruit Industries, on Mrs. Willebrandt's advice, brought forth a liquid grape concentrate called Vine-Glo ("Just Pull the Bung") for urban vintners (TIME, Nov. 24). A client is supplied with a keg of non-alcoholic concentrate which Vine-Glo agents put down in his cellar. They dilute it, tend it for 60 days. By then it becomes wine of about 15% alcoholic content. Prohibition Director Woodcock explained again & again that he could prosecute only if an *intent* to violate the law was shown and intent was very hard to prove.

Two months ago an independent California concern went a step farther toward simplified wine making. They put on the market a patented grape concentrate in solid form about the size of a pound of print butter. Known as Vino Sano, selling at \$2 each, these non-alcoholic wine bricks were flavored sherry, champagne, port, claret, muscatel, *et al.* Instructions came in the form of *warnings against* dissolving the brick in a gallon of water, adding sugar, shaking daily and decanting after three weeks. Unless the buyer eschewed these processes, 13% wine would be produced. Vino Sano's "Don'ts" were designed to prove that the *intent* of each sale was not to violate the law.

Last week U. S. Dry agents, spurred by complaints of the Anti-Saloon League, raided Vino Sano's sales office on lower Fifth Avenue, Manhattan, where a land office trade was being done. Arrested were the manager and two salesmen; seized were 3,000 bricks.

Thus was started what promises to be a major court test of Section 29 and the flourishing business of urban wine-making in the home. Karl Offer, national manager of Vino Sano, wired Attorney General Mitchell from California that he alone was responsible for the wine bricks and wanted to be included in any forthcoming indictments. He also sought the legal assistance of Mrs. Willebrandt. Vine-Glo's counsel, in working up a defense for his employees, but that lady enigmatically replied: "Sorry, but I never take Prohibition cases."

National Affairs—(Continued)

HUSBANDRY

"A Happy Idea" (Cont'd)

What President Hoover and his Cabinet called "a happy idea" took tangible form last week when Germany offered to buy 600,000 bales of cotton on long term credits. But even before the State Department had transmitted the German proposal to the Board, Washington resounded with vehement protests from the cotton-growing south. Led by mumbly Senator Smith of South Carolina and bushy-browed Senator Harris of Georgia, cotton men declared that the German market by rights belonged to the 1931 crop now coming in, not to the 1930 crop which the Farm Board stabilized.

After weighing the German offer for 48 hours the Farm Board rejected it—on the ground the price was too low. Germany had offered to take the 600,000 bales in return for a three-year credit of about \$30,000,000 at 4½%. The price was to be a monthly average of the New York, Liverpool and Bremen Cotton Exchanges' cash quotation. The Farm Board had taken its cotton at about 16¢ per lb. or less, leaving the Farm Board about \$30,000,000 in the red on the deal.

The Department of Agriculture last week estimated the 1931 cotton crop at 15,684,000 bales as compared with 13,932,000 last year. Despite a 10 percent cut in acreage (TIME, July 26) excellent weather conditions had produced a crop yielding 85 lb. per acre, 31 lb. above average and the highest since 1914. This forecast rocked the exchanges of the land, sent cotton prices tumbling \$7.50 a bale.

INDUSTRY

Government into Coal?

Out of the economic murk enveloping the bituminous coal industry last week emerged the outline of a startling relief proposal at which most big mine operators, harassed by low prices and labor troubles, clutched hopefully. This was it: let the Federal Government declare soft coal mining a public utility and regulate it accordingly. Sponsor for the proposal was no less a figure than John D. A. Morrow, president of the \$165,000,000 Pittsburgh Coal Co., second largest bituminous producer in the U. S.

At a conference last month with Secretary of Commerce Lamont, Mr. Morrow and his coal colleagues agreed that overproduction and cut-throat competition were the curse of their industry. If they attempted to get together and regulate themselves by production and price-fixing, they faced prosecution under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. If, as Mr. Morrow proposed, the Government should step into control of the industry, it could close down the smaller mines, guide the larger ones safely around the Sherman law to profitable mergers and otherwise act to conserve a natural resource. If soft coal mining were put on a paying basis, Mr. Morrow argued, prices would rise sufficiently to adjust miners' wages and there-

by eliminate strikes. Secretary Lamont pondered the idea, promised nothing.

Small bituminous companies protested the Morrow plan bitterly. Conservative businessmen looked shocked at what



© Keystone

PITTSBURGH'S MORROW

Other businessmen were shocked.

seemed nothing short of Putting the Government into Business, and Socializing Industry. Mr. Morrow, vexed by premature opposition, retreated into silence, declared that any further announcements would have to come from the Hoover Cabinet. But already he had lined up potent support for his plan. Samuel Purglove (Pittsburgh Terminal Coal) declared: "It always was my idea of what should be done." Other coal operators in favor included Frank E. Taplin (North American), Howard R. Showalter (Continental), Edmund R. Weise (South Fayette), J. H. Jenkins (Hutchinson).

Sound industries do not voluntarily seek government regulation. When it is forced upon them, as upon electric power, they buck and fight vigorously. Oil, lumber, shipping and agriculture, on the other hand, have begged and received government aid because they were economically sick. In the Interstate Commerce Commission the railroads have a protection against ruinous competition which they would not give up for anything. When it was making good money, the bituminous coal industry bridled angrily at the mere suggestion of Federal regulation.

But there were many obstacles to the Government's taking the coal industry into its portfolio. Bituminous coal is mined in 26 States and, unlike power and railroads, cannot readily be fitted in under the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution. Before Congress could act—and act it must—it would have to find some legal means of declaring coal a public utility. A revision of the anti-trust law to allow soft coal mining to regulate itself is one possibility, as President Hoover in his message to Congress last December,

pointed out. Another is legislation in the name of conservation whereby the Government would buy up unprofitable mines and hold their contents as a national reserve in much the same way oil on public lands is now held. Operators favoring this step declared that for \$25,000,000 the Government could purchase enough mines in western Pennsylvania to put all the rest in that area on a profitable basis.

CRIME

"It Don't Mean Nothing, Honey"

A dyer, a law clerk, an architect, a theatrical manager and eight other average citizens, sitting as a Federal jury in Manhattan last week, found Jack ("Legs") Diamond, New York's pasty-face, shot-riddled gangster guilty of conspiracy to violate the Prohibition law, and of operating a still. For four days they had listened to witnesses detail Diamond's beer-running activities in the Catskills. The verdict was Diamond's first major conviction in a career of 25 arrests for everything from petty larceny to murder.

His bravado gone, Gangster Diamond faced a maximum sentence of four years, a fine of \$11,000. Presiding at his trial was U. S. Judge Richard Joseph Hopkins of Kansas, the militant Dry whose appointment in 1929 caused a political rumpus between Attorney General Mitchell and Senators Capper and Allen of that State (TIME, Dec. 30, 1929). After the verdict an investigator for the Diamond defense was seized in court, held by Judge Hopkins on charges of attempting to tamper prosecution witnesses.

As the jury brought in its verdict a Fire Department band across the street played "Wabash Moon" and big, blonde Mrs. Diamond fell to loud weeping. Comforted her gangster-husband: "It don't mean nothing, honey. We're gonna appeal it, ain't we?"

IMMIGRATION

Trickling Spigot

Last September President Hoover turned down the spigot on U. S. immigration to conserve U. S. jobs for U. S. residents. Consuls were instructed to refuse passport visas to aliens who on arrival were likely to become public charges. If a would-be immigrant boasted of work awaiting him in the U. S., he was barred under the contract labor provision of the Immigration code. As a result of the President's orders, the Department of Labor last week announced that immigration for fiscal 1931 had dwindled to a trickle below the 100,000 mark for the first time since 1862.

During the year that ended June 30, only 97,139 aliens were admitted to the U. S. (1924 admissions: 706,896; 1930 admissions: 241,700). During the same period 61,882 left the country, an increase of 22% over 1930. During the first six months of 1931 (January to July) there was more migration gurgling back down the pipe than there was coming out, more departures than arrivals.

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

Wiggin for President

Albert Henry Wiggin, board chairman of Chase National Bank, passed silently through Paris last week on his way to Basle, refusing all interviews. The Chase is not only "biggest bank in the world," but it probably has the largest share of all U. S. investments in Germany, the greatest desire to restore German prosperity. French editors therefore regarded Banker Wiggin's coming (as U. S. member of the Bank for International Settlements' committee to study Germany's credit needs) somewhat sourly. Wrote the *Journal des Débats*: "This time the attempt which is being made is to hand France's savings over to Germany so as to save English and American capital which has been risked in big German industries. Germany has discovered that the best means of pressure is to have large debts. She has found that this procedure makes her dear to those who do not wish to lose their money."

In Basle Mr. Wiggin went into conference with B. I. S. President Gates W. McGarrah, emerged and was immediately elected President of the Committee. France had an able champion to tilt against him. Her delegate was canny Emile Moreau, onetime Governor of the Bank of France.

GREAT BRITAIN

Scvere Flutter

British reporters buttonholed as many important men as they could find last week and asked their opinion of the financial crisis. The answers were not over-encouraging:

Winston Churchill, last Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer: "Why should there be a doubt in England's financial stability? Thousands of ships reach British ports yearly. . . ."

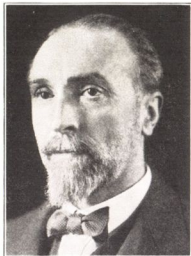
Neville Chamberlain, Conservative leader: "I do not believe that the prosperity of this country has gone forever. It will return only through our own efforts and on how much we can induce other parts of the Empire to join us in close combination trading."

Viscount Grey of Fallodon, Liberal, ornithologist, dry fly fisherman: "The Government must not be led to suppose that because the Liberals support its foreign policy, therefore they can rely on the Liberals in the last resort to keep it in office at all costs. . . . The danger of the financial position of the country is so real and great that the Liberal party should oppose increases in public expenditure and vote for a policy of economy even if this involves defeat of the Government."

Sir John Simon (who resigned from the Liberal Party last month): "The report of the Economy Committee declares that to produce a properly balanced budget in 1932 a gap of £120,000,000 (\$83,200,000) will have to be filled either by fresh taxation or economy."

"Either alternative will be unpleasant. Indeed it is obvious that the limits of direct taxation have been reached and the gap is not going to be filled merely by reiterating our fiscal convictions. I prefer to see the gap bridged by effective economies, but I confess the gravest doubts whether the MacDonald Government is capable of effecting economies on the scale needed."

Sir Hilton Young, director of the Southern Railway and of the English Electric



MONTAGU COLLET NORMAN
The Guardian drew its knife.

Co.: "The possible failure to balance ensuing budgets is probably one of the causes of the present crisis, but there is still a deeper one—the failure of the country to live within its means. We are living on our capital. That is proved by the figures of our foreign investments, which have dwindled away to the disappearance point. . . . There is no remedy in a manipulation of our banking system, our system of currency or our system of credits. . . . [They] must not be blamed for the present crisis. . . . The confidence of investors has been shattered by the spendthrift policy of our Government."

Sir Charles Higham (Britain's Bruce Barton): "Perhaps I am too optimistic about Britain, but I don't despair. France and the United States have most of the gold in the world divided between them. What we have left is our character and our credit. Now our credit is imperiled."

"Ten years ago Sir Eric Geddes tried to save the country's credit by ruthlessly suggesting economies. Had only 10% of his recommendations been carried out we would not now be in this predicament."

Herbert George Wells, novelist, cosmic thinker: "I have arranged with the British Broadcasting Company for a series of talks [by eminent economists & sociologists] in September on the subject, 'What I would do with the World.'"

London certainly gave reason for the gloom of most of these gentlemen. The proud Bank of England has been forced to

ask for credits to halt the drain of her gold reserves to France.* By what was realized last week to be the most important financial operation of the year, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York collaborated with the Bank of France and gave a credit of £50,000,000 (\$243,000,000). Never before has the Bank of England sought such a large credit. In 1925, when the Federal Reserve of New York offered \$200,000,000 credit to the Bank of England it was never used.

Last week just after this historic credit was made available, sterling exchange executed what British bankers called "a severe flutter." It dropped over 2¢ on dollar exchange, to \$4.84. Sterling recovered in a few hours but international bankers were scared. London telephone calls were put through immediately from half a dozen Wall Street offices. There was no explanation for the flutter.

Was the \$243,000,000 credit drawn on last week? Wall Street gossip was certain that it had been. London bankers would not be quoted but did everything possible to suggest that it had not yet been touched. Sterling fluttered no more last week. The drain on British gold subsided to a trickle, but it did not stop. This time it was The Netherlands that was making withdrawals. The Dutch drain was partly covered by a \$5,000,000 shipment of gold from, of all places, indigent Australia.

Norman. British bankers, British editors talked wisely about economy and the untouched solidity of the Bank of England. Privately they were looking for someone to blame for their troubles. They found it in the person of trimly-hatted, grey-bearded Montagu Collet Norman, Governor of the Bank.

Foreign correspondents were unanimous in declaring that Montagu Norman is probably the ablest banker in Britain today, at the same time all admit that his sympathies and instincts are far more German than French. For several years he has foreseen the slipping of Europe's financial mastery from Great Britain to France and loathed the idea. Rumors were started in London last week that the Bank of France was demanding his resignation. He has made many enemies in Lombard Street by practically dictating Great Britain's financial policies for the past eleven years. British bankers were suggesting last week that if Mr. Norman had been more tactful in his dealings with France, many of Great Britain's troubles could have been avoided. They blamed the mysterious flutter of the pound on failure to co-operate with Paris.

Montagu Norman's real crime is that like Germany's ablest banker, Hjalmar Schacht, he has consistently said what he thought. He does not believe that "prosperity is just around the corner" and he says so. He thinks that Reparations are one of the basic causes of the Depression and he says that too. There was no overt

*France, which undoubtedly took most of the gold from Great Britain in recent weeks, has received all the blame in the world Press. Unnoticed were the Dutch bankers who have been hauling out their gold, too, as fast as possible.

Foreign News—(Continued)

move to remove him last week, but the *Manchester Guardian* started the campaign with the following delicate knife-in-the-back:

"The ability of Mr. Montagu Norman to remain in active control of the Bank of England is being discussed somewhat anxiously. The governor has been reported as being very seriously exhausted, especially since the last session of the Bank for International Settlements at Basle, where he was prevented from taking much part in the discussions, due to fatigue."

Coves Week

Scudding grey clouds and squally weather ushered in Cowes Week, Great Britain's chief yachting fixture. The regatta started with tragedy. Just before the first race the *Britannia*, King George's 38-year-old cutter journeyed for position by the starting buoy off Calshot Head, proud of her new Marconi rig with its towering hollow mast. King George was aboard, snugly dressed and eager for the day's sport. A squall struck the *Britannia's* vast mainsail. She heeled over and nosed into a grey comber. Right before King George's eyes the wash swept Second Mate Ernest Friend overboard. Sailors threw him a lifebuoy immediately. The ship luffed and signalled for help. Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock V* heard the cry "Man Overboard" and dove to. But it was too late. Ernest Friend never reached the floating buoy, disappeared. He left behind a widow and four children. King George called off the day's racing and hurried back to the yellow-funnelled *Victoria & Albert* from which Queen Mary had seen the tragedy. All the yachts at Cowes half-masted their flags.

There were other accidents. Seaman Pengelly, another member of the *Britannia's* crew, jumped smartly into a dinghy, slipped, sprained his back, was carried into East Coves hospital. Early that morning a motor boat belonging to Lady Hulton caught fire. Lady Hulton, Vice Admiral Francis Herbert Mitchell and a mechanic jumped for their lives, all badly burned. They were fished from the water by the crew of the *Conqueror*, steam yacht of the U. S.-born department storekeeper H. Gordon Selfridge.

The *Britannia* withdrew from the next day's racing and left the King's cup an easy prey for indefatigable Sir Thomas Lipton. He had won it once before, in 1908. This year he won it as a member of the most exclusive club in the world, the Royal Yacht Squadron.

Reporters know that the little parallel-gram of green lawn beside the Yacht Squadron is many times harder to get into than the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. Royal influence means nothing at all to the Squadron's admission committee. Sir Thomas Lipton, probably the best known yacht owner in the world, was one of Edward VII's best friends. Despite all King Edward's blustering, the squadron consistently refused to admit Sir Thomas. No reasons were ever given, but gossipers said it was because Sir Thomas was "in trade," that his America's Cup racing was

considered pure advertising for Lipton's Tea. A few yachtsmen have made the additional point that for all Sir Thomas's racing, he knows nothing about yachting. He has seldom been on a *Shamrock* in an important race. He leaves everything to his well-paid sailing masters.

Last week, however, Sir Thomas was a member. The Squadron's burgee flew from the *Shamrock's* truck and from the stern of his steam yacht *Erin* floated the White Ensign, a flag which only ships of



ROYAL YACHTSMAN

He lost his second mate.

the Royal Navy and yachts of the Royal Squadron may carry. But he did not set foot in the clubhouse last week or step on the sacred lawn. That was his rebuttal for the years that he had been denied membership.

Many U. S. yachtsmen were on that lawn last week. The Squadron may be proud, but it is also punctilious. The U. S. owners of the yachts which had raced across the ocean (TIME, Aug. 3) were all given the privileges of the club for Cowes Week. They were quick to learn other peculiarities of "the most exclusive club in the world."

Members may not order dinner for any hour they choose or eat what they wish. The Squadron is run like a private house. If a member wishes to dine he must warn the steward before noon. Dinner is served at 8:30 at an enormous round table at which the senior officer present (who has already chosen what the members are to eat) is host. No checks are ever signed. Members are tactfully billed at the end of the month for what they have consumed.

No one may smoke until after the Royal Toast, but in the middle of dinner a huge silver sarcophagus full of topknots is solemnly passed round the table, a relic from the founder of Cowes, Henry VIII.*

*Henry VIII, although a yachtsman, did not found the Royal Yacht Squadron (1812); but he built the clubhouse. It occupies the remains of Henry VIII's fortified West Castle.

IRELAND

Ellen, David & Mr. Pierpont

David O'Shea, a farm boy from Knock Naloman, County Cork, walked to the scaffold in Mountjoy Jail in Dublin at dawn last week. Outside the gates a morbid crowd cursed the Irish police that hanged him. It was not that they thought David O'Shea innocent, but to the Irish mind he had been caught by unfair means. Irishmen expect sportsmanship in their policemen.

Last February the body of pretty young Ellen O'Sullivan was found in a bog. Ellen was a dairymaid employed by the Rathmore Creamery in County Kerry. The clothes were torn from her body, her head was bashed in by a boulder. All in all it looked pretty bad for Jeremiah Cronin, a neighboring farmer. He was Ellen's acknowledged sweetheart, and his bicycle was found not far from the scene of the crime.

Farmer Cronin roundly declared his innocence, swore that his bicycle had been stolen the night before. Irish detectives went to work. Suspicion veered toward young David O'Shea, another of Dairymaid Ellen's suitors. A Dublin sleuth slipped into David's little whitewashed hut and hid under a bed for many hours. There he overheard a whispered conversation between David O'Shea and his sister. Sister O'Shea went out of the cabin with a bucket containing one yellow woolen sock and a leather gaiter, which she burned. That was enough for the sleuth. He searched the grounds and found parts of Ellen O'Sullivan's smallclothes hidden in David O'Shea's hedge. Assistants pulled the other sock, the other gaiter, out of the bog not far from where the wayward dairymaid's body was found.

After the trial, O'Shea's lawyer appealed to the British Privy Council for David. First such appeal to London since the formation of the Irish Free State, it was refused.

All last week David O'Shea sat in his cell without speaking, without moving. He never confessed. On the scaffold the trap was sprung by an executioner from England, a Mr. Pierpont.

AUSTRIA

Käthe's Version

In a hunting lodge at Mayerling not far from Vienna the body of the Archduke Rudolf, only son & heir of the Emperor Franz Josef, was found shot through the temple, lying by the side of his dead mistress, the beautiful Baroness Maria Vetsera.

For 42 years the true story of their deaths has been one of the greatest European mysteries, a delight to novelists and playwrights. There were dozens of versions: Rudolf committed suicide. The pair were killed by a jealous husband. It was a political murder inspired by the Czechs, the Poles or one of the other minorities fighting for state's rights. Members of the Vetsera family murdered

Foreign News—(Continued)

Rudolf to avenge their honor. (One version of this story has Archduke Rudolf not shot, but smashed over the head with a champagne bottle. Legend describes the arrival of a surgeon who extracted three-inch slivers of green glass from his skull.)

