

# TIME

*The Weekly Newsmagazine*

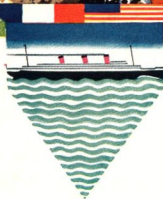


GOVERNOR ROSS SHAW STERLING

*As Texas goes, so goes the South.*  
(See NATIONAL AFFAIRS)

Volume XVIII

Number 12



 **ILE DE FRANCE**  
Oct. 2, Oct. 23

 **PARIS**  
Oct. 9, Dec. 1

 **FRANCE**  
Oct. 26

 **LAFAYETTE**  
Oct. 7, Nov. 5

 **DE GRASSE**  
Oct. 24, Nov. 25

 **ROCHAMBEAU**  
Sept. 28, Nov. 11

## R \* S \* V \* P

**T**HIS is a true picture of a lobster. He looks unusual. By all standards of art and flavor he is. But passengers who have crossed on the "France" know him well.

Only this morning he was alive and pugnacious in a salt-water aquarium on board. He was snapped out of it. He was boiled. His fresh and delicate contents were extracted. They mounted, on a rock, on a silver platter, his empty vermilion shell; the meat of him was minced fine and contrived into canapés. Each canapé was then spread with canary-yellow mayonnaise, and on that a mischievous pattern was spotted in truffle. Each canapé was thereupon mounted on a silver

skewer, and stuck in the back of the lobster-rampant, the whole was frosted with sea-spray jelly to make him look just-out-of-the-water, and the triumphant result was served to a table of four.

For what? As an *hors d'oeuvre*, merely—an incidental appetizer for another typical French Line luncheon.

But were these favored passengers, then? No—except as all passengers on the French Line are favored passengers. They just happened to feel lobsterish, so the chef gratified that feeling with a typical French *différence*. . . . What the chef did with the lobster, the chief steward was doing in his own department to make each guest enjoy himself a little more—so was the cabin steward—so even was the tiny "groom" who runs errands. There is no secret about why French Line passengers are so violently enthusiastic—they're just admirably cared-for.

This lobster, then, begs you to accept his standing invitation. He begs you to R.S.V.P. by getting in touch with a French Line agent. And soon. . . . French Line, 19 State St., New York, or authorized French Line agents everywhere.



**French Line**



*Enlarged reproduction of photograph, suitable for framing, will be mailed upon request—Oakland Motor Car Co., 200 Oakland Ave., Pontiac, Michigan*

MAKING NEW FRIENDS  
AND KEEPING THE OLD



## YES, YOU CAN DEPEND ON IT . . .

The man who speeds the 'limited' knows well he can depend not only on his engine but also on the men who guard his course. Seldom does he meet these men who mean so much to him. Perhaps just the flash of a face as a block tower looms and is gone . . . a lonely figure along the track . . . the blur of an eyeshade at a station window . . . but he knows they are there, doing their part.

Isn't it true *everywhere* that success depends on how well each man does his job? We know it is true at Oakland. We know that our plants and engineering are as fine as any in the industry. But they gain their fullest usefulness only through the skillful hands of careful men.

In fact, our system is based upon their painstaking care. As each part comes along to a man, he first makes sure it is all right before he starts work

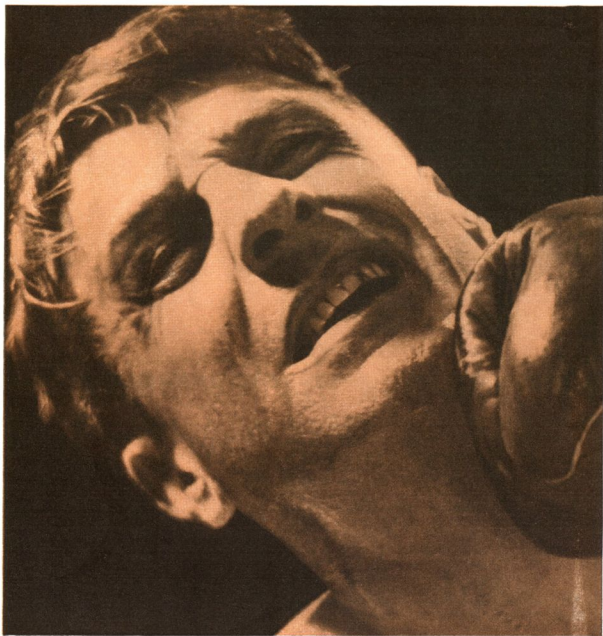
on it. Then he does his job, and checks that, too. When it leaves his hands, he's responsible for it in every way.

Of course, we have hundreds of inspectors who do nothing else but make sure our cars are built exactly right. Over them is a chief who has authority such as you'll seldom find anywhere. His only superior is the president himself. If necessary, the chief inspector can stop the plant. *It all amounts to double protection for you* . . . first, the watchfulness of many workers; second, the supervision of men responsible for quality alone.

We think you'll see in our cars what all this care can mean. Not only good design . . . but care in every detail. And, after driving your Oakland or Pontiac many miles, we think you'll know it was made by men you can depend upon.

OAKLAND 8  PONTIAC 6  
P R O D U C T S O F G E N E R A L M O T O R S  
Bodies by Fisher

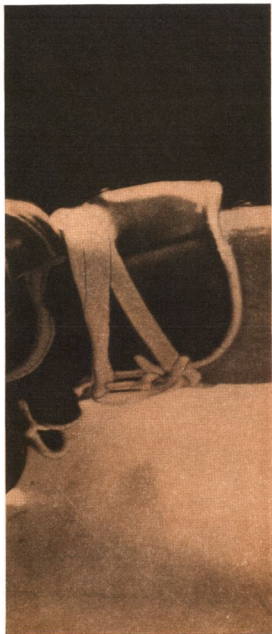
# The fire alarm that never



## SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS



# Rang .. Because a Scripps-Howard editorial Didn't pull its punch



[LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM]

A Scripps-Howard editor dropped in to the fights one night at a boxing club in his city.