Last week newsmongers broke down the reticence of one of the few living people who really know what happened to Archduke Rudolf of Habsburg—a gentle 76-year-old lady, Frau Katharina Schratz.

For more than 30 years the lovely Käthe Schratz was the great & good friend of His Imperial Majesty, Emperor Franz Josef. Moreover she remained on the very best of terms with the Empress Elizabeth until the latter's tragic death.

Käthe Schratz was an actress. The Emperor met her when she was playing leading roles in the old *Burgtheater* near the Palace in Vienna, but although she played the part many times on the stage Käthe Schratz was no Pompadour. She recognized that *Der Alte Kaiser* was completely bourgeois at heart. He dearly loved a good schnitzel and a flask of Muskateller, simple things that he could not enjoy at the palace. Käthe Schratz, like a good housewife, provided such homely comforts. At her little house within easy walking distance of the gates of Schönbrunn (the summer palace) the Emperor was known simply as "The Colonel." He dearly loved to come over in the evenings and argue with the cook. Gay Austrian officers called him "Herr Schratz" behind his back. For years he used to play tarok (Austrian whist) with Frau Käthe and two old cronies, Herr Palmer, head of the Austrian Bank and a wealthy Jewish banker.

Frau Käthe never asked for money, but she never saved. Ever since the War she has lived quietly in Vienna, refusing large sums from Austrian and U. S. publishers for her memoirs. Last week the loyal old lady suddenly relented and gave what she insists is the true version of the Mayerling tragedy. Said she:

"Despite all that has since been written, the Crown Prince first shot the unhappy Baroness Vetsera through the temple and then shot himself. All other versions are pure fairy tales. . . . The Crown Prince abandoned life because he saw no hope of permanently uniting with little Maria Vetsera whom he loved uncontrollably.

"During the 30 years I enjoyed the Emperor's friendship I never saw him so broken as on that 31st day of January, which I remember as if it were yesterday. I had gone alone to Hofburg (the Palace in Vienna) contrary to custom, having been ordered to present myself at 11 o'clock to read aloud to the Emperor and Empress. At the gate I saw to my horror, knowing the habits of the Emperor, for whom punctuality meant arriving a quarter of an hour ahead of time, that it was already five minutes past 11.

"Hurrying in I was admitted immediately to the Empress who flung herself upon me, embracing me and sobbing terribly.

"The tragedy!" she sobbed. 'If you knew what had happened!'

"In vain I sought to calm her. Tears

choked her voice. She could not speak. Finally she regained control of herself, staring at me through tear-filled eyes. 'Rudolf is dead! You alone must break the news to the Emperor!'

"We were still confronting one another when the door was flung open to admit the Emperor himself. A horrible moment. As well as I knew the Emperor I had never



International

KÄTHE SCHRATZ (50 YEARS AGO)

She helped Franz Josef forget.

seen him so happy and full of life as that morning. . . . The Emperor's breakdown was so terrible that even today I am unable to find words to describe it. But I shall never forget either the heroic behavior in the ensuing weeks of the beleaved mother who thought only of how to restore the Emperor to himself and constantly begged me to do everything to help him forget his pain."

ITALY-GERMANY

Coal & Lemons

Pale, lantern-jawed Chancellor Heinrich Brüning plump German Foreign Minister Julius Curtius, and millions of swarming grasshoppers descended upon Rome last week. In the Campagna frightened peasants set fire to their fields as black clouds of the insects dropped from the sky, ate wheatfields to the dust and vineyards rare to the stalks, then hopped and whirled away. Gardens were ruined in the city. Streets, roofs and windows were gummy with grasshopper bodies and their brown "tobacco juice."

Germany's peripatetic statesmen found the Eternal City bleak but enthusiastic. They had come from Berlin in an ordinary sleeping car. At the Brenner Pass they found a special train of six cars put at their disposal by Premier Mussolini. At the station in Rome, *Il Duce* was waiting for them, beaming with pleasure, poking his Fascist yes-men in the ribs. The German statesmen were whisked through

streets lined with *Carabinieri* in full dress, past cheering crowds to the Grand Hotel on the Piazza delle Terme. There was only one untoward incident. A group of German tourists on one corner suddenly belated HOCH HITLER! as the cortege passed. At the hotel a frock-coated manager proudly told the Chancellor of Germany that he would have the honor of sleeping in the same room once used by the late John Pierpont Morgan.

Correspondents were a little uncertain of the exact significance of the Brüning-Curtius visit. Officially it was a "visit of courtesy" to thank Mussolini for his quick acceptance of the Hoover Moratorium, to discuss general European conditions. Imaginative reporters were quick to whisper "anti-French alliance."

No signs of such an agreement appeared. The statesmen saw the sights of Rome. They ate a great deal of food at a great many banquets. They had tea under the towering cypresses of the Villa d'Este at Tivoli. Carefully the statesmen avoided any talk of a political alliance, any mention of the repressed German-speaking minorities in the South Tyrol. Finally came news. Chancellor Brüning and Premier Mussolini made a trade agreement. Germany agreed to lift certain of her emergency restrictions on the purchase of foreign currency to allow Italy to market her surplus crop of oranges and lemons in Germany. Italy agreed to purchase from Germany the same amount of coal she had been receiving as part of her share of reparations. *Il Duce* arranged liberal German credits. There was much talk about the forthcoming disarmament conference, about which Germany and Italy are supposed to see eye to eye, but an attaché at the German Embassy admitted to a reporter friend that these talks had actually been much more indefinite than newspapers had reported.

One of devout Catholic Brüning's last duties in Rome was to pay a formal call on the Pope. It was successful but slightly disorderly. Somebody removed Chancellor Brüning's silk hat from the German Embassy just as he was about to leave for the Vatican, leaving in its place a tiny topper that balanced precariously on his dome-like forehead. At the Vatican the Swiss Guards were wrongly informed of the hour of his arrival. Part-colored men at arms were still scurrying about the courtyard of San Damaso when the German automobile drew up. Foreign Minister Curtius, who is Protestant, paid a separate visit some hours later.

After the much-travelled Germans had left Rome to return to Berlin, Premier Mussolini received German correspondents, spoke encouraging words:

"All peoples have passed through times just as hard as these, and the present is not in itself so bad. It appears to be so because remedies call for certain phenomena of a vital nature which are determined chiefly by moral factors and by increasing independence of the world's financial currents. . . . Italy will continue to contribute co-operation with all her strength."

Foreign News—(Continued)

GERMANY

Letting Go

Germany let go of the bull's tail last week. Banks were allowed to reopen fully. German statesmen sighed with relief, for nothing much happened. Not only were there no runs, but for the first two or three days correspondents were proudly told that deposits were actually larger than withdrawals. German statesmen played their hand shrewdly. During the three weeks that Germany has been under partial moratorium the Government investigated every bank that seemed to be in serious trouble. Deposits of the closed Danat Bank were guaranteed. The Government bought 75% of the stock of the great Dresdner Bank. As a last move to prevent runs 8% was promised on all new deposits. That did the trick. Tellers reported no more business than usual on a midsummer day; huge bundles of unused banknotes were returned to the Reichsbank.

Wheat & Cotton. There was a flurry in German and U. S. business circles over the Sackett-Hoover suggestion to sell U. S. surplus wheat and cotton to Germany on credit. Germany rejected the original U. S. offer fortnight ago, countered with an offer of her own last week to buy 600,000 bales of cotton, later offered to buy 600,000 tons of wheat. In Washington the Federal Farm Board had an all-day meeting and in turn rejected the German cotton offer as too low. Sensible German businessmen were not surprised.

Plebiscite. It did not seem possible for hard-ridden Germany to avoid some sort of crisis for more than a few days. No sooner had the reopening of the banks passed off quietly than German statesmen were up to their necks on the problem of the Prussian plebiscite.

Prussia is two-thirds of Germany. Her legislature has 450 members, nearly as big as the Reichstag (577 seats). Hitlerites, members of the Stahlhelm and other extreme Nationalists recently rushed through a bill calling for a plebiscite on the question: Should the Prussian Diet be dissolved immediately as unrepresentative of Prussian opinion? The Reich Government fought it bitterly, for if the Hitlerites should gain control of the Diet it would be comparatively simple for them to gain the Reichstag as well and form a new government. Hitlerites urging the referendum were suddenly joined by their old enemies the Communists, on the theory that anything certain to make trouble is the proper thing for German Communists to vote for.

To win the plebiscite over 50% of the qualified voters in Prussia (roughly 13,500,000 citizens) had to scrawl JA on their ballots. The tactics of Chancellor Brüning and Premier Braun of Prussia were not to urge citizens to vote against it, but to urge citizens to stay away from the polls altogether. They made but one mistake. So serious did Herren Brüning & Braun consider the situation that they made use of a new emergency press law to force every German newspaper to print a manifesto against the referendum on its

front page, in large type, without comment. This high-handed order won a lot of votes for the extremists. Even moderate editors sympathizing with Chancellor Brüning's problems considered it an unwarranted attack on the liberty of the Press. Worst of all, it brought a growling protest from Germany's Hero, old Paul von Hindenburg.

Bloodshed. Election came and went and only 37% of the Prussian electorate voted for dissolution of the Diet. Brüning & Braun were saved. But they were not saved without bloodshed. When Communists in Berlin learned that the referendum was failing the most serious street fighting broke out that Germany has seen since the Bloody May Day of 1929 (TIME, May 13, 1929).

In Bülow Square police with rifles in their hands patrolled the streets near the Communist headquarters, Liebknecht House. Suddenly, as at a given command, spurts of fire burst from the windows, from nearby roofs. Two police captains were killed, several *schnaps* were wounded. Riot squads tore through the streets. Searchlights flickered on the houses and the Communists, dragging their wounded with them, were driven from building to building. About midnight firing ceased. No exact casualty lists were published. Most editors estimated 14 deaths, about 50 wounded.

Other riots occurred. Policemen used their pistols at Kiel and Coblentz, at Altona, Harburg, Jülich, Meldorf, Halle and Breslau. In Cologne, Albert Heister, secretary of the local Stahlhelm, was walking home with a number of fellow members when they noticed a group of young Communists following them at a distance. The Stahlhelmers ran, took refuge in Heister's house. As Albert Heister turned to bar the front door the enraged Communists fired through the plate glass. Albert Heister slumped slowly to the ground with a bullet through his heart.

Somebody did not bother to learn just which train was taking Chancellor Brüning and Foreign Minister Curtius back from Rome last week. As the regular Basle-Berlin express passed over an embankment near Jüterbog, 40 miles from Berlin, an electrically wired artillery shell exploded beneath it. Nine cars were hurled from the track, rolled down the embankment. Fifteen people were seriously wounded; miraculously, no one was killed. In the dining car a cook was hurled into a cauldron of consommé, critically scalded. Nailed to a telegraph pole near the track was a front page of the Fascist *Der Angriff*. Some one had scrawled across it: ATTENTION! ATTENTION! ASSAULT! LONG LIVE REVOLUTION!

HUNGARY

"Drop That Language!"

Karl Peyer, Socialist deputy in the Hungarian parliament, banged his desk with his fists last week.

"Does the government intend," he shouted, "to delay remedies until the populace begins to storm the bakers' and butch-

ers' shops? Yes indeed, hunger revolts in the provinces have already started. Continue your present policy. Just continue! You won't have to wait long to see the results."

Prime Minister Count Stephen Bethlen de Bethlen banged his desk too.

"Drop that language!" he roared, his big mustache fluttering like an angry



Wide World

PRINCESS KLARA ODESCALCHI

... well trained in intrigue.

brown moth on his upper lip. "Such words are not suitable to Parliament. I won't tolerate such language. Go use it on the streets!"

Parliament adjourned without fixing a date for meeting again. A committee of 35 was appointed to help the Bethlen Cabinet rule Hungary by decree.

Count Stephen Bethlen de Bethlen has been continuously Prime Minister longer than anyone else now living: ten years. In that time he has kept Hungary from Communism, weathered the franc-forging scandal which embroiled many of the country's leading personages (TIME, Jan. 18, 1926 et seq.), kept France and her Little Entente (Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Rumania) at bay; made an alliance with Dictator Mussolini, signed treaties of friendship or arbitration with Austria, Turkey, Switzerland, the United States. Last week correspondents realized that Count Bethlen's rule was seriously threatened. The German crash and the general European situation was the immediate crisis. His troubles started more than a year ago when he limited the open ballot districts of Hungary from 242 to 196.

For ten years the Bethlen régime has kept in power by a neat device. Electoral districts, chiefly in the country, were made "open ballot" districts. In them voters had to announce before the election committee just whom they wanted to vote for. It worked beautifully, but this spring the number of open ballot districts was reduced. As a result of the election 51 Opposition members took their places in the

Foreign News—(Continued)

Hungarian parliament, and by the Hungarian Constitution 50 members have the right to call special and general sessions.

There were many new Socialist members, but more important from Count Bethlen's point of view was an ardent royalist, a beautiful dark-haired girl, one of the few women in Hungary's Parliament, the Princess Klara Odescalchi. For years the Princess Klara has been a fanatical opponent of Count Bethlen who, she believes, has persistently refused to allow the enthronement of 18-year-old Archduke Otto upon the vacant throne of Hungary. What makes her a dangerous opponent is that she is wealthy and can use her wealth to great political advantage. She is intelligent, she has had long training in European intrigue. Her father is the great Count Julius Andrássy, of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Disregarding what damage Princess Odescalchi and the other Opposition deputies may do in the absence of Parliament, Count Bethlen and his Cabinet struggled last week with emergency decrees:

As in Germany, the export or transfer of currency abroad was forbidden without permission from the National Bank.

Hungarians crossing the frontier may take only 300 pengös (some \$52) with them.

Quotation of foreign currency rates on the Bourse was suspended.

Exporters sending goods out of the country must deposit the full value of foreign currency involved in the National Bank.

CUBA

Conspirators

A general strike gripped Havana for 24 hours last week. Only a few trolleys, manned by inexperienced strike-breakers, careened dangerously along the streets. The public would not use them. Taxis reduced their fares to 10¢ and later to 5¢ for a two-mile ride, in support of the strikers. No Spanish language papers appeared. Factories closed. There were many in Havana last week who insisted that open revolution would now be under way and President Machado possibly be in exile were it not for the alertness of Patrolman Melvin of Atlantic City, N. J., and the sensitive nose of a New York City pedestrian.

Fortnight ago the pedestrian with the sensitive nose passed a rooming house on East 45th Street at the moment when Truckman Edward Wetzemberger was hoisting a large trunk from the sidewalk. The garageman smelled ether. He quickly telephoned the police station, "A man's carrying a trunk with a body in it out of a house here!" Detectives Elmer Mason and Rudolph McLaughlin climbed into their speedy little black Ford, rushed to the address in time to follow Mr. Wetzemberger's truck to a warehouse on East 41st Street. A Cuban broker by the name of Jorge de Zalzo was just about to receive the trunk when Elmer & Rudolph swooped, arrested broker and truckman, opened the trunk.

It contained no cadaver. Inside were a dozen cans of ether and the following articles: two revolvers, 40 rounds of ammunition, twelve pairs of riding boots, a box of nickel-plated spurs, twelve officers' uniforms complete with hats, a gross of clinical thermometers, box after box of silver-plated insignia for officers' shoulder



PRESIDENT OF CUBA

But for a sensitive New York nose . . .

straps. A letter in the pockets of de Zalzo led to the arrest of Emilio N. Robaina, correspondent of *Excelsior El País* (Excelsior The Homeland), a gentleman with beetling brows and heavy black mustache. Department of Justice agents telephoned Washington, telephoned Havana where Senors de Zalzo and Robaina seemed to be well known to the secret police. De Zalzo was charged with illegal possession of pistols, released on \$500 bail. Robaina was released after spending a night in jail.

The scene shifted to Atlantic City, N. J.

At 5 a. m. Patrolman Melvin saw a yacht's searchlight flashing off the Steel Pier. Thinking it was a rum-runner, he made no effort to interfere. After a decent interval he approached the pier, was told by the night watchman that no rum had landed but that five Cubans in the last stages of seasickness had staggered ashore. Patrolman Melvin went into action, trailed the party to the Hotel Wiltshire. There he found Rosendo Collazo, onetime Cuban Senator and colonel; Aurelio Collazo, his son, a lawyer; Aurelio Alvarez, discontented sugar planter; Rafael Idurralde, another lawyer; Captain Luis H. Rodriguez, onetime political prisoner in Havana; and William H. Carey, retired seaman of New York City.

The Cubans were still too sick to speak, but Boatman Carey was more communicative. He had taken his five passengers far out to sea in a speed boat, searching for a mysterious ship that was to carry them on to Havana. They never found it. After hours upon hours of tumbling about in a heavy fog, the retching Cubans cried that if they must die, they wanted to die on land.

Two days later the schooner *Harold* put in loaded to the gunwales with more seassick conspirators, 52 of them this time, 39 Cubans, the rest Negro, Chinese, Mexican. Only one was a U. S. citizen. They were hiding under nets and in the lifeboats but to all questions they insisted that they had just been out for a fishing trip. Several could not speak English, but nervously parroted "fishing trip, fishing trip."

The scene shifted again, to Havana.

Horn-spectacled Gerardo Machado took the "fishing trip" stories so seriously that martial law was declared in the provinces of Havana and Pinar del Rio. At Luyano, Havana suburb, there took place the Battle of the Stocking Factory.

Police approached the building and attempted to search it on a report that quantities of arms and munitions were hidden there. Its embattled proprietor refused and opened fire. A machine gun squad came out from town on the run. At the end of an hour firing ceased. Police rushed the doors and found inside only the bodies of two dead men, the caretaker and the proprietor. In the cellar was a arsenal of rifles, revolvers, hand grenades, shotguns.

Off the coast the yacht *Coral* hovered, disembarked 17 prominent revolutionists, and put hurriedly out to sea again. A Cuban police boat spotted her, set out in pursuit. Among the 17 were Fausto and Guatimón Menocal, brothers of onetime President Mario García Menocal, and his son Mayito. They were arrested, clapped into Cabanas Fortress. Their friends had little hope of ever seeing them again. These arrests were the clues that wily President Machado was looking for. They showed him who was back of the attempted revolution. Orders flashed out: "Get the *Coral*. General Mario Menocal is on board!"

Cuba's entire navy put to sea. Army planes roared off from Havana Field to join the chase, but the *Coral* was too sly for them, slipped away in the haze.

The Cuban Congress hurriedly authorized President Machado to put the entire island under martial law.

CHINA

Successful Han

Beaming with pleasure, General Pao Yu-lin, Commissioner of Safety for Peiping, passed down a line of 109 detectives in the Central police station last week and checked their names against a long list. As part of their graduation exercises, the Peiping sleuths were required to disguise themselves. Here they were, as beggars, peddlers, water coolies, peasants. A few had even come as old women, and General Pao Yu-lin did not recognize one. At the end of the line he discovered that a detective named Han was not present. The captain of detectives bowed humbly.

"Detective Han," said he, "came for his test disguised as a garbage collector. He smelled so successfully that we were obliged to turn him from the door."

Why you get more for your money when you say:

"I will buy only ^{the} ~~x~~ leading make of tire"

It is literally true that you pay no more *but you get more* when you buy Goodyear Tires.

These plain facts will tell you why:

Goodyear builds *many millions more* tires each year than any other company.

Through economies of largest production, plus the skill derived from the greatest tire-building experience the world has ever known, Goodyear can give greatest value.

Motorists have been quick to find this out for themselves by actual driving.

Users of Goodyear Tires tell their friends, compare experiences, and soon the friends are Goodyear users too.

Thus the percentage of cars, trucks and buses on Goodyear Tires has increased by leaps and bounds in the last five years.

Today not only "more people" but *millions more people* ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind!

What are the advantages in Goodyear Tires that explain this, and are given by Goodyear at no extra cost?

There are just two main parts to any tire: the outside *tread*, the inside *carcass*.

Only Goodyear offers: *outside* — the sure safe grip of the All-Weather Tread for quick stopping, holding on hills and

sharp turns, pulling out of slippery ruts, in addition to smooth quiet running, easy steering, long even wear, handsome appearance.

Only Goodyear offers: *inside* — the patented extra-elastic Supertwist Cord Carcass with up to 61% greater *give-and-comeback* for cushioning your riding, absorbing hard blows and delivering the maximum mileage in carefree travel.

These superiorities* are not fanciful — they can be demonstrated and proved *before* you buy!

Ask any Goodyear Dealer to make the demonstrations; talk with users; then in your own future interest resolve: "I will buy only the leading make of tire!"

***Two reasons why Goodyear is the leading make of tire:**

The famous Goodyear All-Weather Tread is superior in traction. Note how the deep-cut, tight-gripping blocks are placed in the center of the tread, where they belong. Press the palm of your hand upon this tread and feel how the blocks grip and pinch the flesh. This illustrates the All-Weather Tread's hold-fast action on pavement or road.

The patented Goodyear Supertwist Cord Carcass is superior in vitality and long life. Under continued flexing or sudden roadshock, where ordinary cords fatigue or snap, the extra-elastic Supertwist cords stretch and recover, like rubber bands. Ask your Goodyear Dealer to show you on his cord-testing machine the extra stretch — up to 61% greater — of Supertwist cord over the cord used in other tires.





Not till Duse had her
CHAMPAGNE would she
face an audience

The actress, whose fame was so great that she could snub a Czar and humiliate a King, always drank a glass of champagne at certain time. Although an Italian, the great Eleonora was a lover of the sparkling wine of France, which accompanied her wherever her many magnificent triumphs took her.

Champagne was Duse's favorite because it always has had a bouquet and flavor that couldn't be imitated.

It is precisely such an individual bouquet and subtle, zestful flavor that

make Busch Extra Dry so vividly different from the 12000 other brands of ginger ale manufactured in America today.

Anheuser-Busch experimented for years to achieve this distinction. A tropical shrub and a new and finer effervescing quality made this possible. Of course, the process is a carefully guarded secret.

Your first taste will reveal the delicious difference. That first sip, like your five-hundredth, will tell you that at last you've found the one of 12000. Then try to be satisfied with any other!

BUSCH
EXTRA DRY

AMERICA'S FINEST GINGER ALE

Bottled exclusively by Anheuser-Busch in the largest and finest bottling plant in the world

A N H E U S E R -

B U S C H , S T . L O U I S



And at mealtimes—drink BUDWEISER for health and nourishment. BUDWEISER tastes better with food and food tastes better with BUDWEISER.

C I N E M A

The New Pictures

An American Tragedy (Paramount) is court-room melodrama, more morbid than exciting, in which chief interest centres on the efforts of a district attorney to bully a young scapegrace into making the conflicting statements which cause him to be convicted of first-degree murder.



SYLVIA SIDNEY & PHILLIPS HOLMES
Tragedian Dreiser was disappointed.

The first part of the picture somewhat sketchily outlines early episodes in the career of the murderer, Clyde Griffiths. He is shown as a bell-hop, a tramp, a dish-washer, then as a foreman in the collar factory of a rich uncle. He seduces a factory girl, Roberta Alden, and attempts to desert her when he is attracted by Sondra Finchley, richer and correspondingly more interesting. When Roberta Alden tells Clyde Griffiths that she is going to have a baby, he is provoked to kill her—by taking her on a picnic, tipping over their rowboat, swimming to shore while she drowns.

The picture is derived from the monster novel by Theodore Dreiser. In his two tomes, Dreiser impeached not so much a pipsqueak libertine as the social order which produced him. Dissatisfied because the cinema failed to impeach similarly, Dreiser tried and failed to secure an injunction against its showing. But there are other and more important qualities which Dreiser got into his book and which Adapter Samuel Hofferstein, light-versifier and onetime theatrical press-agent, and Director Josef von Sternberg failed to get into the picture.

Director von Sternberg, neither creator nor translator, had the insoluble problem of duplicating a masterpiece in a medium which it was not meant to fit. The string of hasty sequences with which the picture replaces the first volume of the novel fails to make Clyde Griffiths excitingly alive, unless the spectator remembers the novel well enough to fill in the gaps. Titles, gloomily printed on a background of

waves, interrupt the action more than they elucidate it. Phillips Holmes plays Clyde Griffiths in perfunctory fashion. He experiences every human emotion without varying his expression except by a toothy smile. At moments the picture transcends this and other handicaps and really comes to life. Walking with another girl, Roberta Alden passes Clyde Griffiths and says, "Don't look back. Don't look back," and then looks back herself. The first time Roberta goes canoeing with Clyde, Actress Sylvia Sidney, whose performance is brilliant, puts just the right intonations in her tiny, memorable speech: "I can't swim." But most of the time the picture wanders about in a maze of poorly acted, disintegrated incident which lacks the cumulative effect of Dreiser's ponderous prose. Dull shots: Phillips Holmes jumping out of a pool-room window when police arrive; smirking at a dance to show how much he likes high life; making bewildered, wooden attempts to seem amorous.

Phillips (Phillip Raymond) Holmes was a sophomore at Princeton in 1928 when Director Frank Tuttle, using the campus as a setting for *Varsity*, selected him for a small part. Previously he had attended seven preparatory schools, played a girl lead in a Princeton Triangle Club show (*Napoleon Passes*) with a flair which he might have inherited from his father, Actor Taylor Holmes. His faintly Barrymore profile, wavy hair and controlled demeanor in the presence of a camera caused a demand for his services after *Varsity*. Friendship with Director Edmund Goulding helped him along. Not yet an adult actor, he intelligently avoids the boisterous tricks favored by most juveniles, but substitutes only perplexed inscrutability.

Huckleberry Finn (Paramount) is not so good a picture as *Tom Sawyer* was. Instead of letting John Cromwell, who directed *Tom Sawyer*, make the sequel, Paramount gave the job to Norman Taurag, who made *Skippy*. The cast is the same—Junior Durkin for Huckleberry Finn, Jackie Coogan for Tom Sawyer, Jackie Searl for Sid Sawyer, Mitzi Green (in a blonde wig) for Becky Thatcher. Director Taurag, while he retains many of the happiest Twain inventions, gives them a less sharply human inflection—almost as though he had been afraid that Mark Twain's conception of his own characters might seem, to contemporary audiences, a trifle quaint.

Interest is disgruntled at his best friend's interest in Becky Thatcher, discomfited when his disreputable father kidnaps and keeps him prisoner in a deserted shack. After his escape, Huck and Tom set off down the river on their raft. They rescue the two gamblers who have been thrown off a river boat and admire, for a time, the gamblers' methods of pretending to be the Duke of Bilgewater and his friend, the King. In the picture, the gamblers seem less engaging than they should be. Heavier than the Twain touch is the one which the cinema lays upon the story. A few ill-advised incidents have

comic-strip characteristics—a dog lapping up food which Tom Sawyer has unwisely placed on the floor, Huck jabbing the Duke of Bilgewater's rear with a pointed knife, Tom throwing apples at the King.

Traveling Husbands (RKO Radio). The traveling salesman, hero of innumerable smoking room stories, has been neglected in all other forms of fiction. This picture shows five travelling salesmen engaged in poker games, business enterprises, fly-by-night hospitalities which reach their climax when one of the salesmen is shot by a girl (Evelyn Brent) who is not the one he has been trying to seduce. Authentic in outline, and environment, *Traveling Husbands* gains little from the plot that is meant to make it exciting. Its best moments are those in which a sarcastic Hebrew lingerie merchant (Hugh Herbert) gurgles his impudent philosophy. Of his "prospects" he remarks: "They all look alike in the Turkish bath." Pathetically eager to make merry, he drapes himself in the furs and chiffons of his sample case, telephones to his wife, in the manner of legendary traveling salesmen, with an amorous lady on his lap.

Young As You Feel (Fox) is a typical Will Rogers cinema. Waggishly embarrassed, he undertakes to disport himself in a silk-hat and long-tailed coat, criticize second rate statuary, attend night clubs, horse-races and a dancing class, gurgling quiet wisecracks as he does so. The story, adapted from a play by George Ade called *Father and the Boys*, shows



WILL ROGERS & FIFI DORSAY
His epitaph: "Died in his infancy."

how a dyspeptic and chronically disgruntled businessman becomes revitalized in an effort to outdo his lively offspring. His sons suspect him of reckless conduct with a vivacious lady (Fifi Dorsay), suspect that his nose, withdrawn from the grindstone, will become tarnished by inebriation. Instead, his lively antics cause him to regain health and good spirits so thoroughly that he suggests a line for his own epitaph: "Died in his infancy."

A N I M A L S

Goodnight Buffaloes

An exciting buffalo hunt next November with cowboys yippee-ing, Kiowa Indians hiyah-ing, and rich Eastern sportsmen shooting from the saddle was talked about in Texas last week. The killers were to pay from \$250 to \$400 per buffalo, according to size and trophy value.

The herd—195 adults, 50 calves—is on the 20,000-acre Goodnight ranch, 40 mi. southeast of Amarillo, Tex. That whole region until the 1870's was the grazing ground of vast buffalo herds. Pioneers wanted the prairies for cattle-raising, between 1868 and 1878 deliberately killed practically every buffalo.

Foremost of the cattlemen was the late Col. Charles Goodnight. His first wife* persuaded him to preserve four buffalo



JOSEPH IRVING STALEY

... wants people to come and shoot his buffaloes.

calves. The present herd is their progeny.

Seven years ago Goodnight sold his ranch and buffaloes to Joseph Irving Staley of Wichita Falls, Tex. Mr. Staley made a fortune in oil, reached out into ranching, banking, aviation. Depression has pinched him. Ready cash is precious. The proposed buffalo hunt might realize \$75,000. Besides, except in zoos and National Parks, kept buffaloes are an expensive nuisance.

Other Texans view the Goodnight buffalo hunt with alarm. Last week they raised hullabaloo before the Texas Legislature. J. Frank Dobie, Texas historian & author (*Coronado's Children*) had them term "going into a corral and shooting down so many milk cows." The Texas Senate passed a bill authorizing the State Game Commission to buy all the buffaloes it sees fit and forbidding the killing of all females and any bulls under ten years.

Out of vast herds there now remain in North America about 22,000 known buf-

faloes (protected by the U. S. and Canadian Governments), in Europe 59 known bison (protected through the European Bison Society). Most important European herd is the Duke of Bedford's at Woburn Abbey, England, where he has successfully cross-bred the American and European strains. Next week Director William Reid Blair of the New York Zoological Society sails to Europe to study the possibilities of a bison breeding park in Poland. If he finds the project feasible, his Society will appropriate \$15,000 for the plan.

New York Nutria

Six dozen coypus, husky South American rodents (second cousin of the chinchilla) with stiff, reddish-brown fur, orange-colored teeth, and partially webbed hind toes, reached Manhattan from the Argentine last week. They were sent up the Hudson River on whose banks they were to be released to live on water plants, to breed, multiply and furnish a domestic supply of the fur which, when shrewdly treated, resembles badger and is called nutria.

Fish Fight

Not since 1916, when there was a real "scare" and loss of human life, have there been so many sharks as this year off the New Jersey and Long Island coasts. And not for several seasons has sword-fishing been so successful in the same waters.* Last week, six miles off Sea Bright, N. J., fishermen Harry Munson and George Swenson beheld what few men have seen—a fight to death between a shark and a swordfish. Usually a shark will vanish at sight of its mortal enemy with the sharp-bladed nose, but this shark "about 25 feet long," was intent on stealing a big bluefish that the men were pulling in. Shooting out of the blue deep came the swordfish. The shark turned to flee but it was too late. For 35 minutes the sea was lashed into bloody froth. Then all was calm and the shark, his long white belly gashed to ribbons, floated dead on the surface, drifted away to make a meal for his own kind.

Cat

Biggest catfish in the world is Old Blue who inhabits the Missouri River and is so big he once got stuck trying to go through a canal lock. But Old Blue exists only in the imaginations of Missouri River boatmen. Last week a real catfish was caught by one Manuel Trileigh in Bee Lake, near Lexington, Miss., which made Manuel Trileigh shout for his father and brother to help pull in the line. Weight: 116 lb.

Dory

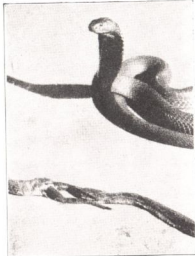
Slog-Catcher Clarence Robinson of Orange, N. J. was vexed one day last week. The twelve dogs he had impounded had got all free. From dog-catching he turned

to boy-catching. Fred Martine, 15, admitted that he and his friend John Stozink, 15, had done it. When Fred Martine explained to the judge, "We were sorry for the dogs," the judge let Fred Martine go free too.

Swallowing Match

What might happen if a small, green, succulent frog were placed before three hungry, venomous snakes? Frederick William Fitzsimons, for 25 years director of the snake park and museum at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, lately found out. He took progressive photographs of the affair and sent them to the London *Graphic*, which published them last fortnight under the headline, "Dinner for Three: Digestion for One."

First to come at the small, green, succulent frog was a four-foot schapstecker (sheepsticker) snake. As the frog began



London Graphic

SHEEPSTICKER, FROG, ADDER, COBRA

He wins whose mouth holds most.

disappearing head first down the schapstecker's narrow gullet, a puffing night adder moved near. Seeing the adder, the schapstecker gulped hard to get its meal down safely; but the quick adder got hold of the frog's right hind leg, started swallowing the prize from that end.

As the two snakes glared into each other's cold beady eyes, along came snake No. 3, a six-foot Cape cobra, which coiled itself nearby and raised its hooded head to inspect the tug-of-war.

Then the cobra put down its head and glided forward. With a hungry gape of its flexible lower jaw it seized the frog by the middle and started swallowing it in a third direction. The schapstecker and the adder, to their undoing, held on grimly.

Soon, by a series of forward jerks, the cobra shoved its jaws over the heads of the other two snakes. Its fangs sank home, its venom flowed, the adder and the schapstecker went limp and helpless. Then slowly down the cobra's jerking, gullet passed frog, snakes and all, proving that in the snake world, victory is to him whose mouth holds most.

*She died 1926. In 1928 he, 60, married a 26-year-old Butte, Mont. girl who had been his nurse. In 1929 he died.

*Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania with red & red banded a 157-lb. specimen off Black Island last month.

Don't let "pink tooth brush" *go on..and on..and on!*

REMEMBER the first time you noticed that your gums were yielding a trace of "pink"? A little disturbed, weren't you? And then you forgot all about it—just became accustomed to "pink tooth brush".

So many people have it! The modern menu is made up almost entirely of foods which fairly melt in your mouth. Your gums get little or no stimulation and exercise. They gradually become flabby and touchy and tender. Next step—there's "pink" on your brush.

Don't let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. It opens the way for many gum troubles—for Vincent's disease, for gingivitis, even for the less frequent but more dreaded pyorrhea. Neglect it *too* long, and it may lead to infection at the roots of teeth which today are perfectly sound . . . which often means the loss of those teeth.

Ipana Checks "Pink Tooth Brush"

It isn't *necessary* to let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. First get some Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. But afterward, put some more Ipana on your brush and *lightly massage it into your tender gums*.

Your teeth will soon recover their natural sparkling polish. And within



the month your gums will have become firmer, with a healthier color. The ziratol in Ipana—the same ziratol used by modern dentists for toning and stimulating the gums—together with the massage, speeds the circulation in the gum cells and hardens the walls.

Today—get a tube of Ipana at your druggist's. Use Ipana with massage

twice a day—and you'll see very, very little of "pink tooth brush".

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. T-61
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

Name.....

Street.....

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

IPANA Tooth Paste

THE PRESS

All-American Hebrew

Until four months ago two publications in the U. S. could properly boast the description "national Jewish weekly." One was the *Jewish Tribune*, the other the *American Hebrew*. The *Tribune*, founded by the late famed Nehemiah Mosessohn, was published by his sons until last April when lack of funds forced its suspension.



© Underwood & Underwood

DAVID ABRAHAM BROWN

... to lead a weekly from its wilderness. Its editors announced plans to change the *Tribune* to a monthly, but it has never appeared.

Like the *Tribune*, the *American Hebrew* was partially subsidized by race-proud Jews. Its advertising revenue nearly met expenses until the current Depression. As advertising fell off, the editorial content grew sloppy. Publisher Bernard Edlertiz worried himself ill over the problem, went into his closet and hanged himself (TIME, July 27). The magazine's president & editor, Isaac Landman, editor-in-chief of the forthcoming *Jewish Encyclopedia*, already had accepted a call to return to the rabbinate. Who, then, could take the *American Hebrew's* burden upon his shoulders and lead it out of its wilderness? He should be a man respected within and without his race and faith; a man with shrewd business sense, a knowledge of publishing and the ability to raise money in large sums. Last week the *American Hebrew* announced that such a man, David Abraham Brown, was henceforth president & publisher, and that Rabbi Landman would continue as editor.

Of David Abraham Brown, onetime banker, onetime publisher (associated with James Schermerhorn in the *Detroit Times*), president of Manhattan's Keystone Transportation Co. (taxicabs) it is said that more money has been raised for charitable causes under his leadership than under any other man's—some \$100,000,000. He once raised \$5,000,000 for famine sufferers in Ireland. In 1922 he went to Central Europe and Russia in the interest of the American Relief Administration and

the Joint Distribution Committee. Four years later he headed the United Jewish Campaign to raise \$25,000,000, and in 1929 the Palestine Emergency Fund. At present he is national chairman of China Famine Relief. When he arrived in Manhattan two years ago from Detroit to engage in banking, he was welcomed with a testimonial dinner attended by 2,000 businessmen, including onetime Jew-Baiter Henry Ford. Than David Abraham Brown, the *American Hebrew* could have found few backers more popular and therefore potent among Jews of all classes.

New Colyumist

When the late, public-spirited Walter Simpson Dickey of Kansas City, rich manufacturer of brick & clay products, bought the *Kansas City Journal* and *Post* ten years ago, he announced that he had sold all his stockholdings in public service corporations and quasi-public enterprises. His reason: no newspaper publisher could effectively serve his Public if he has any share in the "Interests." Had Publisher Dickey been alive last week, readers of the *Journal-Post* might not have seen what they did: an announcement that Henry Latham Doherty, crafty, bearded president of far-flung Cities Service Co. had bought a half-interest in the paper to give battle to his arch enemies the *Kansas City Star* and Governor Harry Woodring of Kansas (TIME, July 20 et seq.).

Bristle-whiskered Tycoon Doherty did not want to get control of the paper. In fact, he contracted to let 10% of his stock be without vote. What he wanted and got was the status of "special contributing editor" with the right to "insert as editorials anything that I think proper" without any censorship. He assumed personal responsibility for any libel suits he might cause, and the *Journal-Post* editors are entitled to dispute him in columns adjoining his.

The flavor to be expected by Colyumist Doherty's colyums was indicated by a double-page spread in the *Journal-Post*, a copy of a fierce letter from Tycoon Doherty to the trustees of the *Star*, which had agitated the fight in Kansas to slash Cities Service gas rates. (The trustees—Secretary of Agriculture Arthur Mastic Hyde, Jesse Clyde Nichols & Herbert B. Jones—had negotiated the sale of the *Star* by the estate of the late Founder William Rockhill Nelson to the present employees and management, headed by snake-hating George Baker Longan.) Excerpts from the letter:

"Unless this campaign has been an act of unbelievable stupidity, it is primarily an attempt to perpetuate the reign of terror that the *Kansas City Star* is determined to maintain. . . . I can prove that the *Star* has deliberately colored the news, has misrepresented the facts, and has indulged in wilful, slanderous lies. If there is no way to correct this condition peacefully, then I propose to use very heroic methods. . . . The acts of the *Kansas City Star* and/or expressed in the acts of Governor Woodring, are flagrantly lawless, and are a grave threat to the credit and prosperity of the entire district which

the *Kansas City Star* claims to serve. . . . We were told that it was the purpose [of the Kansas bank commissioner, in trying to prohibit sale of Cities Service stock] to throw our companies into the hands of receivers and oust us from the State of Kansas. I think we will be able to prove that the *Kansas City Star* instigated all of this . . . and that Governor Woodring was a mere tool . . . forced to do the bidding of the *Kansas City Star*." Also Mr. Doherty charged that Publisher Longan's son-in-law, Lawyer Ben C. Hyde,



Keystone

THE LATE WALTER S. DICKEY

His paper became utilitarian.

Jr., nephew of Secretary Hyde, was interested in a gas company being formed which would compete with Cities Service, with the backing of Publisher Longan. This charge was hotly denied.

For those offenses, Oilman Doherty promised destruction of the *Star*. He would, however, grant amnesty if the *Star's* trustees would oust the present management and place in control "honorable, constructive men." He made this suggestion in all seriousness and explained elaborately how the trustees might justify such action.