His eye saw spectators packed into every corner and cranny of the hall. Jamming the aisles. Cramming the exits. Not a fireman in sight. And a perfect fire trap.

His mind's eye saw the holocaust that could happen in the small flame of one careless match.

He saw, in his mind's eye, the desperate rush of fire engines, sirens screaming. He saw the mad, trampling, helpless crowds in their hopeless fight to escape. He saw black headlines, and bleak faces scanning the casualty lists beneath them. He thought of the files of his newspaper and the fires recorded there, gray records of red disaster.

He left the fights. And started a fight of his own. And didn't pull his punches.

An editorial fight for public safety. For fire regulation enforcement. So that a citizen could take an evening's amusement without taking his life in his hands.

There isn't any news in a fire that never happened. But the editor held to the Scripps-Howard belief that, while a newspaper serves by purveying news, it serves equally by preventing it . . . should that news be bad news, and preventable.

There isn't much excitement in a fire alarm that never rang. But he believed that a newspaper's duty is often akin to the Chinese doctor's who is paid for keeping his patients safe and well. For prevention, rather than for cure.

There isn't much excitement in this whole recital. The only thing in that city that flamed was the editor's editorials. But quietly, surely, and completely, they made a city safer for its citizens.

And, judging by the standing of Scripps-Howard Newspapers in the cities they serve, there isn't much doubt about the citizen appreciation — and response to news, editorial and advertising columns, alike.

NEW YORK . . . *World-Telegram*  
CLEVELAND . . . . . *Press*  
BALTIMORE . . . . . *Post*  
PITTSBURGH . . . . . *Press*  
SAN FRANCISCO . . . *News*  
WASHINGTON . . . . *News*

CINCINNATI . . . . . *Post*  
BUFFALO . . . . . *Times*  
INDIANAPOLIS . . . *Times*  
DENVER . . . . . *Rocky Mt. News*  
TOLEDO . . . . . *News-Bee*  
COVINGTON . . . . . *Kentucky Post*  
— *Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*



COLUMBUS . . . . . *Citizen*  
AKRON . . . . . *Times-Press*  
BIRMINGHAM . . . . *Post*  
MEMPHIS . . . . . *Press-Semitar*  
HOUSTON . . . . . *Press*  
YOUNGSTOWN . . . . . *Telegram*  
ALBUQUERQUE . . . . *New Mexico State Tribune*

FORT WORTH . . . . *Press*  
OKLAHOMA CITY . . *News*  
KNOXVILLE . . . . . *News-Sentinel*  
EL PASO . . . . . *Herald-Post*  
SAN DIEGO . . . . . *San*  
EVANSVILLE . . . . *Press*



## Pictures Like This...With a Graflex

Because — on the ground glass in the Graflex hood you see every change of expression, in full picture size, up to the instant of click—the shutter.



The Graflex ground glass showed, in advance, every detail of pose and expression; in addition, the swift Graflex focal plane shutter made blurring from sudden movement impossible.

(Sales Executives: Write for data re: Business Uses of Graflex)

Let nearest dealer show you the superior Camera for better pictures.

# GRAFLEX

FOLMER GRAFLEX CORP., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Folmer Graflex Corp., Dept. 110, Rochester, N.Y.

Please send booklet "Why a Graflex?"

... to name on margin of this page.

## L E T T E R S

### Cotton Figure

Sirs:

Your issue of Sept. 7 contains a letter from the Chairman of the Committee on Information and Statistics of the New York Cotton Exchange, from which I quote in part:

"I find that you give the estimate by the Department of Agriculture of the 1931 cotton crop as 13,685,000 bales. . . .

"May I point out to you that this figure is incorrect inasmuch as the Department in their estimate of Aug. 8, placed the crop at 13,584,000 bales. . . ."

On Sept. 8 the Department of Agriculture released to the Press its estimate of the cotton crop as of Sept. 1. Strangely enough, this figure was 13,685,000 bales. Has TIME become a prognosticator? And, if so, how remarkably accurate? Or is it just one of those unexplainable coincidences? . . .

LEON FLETCHER JR.

New York City  
Coincidence.—Ed.

### Depression & The Navy

Sirs:

In your issue of Aug. 31 under the title Army & Navy, sub-title "A. W. O. L.," it is noted that you concluded the article with the statement "The Navy thanked Depression." It is perfectly true that the Navy had only 43 deserters for the fiscal year 1931, but it attributes this record to "selective recruiting" rather than Depression. A deserter is the type of man who has't the moral character to live up to his obligations and it cannot be expected of a man of this type to "look before he leaps."

The Navy still employs gaudy posters and masts its recruiting stations with nattily dressed sailors—not to tempt the satisfied civilian but to inform him of the opportunities the Navy has to offer.

Depression has little to do with recruiting, as "drifters" are not even considered by the Recruiting Officers. The requirements for enlistment in the Navy at the present time are higher than the entrance requirements in many colleges. A man must be a perfect physical specimen, produce four references from prominent men in his community, have a clear police record and pass a general classification test with a minimum mark of 75%. . . .

J. M. LEWIS  
Lt. Comdr., U. S. Navy  
U. S. Navy Recruiting Station  
Salt Lake City, Utah

### Bonifils' Trout

Sirs:

Noticing the comment on Bonifils' "great" exploit in the fishing stream in TIME (Sept. 7), I call your attention to the comment carried also by the Longmont, Colo. *Times-Coll*, and which has been reprinted by numerous Colorado papers.

MARTIN WALKER  
Publisher

Daily Sentinel  
Grand Junction, Col.

According to the *Times-Coll*, the 7 1/2 lb. rainbow trout caught by Publisher Fred G. Bonifils of the Denver *Post* and glorified in that exaggerating sheet, was a tame

trout named Elmer "known to hundreds of visitors to the Miller preserve, from whom he would accept remnants of lunch, coming half out of the water to eat out of their hands. A friendly and sociable trout was Elmer and he did tricks for the tourists including a watery rendition of 'Sweet Adeline' when his crumbs were soaked in the drippings of the picnic flask.