The *Star* trustees made no reply. Publisher Longan snorted: "The *Star* is still interested in the one thing Mr. Doherty doesn't discuss. That is the price of gas and the proper regulation of an unregulated monopoly. Furthermore, I think the public will have a complete understanding of Mr. Doherty's motive. . . . [He] has resorted to a method that occasionally has been adopted by big interests fighting for special privileges. He has bought into a distressed newspaper." In that, Publisher Longan spoke accurately, for the *Journal-Post's* fortunes have been ill.

The elder Dickey ran the morning *Journal* from 32,642 circulation to 135,463 in the first 18 months of his ownership. In 1928 he combined it with the evening *Post*, which he had bought from notorious Publishers Bonfils & Tammien of the Denver *Post*. He operated the properties as a personal enterprise until 1929 when, weary of the drudgery, he formed a trusteeship consisting of himself, his son

SPEAKING OF SOCKS

by IRVIN S. COBB



I reckon it must be in the blood. On one side of the family, our pioneer ancestors obeyed an urge which sent them overland from New England a thousand miles and more to the trackless South West; and on the other side they hastened up out of the Carolinas just behind Daniel Boone and just ahead of a sheriff's posse.

So that exploring instinct must be a rightful inheritance of mine, only it settled in my toes instead of lodging in my soul. My people before me wanted to know what lay beyond the next hill. My toes have ever craved to find out what lay beyond the ends of my socks.

You might make a slogan of it: "Cobb's Toes Always Come Through!"

Combating this impulse on their part, I've fought in the past a brave but a losing fight. I've tried wearing socks so much too long for me that the tips of them hung down like empty bags. And still those rosy toesy-wozies always found a way.

I've tried wearing specially-woven extra-thick yarn socks, but when I'd take off my shoes at night it looked as though a couple of moths had been celebrating their woolen wedding.

I've tried practically everything I could think of in the line of socks—cotton, silk, near-silk, lisle and hand-knitted, but nothing could curb my toes in their ambition to get out in the great world and be somebody.

Well, that's how the situation stood here not very long ago when a gentleman called on me to sell a brand of—as he put it—toe-proof socks.

I said to him:

"Brother, the sock that

wouldn't turn into an open-work lace-effect immediately I began wearing it, isn't made!"

"Wait," he said, "this particular sock has certain exclusive features—six-ply toe and two-ply heel; non-rippable top; double-layer sole and specially long leg."

"That's nice," I said, still the skeptic and the scoffer. "Does this sock also press your pants for you while you're asleep and bring you a cup of coffee in the morning, or anything like that?"

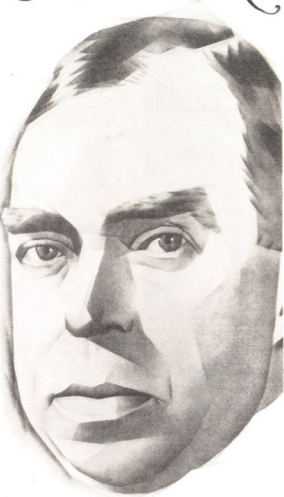
"You wait," he said. "I'll make a convert and a true believer out of you in just one easy lesson." And he did.

On my solemn word of honor—at so much a word—those Realsilk socks have stood the test and have done the trick. They fit fine; they feel fine. They hug like gloves and they wear like iron.

Maybe a pair of them wouldn't last so very long if worn by the sulphur-crested Guatemalan tree-sloth which, naturalists say, has the longest toes and the sharpest toenails of any created creature. I wouldn't care to say as to that, although the experiment might be worth trying.

But as for me, I found myself immediately committed to these socks. I'm still committed.

And so, in good faith and from the heart, I sat down and wrote this honest little tribute.



EDITORIAL NOTE: We asked Irvin S. Cobb, as a representative American writer and a Realsilk wearer, to tell about Realsilk Socks in his own characteristic style, reimbursing him at his regular rate. This is how he filled the assignment.

To Women
—Realsilk also makes a complete line of women's hosiery—with seven features found in no other stockings; also a line of fine lingerie; and sold the "Shop-at-Home" way

1 Six-Ply Toe—instead of four or less—the best wearing toe ever built. (Patent pending.) **2 High-Spliced Heel**—two-ply—a wall of protection where the back of the shoe rubs. **3 Double-Layer Sole**—double wear. **4 More Compact Weave**—more material used. Better appearance—more wear. **5 Longest Silk Leg** found in any sock. The bigger



the foot size, the longer the leg. Better fit, greater comfort. **6 Double-Thick Garter Bands**—made to fit the leg—another feature of comfort and wear. **7 Triple-fast Hygienic Dyes**—fast to light, washing, and perspiration. Color cannot harm the feet. Realsilk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, U. S. A. World's largest manufacturers of silk hosiery. Branches in 250 cities.

REALSILK

THE SOCKS WITH 7 EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

SOLD ONLY IN OFFICE AND HOME

Both "THE FIRST CITIZEN"

and YOU « « «
will find the vacation
you want in Virginia!



Virginia Beach, one of the most popular of Virginia seaside resorts.



The Caverns of the beautiful Shenandoah Valley.



Mr. Vernon. No less famous are Monticello, home of Jefferson; Arlington, home of Lee.



Over 900 Highway Markers locate places of interest to the motorist.



The Rapidan River, on which the Hoover Camp is located.

AMONG the misty-blue Virginia hills, fishing streams like the Rapidan go chuckling over the stones. Westward, white roads swing up the tall mountains that hold some of the loveliest scenery in eastern America. A few hours southward, blue seas are lapping on the clean, white sands.

In the country between lie Natural Wonders such as the weirdly beautiful Caverns of the Shenandoah Valley; Natural Bridge that leaps a stream 200 feet below; mineral and hot springs around which famous resorts are located. Almost everywhere you will find ground hallowed by history, scenes stirring with memories of great men and great deeds. The spot where John Smith landed in 1607 . . . the birthplace of Washington, of Lee . . . the church where Henry spoke for Liberty . . . the field where Cornwallis surrendered . . . dramatic chapters of two great wars.

More than 900 markers have been placed on Virginia highways to locate for you points of greatest interest. No single advertisement could list them, no matter how briefly.

You are asked to write for the profusely illustrated booklet, "Virginia, The Beckoning Land." This official state publication of 40 pages contains maps locating all places of interest and outlining trips of from one day to two weeks. Also ask for the booklet giving inscriptions on all Highway Historic Markers. Another publication that will interest you is "The President's Camp on the Rapidan." A copy of this beautifully illustrated booklet will be sent without charge to all who request it.

Plan your trip for late summer or early fall, when Virginia is at its loveliest. 4,500 miles of perfect roads await you.

STATE COMMISSION ON CONSERVATION AND DEVELOPMENT

Room 180, State Office Building
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

VIRGINIA

Write for your copy of the booklet "Virginia, The Beckoning Land." 40 pages profusely illustrated. Maps to help you plan your trip. A copy of the booklet giving inscriptions on Highway Historic Markers will also be sent to all planning to visit Virginia.



Ask for a copy of the interesting historical story and illustrated booklet, "The President's Camp on the Rapidan."



The George Washington Monument at Yorktown, Virginia, where the 120th Anniversary of Cornwallis' Surrender will be commemorated October 16-19, 1931.

William Laurence Dickey (as publisher) and his son-in-law Marion B. Sharp (as business manager). After the elder Dickey's death (in January) the son and son-in-law had difficulty untangling the trusteeship and the estate. They were looking for someone with ready cash to go in with them or to buy outright when along came Tycoon Doherty. Estimated payment for his share: \$500,000.

The *Journal-Post* had been a lukewarm observer of the gas-rate fight. Its editorials were innocuous, deprecatory. But there was sufficient natural feeling against the rival *Star* to cause a visible sympathy toward Doherty's side of the argument. Hence it was not embarrassingly inconsistent for the *Journal-Post* to become a Cities Service sounding-board.

Customarily any bedfellowship between the Press and Big Business is viewed with great alarm by highminded journalists and especially by such watch-dogs of the press as *Editor & Publisher* (tradepaper). Even the Federal Trade Commission once interested itself in the discovery that International Paper & Power Co. held substantial notes of 13 U. S. dailies (TIME, May 13, 1929 *et seq.*). Observers wondered about Oilman Doherty's motive. Had he rushed into the *Journal-Post* in the heat of wrath, unmindful of the stigma attaching to a "kept" newspaper and all that appears in it? Or had he coolly reckoned that by walking in the front door in broad daylight, he would forestall attacks upon his and the paper's virtue? Although it declined to get excited, the New York *Times* opined that whatever his reasoning, Mr. Doherty had defeated his own end. Said the *Times*:

"If the views of a newspaper are known by the public to be dictated in his own interest by one who has bought it, they cease to be of the slightest consequence. Mr. Doherty will quickly find this out if he actually seeks to discover what influence his signed statements will have. . . . He could get them circulated much more widely and at a lower cost in the Kansas City *Star* itself or in other newspapers—always provided that they were worth printing and reading."

End of the Saturday

Year and a half ago the proprietors of London's venerable *Saturday Review* (presumably backed by Lord Beaverbrook) ordered the editor to support the Beaverbrook-Rothermere plan of Free Trade within the Empire (TIME, March 3, 1930). The editor refused, quit, took practically his whole staff with him and founded *The Week End Review*. The *Saturday Review* never recovered. Last week it announced its acquisition by the virile Conservative *Spectator*. Founded 76 years ago by A. J. B. Beresford Hope, brother-in-law of Lord Salisbury, the *Saturday Review* achieved early fame for savage Toryism, shrieking the "menace" of Russia and Germany. But its true consequence was literary rather than political, particularly at the turn of the century when Frank Harris was editor and George Bernard Shaw music critic.

The "Saturday's" passing leaves three important British weeklies of comment: *Spectator*, *Week End Review* and *The New Statesman* and *Nation* (merged six months ago).

FOOT-LOOSE
AND FANCY FREE
WITH TIME
TO ENJOY
YOUR
CIGARETTES?

**...choose the
Clean Taste
of
Cooler Smoke!**

Loafing under a cloudless blue sky, in the country or at the beach, don't you need a smoke to complete the peaceful picture? What better time to experience Spud's cooler smoke and the cleaner taste it leaves? Whether you are a once-in-a-while smoker or a 2-pack-a-day smoker...Spud keeps you continually mouth-happy. Your mouth and throat will be moist-cool and comfortably clean, no matter how long or concentrated your smoking session with Spud's lusty tobacco flavor. That's why Spud is the "new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment!"



SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES
20 FOR 15c (U. S.)... 20 FOR 30c (CANADA)

It is just as if you had a **NEW** **WHEN YOU RIDE ON**



"THE TIRE
THAT BREATHES
AND HAS THREE
LIVES"

THERE are certain things about the Seiberling air cooled Triple Tread which simply must be experienced before they can be fully appreciated—or even believed.

One is the vastly different riding quality which prompts every one who rides on Triple Treads to say, "the finest ride I ever had." The man at the wheel of the car equipped with these air cooled tires experiences a feeling of velvety travel, from which even minor shock and jolt and jar of the road have been removed.

He feels the tires respond to every turn of wheel on curves and grades with a silence and smoothness no other tire has ever afforded.

In a very definite sense the very quality of a car's performance seems to be increased and enhanced—as if he had suddenly changed from his familiar car, no matter how good, to a newer and finer car, one with a thousand dollars more of eager swiftness, smoothness and quiet power.

Seiberling TRIPL

WER, FINER CAR

AIR COOLED TIRES

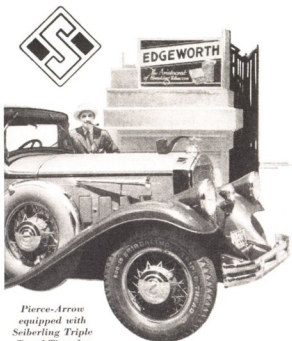
For the first time, you are likely to feel that in buying a set of automobile tires you may really credit yourself with having purchased outstanding equipment at outstanding price.

Then when you reflect that this luxurious riding quality—which definitely results from the cushioning properties of the *air cooled, air cushioned* tread—is accompanied by the utmost safety, freedom from puncture, freedom from blowouts, and absence from beginning to end of smooth-tread mileage, you realize you have further cause to congratulate yourself on having chosen Triple Treads.

The climax of these values comes in the ability of this remarkable new tire to deliver at least *twice* the mileage, *three times* the anti-skid mileage, of even the costliest tires of solid-tread, single anti-skid tread design. You actually enjoy superlative riding quality, maximum safety, serenity of mind and travel, at the *lowest cost per anti-skid mile* ever delivered by any tire!

Tires TREAD

AIR COOLED • AIR CUSHIONED



*Pierce-Arrow
equipped with
Seiberling Triple
Tread Tires for
Mr. Lewis G. Larus, Larus and Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.*

Every fact here cited or suggested about the supreme performability and final economy of the air cooled Triple Tread is provable—demonstrable.

Call up or visit your local independent Seiberling Dealer today and arrange for a demonstration—on your own car, with yourself at the wheel. Only in that way can you ever come to a full appreciation of the revolutionary character of this new patented Seiberling air cooled Triple Tread Tire—“the tire that breathes and has three lives.”

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio, U. S. A.



C O R D

FRONT DRIVE
greatest fine
car value

\$2395

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



AUBURN AUTOMOBILE CO., AUBURN, INDIANA

A E R O N A U T I C S

Biggests

While the biggest flying boat was stumbling on her way to the U. S. last week, the biggest amphibian went up for the first time and the biggest land plane came unhappily down.

The flying boat was the huge Dornier DO-X which took off from Rio de Janeiro for Miami as proudly as if she had not been nine months on the way from Switzerland. Her sponsors set a leisurely schedule of nine days for the northward flight, but a crankcase broke near Para, Brazil, and there the laggard sat down again to await a new motor from Natal.

The amphibian was the 45-seater Sikorsky S-40, a-building the past 20 months at Bridgeport, Conn. for Pan American Airways Inc. Her four 575-h. p. Hornet motors lifted her off the water after a run of only 16 sec.

The biggest land plane was Imperial Airways' proud *Hambal*, the 38-passenger biplane which went into service only a month ago. With 18 passengers, including four Americans, the ship had started from Croydon for Paris in a storm. Over Kent one of the upper propellers whirled itself to pieces, the fragments fell and disabled the engine below it, somehow put a third one out of commission. Pilot F. Dinmore skilfully brought the crippled ship down into a meadow. No one was hurt, but the handsome plane with its luxurious cabin and cocktail bar was expensively smashed.*

How Parachutists Look

Many a groundling has wondered about the sensations of a parachute jumper, particularly in that awful, breathless moment when he drops from the plane, before the 'chute billows open. Those sensations have often been described in words, now they have been described in photographs. Three months ago two Germans, Willi Kuge and one Boettcher, made their first jumps from separate planes at Staaken Airfield, Berlin, each armed with a small, specially designed automatic camera to photograph the other's descent and to take self-photographs during the jump. These pictures were printed six weeks ago in the *Illustrated London News*.

Hearst Editor Arthur Brisbane saw the pictures, wrote an editorial about them. Hearst's Chicago *Herald & Examiner* took the cue, arranged to have Acting Corporal Garland E. Cain of Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill. make a similar set of pictures, using two cameras, one painted white so that Corporal Cain would know which to start on when the other was empty. Last week the *Herex* printed a full page of its pictures—excellent pictures, but not quite so good as the Germans', possibly because Corporal Cain had to think about pulling the ripcord of his 'chute, whereas the Germans merely jumped and let their 'chutes open by means of ropes made fast to their planes.

Most startling picture was the one of

*A broken propeller caused a tri-motored Ford transport of American Airways, Inc. to crash last week just after taking off from Cincinnati's Lunken Airport, killing both pilots, all four passengers.

Corporal Cain the second before he stepped off the plane's wing (see upper cut). But the open, straining mouth did not express terror or anguish; Corporal Cain was merely gasping in one last deep



International

CORPORAL CAIN'S FACE

One last gasp before . . .

breath of rushing air before his plunge. Another view (see lower cut) showed what the parachutist sees as he looks down to select a landing spot.

Flights of the Week

Northeastern Passage. There was small need for public guesswork when a



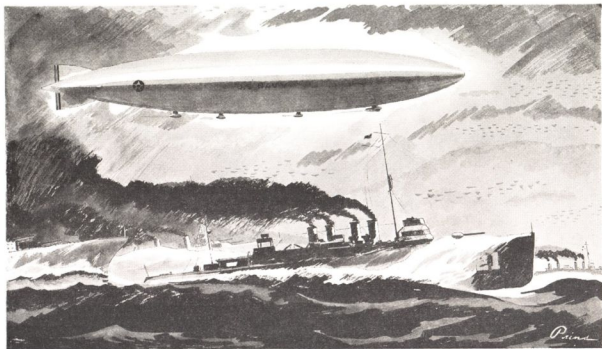
International

CORPORAL CAIN'S FEET

. . . the plunge.

red Bellanca seaplane popped up in Greenland one day last week. Although everyone was astonished that a plane could fly there from Detroit unnoticed, the news that Parker ("Shorty") Cramer was the

TAKE A HINT FROM THE NAVY



PERHAPS you have already combed your business from top to bottom . . . reducing expenses wherever possible without impeding efficiency. But are you sure that you have caught *every hidden saving*?

What about transportation? Many manufacturers, after having trimmed costs in every way they thought possible, found additional economies by shipping in bulk.

The United States Navy, for example, cut 85% from its cost of transporting helium. This gas, which is used in all Navy dirigibles is now carried in specially designed tank cars. Here is but one of the many instances where bulk shipment has proven more economical than the former method of shipping in small containers.

General American can build railroad freight cars to carry *anything* in bulk. In addition to this, General American leases to shippers a fleet of 50,000 cars in which you may find just the type of car you need.

If your shipping problem is particularly difficult, and there are no cars in our fleet for you to use, we will build a car exactly suited to your requirements. We have never been asked to build a car which we did not successfully construct and feel quite sure that we will not fail to build yours.

The more difficult your problem, the more anxious we are to work with you. Our engineers will welcome the opportunity to talk things over...without any obligation on your part. Unless you are now shipping in bulk you probably can greatly reduce your distribution costs by so doing. Address Continental Illinois Bank Bldg., Chicago.



GENERAL AMERICAN TANK CAR CORPORATION
"A RAILROAD FREIGHT CAR FOR EVERY NEED"



IT DOESN'T EVEN MAR THE TURF!

Three thousand pounds of airplane pause lightly in mid-air. Five thousand feet below lies a golf course—a mere green patch in the sunlight. For a moment the plane hovers. Then slowly—slower than a man in a parachute this new miracle of the air descends. Settles to earth so gently you're hardly aware of the landing. A light bounce—a recoil—it doesn't even mar the turf! That's Autogiro. . . . Autogiro equipped with Goodrich Low Pressure Tires.

Goodrich Low Pressure Tires are fit companions to this latest aeronautical triumph. In them Pitcairn Aircraft, Inc., has found the same rugged dependability—the same extra margin of safety that make Goodrich Low Pressure Tires the first choice of airmen everywhere.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Established 1870, Akron, Ohio. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, California.

NOW AUTOGIRO CHOOSES
THIS TIRE



RUBBER FOR
AIRPLANES

Goodrich

Another B. F. Goodrich Product



Over 40 rubber articles for airplanes
Tires • Streamline Windshield • Tail
Tubing • Engine Mounts • Crash Pads

Silvertown
Wheels • Hose
... Accessories

pilot was a sure clue to the flight's objective. Since immediately after the War, Pilot Cramer, onetime flying partner of Sir George Hubert Wilkins, had been arguing for a subarctic air route to Europe via Canada, Greenland, Iceland, Norway, Denmark. Twice he attempted a trail-blazer, twice failed: once with Pilot Bert Hassell in 1928; the following year in the Chicago Tribune's Sikorsky amphibian 'Untin' Bowler, which was broken by floating ice and sunk in the Hudson Strait. "Shorty" Cramer continued to preach the feasibility of the route, finally aroused active interest of Thompson Aeronautical Corp. of Cleveland, operator of mail passenger and express routes in Michigan (Transamerica Airlines Corp., subsidiary).

President Edwin G. Thompson secured the scientific approval of Vilhjalmur Stefansson; the moral support of Second Assistant Postmaster General Warren Irving Glover; the co-operation of Canada; the advice of bankers Hayden Stone & Co. Then he mapped a series of monthly experimental flights of which Cramer's is the first. The implication was that if and when a two-day, two-night service is proved practicable, Thompson Aeronautical Corp. will be in line for a mail contract. (Estimated payload needed 18,000 letters at 50¢ each.)

Hardy Pilot Cramer, accompanied by Radioman Oliver Pacquette, was on his way more than a week before he was discovered. From Detroit he flew his Diesel-powered plane to Hudson Bay, Great Whale, Wakeham Bay; thence to Pangnirtung, Baffin Island; across the Davis Strait and across the Greenland ice cap—a route never before negotiated by airplane to Iceland; dropped down to the sea with engine trouble, made repairs, flew on to the Faroe Islands; the Shetlands; again eluded observers.

Tough Mr. Mollison. A Gipsy-Moth biplane plunked sloppily down upon the gravel beach at Pevensey Bay, England, tipped up on end, flopped back on its haunches and rested. Out of the cockpit crawled a haggard Scotsman, one James A. Mollison, 25, to respond fully to the questions of an excited little crowd. Eight days and 21 hrs. prior he had left Australia, 10,000 mi. away. Every day he had forced his small plane along to the limit of his own endurance, sleeping an average of two hours each night. Night before he had taken off from Rome into a dirty sky, floundered through fog and storm over the Alps and landed three hours ago at Le Bourget—where he had to lean against his ship to keep from toppling before interviewers. Now he was in England two days ahead of the speed record set by his good friend Lieut. Charles W. A. Scott, Royal Air Force boxer (TIME, June 15) in the same type of plane. After a hurried luncheon at Pevensey, Pilot Mollison flew 45 mi. farther, to Croydon, almost mowed down a pet kangaroo brought to the airdrome by one of an admiring mob.

"Big Airplane Man." The Lindberghs continued their northering flight to the Orient, making the supposedly hazardous stretch from Baker Lake 1,115 mi. to Aklavik, extreme northwest Canada, with a precision that silenced alarmists. Bad weather bound the flyers for three days

and two nights at Aklavik, where they were lionized by the 35 white residents and the hundred or so Eskimos (to whom Col. Lindbergh was "Big Airplane Man"). When the fog cleared along the Arctic coast the Lindberghs flew on to icebound Point Barrow, Alaska, to the indescribable delight of the residents who had received neither visitors nor mail nor supplies from "outside" for four months. Bad weather set in again. Meanwhile in the U. S. there was talk that the real purpose of the Lindberghs' flight was to chart an international mail route such as was pictured several months ago by Second Assistant Postmaster General Glover upon his return from a visit in Canada. This was vehemently denied by Lindbergh, but it was recalled that his "pleasure jaunt" two years ago around the Caribbean shortly preceded the opening of new routes by Pan American Airways, Inc. with which he is associated.

Out of Bounds. When their attempt to beat the world-girdling record of Post & Gatty failed at Khabarovsk last fortnight (TIME, Aug. 10) wealthy young Hugh Herndon Jr. and hard-bitten Clyde Pangborn decided to slip down to Tokyo and try a nonstop flight to Seattle for \$53,000 prize money. They thought to telegraph the U. S. Embassy in Tokyo for permission to fly over and land on Japanese soil, but neglected to wait for a reply before taking off. That was a grave mistake.

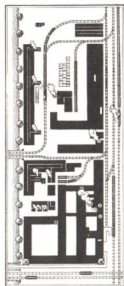
At Tachikawa Airport the flyers were met by a squad of police, headed by a highly indignant chief of foreign police. What did they mean by flying into Japan without permission? Well, they thought it would be all right. Would they please show on the map what route they had taken? Certainly. . . . Indignation rose to fury. They had flown over Tsugaru Strait, which is fortified; the naval post at Ominato; the concealed fortifications near Tokyo Bay. They had landed for a moment on the new airport at Haneda, not yet opened to traffic—all forbidden areas. And they had taken photographs? Hand them over!

Their plane was locked up and the flyers would have been locked up too, but for the intercession of Ambassador William Cameron Forbes. As it was, they were questioned four hours at the airport; four hours again the next day and nearly eight hours the day after that when their developed films showed views of fortifications. Both Herndon & Pangborn protested they had not recognized a fort if they saw one, but Japanese espionage laws are strict: They could be fined \$1,500 or put in prison for three years. Civil officials, believing in the flyers' innocence of intent, were all for leniency. But the army openly favored a prison term. It appeared that the investigation might go on for many more days.

Pertinacious Honduran. Repeatedly balked from a New York-Honduras flight by his superior officers, by revolution, Captain Lisandro Garay of the Honduran Air Force last week at Floyd Bennett Field loaded a Bellanca monoplane with 360 gal. gasoline and Bert Acosta "to make a test flight." Unseen Supercargo Acosta sneaked away; Captain Garay took off, headed for Tegucigalpa, reprimand, glory, or death.

YOU CAN GO INTO PRODUCTION NEXT WEEK!

At this large mid-west factory you will find complete production facilities. A growing concern offers part of its extensive manufacturing equipment on a contract basis. Including a 52 year experience.



FOR a certain business man who wants to jump a good many manufacturing hurdles, here is undoubtedly the opportunity. This organization is well accustomed to the problem of getting into production on a new product very rapidly. Its facilities for many years have been geared up to the need for producing for others a wide variety of products.

A further and perhaps more important advantage is in its low operating cost. Practically every detail that can contribute to reducing the cost of handling and producing manufactured articles has been incorporated into the layout of this factory. This cost reduction tendency is evident in the financial, as well as in the manufacturing, structure. There being here no bonded indebtedness, no financial obligations to banks, no preferred stock, the financing

costs which must inevitably enter into the price of the manufactured product are at an absolute minimum.

Several nationally famous products have been made here for years, and the relationships with the backers of these products have been extremely happy ones.

There is now room for one more client. This is the opportunity virtually to own a large factory with none of the troubles of owning it.

Address R. F. List, President, Belvidere, Ill.

Gray iron castings, metal stamping, and screw machine products. Assembling facilities for complete products. Our own cabinet factory in nearby city. Offices in New York and Chicago.

IT'S STILL THE
TOUGHEST GOLF BALL
IN THE WORLD..AND..



The New-Size KRO-FLITE

is just as long as the old...

WHEN the new-size golf ball made its debut, thousands of golfers sought reassuring news of their old friend, Kro-Flite. Would it, in the new specifications, still be the toughest ball in the world? And would it remain one of the longest?

The answer to the first question is an emphatic "Yes." The answer to the second is the greatest golf news of 1931!

For the scientific, impartial Driving Machine shows that, except in the teeth of a wind, the new-size Kro-Flite is every bit as long as the old—and, riding with the wind, it's even longer.

The Driving Machine also shows that only Kro-Flite does retain its 1930 distance. Every other ball made in the new size was tested—and every one was shorter in the new size than in the old.

What's the secret of Kro-Flite's monopoly on this important

achievement? The Kro-Flite cover—the same patented cover that gives Kro-Flite its uncompromising toughness. That cover permits certain refinements in manufacture. And these refinements make up for the distance lost by larger size and lighter weight.

As far as we know, the closest thing to Kro-Flite's distance achievement is to be found in the Spalding Ball. This famous Ball of the Champions is slightly shorter in the new size than it was in the old. But it is longer than any other—it is still the longest golf ball made!

If you are a low-handicap golfer, play the Spalding. If your clubheads sometimes get a little out of control, play the Kro-Flite.

© 1931, A. G. S. & BROS.

KRO-FLITE
made by Spalding
each 75 cents

S P O R T

Polo Wife

Danger makes life exciting. Aware of this, polo-players, who might not find it elsewhere, enjoy a spice of danger in their favorite game. But what about polo-players' wives, who understand the danger but cannot enjoy it? One such wife wrote a letter to *Polo* (monthly) suggesting a new rule: if a player, four minutes after a fall, is still unable to mount, he should be disqualified for the rest of the game.

Said the letter, published in *Polo's* current issue: "There is no protection for the injured player, and nowadays it is made a point of honor with a player that he continue to play if he can possibly remount his horse. This is typically a man's attitude . . . and I do not hesitate to point out that it is silly. . . ."

"POLO WIFE
"Sands Point, N. Y."

Eye

The left eye of Heavyweight Champion Max Schmeling was observed to be discolored after his July 3 fight with W. L. ("Young") Stribling. Last week was published an official diagnosis made by two physicians to the Boxing Board of Deutschland: "The left eye of Mr. Schmeling . . . shows an injury to the bony surroundings of the eye, bleeding of the conjunctiva, and a contusion of the eyeball, connected with swimming of objects before the eye and photophobia. . . ." The diagnosis made it plain that Max Schmeling will not defend his championship against Monstrous Primo Camera next September.

Wightman Cup

Mrs. Dorothy C. Shepherd-Barron was captain; her civil-engineer husband accompanied the British Wightman Cup team as coach and chaperon. Mrs. Eileen Bennett Whittingstall, once the best woman tennis player in England, was still the prettiest. Dorothy Round and little Phyllis Mudford, whom no British player beat last year, had never played in the U. S. before. Betty Nuthall, plumper and more jolly than ever, was the team's No. 1. They arrived in the U. S. three weeks ago, last week at Forest Hills lost the Wightman Cup to a U. S. team five matches to two.

The first day, her finger-nails red and shiny as her racket strings, Helen Wills Moody played Phyllis Mudford. In a match against Mrs. Moody, almost every woman player looks as inefficient as Mrs. Moody would look if she were playing one of the top ten men. She netted one shot in the first set, played the Mudford backhand when she needed a point, won, 6-1, 6-4. Helen Jacobs has not been playing so well as usual this year; Mrs. Moody beat her 6-0, 6-0 a fortnight ago. When Helen Jacobs beat Betty Nuthall 8-6, 6-4, by steady application of chop-strokes, critics could see that Betty Nuthall's game had not improved much either, made a good guess as to what would happen the next day when she played Mrs. Moody.

The best match of the day was the last. Mrs. Lawrence A. Harper, a slim, Indian-looking lady, like Mrs. Moody and Miss Jacobs a Californian, gave Dorothy Round a round beating—6-3, 4-6, 9-7.

The U. S. needed one more match and got it the next day when Helen Jacobs, wearing a transparent skirt and an intermittent frown, chopped and drove at Phyllis Mudford's weak backhand till she won, 6-4, 6-2. The match between Helen Moody and Betty Nuthall was nothing like the one they played in 1929, when Mrs. Moody decided the Wightman Cup series by winning 8-6, 8-6. Last week, they played more craftily, put less pace on their shots. Betty Nuthall won the first game at love, held her own till the seventh game when she made four double faults. This calamity broke the continuity of her game; she lost the set and match 6-4, 6-2.

U. S. women's doubles teams never seem to realize their potentialities. England won both doubles matches.

Dirtiest Game

In 1912, Benjamin Leiner, a skinny little Semite with a pallid, solemn face, had his first professional prizefight. Five years later he won the lightweight championship of the world by technically knocking out Freddie Welsh. In 1924, after a fight with Pal Moran in which he hurt his right hand but retained his championship, he retired. Said he: "My mother does not want me to fight any more."

At that time, Benjamin Leiner (Benny Leonard) had about \$500,000 which he invested in real estate and a professional hockey team. A clean-cut little man with sleepy eyelids, confident, protruding underlip and well-defined paunch, he continued to be a familiar figure about training-camps, gymnasiums and other haunts of pugilists. Before every important fight he gave his expert opinion on who would win. In 1926 he allowed himself to be interviewed for *Collier's*. Said he: "My mother has pledged me against return to the ring. . . . They [promoters] know I've always kept my word. . . . I'll certainly keep it with my mother. . . . Unless you're a champion or a near champion, it's the dirtiest game in the world. . . ."

A year ago Benny Leonard became boxing coach at the School of Business of the College of the City of New York.

Last week, aged 35 and four months, weighing what he said was 149 lb., and what some observers estimated as high as 165, not discouraged by the fact that all his oldtime opponents have retired (to become, variously, a boxing instructor, policeman, haberdasher, pool-room proprietor, truant officer, referee, ironworker, gambler, newspaper vendor, sporting goods salesman), Benny Leonard announced his return to the ring. His onetime manager, Billy Gibson, was in a private sanatorium, but Leonard has taken up with a new one—crafty Jack Kearns, onetime manager of Jack Dempsey, present manager of Mickey Walker. Manager Kearns planned a fight between Benny Leonard and Dave Shade in Chicago this month, which the Illinois Boxing Commission promptly refused to sanction; a subsequent campaign for the lightweight, welterweight and middleweight champion-



Make your shave last HOURS LONGER with small-bubble lather

A Closer, Longer-lasting shave when you
soften beard at skin-line with Colgate's

Any shave makes your face look clean for a few hours. But try the Colgate *lathering* shave—and see how much smoother your face remains through the entire day and evening. Small-bubble lather is the secret . . . it softens the hair way down at the skin-line . . . your razor works right at the base of the beard. The coarsest whiskers become limp and vanish with the lightest razor stroke when you shave the Colgate way.

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. Your shave is there—fine, closer, smoother, longer-lasting.



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 small bubbles seep down to the base of the beard and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



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.



COLGATE, Dept. M-1131, P. O. Box 375
Grand Central Post Office, New York City

FREE

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

Name

Address

City State

ships. Promoter Jimmy Johnston remembered he had a seven-year-old contract for a fight between Leonard and Walker, hoped to utilize it.

Said Benny Leonard: "I have lost some money. Who hasn't? But I still have plenty. One thing that had a lot to do with my decision to come back was the



Acme-P. & A.

BENNY LEONARD

"I still have plenty."

insistence of my friends. . . ." From Benny Leonard's mother, who still lives in Manhattan, nothing was heard.

Who Won

☛ Bobby Burke, tall, thin, usually erratic left-handed relief pitcher for the Washington Senators: a no-hit, no-run game, in which his team made no errors, against the Boston Red Sox, in Washington, 5 to 0.

☛ St. Brideaux, three-year-old race horse owned by Mrs. Payne Whitney: the Saratoga Handicap, feature at the opening of the Saratoga Springs, N. Y., race meeting. Two days prior, a violent wind, rain and thunder storm had carried away the roofs of two stables, part of the roof of Saratoga's Grand Union Hotel, felled hundreds of trees one of which came down on an auto belonging to George H. Bull, president of the Saratoga Association.

☛ Temperamental, tow-headed George Martin Lott Jr.: the Meadow Club Invitation Tennis Tournament, at Southampton, N. Y.; beating Clifford Sutter 6-3, 3-6, 2-6, 6-3, 6-1 in the finals after winning his semi-final match with ailing Ellsworth Vines by default.

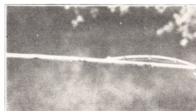
☛ Maxie Rosenbloom: a poorly attended, poorly contested prizefight in which he defended his light heavyweight championship against Jimmy Slattery, in Brooklyn, by slapping Slattery gently for 15 rounds between which Champion Rosenbloom chatted with his seconds about matters not pertaining to the fight.

☛ Charles Ferrara, San Francisco steelworker: the National Public Links Golf Championship; beating a Long Beach, Calif., high-school sophomore, Joe Nichols, 5 & 4 in the final at St. Paul.

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

☛ **Sir Chandrasekhara Venkata Raman**, famed physicist of Calcutta University, Nobel prizeman last year (TIME, July 6) sorrowfully declined an invitation to lecture on his experiments in light at California Institute of Technology (where he visited briefly seven years ago). Reason: he is too poor. Said Sir Chandrasekhara: "I have little or no means of continuing my own studies and unhappily there is little realization in my own country of the importance of research. . . ."

☛ Exiled from Paris by his doctors to avoid a nervous breakdown, France's Foreign Minister **Aristide Briand** found



quiet refuge at his farm near Cocherel, Normandy. There on a small platform built over a branch of the Eure River, Brer Briand stays the day long in the shade of a tree, angling for perch and pike.

☛ **James ("Jimmy") Archer**, oldtime famed catcher for the Chicago Cubs, is now a buyer in Chicago's Union Stockyards. Last week he saw two men tumble unconscious from the driver's seat of a truck whose cargo of hogs he was ap-



International

JIMMY ARCHER

. . . was a hero among the hogs.

praising. Aware that they had been riding in an enclosed cab, Buyer Archer guessed they had carbon monoxide poisoning, applied prone pressure (artificial respiration), revived both men in a half hour.

The National Safety Council pinned its President's Medal upon Jimmy Archer.

☛ Proprietor Frank Fischer of the barber shop in Manhattan's elegant Hotel St. Regis revealed that he had barbered **King Prajadhipok** of Siam and his entourage during their U. S. visit, and had received a testimonial of appreciation from His



Acme-P. & A.

ARISTIDE BRIAND

. . . to avoid a nervous breakdown.

Majesty's secretary Momchao Vepulya. His appointment occurred by virtue of long service to the family of the late Mrs. Whitelaw Reid at whose home, "Ophir Hall," the royal party stayed. Barber Fischer described a summons to "Ophir Hall" about ten days after the operation on His Majesty's eye. "to come up and shave His Majesty. The King, I may say, usually shaves himself. Now his beard had grown in the interim. I was aware that this would be a very difficult operation. . . . I was ushered into a room almost pitch dark, a room about 60 by 40 feet. The King was in an easy chair far away from the window. . . . I found he was not permitted to have a haircut, and I had to shave His Majesty with my knees. It was sheer necessity. . . . At the end I was perspiring as freely as though I had been hard at it for four or five hours. When it was over His Majesty said with a smile, 'I imagine you are glad this is over.' And really, I was."

☛ **Edgar W. Warren II**, shortstop and captain-elect of the Yale baseball team, was thrown from a speeding motorboat on Raquette Lake, N. Y. The outboard propeller gashed his left arm. After two blood transfusions two days later the arm was amputated. At Yale a movement started to retain him as baseball captain, with a lieutenant to direct play afield. His teammate **Albie Booth**, football and basketball captain, who was also a leading candidate for the baseball captaincy, hurried from New Haven to Warren's bedside.



Old Faithful Inn at Old Faithful Geyser, Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming . . . Of course ice-cold Coca-Cola is served.

*It
had to be
good to get
where it is*



Another OLD FAITHFUL— *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola

OF THE hundreds of thousands who every season pour through YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, everybody stops to see OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER. Once every hour it shoots for a few minutes its stream of boiling spray 120 to 170 feet into the air. Then it

rests . . . What an interesting place to pause. Of course Coca-Cola is there. This great drink gives you a tingling, delicious taste and a cool after-sense of refreshment. At work or at play it cheers up your rest period, and you are off to a fresh start.

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RELIGION

Y. M. C. A. at Cleveland

Cleveland, hard-working convention city whose hotel rooms have been filled (but not full enough) this summer by Schmelling-Stribling fight-fans, then convening Shriners, then pilgrims to Cleveland's new outdoor opera, was host again last week. The guests were 986 delegates to the Twentieth World's Conference of the Y. M. C. A., held in North America for the first time since the founding of the Y. M. C. A. in 1844, and some 700 more delegates to the 43rd International Convention of North American Young Men's Christian Associations, held in conjunction with the World Conference.

The first day of the World's Conference, presided over by Chairman of the World's Committee Dr. John R. Mott, was enhanced by dedication ceremonies at a new 16-story Y. M. C. A. building in Akron, where the dirigible *Akron* was soon to be christened. Greetings from President Hoover were carried from Washington by plane, transferred to a blimp at the Akron Municipal airport, dropped by parachute to a group of "Y" members atop the new building. Nineteen runners, each sprinting two half-mile laps, carried more greetings to Akron in the form of a scroll from Chairman Mott at the Cleveland Auditorium.

The stated topic of the World's Conference, which followed preliminary gatherings at Toronto last fortnight, was "Youth's Adventure with God." As is usual at such conferences, the Y. M. C. A. concerned itself chiefly with international problems on which it hopes that its busy world-wide membership may have some influence. Delegates from 50 countries last week passed resolutions calling for revision of the Versailles Treaty, abolition of tariff barriers, abolition of national armaments. The German delegation held separate meetings to draw up a resolution absolving Germany of sole War guilt, later endorsed by the other delegates. The general resolutions committee took up the problem of unemployment, voted that the Y. M. C. A. should further socially administered insurance against invalidism, occupational injuries, want in old age, enforced unemployment. Most ambitious was Rabbi Edward L. Israel of Baltimore who pleaded for an immediate government program of \$3,000,000,000 for public works.

A proposal to extend Y. M. C. A. membership to women was brought before the International Convention. Philadelphia's General Secretary Walter M. Wood backed the idea, pointed out that it had worked in Philadelphia for 18 years. He said there was "increasingly popular acceptance of the unit association service for the whole family. . . ." Assistant General Secretary Ralph Wendling Cooke of Chicago opposed the plan on the ground that the Association would tend to lose its identity. The proposal was referred to U. S. and Canadian National Councils.