"Then came Bonifils wading in the pool and as the trusting Elmer, thinking him a friend, rubbed his scaly sides against the boots of the fisherman, purring happily, he was seized roughly by the gills and thrown ashore."—Ed.

### Cathedral

Sirs:

Referring to your caption "Flesh Cathedral" in the Sept. 7 issue, description of Mr. Earl Carroll's new playhouse in New York, permit an original subscriber to your always interesting weekly to send the following comment:

The word "cathedral" is a misnomer when applied to any building, however costly or impressive, that is not associated with an offering of worship and service to Almighty God.

Strictly speaking (and according to Webster's *New International Dictionary*) a cathedral is the church which contains the *cathedra* or Bishop's official chair or throne, and which is, therefore, the principal church in a diocese, as St. Paul's Cathedral in London. . . .

The Bishop's chair to be placed some day in the completed Sanctuary of Washington Cathedral is known as the "Glastonbury Cathedra" because it is made of stones from the ancient church erected at Glastonbury Abbey in the 6th Century. Mr. Stanley Austin, the donor of these historic stones, wished them to serve as witness to the continuity of the Christian Church. . . .

EDWIN N. LEWIS  
Editor

The Cathedral Age  
Washington, D. C.

TIME called Showman Carroll's theatre a "cathedral" only figuratively. Yet in it is that which might approximate a Bishop's Chair. First Box on the audience's right in the auditorium is the Official Box, reserved for great and busy dignitaries who may want to inspect Mr. Carroll's girl spectacle yet not be out of touch with their business affairs. Off the Official Box is a Conference Room, equipped with a sound-proof plate glass telephone booth. From the Box through double, automatic, fire-proof doors the stage can be reached. When not occupied by notables, seats in the Official Box are sold to the general public at \$3 each. Last week officials of U. S. Steel Corp., American Tobacco Co. and Standard Oil Co. of New York bought the Official Box. John Davison Rockefeller Jr. declined an offer of it.

## "CURT, CLEAR, COMPLETE"

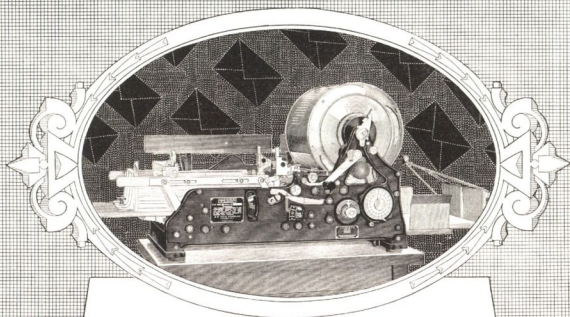
—and the Subscription price is \$5 yearly

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

Please enter my subscription for TIME, for one year, and send me a bill (\$5; Canada, \$8; Foreign, \$6).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



### INSIDE THE ENVELOPE

An unopened letter always holds a mystery. What's inside? That's a question—perhaps even an adventure. If it's cleverly illustrated, it was probably done on the Mimeograph. By simply tracing on the stencil sheet, almost any line drawing can be quickly duplicated. A distinctive Mimeograph feature! Illustrations, charts, forms, bulletins, diagrams, maps, etc.—anything written, typewritten or drawn in line—speedily reproduced by hundreds and thousands at highest speed and lowest cost. That's why business the world over is using the Mimeograph today as never before. And that's why you should learn more about it now. Banks, railroads, schools, and industries of all sorts are daily achieving new economies by mimeographing needed form sheets. » » For full particulars address A. B. Dick Company, Chicago. Or 'phone branch office in principal cities; see Mimeograph trademark heading in classified directory.

# M I M E O G R A P H





## Small-Bubble Lather BANISHES evening shave nuisance

Because Colgate's softens beards at the skin-line,  
Colgate's shaves are close—and much longer-lasting

There's only one reason for having to shave again in the evening. It's *this*. Your blade in the morning didn't shave close enough. But lather up with Colgate's... your beard is softened at the base... your razor takes off each whisker clean and close. Result: a longer lasting shave.

Here's why...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.

### 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.



ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-foam (greatly weakened) of ordinary shaving cream allows hair to rise. Air film bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard and force their hard air instead of water against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather (same magnification) shows how moisture of fine bubbles (and water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard) softens every whisker right where the razor works.



COLGATE, Dept. M-1132, P. O. Box 573  
Grand Central Post Office, New York City

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

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

FREE

There are also two backstage boxes, one on each side, reserved for friends of the cast and Showman Carroll's favorite visitors.—Ed.

### All Things

Sirs:

Your slogan "Time brings all things" was amusingly proven to me this summer when my sister and I were driving through an old Georgia city.

To our astonishment we found nearly every street unmarked, and as we wished to pay a short visit to relatives there, we were quite disappointed. After searching blindly—as it were—for the desired address, we asked a citizen for directions, which he courteously gave, but which proved to be absolutely incorrect.

There we were, strangers in a strangely unmarked city, and so discouraged with our weary search that we decided to give up; then suddenly my eyes were gladdened by the familiar red, white and black cover of TIME. The owner of your News Magazine had evidently just been to the Post Office—for under his arm were tucked a batch of letters, while he spread TIME wide with both hands and read with greedy eyes. Judging him by his choice of reading matter I decided he could intelligently give us the desired information. He did! And after a pleasant visit with our relatives we resumed our journey, praising "TIME which brings all things!"

(MRS.) VERA TART MARSH

Jacksonville, Fla.

### Choir Boys' Fun

Sirs:

TIME, Aug. 31, following G. F. Speers' Big Frog Eats Little Duck Story, edi-comments, welcoming news of other frog feasts.

At the St. Peter's Episcopal Church (Chicago) Choir's Summer Encampment at Paddock Lake, Wis., in 1913, the writer and other choir boy campers learned much of the ways of frogs, snakes, hell-divers, etc.