Professor Clyde A. Miller, Chairman of a sub-committee, addressed the conference on sex education, suggested that "parents

should give children sex education early in life. In view of the incapability of many parents . . . Y. M. C. A. directors and secretaries should pass on sex education to boys and their parents."

Broadcasting from the living room of his Rapidan River camp, President Hoover addressed the Conference over a nationwide radio hook-up. Said he: "No thoughtful person can overlook the profound truth that the ideas and ideals of Christ . . . have dominated the course of civilization since His time. . . . The fulfillment of these obligations [to promote international co-operation and good will] is at once a challenge and an opportunity for youth. . . . I and my countrymen have confidence in you and the contribution you will make to the future."

Catholics in Politics

John Ferguson Moore of Manhattan, a Protestant, a onetime social worker and secretary in the Y. M. C. A., after studying the question of political, cultural, financial influence exerted by 20,000,000 U. S. Roman Catholics, has written a book.* His subject was widely publicized in 1928, has been widely discussed ever since. His conclusions may be equally discussed. He finds Catholic influence "bewilderingly slight," finds Protestants who fear Catholic control guilty of "exaggerated alarm" and Catholics who boast of such a possibility guilty of "exaggerated hope."

Using figures to prove his points, Author Moore says that in the last Congress there were 35 Catholic Congressmen out of 435, six Catholic Senators, Methodists, of whom there are less than half as many as Catholics in the U. S., had almost three times as many Congressmen; Episcopalians had five times as many Senators. The personnel of the diplomatic service is less than 1% Catholic. Of present State Governors, 36 are Masons, none Catholics. Author Moore found no facts to support the often-repeated statements that 75% of all appointments made by President Wilson were Catholics,† that 62% of all offices in the U. S. were held by Catholics. Findings quoted by Author Moore showed Catholic representation "not in evidence in the higher spheres where final authority and power rest."

That Catholics may in any discernible future dominate U. S. politics, Author Moore believes a conjecture as baseless as the suggestion that they now do so, because, he says, the Catholic Church is not making large numerical gains, because its membership includes such a small proportion of political leaders. Further conclusions: "The fear that Roman Catholics, even as a minority, may capture the government of the United States, appears to be unfounded. . . . The issue today is not whether America is to be made Catholic but whether America . . . is to be made Christian."

*WILL AMERICA BECOME CATHOLIC?—John F. Moore—Harper (\$2).

†A fact not mentioned by Author Moore: many a Jew was appointed by President Wilson.

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

Index

August's advent revealed no improvement in the general level of U. S. business. Although shoe factories and wool mills were busy, basic industries remained prostrate. Earnings statements continued to make mostly poor reading.

Carloadings for the week ended July 25 should have shown a seasonal gain over the preceding week. Instead the total of 741,000 cars was down 15,000 from the week before, down 177,000 from last year.

Export copper, c.i.f. (cost, insurance, freight) to European base ports, was reduced from 8½¢ to a new low of 8¢. Sales were small. Domestic copper was nominally quoted at 8¢, many sales were arranged at 7½¢, small lots could be picked up at 7½¢.

Pig iron production in July was 1,463,220 tons. This not only broke the previous Depression low of 1,063,692 tons in December but was the worst month since November 1921 when production was 1,415,000 tons. Pig iron production for the first seven months was 40% below last year. The end of July found 82 stacks in blast, or 26.1% of the total, against 91 at the end of June, 144 at the end of July 1930.

Steel operations last week were back at 30% of capacity, nullifying the 1% gain of the previous week. A year ago the rate was 60%.

During July the unfilled orders of United States Steel Corp. showed a decline of 74,507 tons to 3,404,816, lowest since September, 1927. A year ago this important figure stood at 4,022,035 tons.

Although Oklahoma's daily oil production last week dropped 56,900 bbl. (see p. 9), the eastern field of Texas gushed 92,650 bbl. more than the week before and total U. S. production rose 13,700 bbl. per day. While low prices still bewilder the oil industry, stocks of refined gasoline last week continued to drop, stood at 36,742,000 bbl. against 44,100,000 bbl. a year ago. Refinery operations were running at 65.1% of capacity against 69.6% a year ago.

F. W. Dodge building statistics for the first 22 days of July revealed a 17.7% drop from last year. Residential buildings dropped 25.8%, non-residential 30.3%. Public works and utilities showed a little strength, gained 4.5%.

July production of motor cars and trucks came to 221,485 units against 275,721 a year ago, 256,297 in June. Seven months figures were 1,855,933 against 2,584,986. The year's production is now estimated at about 2,500,000 units against 3,510,000 in 1930.

Bigger Atlas

Notoriously miserable has been the record of investment trusts as a group. Notably excellent has been the record of one trust: Atlas Utilities Corp. Last week Atlas, still little known beyond the parlors of Wall Street, acquired control of two well known investment trusts, and with them, management contracts.

The deals marked the eighth and ninth acquisitions made by Atlas since last Oc-

tober. President of the company is a quiet, modest man of 39 who is considered one of the ablest men in the country yet is as obscure as his company. He is Floyd Bostwick Odlum (pronounced: *Odlum*) whose other chief interests are his vice-presidency of Electric Bond & Share and his vice-chairmanship of its big unit,



Acme P. & A.

FLOYD BOSTWICK ODLUM

... his trust was trustworthy.

American & Foreign Power Co. Seldom in the public prints, he was written up two years ago for conducting the "most expensive telephone call." London-New York, 95 min., \$1,425. Slim, nonchalant, sandy-haired & freckled, Floyd Bostwick Odlum studied law at University of Colorado, in New York started work with Simpson, Thacher & Bartlett of Manhattan. In their office he became a close friend of George Henry Howard, seven years his senior. Just as Lawyer Odlum left to take charge of the legal department of Electric Bond & Share, so, two years ago, Lawyer Howard left to become president of United Corp.

In 1924 the two men formed a private investment trust, first called U. S., later Atlas Utilities Corp. The original investment of \$40,000 was the base for successful operations and in September 1929, a public offering of stock was made. Despite the financial connections of President Odlum and Director Howard, Atlas is a strictly independent trust.

First of the two trusts bought by Atlas last week was Ungerleider Financial Corp., formed in 1929 under the management of Samuel Ungerleider & Co. whose senior partner is cheery "Ohio Sam" Ungerleider. The other was Sterling Securities Corp., formed three years ago by the interests which sponsored Insurshares Corp. It has two Hayden, Stone & Co. men on the board, was one of the first two investment trusts listed on the New York Stock Exchange (the other: General Public Service Corp.). Assets of the two trusts at the end of last year were \$9,000,000 and \$20,000,000 respectively. Atlas now has

\$25,000,000 in assets, controls a total investment structure of \$48,000,000. Despite their many duties, Friends Howard & Odlum still have time to go trout-fishing together at the Howard camp, Mount Mansfield, in Vermont.

Syndicates

During the first seven months of 1931 new financing (excluding municipal bonds) came to \$1,986,360,000 against \$3,901,411,000 in the same period last year, \$4,149,448,000 in 1929. Leading houses according to statistics issued last week by National Statistical Service, Inc., were:

	Syndicates Headed	Total Business
Chase Harris Forbes Corp.	\$250,770,000	\$857,413,000
Halsey, Stuart & Co.	247,044,000	523,634,000
J. P. Morgan & Co.	219,000,000	219,000,000
Guaranty Co.	191,000,000	618,200,000
National City Co.	141,000,000	543,500,000

Chief changes from last year among the leaders were the drop of J. P. Morgan & Co. from first place, the rise of Halsey, Stuart & Co. from fourth. Bankers Co. of New York, heading syndicates totalling less than \$34,000,000, nevertheless participated in \$537,700,000 total business. While the smaller volume of financing was reflected throughout the list, the lowered figures of three famed houses were tacit testimony to the sorry times. Otis & Co., from which 14 partners have resigned this year, headed syndicates totalling \$1,500,000 against \$91,975,000 in the same period last year. Goldman, Sachs & Co.'s figures were \$8,000,000 against 1930's \$12,500,000, 1929's \$95,851,000. Bancamerica-Blair Corp. dropped to \$5,000,000 from \$33,500,000 in 1930, \$153,500,000 in the same period of 1929.

Bond and note issues have comprised over 95% of the new financing this year. Utilities formed 60% of the offerings, rails 12%. July figures revealed total financing of \$137,789,000 of which utilities accounted for 91%.

Atlantic Auction

What looked like a long-drawn, cautious auction was going on in the offices of the U. S. Shipping Board at No. 45 Broadway all last week. If it was an auction, it was one of the major deals of U. S. shipping history, for on the block was no less a prize—or white elephant—than the U. S. Lines, proudest Atlantic fleet in the country. Discussions had been going on slowly for weeks, ever since mid-June when President Paul Wadsworth Chapman and the U. S. Lines' directors went to Washington to explain their troubles to Shipping Board Chairman Thomas Ventry O'Connor (TIME, June 29).

In Washington President Chapman had explained that there was no immediate crisis, but with the general decline in trade it might be hard for his company to meet certain future obligations.

What he wanted was longer credits from the Government. What the Government did was to cry out for other deep water financiers to lend a hand. Some \$2,500,000 was needed and was not forthcoming; not, that is, without bringing new men into the management of U. S. Lines, Chairman O'Connor, accompanied by Rear-Admiral Hutchinson Ingham Cone, also of the Shipping Board, journeyed to

New York to hear offers from bankers and merchants dreaming of the profits and prestige of the U. S. merchant marine.

From Portland (Ore.) came Kenneth D. Dawson representing the powerful Dollar interests of the Pacific and Herbert Fleischhacker, San Francisco's burly banker. Cautious Mr. Dawson studied the situation. Last week Robert Stanley Dollar arrived in New York to see for himself what might be done to help the tottering Eastern interests. Large, spectacled Mr. Dollar, son of 87-year-old Captain Robert Dollar, believes, like his father, in a U. S. merchant marine even if it must be founded on Government subsidy. Should the Dollars become the eventual purchasers of U. S. Lines it would mean new faces and figures on lower Broadway, for until now these western merchants have avoided the North Atlantic trade, most highly competitive route in the world.

Meanwhile Steamship Row buzzed with other possibilities. President Chapman continued conferences with Chairman O'Connor, continued talking of "an adjustment, rather than a sale" of the lines. Mr. Chapman wanted to be relieved of the expensive duty of operating the largest U. S. steamship, *S. S. Leviathan*, which is also his largest money loser. He wanted also to be rid of the *George Washington*, next most costly steamer of his fleet. The Government could then sell the *Republic*, he suggested, leaving him the *America*, President Roosevelt, President Harding, and the five ships of the American Merchant Line. Last week U. S. Lines still owed the Government \$11,250,000 repre-

senting the unpaid portion of the purchase price. The Government has this secured by 4½% mortgages, payable in 15 yearly installments, 1930 to 1944.

Then Chairman O'Connor and Rear Admiral Cone changed their minds. Last



Underwood & Underwood

ROBERT STANLEY DOLLAR

... took a look at the North Atlantic.

Monday a sympathetic attitude became apparent when they issued a memorandum admitting the original price paid for the Lines was too high. They would, it was announced, take back the *George Wash-*

ington and *America*, trade two Army transports for the *Republic* and base the commitments of the future owners on the value of the fleet thus reduced.

Meanwhile International Mercantile Marine, rejuvenated, Morgan-sponsored, and strengthened by the alliance with Roosevelt Steamship Co. was reported to have made an unsatisfactory bid last week. This did not mean that Philip Albright Small Franklin's company was out of the running, for the Shipping Board was reconsidering other initial bids at first rejected.

Another possibility was picturesque. "Can he do it again?" was what shipping men were asking about Joseph Edward Sheedy, executive vice president of U. S. Lines and onetime (1922-24) vice president in charge of operations of Emergency Fleet Corp. It was Sheedy who was credited two years ago with bringing successful Banker Chapman from Chicago into the marble corridors of No. 45 Broadway with his \$16,000,000. Last week Mr. Sheedy said he was going to bid again, backed this time by nobody knew whom, but with a reported stake of \$10,000,000. Rumor connected this fresh capital with Harvey C. Miller, tidewater terminal man of Philadelphia, good friend of President William Wallace Atterbury of Pennsylvania Railroad.

"Eggs! They Tear You Down"

Some 350 egg traders gathered on the floor of the New York Mercantile Exchange last week and listened to an announcement from President Courtney L. Poole. In angry tones he flayed a recent advertisement of Lambert (*Listerine*) Co. which was captioned: "Eggs! They tear you down socially." He called this a "vicious misrepresentation" despite the fact that the advertisement assured its public that eggs are good for the system if not for the breath.

When President Poole finished speaking, the Mercantile Exchange members decided to fight this type of thing "to the last ditch." They wrote to associates, friends and correspondents all over the U. S. about the "outrage." President Poole communicated with Secretary of Agriculture Hyde, Chairman Stone of the Federal Farm Board, also the Federal Trade Commission.

From Lambert Co. came no word whether or not Eggs v. *Listerine* would bring a halt to *Listerine* v. Eggs.

Jim Flood's Girl

Three decades had passed since muddy San Francisco had been transformed to a city built on nuggets and gold dust. A new social order was being created; life was becoming stable; respectability and stolidity were in the air. But there were still those who lived high, wide & handsome. The old Poodle Dog, Tait's, the Cliff House and Coffee Dan's had no lack of carefree customers.

A leader of the merrier element was James Leary Flood. In his blood was an instinct for the fleshpots; in his bank, money for it. His father was James Clair ("Bonanza King") Flood, onetime saloon keeper, later owner of the Comstock Lode with William S. O'Brien, James G.

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John Doe Needs a New Automobile

THE old one has given years of faithful service. It has had two overhauls and has seen no end of tinkering, but it's reached the stage at last where driving it has wholly ceased to be a pleasure.

John's whole scheme of living is built around the use of an automobile. To get to business, to carry the kiddies to school and to give Mrs. Doe her needful range of action day by day, a reliable car is essential. But the old one is no longer in that class. Sometimes it won't run at all and it never runs well. Its replacement can no longer be deferred.

John's assets are a 33 $\frac{1}{4}$ % cash equity in his home, a savings account, a life insurance policy, two bonds and a bank balance just large enough to meet current demands with a workable margin.

To buy the car he needs for cash, John Doe will have to call on his reserves. He can do it, of course. He has saved for a rainy day and can raise several times the cash required to buy this car if that seems wisest. But he knows that if he takes that bite out of his savings he may never pay it back. He will mean to, but will he have the strength of mind? As an average human he doubts it, and therefore dreads to part with so much cash in one lump sum.

He has heard that to buy on instalments will add considerable to the cost of the car—and that, of course, won't do. A real dilemma.

Happily, the salesman who takes him in hand knows his business. "The time price of this thousand dollar car you want to buy, with one third paid down and twelve months for the balance—is one thousand and sixty-seven dollars,

or less than seven per cent in excess of the cash price," he asserts.

"Fire and theft insurance is included in that figure. You will find it far easier to budget your income and pay the finance company a fixed sum every month than to repay your savings account at an equal rate if you draw on it and buy the car for cash. Human nature doesn't work that way. Buy it on Commercial Credit terms, keep your savings instead, and when you get through paying you'll have your car and your capital too."

John Doe agrees—and will be the richer always for reaching this conservative decision.

* * *

It is doubtless because the American family has been trained to buy its high priced utilities from earnings rather than from savings that instalment credit has withstood the test of the last two years so staunchly and contributed some \$6,000,000,000 to the total

of the nation's annual retail volume at a time when every cent soundly expended has been a god-send to industry and a boon to the laboring man.

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- ☐ How to maintain closer sales contacts without establishing branch houses and increasing overhead expense.
- ☐ How to meet competition which gives price concessions and offers better, quicker delivery of merchandise.

TO MAKE MONEY these days, manufacturers must successfully maintain closer contacts with their retail trade. Dealers everywhere have been forced to hold store stocks to a minimum, relying on prompt delivery from the manufacturer's organization to supply needed goods. If the manufacturer can't deliver . . . the business goes to a competitor.

The manufacturers who are most successfully weathering the depression are those who distribute their goods efficiently and economically through public merchandise warehouses. They give their trade immediate delivery from strategically placed spot stocks. Their costs are kept in line with their volume of business: when sales are off, costs drop.

Yet these manufacturers have no problems of maintaining a branch house system . . . of cutting down the force, reducing wages. They pay on a "piece work" basis for the storage and delivery of their merchandise. It costs a great deal less than distribution through branch houses—and it eliminates the risk of branch house operations.

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ASSOCIATION**

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Fair and John W. Mackay, father of Postal Telegraph's Clarence Hungerford Mackay. Said to be richest claim in the world, the Comstock yielded \$340,000,000 pay dirt between 1864 and 1884, brought Fame & Fortune to the combination of Mackay, Flood, O'Brien & Fair.

Jim Flood inherited the bulk of his father's estate in 1889. All San Francisco knew of his high living, of the beauty of "Jim Flood's girl, Pete Fritz," a German girl who got her start in Shanghai. In the same year his father died San Francisco was scandalized to hear that Jim Flood's girl had left her widely known occupation, that he had married her. His friends avoided him for a while, but he and his Girl lived together happily, adopted a child called Constance May. When Rosina ("Pete") Fritz Flood died her husband promised to marry her sister Maude Lee. The second Mrs. Flood was a plump, quiet hombody, well-liked in San Francisco. Yet scandal does not die. In the little Redwood City court house (in the fashionable Peninsula district) spectators thronged last week to hear the Flood Affair dragged into the open. It was story-of-the-week for the newspapers.

Cause of last week's ado was Baby Constance May, now Mrs. John P. Gavin, 38, wife of a Los Angeles bank teller. Since 1925 Mrs. Gavin has claimed to be Jim Flood's illegitimate daughter, has sought a daughter's share (two-ninths) in his \$18,000,000 estate. At first she named the first Mrs. Flood as her mother. Later she claimed as her maternal parent a Mrs. Eudora Forde Willette, onetime music hall girl.

Heading the counsel for the defense were venerable, silver-haired, massive Garrett William McEnerney, once Jim Flood's personal attorney, and stocky, nervous Theodore Roche. Their arguments were that the first Mrs. Flood would not have adopted her husband's bastard, that Jim Flood would have given an adopted daughter all the affection and kindness which Mrs. Gavin said proved she was his real daughter. Thus did they refute old Flood retainers, coachmen, gardeners, nurses & neighbors who testified he had often called Constance May "My baby," "My little daughter."

A star witness for the defense was Alfreda Ford, 93, grandmother of Constance May, an oldtime actress. Carried into court on a chair last week, this ancient dame, alert of eye, answered questions with the dramatic articulation of the 1860 stage. She stuck to her contention that the father of her grandchild was James Cannon, property man at the old Grove Street Theatre, San Francisco. Garrulous, she insisted on telling how she had shaken President Lincoln's hand in Ford's Theatre, Washington. When the plaintiff's counsel John Taaffe tried to cross examine her she screamed at 84-year-old Superior Judge George H. Buck: "I want protection from this man. Why should he come here and question me like this?" Judge Buck smiled and said, "Take this old lady home."

If the grandmother was a star witness for the defense, Constance May's mother was a planetary witness. In a stage-Bostonian accent she told of how she went to the theatre every night with her mother,

met Mr. Cannon. In a defiant voice she recounted visits to his rooms; of never telling him she had borne him a child.

Under the guidance of her bright young attorney, Maxwell McNutt, Mrs. Gavin told, in carefully cultivated tones, a story in the best tradition of romantic tragedy. She described her life at the Flood Mansion, her dog, her pony, the caresses of her father. Then she recounted how she was sent suddenly to the Ramona Convent



MRS. CONSTANCE MAY GAVIN

. . . wanted the property, not the property man.

of the Holy Name, her anguish, her letters which asked her adopter: "Please tell me who I am, why I am not like other girls. . . . What can I tell my husband?"

A sensational witness was Mrs. Maude Lee Flood. Sobbing on the broad shoulder of her son James L. Flood Jr. (Yale 1932), she testified that her husband never mentioned any relationship to the child.

As the trial was drawing to a close spectators tried to guess what the jury of eight women and four men would decide. Public opinion seemed to be that Mrs. Gavin, real daughter or adopted, deserved some share of the Flood fortune. They recalled too that California's late Senator James Duval Phelan, another rich, lusty Irishman, but a wiser one, had provided against just such suits by a clever clause in his will.* Suddenly there was a wild wave of excitement. Spectators rose in their chairs and booed angrily when old Judge Buck halted the case in mid-trial, ordered the jury to return a prompt verdict against Mrs. Gavin.