FROG FEAT. A small green frog and a 24-inch long snake, both captured in the environs of the lake, were placed on the ground facing each other, few inches apart. After a few minutes of staring at each other, the frog was struck at, seized and gradually swallowed by the snake, forming a slowly moving lump in the forepart of the snake. A tickling of the snake's underside, just behind the lump would cause the snake to "throw up" the frog, apparently unharmed from his experience, and the frog could hop away, provided we did not wait too long before tickling the snake. True, his green coat would be bleached out a little. When we waited too long to tickle the snake, the frog would be disgorged in a lifeless, bleached out condition.

Perhaps those were Jonah Frogs and Whale Snakes we played with.

VICTOR L. SODERBERG

Springsfield, Ohio

### Again, Hogg

Sirs:

Didn't you say once—when speaking of Will Hogg's death—there were no daughters except Ima? (TIME, Sept. 7, 1930.) Possibly you said there were no other daughters of the late Governor Hogg alive named Ura and Hoosa Hogg.

Not especially interested but just happened to recall the item when I read the enclosed.

W. C. ELLIOTT

Kansas City, Mo.

The enclosed: a clipping from the Kansas City Star, "In Kansas City 40 Years Ago." Excerpt: "At the union depot today, on their way from Colorado to Texas via Kansas City, was Governor J. S. Hogg of Texas and his three charming daughters, Ima Hogg, Ura Hogg and Hoosa Hogg."—Ed.

### Cats; and Worse

Sirs:

Our copy editor did not reach our residence last week (Friday) with the usual mail, sometimes Saturday) or else was stolen from the mail table in the lobby.

This is one of the highest grade apartment houses in the city, but it has its cats; and so. And as it was built about nine years ago the mail boxes are not deep enough to take TIME.

*Biggest news of the year!*

## ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA A NEW LOW PRICE

**A**n unprecedented reduction from the standard price of the New Britannica is now publicly announced.

You can now buy the Britannica (14th and latest Edition) at a new, wonderfully low price. This price represents a saving of many dollars over previous regular prices. Here is a remarkable bargain and there is bound to be a big demand for the sets available.

After weeks of investigation and thoughtful planning, it was found that the manufacturers could make substantial savings in the cost of paper, binding material, printing and overhead, provided we ordered a printing equal to the largest single printing ever made by the Britannica.

Day and night since early summer, therefore, giant presses have been turning out thousands of volumes and we have now completed a printing equal to the biggest single impression of the new Britannica ever made.

The resulting economies are passed on to you. *You pay less, because we printed more.*

**Chief Justice Hughes—**  
"Comprehensive and authoritative. Nothing has been left undone to make it thorough and complete."

**General Harbord—**  
"No modern American home can afford to be without this valuable reference work."

We believe that many thousands of keen, progressive and prudent people who have always wanted the Britannica will now buy it.

We believe that this printing—large as it is—will be sold out in a comparatively short time, but we frankly don't know whether business conditions will ever make it possible to duplicate this unusually low price again. *You can't afford to delay.*

Send at once for particulars. Now is the time to get full details about the new low prices.

Tear out the corner blank below and you will receive by return mail a large, beautiful, 56-page booklet, rich with color plates, maps and sample pages. It contains a full description of the Britannica and how you can make it your most useful possession. *Send the coupon for the large booklet today.*

### \$5 down and only \$5 a month

Our Thrift Plan of purchase favors the pocket-book. Only \$5 down is required to bring the set to your home for immediate use. The balance is payable in a few monthly installments of \$5 or more, as you wish.

**Emily Newell Blair—**  
"The homemaker needs this new Britannica."

**Emil Ludwig—**  
"A pantheon of the living, and a great harbor of modern science and research."

**What You Get—**The 24 large volumes carry 35,000,000 words written by 3,500 authorities and are richly illustrated with 15,000 pictures, many in full color, and with 500 maps—the whole, indexed with 500,000 separate entries.

**Send for this free new booklet today!**

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, Inc.  
342 Madison Ave. • New York City

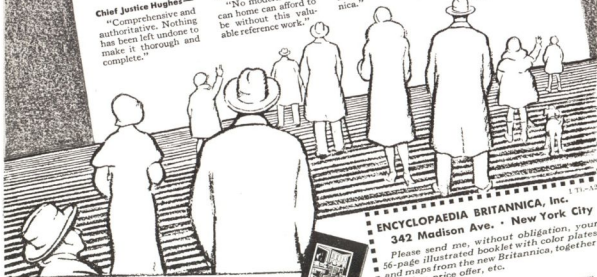
Please send me, without obligation, your 56-page illustrated booklet with color plates and maps from the new Britannica, together with low-price offer, etc.

Name .....

Address .....

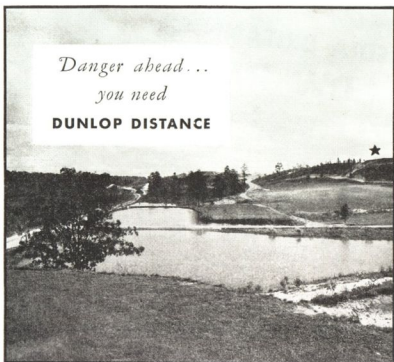
State .....

City .....





## FAMOUS WATERHOLES OF AMERICA



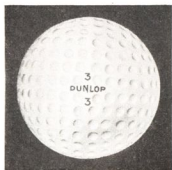
*Danger ahead...  
you need*  
**DUNLOP DISTANCE**

★ Eighteenth tee on famous Pine Valley Course, Clemont, N. J.

**H**ERE'S a hole where you need every bit of distance you can get. Over 400 yards long and your second shot brings you smack up against this stretch of water. Yes, you need more than distance, you need confidence. And you have both, if you are playing the Imported Dunlop. You feel the distance in a Dunlop in the very click off the club. You feel its dependability on the fairway, its unwavering accuracy on the green. Think: in all your golfing experience, have you ever heard anyone ask for a better golf ball than a Dunlop? At your pro's, ask him today.

*Imported*  
**DUNLOP**  
**#1**

MESH OR RECESSED MARKING



Can you let me have another copy . . . ?

Milwaukee, Wis.

J. S. MILLER

To Subscriber Miller, another copy instant.—Ed.

### Discovery

Sirs:

Your magazine surely is a great help to Alaskans. Not since old Gold Creek Charlie hit pay on Salmon Creek has there been such a discovery. Here, where mail most of the year comes but once every week or ten days, our copy of TIME comes with just that news that helps us keep up to date with the "outside."

JACK CONWAY  
Postmaster

Skagway, Alaska

P. S. The enclosed lines by Charles Dickens just seem to fit: "The voice of Time cries to man, 'Advance!' Time is for his advancement and improvement; for his greater worth, his greater happiness, his better life."

### Duquesne

Sirs:

On p. 20 TIME, Aug. 24 under "People" there appears a reference to the "Duquesne" Club of Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh's bright sun shines daily on an important street, an excellent university, an historical museum, a city section, a populous suburb and an exclusive club all bearing the name of the French fort "Duquesne," which became the British fort and the birth of our nation.

J. N. FITZGERALD

Pittsburgh, Pa.

P. S. Don't miss the point about the sun. It does! It does! It does! It does!

### Soup! Soup!

Sirs:

Soup! Soup! How much soup? Will you please inform me as to how many cans of soup Campbell Soup Co. produces daily?

ROD VAN LEUWEN

New York City

Campbell Soup Co. will not tell.—Ed.

### Wrong Jay Holmes

Sirs:

I have read with much interest your article in the Aug. 31 issue of TIME regarding my alleged fishing exploits. Like the report of Mark Twain's death it was somewhat exaggerated. Obviously you have confused me with the other Holmes whose name, like my nickname, is Jay and who is, as I am not, the grandson of the late Charles Fleischmann (yeast). This confusion of our two names is not unprecedented but, as you can imagine, it is annoying.

JABISH HOLMES JR.

New York City

TIME deeply regrets having confused Jabish ("Jay") Holmes Jr. of Manhattan with the Jay Holmes who used to be Julius Fleischmann Holmes of Cincinnati.—Ed.

## TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine  
Glee, U.S.A. Pub. 5817

Editor: Henry R. Luce.

Managing Editor: John S. Martin.

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

Correspondence pertaining to editorial content should be sent to 265 East 42nd Street, New York.

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

Changes of address: Two weeks notice required for change of address. When ordering a change, please give both the new address and the old address.

Address all correspondence regarding subscription, index, binders, bound volumes, to the Circulation Manager, 350 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Ill.

# A TIP ON THE \$OCK MARKET

BY EDDIE CANTOR

*I've sunk a small-sized fortune in gilt-edge socks—and lost my shirt. I've bought them outright and my toes came right out. I've margined them; and they split four-for-one.*

I TRIED blaming my feet, but they were too calloused to mind.

It got so bad I'd be singing a number in brand-new socks and before the first chorus I'd be on my feet again. With one encore the socks became leggings. Why, if I holed out in golf the way I holed out in socks, I'd be a golfer instead of a hooper.

ONE day a successful friend of mine in the brokerage business—well, anyway, a friend of mine in the brokerage business—came

to me and said, "Eddie, here's a red hot tip on the sock market—you can't lose!"

I dared him to call me that again.

"Tut, tut," he said, "you can put on these socks and forget them. Look, you've been going to specialists ever since you could afford two-pants suits. Here's the 'phone number of a Specialist in Socks. Put your feet in his hands."

SO ONE day, having nothing to do but a matinee, three benefits and an evening performance, I called up the Sock Specialist. In a few minutes he arrived.

I stuck out my tongue, said "Ah-h," held up my pulse and pointed to my foot.

Looking critically at it, he said, "You have Holothesis. Size 10½,

Style 20, black, will fix you up."

"If they do, it'll be the first time."

"Then," said the Specialist, "you have never worn a pair of Realsilk Socks. They have six piles to keep five toes permanently confined. They have double soles to keep the foot separated from the shoe. They have non-rippable tops. They have features no other socks ever dreamed of having."

"Why?"

"They're not sold like other socks. They're sold direct to you and others like you. We hear all about sock problems. That's how we learn to diagnose sock troubles in their last stages and most virulent forms. That's how we find out why socks die too young. That's why we know how and where to reinforce, re-shape, re-lengthen, re-strengthen and re-improve them. That's why—"

"Enough," I cried. "Send me a dozen 20's."

WELL, it was my first tip on the sock market that worked. Those Realsilk Socks socked me where other socks had failed. Now, I can keep my mind on songs instead of socks—and I've begun to make good in the show business.

I only hope this little piece of mine will be seen by others in the same fix as I was, and that the story of my formerly foot-loose life will prove a ray of sunshine and a promise of better things to come, in theirs.

## 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; all 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**—two-ply—double wear. **4 More Compact Weave**—95% more closely woven—firmer fabric—better appearance. **5 Longest Silk Leg in any sock**—grad-



uated lengths increase with foot sizes. **6 Double-Thick Garter Bands**—made to fit the leg—another feature of comfort and wear. **7 Triple-fast Hygienic Over**—fast to light, washing, and perspiration. No color can harm the feet. *Realsilk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, U. S. A. World's largest manufacturers of silk hosiery. Branches in 250 cities.*

Realsilk products sold only by representatives

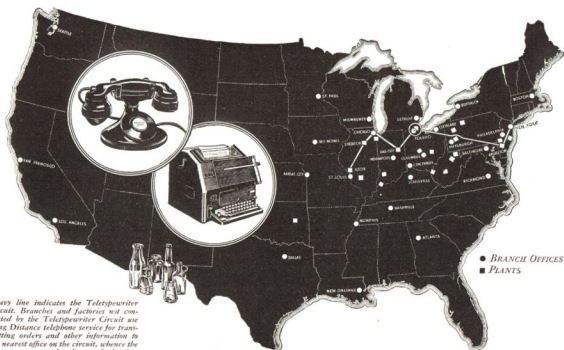
# REALSILK

THE SOCKS WITH 7 EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

SOLD ONLY IN OFFICE AND HOME

EDITORIAL NOTE: As actor, singer, author and comedian, Eddie Cantor has become one of the best-loved figures in America. He wears Realsilk Socks, so we asked him to tell you about them, paying him at his regular story-telling rate.