Jurywoman Mrs. Aileen Maguire, lifelong friend of the Judge, cried out, "I refuse to sign any such libel! What's the use of impelling a jury if it has no discretion?" Later she said that the jury had stood ten to two in favor of Mrs. Gavin.

Unmoved by the outburst, Judge Buck said, "Aileen, you had better sit down."

*Said the Phelan will: "I declare on my honor that I have never been married, and never have been a parent of a child in or out of matrimony, but in case anyone claiming or pretending to be my wife or child or grandchild should establish such claims in any court of competent jurisdiction, to each such person I give and bequeath the sum of \$50."

Calloused hands... will bring back prosperity

Moneyed men sit around conference tables and discuss cures for the ills of depression. Stock manipulators deal with millions, winning and losing fortunes in a day. Prosperity's answer is not in their hands.

It is in the hands of the worker, the wage-earner, who makes up the great population that is America.

When he spends seven dollars where he spent eight dollars before, there is a business depression. When he spends the eight dollars again, prosperity will return.

The nation appreciates his importance more than ever before. "Keep up wages," urges Secretary of Labor Doak.

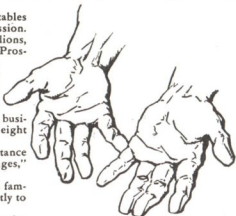
And equally essential to his and his family's financial stability, and consequently to prosperity, is his ability to borrow.

His home knows financial emergencies just as big businesses do. When babies arrive, when sickness visits, when taxes are due, when there are temporary layoffs, he often cannot pay his bills, cannot afford to buy the usual necessities of life.

He, his creditors, and the entire nation would suffer, if he could not get supplementary funds to tide over such times of stress.

Back of his family, and hundreds of thousands of others, stands a great family finance organization, Household. To one of its 138 local offices he may come when he needs to borrow. He is not asked for stocks and bonds as collateral. He is not asked to get co-signers on his note.

On his integrity, on security which almost every family has, and on his ability to pay back the loan in monthly installments, he can get from \$50



to \$300 to pay his bills and keep his family in the market.

The reasonable charge for his loan is regulated by the Small Loan laws of this state and twenty-five others. But he need pay even less than the lawful maximum at the Household offices where the rate has been reduced nearly one-third on loans above \$100.

He will find there, also, advice on expending his wages wisely to keep out of debt.



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

HOUSEHOLD FINANCE CORPORATION . . .

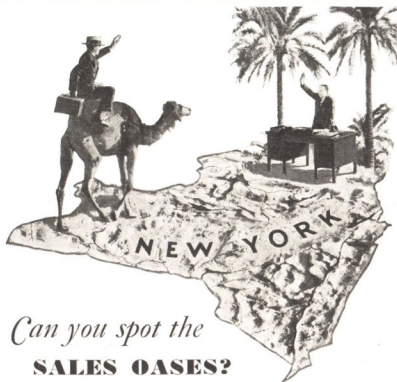
Headquarters: Palmolive Building, Chicago, Illinois
... (138 Offices in 77 Cities) ...
(Consult your telephone directory for the office nearest you) ...

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

Keeping the
wage-earner
in the market
for your
goods

In times of stress, anything that strengthens the wage-earner's financial stability, aids business and professional men as well. Thus the family finance company, by enabling the worker to pay his bills promptly and make needed new purchases, is of service to doctor, lawyer, landlord, merchant. The advertisement

reproduced is part of a campaign aggressively going after prosperity by speeding collections. It is appearing in newspapers of four and three-quarter million circulation. For more information about the personal finance business, you are invited to write to Dept. T6, Household Finance Corp., Palmolive Bldg., Chicago.



Can you spot the SALES OASES?

ONE dollar in every six spent in the United States is spent in New York State. Yet, even in this greatest of all markets, there are sales deserts for certain products—as well as oases.

Actually, New York State is *not* one great market. It has nine natural buying areas—some outstandingly good for certain products and equally poor for others. Our Marketing Manual can probably help you make an accurate analysis of your product's sales potentials in each of these areas. It is free to business executives.

Of almost equal importance to a statistical knowledge of any market is the ability to get the day-to-day picture of business developments in that market when needed. Sixteen Marine Midland Banks, located throughout New York State can supply such information. Each bank, through its daily business, the contacts of its officers and directors, has a *very* clear picture of what is going on in its community. May we serve you?

Write Marine Midland Group, Inc., #42 Marine Trust Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y. for this book.



Banks of the MARINE MIDLAND Group

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

NEW YORK CITY . . . Marine Midland Trust Company
TROY . . . The Manufacturers National Bank of Troy
BINGHAMTON . . . Peoples Trust Company
JOHNSTON CITY . . . Workers Trust Company
CORTLAND . . . Cortland Trust Company
ROCHESTER . . . Union Trust Company
ALBION . . . Orleans County Trust Company
LOCKPORT . . . Niagara County National Bank & Trust Co.

BUFFALO . . . Marine Trust Company
EAST AURORA . . . Bank of East Aurora
JAMESTOWN . . . Union Trust Company
LACKAWANNA . . . Lackawanna National Bank
SNYDER . . . Bank of Snyder
TONAWANDA . . . First Trust Company
NORTH TONAWANDA . . . State Trust Company
NIAGARA FALLS . . . Power City Trust Company

LETTERS

(Continued from p. 4)

arrival was set two columns, 48 point Gothic condensed, "IT WAS BUTTE'S BIG DAY."

One unintentional mishap, which the boys spent many years explaining to the inhabitants of Dublin Gulch, occurred in connection with the death of the late lamented Bishop Carroll. It so happened that on the day of the Bishop's death the smelter in Anaconda and the mines in Butte were reopened after a considerable shutdown. Now the Anaconda smelter stack, tallest chimney in the world, is emblematic in many a minor of prosperity or lack of it. When the stack smokes, men are making wages. Hence, considering the joy of the day, an imaginative *Standard* makeup editor secured a huge cut of the big stack to run down the middle columns of the front page. Then came the news of the Bishop's death. A banner was written for the top of the page, "BISHOP CARROLL DIES IN SWITZERLAND." Below this awful intelligence, with its mouth belching smoke under the line, was the picture of the stack. And down the center line of the tube were printed the lines from the old song "And the Stone Goes Up the Chimney Just the Same." Circulation among the reverent Irish populace of the community dropped by hundreds in the first few hours after the *Standard* reached the streets. It is reported. A training school and a hitching post for many of the roving members of the press gentry, many another *ex-Standard* man will read of the passing of the old sheet with a great deal of regret.

JOHN F. RYAN

Appleton, Wis.

Jelinek's Elevator

Sirs:

In *TIME* of July 27, you have an interesting article on 25¢ wheat. The *Nebraska State Journal* (Lincoln) for about Sunday July 12 carried a feature article of about one-half page regarding the so-called Nebraska wheat king. In view of the public's given these new monarchs the attached clipping from the *State Journal* of July 24 is of interest indicating that the wheat kings are losing their crowns about as rapidly as the other and more ancient kinds.

[The clipping reported that Wheatman James Jelinek, once in debt, had lost his big grain elevator on the Burlington tracks near Alliance, Neb. through mortgage foreclosure.—Ed.]

Sometime ago I lunched with an officer of one of the Farm Board's organizations and he told me that the information that the Board had accumulated regarding wheat raising on the 1,000-acre scale was about as disastrous as the ordinary kind of wheat raising.

Much publicity given the wheat "tycoons" leaves the impression that they are making a great success despite the low price of wheat. Other information such as the attached indicating that the Nebraska king is losing his elevator to the mortgage holder and that he has heavy debts for machinery, seed and wages. One wonders if it is really so easy with the other kings. To anyone in the Midwest a uniformed who would give up a \$50,000 per year job to raise wheat should see his physician at once before the trouble goes any farther. Your article is really very good. Please give us some more on husbandry from time to time.

LEO LIGGETT

First National Bank
Utica, Neb.

Fairbanks Classics

Sirs:

We note with regret the announcement of the retirement from the screen of one of the best exponents of fine clean sportsmanship before the public in the last ten years.

During Fairbanks in his work has always been not only delightfully entertaining, but we fear the consummate grace and artistry of the man has not been fully acknowledged by the Press.

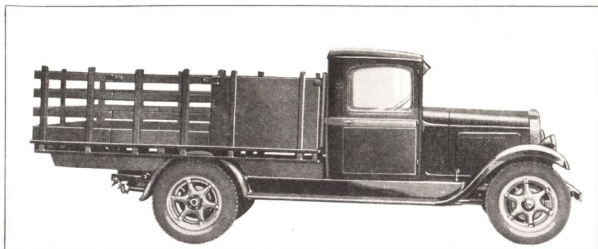
Let others destroy their screen efforts if they will, we would like the Fairbanks Classics preserved.

T. E. CREIGH

Sarborough, Me.

Letters from readers who feel as Reader Creigh will be forwarded to Cinemactor Fairbanks.—Ed.

NEW WILLYS SIX TRUCKS



Chassis, Cab and Stake Body, complete as shown, \$780. Inside body measurements, 108 inches long, 79 inches wide; stakes 32 inches and 42 inches high

Speed, Power, Economy

Willys Six Trucks combine remarkable performance and rugged endurance with smart appearance and clean-cut lines. Economical to operate, they effect savings in transportation costs. Three wheelbases—113, 131 and 157 inches. 65-horsepower engine, full force-feed lubrication, floating type oil suction, 4-wheel Duo Servo brakes. The 1½-ton units have 4-speed transmissions, full-floating rear axles. The ½-ton unit is the largest in its price class. The Model C-157, 1½-ton chassis, 157-inch wheelbase, is designed for extra long or bulky loads. Priced \$85 over standard 1½-ton Model C-131. Heavier frame, sturdier bridge type cross members. Oversize single tires and dual wheel options at nominal additional cost. See your nearest Willys dealer, or write Willys-Overland, Inc., Commercial Car Division, Toledo, Ohio, for descriptive literature.

½-ton chassis (113" wheelbase)

\$395

1½-ton chassis (131" wheelbase)

\$595

f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio

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SEA FOAM BOND

That secretary of yours insists that her carbons look as legible and clear-cut as her original letters—therefore, Sea Foam Bond—a paper made for typewriting uses! Thin—but tough—Sea Foam Bond readily yields to ten or fourteen copies, when used with thin carbon paper. All legible, clean and easy to read. Sea Foam Bond really saves office rent by slipping into half the filing space required by bulkier paper... Yet it has stamina enough to stand upright and uncured in the file; to endure all sorts of erasures—pen, pencil, ink and typewriter.

Sea Foam Bond has 7 bright colors—a shade for every department or executive. Ask your dealer about Sea Foam Bond. Or ask us—on the coupon—for the free test package and prove Sea Foam Bond's advantages yourself.

*With apologies to Van Raalte.

Look for this mark in each Sea Foam Bond sheet



Here is the new Sea Foam Bond box, 1000 sheets of efficiency!

Use Coupon NOW!

BROWNVILLE PAPER CO.,
5 Bridge Street, Brownville, N.Y.

Prove it to us, with samples, no obligation.

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MEDICINE

Infantile Paralysis (Cont'd)

Cases of infantile paralysis increased from 800 to almost 1,200 in New York City last week. Most were confined to Brooklyn. But there was an overflow into Westchester County. New Haven had almost 100 cases. Boston had 20 of its own and 21 brought in from other communities. The U. S. Public Health Service found "a few more cases than usual" in Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. But the increase was almost negligible over the normal for summer months. Except New York, New Haven and Boston, large cities of the country were totally or almost free from the disease. Precautions summer camps and resorts continued quarantine against visitors.

Infantile paralysis this year is mild; comparatively few deaths have resulted. So far as is known the disease is transmitted only from person to person. Nonetheless, health officials of affected communities have mobilized. In Boston the Harvard Infantile Paralysis Commission, functioning since 1916, was vigorously active, spotting cases, collecting serum. New York City appropriated \$75,000 emergency funds. A battalion of orthopedic nurses was concentrated in Brooklyn to care for the anticipated cripples. Stations were set up to take blood from convalescents, best treatment for infantile paralysis.

Rubbed-In Immunity

A new, smooth way of inoculating against diphtheria, perhaps other diseases, was being studied in the U. S. last week. Professor Ernest Löwenstein, general and experimental pathologist at the University of Vienna, developed the idea. Professor Alexandre Besredka of the Paris Pasteur Institute confirmed it.

The method is to rub a spot on the skin very hard. The rubbing gives the spot a low, nonspecific immunity against disease for almost a day. Before that nonspecific immunity fades, an ointment is rubbed on the spot. The ointment contains diphtheritic toxin whose virulence has been weakened by formaldehyde. The process is repeated a few times at intervals of eight to ten days, the diphtheritic ointment being more potent each time.

The rubbed spot becomes immune to diphtheria. Gradually the immunity spreads throughout the whole body. Such immunity lasts, in experimental animals, more than two months, sufficient to carry through a diphtheria epidemic.

Goiter Hint

The established theory is that goiter is due to lack of iodine in food or drink. Iodine stimulates the thyroid gland. In goiter the thyroid swells to compensate for its iodine insufficiency.

Dr. C. Alexander Hellwig, 42, of St. Francis Hospital, Wichita, Kan. doubted that theory. He had noted as had others that a diet low in iodine, high in calcium produced the most pronounced goiters. He believed there must be a positive cause

for goitrous enlargement of the thyroid, probably calcium.

Wichita is an excellent place for goiter experiment. The region was archaically the bottom of a sea. Its soil contains much iodine. Goiter is consequently rare. In that propitious environment he fed animals with food low in both iodine and calcium. The animals did not develop goiter. Instead, their thyroids atrophied. Then to iodine-deprived animals he gave large quantities of calcium-containing foods. At once they developed goiter.

Proved apparently was his hypothesis that for want of iodine, thyroids degenerate; surfeited with calcium they enlarge. But there may be more factors than calcium which cause the positive enlargement. For such biochemists were searching last week.

MISCELLANY

"Time brings all things."

Jobs

In Wichita, Kan., George W. Winters thought his three boys should work in summer, could find them no jobs. He bought the village of Waco Wego including garage, filling station, candy shop, general store, café, retired from real estate business, set his sons to running Waco Wego.

Charivari

In the Marengo Valley near Ashland, Wis., one Arvo Juoni, Finnish farmer, took a bride, remained with her at the farmhouse of her father, John Peterson, for a quiet, peaceful honeymoon. As Juoni & bride were about to retire there appeared outside the house a band of Finnish youths and maidens, beating tin pans, blowing horns, and demanding \$15 tribute to stop. Father Peterson indignantly refused, so the charivari continued all night while father, bride & groom vainly tried to sleep.

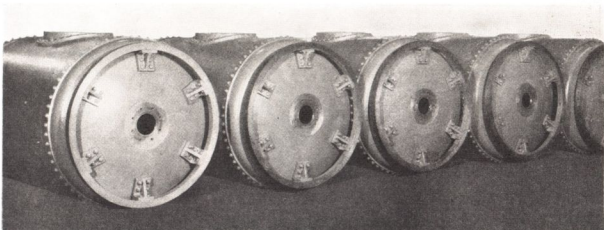
Next night a larger party came, augmented their din with wash boilers, drums, iron hoops, hammers, fiddles. Father Peterson, mad clear through, swore he would not pay one cent of tribute. Chairman Heino Nuutinen of the charivari committee retorted that they would stay there till he did, if it took a year. Twelve nights the charivari continued while Father Peterson grew grimmer and grimmer, Juoni & bride grew paler and weaker. The band grew larger, jumped to 40, doubled overnight. To the horns, tin pans, boilers, drums, hoops, hammers, fiddles, were added saxophones, beer trays, cow bells, circular saws. Father Peterson appealed to Sheriff Elmer Saunders, had four leaders arrested, held in \$50 bond by Ashland's Municipal Judge Thomas A. Humphrey. The next night the din was louder, included the popping of pistols. Father Peterson appeared at his door with a shotgun, was forced to retire.

On the thirteenth day Juoni wrote a letter to Governor Philip Fox La Follette, begging him to do something. "It is the neighbors," he complained. "We have appealed to the sheriff but the charivari is still going on. . . . The sheriff let them all go as soon as he had arrested them.

SCREW MACHINE PRODUCTS of all kinds are made of Allegheny Metal.



IN 2031 A. D. WE'LL SAY FOR SURE!



DELICATE CEREALS NEED the protection of Allegheny Metal—it cannot taint foods, cannot be corroded by them. These pressure cookers are used by Kellogg Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Hundreds of users claim absolute permanence for Allegheny Metal, judging from superior performance to date.

Of course, Allegheny Metal is new—only a few years old. But in many tasks it has already done what would be expected of it in half a century... battling corrosion... guarding acid foods from spoilage... and similar work.

Because of this and of laboratory tests, many of our fabricators show enough confidence to stake their reputations on Allegheny Metal as the lifetime alloy—a wonderful tribute. Literally, we must wait a century to

say this alloy will last that long, but we have no doubts whatever.

These remarkable qualities of Allegheny Metal were developed in our laboratories. The research started with a formula still used by many companies, and developed it to the highest point yet reached for corrosion resistance.

Perhaps you could use the permanence of Allegheny Metal in your products or your processes. Write for Bulletin A—it gives a complete description of the qualities you can expect.

ALLEGHENY STEEL CO., Brackenridge, Pa.
Offices: New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Los Angeles.
Warehouse Stock: Joseph T. Ryerson & Son, Inc.—Chicago, Cleveland, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Detroit, Buffalo, Boston, Jersey City, Philadelphia... *In Canada:* Samuel Son & Co., Ltd., Toronto.



QUICK FACTS

1. Resists more corrosive agents than any other alloy.
2. Can be drawn, stamped, machined, spun, cast, forged.
3. Far stronger than mild steel.
4. Will take any finish from dull to mirror.
5. Is non-magnetic.
6. Resists denting and abrasion.
7. Is readily annealed; may be welded and soldered.
8. Is produced in practically all commercial forms.

Manufactured pursuant to license from the Chemical Foundation, Inc., under basic patents No. 1,716,817 and No. 1,535,278.

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John Hancock Series

12% Annually with the John Hancock Family Income Provision

This is the assured income your life insurance will afford your family by adding to your standard John Hancock life insurance policies the FAMILY INCOME PROVISION.

This contract guarantees your family, if you are not here to give them your personal support, a return of twelve percent annually on the amount of the life insurance, until your youngest child is self-supporting.

If you are not already a John Hancock policyholder, the Family Income Provision can be applied to new policies.

After the expiration of the Family Income Payments, the face value of the policy then becomes the property of the beneficiary, either in cash or as income, according to the terms of the policy.

This FAMILY INCOME PROVISION applies only to standard John Hancock policies of \$5000 or more.

Talk to a John Hancock representative or write for our booklet, "Income for the Family."

John Hancock
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Over Sixty-Eight Years in Business

Exclusive Designs WOODS AND IRONS BTN BEST IN GOLF

BUTCHART-NICHOLLS CO., SPRINGDALE CONN.
Pacific Coast Dist. Carley-Deane Co., San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle. Leading Pros and shops sell the BTL Line

TRY Mapleine Salad Dressing

When thinking of salad dressing, Mapleine deserves a special place among your favorite recipes. Try this quick recipe: Beat 1 cup of cream until stiff, add 3 tablespoons of Mapleine syrup (full directions for making with every bottle), a few grains of salt and paprika, and 18 tablespoons lemon juice. This is only one of the 300 recipes given in "Mapleine Cookery"—free upon request. A 16-recipe folder with every bottle of Mapleine at your grocers. Crescent Mfg. Co. Department 80, Seattle, U.S.A.

MAPLEINE
Flavoring • Syrup Maker • Meat Saver

THERE are thousands of periodicals
— There is just ONE Newsmagazine

We don't think it will do any good to go to the sheriff again, so we appeal to you for relief."

That night the noisemakers collected several hundred recruits. Sheriff Saunders with a posse confiscated horns, pans, boilers, drums, hoops, hammers, fiddles, saxophones, trays, bells, saws and guns, only to see Finn appear from miles around with fresh noise-making machines.

On the fifteenth night the Juoni-Peterson stronghold capitulated. With Sheriff Saunders acting as liaison officer, the Juonis offered to serve pickled herring, 200 sandwiches and 200 cups of coffee to 200 guests in return for a night's sleep. The charivaris accepted, ate the herring and sandwiches, drank the coffee, left with a bowl filled with \$30 in silver. Outside they were aghast to find that Sheriff Saunders had departed with all their horns, pans, boilers, drums, hoops, hammers, fiddles, saxophones, trays, bells, saws, firearms and new noisemaking machines.