# LONG DISTANCE



Heavy line indicates the Teletypewriter Circuit. Branches and factories not connected by the Teletypewriter Circuit use Long Distance telephone service for transmitting orders and other information to the nearest office on the circuit, where the messages are relayed to destination.

## *and Teletypewriters help Owens-Illinois speed the sale and delivery of a billion bottles a year*

ONLY through an efficient, diversified communications system is the Owens-Illinois Glass Company able to carry out successfully its widespread activities. Long Distance Telephone Service and Teletypewriter Service combine to give this nation-wide organization the speed and directness of a highly centralized unit. Headquarters at Toledo keeps in constant touch with factories and sales offices at fifty-one cities from coast to coast.

Teletypewriters connect 30 sales offices and 21 plants from Missouri to New Jersey. Points not included in the teletypewriter system use Long Distance for transmitting orders and other information to the nearest office connected with the system, from which the messages are relayed to destination.

The communications network gives the production department instantaneous supervision over the activities of any plant. Instructions for shipments are quickly transmitted, service to customers accelerated at every turn. In addition, Long Distance is used extensively by Owens-Illinois salesmen in covering and expanding their territories.

The Bell System has developed a Telephone Plan of Market Coverage to help its customers increase their business and cut costs. The plan is adaptable and its features\* can be custom-fitted to the needs of any business, whatever its size. An experienced telephone representative will show you, without obligation, how they can be adapted to a special plan for aiding *your* company.

\*THE KEY TOWN PLAN lets salesmen contact more people at less expense. They visit certain key cities in person and conduct their business in nearby towns by telephone.

SEQUENCE CALLING LISTS enable a person to make a number of telephone calls in quick order. The operator has a new connection ready as each call is completed.

CREDIT CARDS make it unnecessary to carry cash for telephoning. They also provide helpful records of contacts.

OUT-OF-TOWN NUMBER BOOKS are prepared by the telephone

company from names furnished by the subscriber. They make it easy to get out-of-town connections quickly.

THE COLLECT CALL PLAN brings business when salesmen's visits are intermittent. Customers are urged to telephone orders and other important matters at the selling company's expense.

TELEPHONE REMINDERS are attached to outgoing sales correspondence and other material. They include gummed labels and cuts which give the business company's telephone number and other information.

JUST CALL YOUR BELL



TELEPHONE BUSINESS OFFICE

# TIME

Vol. XVIII, No. 12

The Weekly Newsmagazine

September 21, 1931

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE PRESIDENCY

#### "Keep Smiling"

At 4 p. m. one hot day last week President Hoover kept his regular appointment with the Press. As correspondents encircled his desk, there was talk but no quotable news. Next morning, however, most metropolitan newspapers in the land ran almost identical front-page stories from Washington. It was the kind of dispatch President Hoover was glad to see in print, though nowhere was he personally mentioned. Knowing readers suspected White House inspiration, under the Hoover system of supplying correspondents with "background" which they are not privileged to attribute directly to the President. The gist of the story was as follows:

The U. S. public is being unduly alarmed about the degree of hardship in prospect for this winter. Unemployment difficulties are vastly exaggerated. If 6,000,000 persons become jobless, that does not mean 30,000,000 (five to a family) will depend on charity, but rather only about 4,000,000. At least one man in three has savings to fall back on. The country must stop expecting the worst. Conditions are not good but nobody will starve. There is too much "tightening of the belt" in anticipation of need and hardship, which reduces buying, makes matters worse. If the word "Unemployment" could be omitted from all newspapers for a month or so, the public mind would be stimulated and business improved. The psychology of fear should be exiled and a national sign hung out labelled: KEEP SMILING.

¶ Divergent were the views on relief expressed by President Hoover (by radio) and New York's Governor Roosevelt (in person) last week when they both participated in a memorial service to Red Cross Founder Clara Barton at Dansville, N. Y. The President called the Red Cross "a monument to individual and local initiative." The Governor said: "We understand today that disaster and catastrophe are not limited to suffering caused by fire and flood. If the teachings of Clara Barton were right, these same teachings must apply to the distress and suffering stalking in our midst today. . . . To this high aim we dedicate our functions of government, our towns, our countries, our State and country."

¶ Quick to respond to word of great distress in hurricane-devastated Belize (see p. 19), President Hoover ordered the Navy to rush assistance by plane from the Canal Zone, mobilized the help of the Red Cross.

### THE CABINET

#### Sweet Idea

When Secretary of State Henry Lewis Stimson was in London for last July's economic conference, Herr Dr. Julius Curtius, Germany's Foreign Minister, whispered news into his ear: Frau Barbara von Haeften, Minister Curtius' daughter, had just borne a son in Berlin. Foreign Minister Curtius' first grandson. As a diplomat should, Statesman Stimson remembered this fact when, later, he reached Berlin. At a toy store he selected and sent to small Grandson Jan von Haeften a large sailboat. Last week a letter from Berlin reached Statesman Stimson in Washington.

"Dear Uncle Stimson:

"... It was a sweet idea of you to think just of a sailing ship, being there is a particular significance connected with her: first because it was a sailing boat that played such a conspicuous part in what resulted in my parents' engagement which—as you will agree—was essential for my coming into existence, and secondly because it was a sailing vessel that brought about the greatest deed in modern history, the discovery of America, without which—as you will also agree—there would nowadays be no people of the United States turning out such good and helpful friends to Germany!

"I am awfully glad the boat is big enough for me, little man, to sit and sail in it. I like to fancy myself crossing the ocean in it under the stars & stripes. . . . Meanwhile, I remain, dear Uncle Stimson, most gratefully yours.

"JAN VON HAEFTEN

"First grandson of Dr. J. Curtius,  
Reichs Minister des Ausseren."

### HUSBANDRY

#### "Drop-a-Crop"

(See front cover)

A loud rap-rap-rapping on his bedroom door late one night last month awoke Louisiana's red-headed Governor Huey Pierce Long from a sound sleep in the executive mansion at Baton Rouge. He sat up, rubbed his eyes, looked at his watch. It said 1:40 a. m. He said, "Come in." And in trooped legislative clerks, secretaries, photographers, newshawks. The Governor was handed a pen and a bill just passed by the night-sitting Legislature.

In his cotton night shirt, between cotton sheets, Governor Long signed a cotton bill designed to outlaw the nation's greatest cash crop next year. After cameramen had recorded the scene, Governor Long announced to the Press: "If the other cotton-growing States will follow Louisiana's lead, I will personally vouch for 20¢ cotton. It's all right to call on Hercules but we must put our shoulders to the wheel ourselves."

At dawn that day an airplane streaked away to Austin, Tex. where a copy of what came to be known as Louisiana's "Drop-a-Crop" act was handed to Governor Ross Shaw Sterling with Governor Long's suggestion that Texas also prohibit 1932 cotton planting. Thus to a monster (250 lb.) Governor of a monster (265,896 sq. mi.) State was passed a monster (155-685,000 bales) cotton problem.

**Weevils & Records.** Before the Civil War at a time when South Carolina's Senator James Henry Hammond first produced Cotton King, the South was producing about 4,300,000 bales per year.\* In 40 years the production had more than doubled. In 1914 the 15 cotton States of the Union brought forth an all-time record crop of 16,000,000 bales—and the South almost went bankrupt when the outbreak of the War blocked export. In 1892 Boll Weevil had crossed the Rio Grande from Mexico. The spreading infestation over-

\* On March 4, 1858 Senator Hammond addressed the Senate thus:

"The South is perfectly competent to go on, one, two, or even three years without planting a seed of cotton. I believe that if she were to plant but half her cotton, for three years to come it would be an immense advantage to her. I am not so sure that after three years' total abstinence she would come out stronger than ever she was before, and better prepared to enter afresh upon her great career of enterprise. What would happen if no cotton was furnished for three years? I will not stop to depict what every one can imagine, but this is certain: England would topple headlong and carry the whole civilized world with her, save the South. No, you dare not make war on cotton. No power on earth dares to make war upon it. Cotton is King!"

### CONTENTS

	Page
Aeronautics.....	50
Animals.....	36
Books.....	55
Business & Finance.....	45
Cinema.....	41
Education.....	37
Foreign News.....	16
Letters.....	4
Medicine.....	23
Milestones.....	39
Miscellany.....	32
Music.....	34
National Affairs.....	11
People.....	20
Press.....	24
Religion.....	56
Science.....	30
Sport.....	21
Theatre.....	53

## National Affairs—(Continued)

took expanding cotton production after 1914, reduced the 1921 crop to the smallest (8,000,000 bales) in a quarter-century. But planters learned how to fight this pest, increased their acreage, pushed their production up & up. In 1926 they set a new record of 18,000,000 bales. Last year they grew some 14,250,000 bales of which less than half found a market. To a carry-over of 9,000,000 bales the South this year is adding a crop of more than 15,000,000 bales. It is this glut of cotton, selling for about 6¢ per lb. and far outrunning world consumption, which last week agitated not only the South but also the Federal Government and foreign countries.

**No. 1 Cotton State.** In 1859 Texas produced 345,000 bales of cotton or about 8% of the total U. S. crop, doubled its output by 1879. As railroads spread out and opened up almost limitless tracts of new Texas land for cotton cultivation, the State's production tripled in 20 years. In 1899 Texas was the No. 1 U. S. cotton State with 2,500,000 bales. This year its 10,000 gins will compress 5,000,000 bales or 33% of the U. S. crop.

**"Save the South."** Many and varied have been the relief plans advanced this summer to help the South out of its cotton predicament. The Farm Board, loaded down with 1,300,000 bales from the 1929 crop and in no mood for more speculation, proposed that every third row of the crop be plowed under (TIME, Aug. 24). Southern Senators tried to get the Board to buy more cotton, provided growers would promise reduced 1932 planting. The Army was seriously urged to purchase several million bales to use as ramparts about its forts. Conference after conference produced ideas but no action. Newspapers ran "Save-the-South" campaigns.

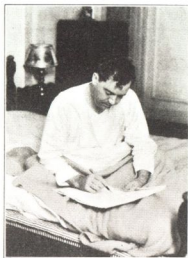
**Extreme Drama.** First to succeed in dramatizing the cotton situation was loud, extreme Governor Long. He called his Legislature into session, whipped through his bill prohibiting cotton planting next year under a penalty of \$500 fine and 60 days imprisonment. The Louisiana law would be effective only when States producing 75% of the cotton crop took similar action. The economic theory behind this statute was that, if the South planted no cotton next year, this year's crop plus the carryover would more than double in value. Fantastic though the "Drop-a-Crop" scheme might be, it had one certain virtue: it focused public attention throughout the South on legislative remedies, pointed the way to some sort of united action among the States.

Governor Long was shrewd enough to know that his plan would stand or fall on Texas. As Texas goes on cotton, so goes the South. Therefore he rushed his new bill to Austin while other Governors of the South stood back to see what the No. 1 cotton State would do.

**Invasion.** Because he has all the economic conservatism of a poor boy who has become a rich man, Governor Sterling was hesitant about grappling the cotton situation Governor Long had tossed to him. For a week he hemmed & hawed. From Louisiana, Governor Long tried to stir

him into action by radio appeals to Texas planters. Resentful of this political invasion, Governor Sterling exploded: "Huey Long's not running Texas."