ARVO JUONI & BRIDE

... could not stand horns, pans, boilers, drums, hoops, hammers, fiddles, trays, bells, guns & other noisemaking machines.

Next day a delegation called on the sheriff, asked for their return, explaining they needed them to serenade another bride & groom. The sheriff pondered.

Charivari (German, Katzenmusik; English, "rough-music," "belling"; American, "Shivaree") originated in medieval France where it was the custom to mock-serenade all newly-wed couples, later was restricted to those who remarried too soon or into the families of deceased mates. Early in the 17th century it was forbidden by the Council of Tours under pain of excommunication. The practice was brought to Louisiana and Canada by French immigrants, later spread through Pennsylvania Dutch to other rural settlements, was common two generations ago in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska. No stigma is attached to a charivari in the U. S. Most popular instruments are kitchen utensils and cow bells, but if the groom refuses to furnish food and drink it is deemed fair to fire blank cartridges, throw stones, rotten eggs, dead cats.

MILESTONES

Engaged. Lady May Cambridge, daughter of the Earl & Countess of Athlone, niece of Queen Mary of England; and one Henry Abel Smith, captain of the Royal Horse Guards, Lady May's father's aide while he was Governor-General of the Union of South Africa. Rumor exploded: that Lady May Cambridge would marry the Prince of Wales.

Engaged. Prince Leopold of Löwenstein-Wertheim-Freudenberg; and Countess Blanca de Treuberg, great-granddaughter of Dom Pedro, first emperor of Brazil.

Married. Charles Hamilton Sabin Jr., son of the board chairman of Guaranty Trust Co.; and Mrs. Dorothy Layman Ransell, Washington divorcee, at Gloucester, Mass.

Married. Rufus Daniel Isaacs, 70, Marquess of Reading, onetime Viceroy of India; and Stella Charnaud, 37, his secretary; in London. In 1918 Lord Reading was special ambassador to the U. S. His first wife died in 1930.

Retiring. Dr. James Ewing, 64, for 32 years professor of pathology at Cornell Medical College (TIME, Jan. 12); because that school is merging into the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical College Association Centre and because he wants complete freedom for cancer research; to take effect next summer.

Retired. Capt. Ernest Granville Diggle, commodore of the Cunard fleet, commander of the *Aquitania*; after 43 years at sea.

Birthdays. Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt (70); Stanley Baldwin (64); Sir Harry Lauder (61); Herbert Clark Hoover (57); Ethel Barrymore (52); the Duchess of York (31).

Died. Daniel Read Anthony Jr., 60, onetime Congressman from the first Kansas district, after a ten day illness; near Leavenworth, Kan. A nephew of the late hery Suffrageist Susan Brownell Anthony, he had served as Representative longer (1907-29) than any other Kansan.

Died. Herbert Savage Ide, 61, president of George P. Ide & Co. (collars) since 1928; at Troy, N. Y.

Died. Ernest Hamlin Abbott, 61, son of the late Rev. Lyman Abbott and his successor as editor-in-chief of *The Outlook* (1923-28), author (*Religious Life in America, On the Training of Parents*); at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

Died. Walter Platt Cooke, 62, internationally famed lawyer, financier, onetime president of the Arbitral Tribunal of Interpretation of the Dawes Plan; after prolonged illness; in Buffalo, N. Y.

Died. Judge Alfred J. Murphy, 63, of the Wayne County (Mich.) Circuit Court,

president of Federal Bond & Mortgage Co.; by his own hand (shooting); in Detroit. Long distressed by a grand jury investigation of his company's affairs, he left a note to the coroner: "My health is shattered and I am broken in spirit. . . . Robert Louis Stevenson's words might well be written of me: 'Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much.'"

Died. John Munroe, 64, pioneer publisher (with his father) of paper-back dime novels ("Fireside Library" series, *Daredevil Dick*); after long illness; in Manhattan.

Died. Thomas W. ("Chicago") O'Brien, 68, racetrack plunger; of cancer; at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. One of the few turf gamblers to win consistently, his biggest bet was \$100,000 that Man o' War would outrun Sir Barton (which he did) in a match race in 1920 at odds of 1 to 20. Once a bricklayer, and with no other business than betting, he died a millionaire.

Died. Dr. John Franklin Crowell, 73, onetime president of Trinity College (now Duke University); in East Orange, N. J. Dr. Crowell interested the late Washington Duke, tobacco tycoon, in Trinity College.

Died. Dr. Daniel Hale Williams, 73, famed Negro surgeon; after long illness; in Idlewild, Mich. In 1893 Dr. Williams, operating on a patient who had been stabbed, was reputed the first to stitch the heart of a living person successfully.

Died. Merritt Starr, 75, author *Dante 600 Years After*; after long illness; in Chicago. As Attorney for Standard Oil Co., he caused a \$20,000,000 fine, imposed on the company by Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, to be set aside.

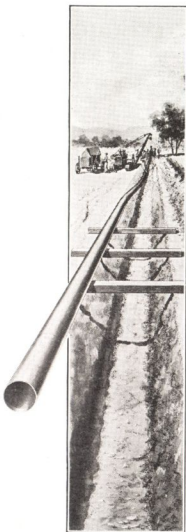
Died. Willis Holly, 77, secretary of the Society of St. Tammany (Tammany Hall); of acute pleurisy; in Manhattan.

Died. John Reisenweber, 79, famed pre-War Manhattan restaurateur (twelve dining rooms, 1,000 employees). U. S. innovator of restaurant dancing, floor shows, couvert charges; after a paralytic stroke; at Woodmere, L. I.

Died. Philip Tell Dodge, 80, inventor, patent attorney, onetime president of the Mergenthaler Linotype Co. (which his son Norman heads), International Paper Co., Royal Typewriter Co., Columbia Phonograph Co. Inc.; of broncho-pneumonia; at Rye, N. Y.

Died. Red Tomahawk, 82, who killed Sitting Bull, outlaw Sioux chief, in 1890; of old age; on the Standing Rock Indian Reservation, near Cannon Ball, N. Dak.

Died. Uriah Darwin Thomas Murray, 91, father of Oklahoma's Governor William Henry ("Cocklebur Bill") Murray (see p. 9); of influenza; at Bethany, Okla. Last winter Uriah Darwin Thomas Murray stood hatless in a chill winter wind, administered the oath of office to his son.



NATURAL GAS PROJECT

—a job of co-ordination

In the recent natural gas project for the Western Gas Company, Stone & Webster Engineering Corporation was employed to manage the construction of the 290 miles of pipe line in the Southwest. The interests of five different groups were involved.

Due to the established methods and experienced personnel of our organization, the work proceeded on schedule time and at low cost to the satisfaction of the banking, the utility, the mining, and the various construction and contractor groups.

STONE & WEBSTER ENGINEERING CORPORATION

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WILLIAM McCLELLAN and COMPANY, LIMITED, Montreal

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are faithfully characterized below. From among them you may wisely choose a school in almost any part of the country. All are favorably known for their faculty, equipment, and varied program of sports.

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ABBOT ACADEMY

Entering its 100th year. Rich in tradition. Modern in equipment and spirit. A successful college preparatory school and more, emphasizing Art, Music, Literature, and Athletics. 170 Girls. Tuition: \$1400.
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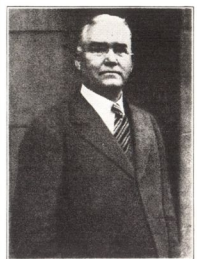
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EDUCATION

Columbia, China, Iraq

When Professor Paul Monroe looks up from his Director's desk in the International Institute of Teachers College at Columbia University, his eye falls fondly and proudly on a thickly dotted map showing the number of students from foreign



International

PROFESSOR PAUL MONROE

... from Morningside Heights to Baghdad.

lands who have studied under his guidance. Last week white-haired Dr. Monroe, who looks like the late Warren Gamaliel Harding in spectacles, was triply honored. From Baghdad came an invitation to be president of the Iraq Educational Survey. From Persia came a decoration—the Order of Science Achievement, 1st Class—for his services to international learning. And in Denver 4,000 delegates of the World Federation of Education Associations elected him their president. Dr. Monroe, 62, delayed his reply to Denver but accepted the invitation from Baghdad.

An occasional game of golf (medium) is the only pastime allowed to punctuate Professor Monroe's far-flung cultural ministrations, which have extended to Poland, Yugoslavia, Smyrna, Porto Rico, China. Long a cordial sympathizer with the woes of China, it was Dr. Monroe who formed the plan whereby the Boxer indemnities, remitted by Congress in 1924, were steered into a fund for Chinese educational development. Last winter, fearful lest China turn Red, he urged the State Department to have German Reparations applied by capitalist Europe and the U. S. to China, to disband armies, build public works. The State Department pigeonholed that idea.

In January, Dr. Monroe will sail for Iraq, site of ancient Babylon, Ur, Nineveh. Now a British Mandate, Iraq will enter the League of Nations next year, end British control. Dr. Monroe's job with the Iraqi will be to modernize their schools, train them along occidental lines.

Children of All Ages*

CHILDREN AND OLDER PEOPLE—Ruth Suckow—Knopf (\$2.50).

Pigeon-holders used to put Ruth Suckow into the compartment marked "Dreary Middle West, small-town." Pigeon-holders were wrong. Authoress Suckow is not one of those documentary writers who cannot see the people for the buildings. She has more than a hint of that knack Katherine Mansfield had, which many a Russian writer has, of holding a simplifying lens up to human nature. In this book of 14 short stories about *Children and Older People* you have the almost constant feeling that you are seeing people as they are.

Some of her exhibits:

A beautiful little girl, adored only child of her parents, takes the principal part



Maillard Kissile

RUTH SUCKOW

... switched her bees from hives to bonnet.

in the church Christmas Eve festival. What a strain! But what applause!

A girl who has given up many a marriage chance to be the town doctor's mistress watches him gradually tire of her.

A little girl who has managed to insinuate herself into a bigger children's game is discovered and sent to bed by her parents, dismays them by her despair.

Another little girl, most unpopular at school, starts her climb to popularity by sending herself a valentine.

A small boy whose father has recently died becomes the man of the family by getting a job behind a soda-fountain, shows his mother that he, and no step-father, will fill his father's shoes.

The Author. Daughter of a Congregational minister in Hawarden, Ia. (she was born in 1897). Ruth Suckow was a writing child. After she was graduated from the University of Denver she taught there for a while, then took to bee-keeping. For

six years she was manager-owner of the Orchard Apiary at Earlville, Ia., ran it at a profit. Henry Louis Mencken, then co-editor of *Smart Set*, bought her first stories, which pleased him considerably. Soon she switched the bees from their hives to her bonnet, where they have since buzzed to good effect. Two years ago she married one Ferner Nuhn of Cedar Falls, Ia. She lives in Manhattan, where she likes the literary atmosphere. Other books: *Country People*, *The Odyssey of a Nice Girl*, *Iowa Interiors*, *The Bonney Family*, *Cora*, *The Kramer Girls*.

Summer Stuff

MARTIN'S SUMMER—Vicki Baum—Cosmopolitan (\$2).

BEGINNERS LUCK—Emily Hahn—Brewer, Warren & Putnam (\$2).

In the late great Good Old Days publishers would think twice, thrice, about putting out solid wares in the light-minded summer season, would generally offer fripperies and froufrou. Competition has somewhat altered the case, but summer still turns (temporarily) many a serious publisher into a soufflé-monger. Here are two concoctions guaranteed digestible in hot weather.

❶ Authoress Vicki Baum, whose dramatized *Grand Hotel* has made a hit on Broadway, tells a light-heartedly lubricious tale of an Adonisian swimming instructor and the damage he did at a German summer resort. Martin was a serious-minded young man (he had invented a paper substitute for cinema film) who found himself temporarily out of a job and turned his hobby into a cab-horse. But he was beautiful as the day, and women of all girths and dimensions flocked to his instruction. Martin was kind-hearted, with a good digestion and an equable temper; but before the summer was nearly over his patience and self-control were shaky. Of course he fell in love, and of course he had a stormy time of it. Equally of course all turned out for the melodramatic best.

❷ Emily Hahn's first book, *Seductio ad Absurdum*, was not only funny but shrewd. *Beginners Luck*, her second, is more ambitious than a marshmallow, but a marshmallow it is. Blake had been kicked out of an Eastern prep school for being a menace to the community. Gin was a girl who had left home, was now a guide on New Mexican bus tours. Teddy had come from poor but respectable parents to be an artist in the South-west. They all met in Santa Fe, played together, thought it would be glorious to run away to Mexico. So they did. Just before they reached the border Teddy, the most grown-up, turned the car, drove them grimly back to Santa Fe. Emily Hahn writes so well, puts her people through such lifelike paces, you keep wondering when she is going to tell you something worth listening to. But she never does.

Huxley's 19th

MUSIC AT NIGHT—Aldous Huxley—Fountain Press (\$10).*

Once considered a smart young bad boy of English letters, Aldous Huxley is conquering his cleverness, subduing it to a useful tool. Born a highbrow, he has become an uncommonly sensible intellectual realist. There are times in this collection of essays when he reminds you of the late forthright Enoch Arnold Bennett. The voice is similar but the hands are different: for Huxley is on the whole preoccupied with universal, not parochial, themes.

His subjects are *Tragedy and the Whole Truth*, *Art and the Obvious*, *Meditation on the Moon*, *Beliefs and Actions*, *Liberty and the Promised Land*, *To the Puritan All Things Are Impure*, *History and the Past*, etc. Of tragedy he says: "The fact is that tragedy and what I have



Pirie MacDonold

ALDOUS HUXLEY

... breaks down if he stops.

called the Whole Truth are not compatible; where one is, the other is not. . . . Of all the important works of contemporary literature not one is a pure tragedy. There is no contemporary writer of significance who does not prefer to state or imply the Whole Truth." Huxley believes democracy, equality are against nature. "To every one that hath shall be given and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath," is the formulation of a natural law. We can do something to limit the operation of this law . . . but we can no more abolish the law itself than we can abolish the law of gravitation."

As Huxley has grown less of an intellectual cut-up his pyrotechnical language has steadied to a lucid glow. But now & then he will still point a purple passage: "Moonless, this June night is all the more alive with stars. Its darkness is perfumed with faint gusts from the blossoming lime trees, with the smell of wetted earth and the invisible greenness of the vines. . . . Far away, the passage of a train is like a long caress, moving gently, with an inexorable

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

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—MILES J. BREUER, in *Social Science*.

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gentleness, across the warm living body of the night."

The Author. Only 36, Aldous Leonard Huxley has now published 19 books. His weak eyes failed him at 17, left him practically blind for several years, prevented him from becoming a doctor, for which he is glad. After the War he joined the editorial staff of the London *Athenaeum*, under Editor John Middleton Murry, whom he later pilloried in *Point Counter Point*. Good friend and admirer of the late David Herbert Lawrence, Huxley is now editing Lawrence's letters, is said to be writing his biography. Tall, thin, stooping, energetic, Huxley says: "I rarely take a complete holiday, as I find that my health begins to break down as soon as I stop working." Other books: *Leda*, *Crome Yellow*, *Those Barren Leaves*, *Two or Three Graces*, *Do What You Will*.

Dead Swan

SHORTER POEMS—Robert Bridges—Oxford Press (\$5).*

The late Robert Bridges was one of the most scholarly of England's Poets Laureate. It was never the popularity of the mellifluously noble Alfred Lord Tennyson, of the beauty-beseeching John Massfield, his neighbor on Oxford's Boar's Hill, his successor in office. Even Bridges' greatest work, *The Testament of Beauty*, is too caviarish philosophical for general taste. But in this new collection of his shorter poems are to be found at least half a dozen that should be anthologically apt.

Not a sea-poet, Bridges wrote at least one poem on a ship ("A Passenger-By") which the Admiralty might approve. Its opening lines ring almost Whitmanesque to a U. S. ear:

Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails
crowding,
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent
West. . . .

No proper English poet has failed to write of the nightingale. Bridges' "Nightingales" can stand with any of them:

Beautiful must be the mountains whence
ye come,
And bright in the fruitful valleys the
streams, wherefrom
Ye learn your song:
Where are those starry woods? O might
I wander there,
Among the flowers, which in that heavenly
air
Bloom the year long!

Nay, barren are those mountains o'erprint
the streams:

Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts
our dreams,

A throe of the heart,
Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes
profound,

No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,
For all our art.

Alone, alone in the raptured ear of men
We pour our dark nocturnal secret; and
then,

As night is withdrawn
From these sweet-springing meads and
bursting boughs of May,
Dream, while the innumerable choir of
day
Welcome the dawn.

*Published July 16.

MUSIC

Pleyel & Erard

When Marie Antoinette heard about the Duchess of Villeroi's fine new piano, she wanted one too. Who had built it? A certain young architect and engineer of Strasbourg named Sebastian Erard. Then let Sebastian Erard make another one for Versailles, let it be embellished with painting, gold-leaf and ivory. The instrument won the admiration of the court. Thereafter Piano-Maker Erard had more work than he and his brother could do.

Fifteen years later another man came to Paris from Strasbourg where a while before the patriots had almost guillotined him. He was the 24th son of an Austrian schoolmaster. His name was Ignaz Joseph Pleyel, composer of 29 symphonies, friend and pupil of Haydn. For a while he ran a music shop, published the first complete edition of Haydn's quartets. Mozart wrote of him: "How fortunate music would be if Pleyel could replace Haydn," but Composer Pleyel also turned to the manufacture of pianos. He played his pianos at the great courts of Europe, turned to farming in later life, died in 1831, the year of Sebastian Erard's death.

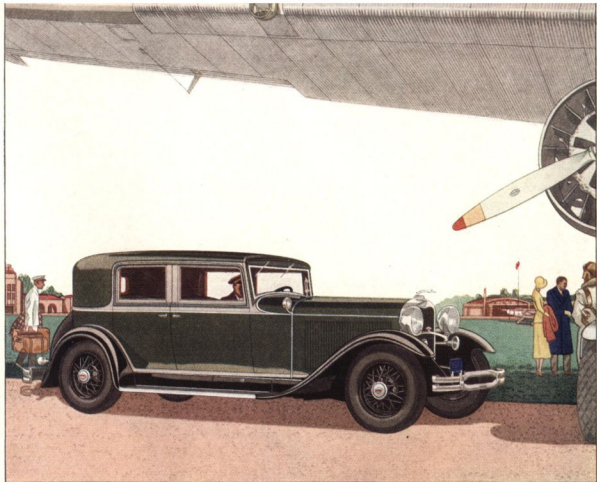
Last week, after 124 years of stiff competition, came word that the old firms of Pleyel and Erard had merged. Their instruments will henceforth be produced at the Pleyel works (St-Denis). Erard and Pleyel pianos are not the finest made in France (the Gaveau is considered finer), nevertheless they are first-class instruments. Pleyel owns the great modernistic Salle Pleyel in the Faubourg St-Honoré.

"So Sensitive!"

At Bologna three months ago, Conductor Arturo Toscanini was set upon and buffeted by a Fascist mob because he would not play their anthem (*Giovinezza*) at a concert he was conducting in memory of his dead friend, Composer Giuseppe Martucci (TIME, June 22). At that time Leopold Stokowski of the Philadelphia Orchestra said in Berlin: "The Fascists will kill that man yet. He is so sensitive that he will never be able to stand the shock."

Aside from a good scaring. Conductor Toscanini suffered no after-ill from the Bologna beating, but last week at Bayreuth, where he was rehearsing for a concert of the Wagnerian festival, it became evident he is still sensitive. While conducting the first portion of the *Faust* overture, he suddenly became so irritated with the Bayreuth Orchestra that he snapped his baton to bits, threw the bits to the floor, stamped off the podium. He did not appear at the concert that night. The overture had to be scratched off the program.

It took Frau Winifred Wagner—widow of Son Siegfried Wagner and last of the family to run things at Bayreuth—to cajole the Maestro out of his tantrum, persuade him to conduct the next evening's *Tannhäuser*. It also took some coddling to persuade the disgruntled musicians to play for the Maestro.



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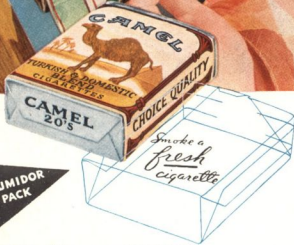
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