Retorted Governor Long: "No, I'm not, but I wish Ross Sterling was. If he



International

Governor of Louisiana

*"It's all right to call on Hercules, but . . ."*

doesn't run other things any better than he's running Texas, he can't run anything."

Governor Sterling thought most of his legislators were slow to cotton relief legislation. He declared he would be a "hoob" to call them into session. When he discovered that a majority did favor legislative action, he issued the call and remarked: "It will be a farmers' session and they'll have to ramrod it themselves. I'm going fishing."

**Eyes of the Nation.** Last week the Texas Legislature met. To it Governor Sterling sent a special message in which he said: "The farmers have risen in their distress and lifted their voices in the most widespread and concerted demand that has moved them during modern years. . . . Whether the situation can be remedied by legislation remains to be determined. The hopes and prayers of Texas are that it can. . . . These are abnormal, parlous times. . . . The eyes of the nation are upon us, watching and hoping for us to raise a torch that will light the way for the Southland out of the darkness that now engulfs it."

**Ramrodders.** To "ramrod the session" as Governor Sterling would not, thousands of overalled cotton farmers left their white-flecked fields and flocked into Austin. In the House they were admitted to the chamber floor, permitted to make little speeches about what they wanted. They jostled about the Capitol corridors, clamored for a "Drop-a-Crop" law.

Meanwhile Governor Long continued to agitate Texas from afar. One night last week a great rally of 7,000 cotton farmers

was held in Austin's Wooldridge Park. Governor Long had planned to attend but at the last minute decided not to, lest Lieut. Governor Paul Cyr, his bitter political foe, seize the Louisiana Government in his absence and unmake the Long machine. The Governor's 12-year-old son Russell went to the Texas capital in his place, explaining that: "Papa couldn't leave because he was afraid Lieut. Governor Cyr might make a mess." From slangy William Kennon Henderson's troublemaking Station KWKH at Shreveport, La., "Papa" Long addressed the meeting at Austin, declared that the "Drop-a-Crop" plan would increase Texas' cotton income this year from \$125,000,000 to \$500,000,000.

"If the lawmakers of Texas turn traitor," boomed the Long voice out of the loud-speakers, "and fail to prohibit cotton on Texas farms, the price of your crop will fall to 2¢ per lb. next year. How do you vote on the cotton holiday plan?"

Three-quarters of the audience jumped to its feet, belloyed approval. When the noise subsided Governor Sterling lumbered up to address the overwrought crowd.

"What," he began sorrowfully, "would Sam Houston think if he would suddenly return to life and see the Governor of Louisiana telling the people of his beloved Texas what to do?"

"Hurrah for Long!" belloyed the crowd.

"When you take too much government into business," continued the big Texan, "you'll not be a free people very long." "Hurrah for Huey Long!"

"Long is right—like a fox. He is going at the wrong end of this thing. We should go to the fountain head—that spineless cactus at the head of the Government in Washington. Herbert Hoover and the Republican Party have brought you here today—"

"Who did you vote for? Who did you vote for?" challenged the farmers.

Governor Sterling ignored their heckling. "Governor Long is long on pajamas. I am informed he has more than any other man in America—and not one of them is cotton."

"Hurrah for Huey Long and his pajamas!" shrieked the throng. After booing their own Governor because he was not a "Drop-a-Copper," the 7,000 Texas farmers adopted a resolution endorsing unqualifiedly the Long plan for no 1932 cotton planting.

**First to Follow.** In other Southern States last week cotton was also a major concern with Governors, politicians and planters. First to follow Texas was South Carolina (estimated crop: 929,000 bales) whose Governor Ibra C. Blackwood called a special legislative session for this week. It was the first extraordinary sitting of this assembly since 1914 when, in a similar crisis of 6¢ cotton, Governor Coleman Livingston Blease called the lawmakers together.

Last month Governor Richard B. Rus-



## National Affairs—(Continued)

sell Jr. of Georgia (estimated crop: 1,311,000 bales) talked confidently about how he would call his Assembly together to act on cotton just as soon as a call was issued by Governor Sterling for the Texas legislators. Last week, however, with the Texas Legislature sitting, he began backing away from the special session idea, declared he would wait to see what Texas accomplished first.

**40,000,000 Hells.** In Mississippi (estimated crop: 1,500,000 bales) Governor Theodore Gilmore Bilbo would no more call a special session for cotton than he would call one last spring for the State's fiscal troubles (TIME, May 4). His *sine qua non* for any special session: a written promise from every legislator not to impeach him. Declared Governor Bilbo last week: "I'll see the Legislature through 40,000,000 hells before I will call it without a pledge from each member."

**Other States.** In Alabama (estimated crop: 1,288,000 bales) Governor Benjamin Meek Miller frowned on legislative remedies to up cotton prices while in North Carolina (estimated crop: 715,000 bales) Governor Oliver Max Gardner turned his back on the South and appealed to President Hoover for a special cotton session of Congress on the ground that the problem was national and international. Governor William Henry ("Alfalfa Bill") Murray of Oklahoma (estimated crop: 1,254,000 bales) talked about a stiff tariff on long staple cotton, vaguely praised "uniform laws."

**Hoover's Angle.** Cotton weighed no less heavily on the mind of President Hoover last week than it did on the Southern Governors'. He opposed any idea of involuntary crop reduction or elimination, on the theory that the planters would be worse off than they now are, that hundreds of thousands of workers in gins, cottonseed oil mills, railroads, steamship lines would be rendered jobless by "Drop-a-Crop." The President attacked the problem from the export angle. How, he asked, could cotton surplus be sold outside the U. S.?

**Biggest Factor.** To answer this question the President summoned to the White House Governor Eugene Meyer of the Federal Reserve Board and William L. Clayton of Houston, head of Anderson & Clayton, largest U. S. cotton factors. In 1926 Messrs. Hoover, Meyer & Clayton had worked together to move the record crop out of the country and hold up the domestic price. Mr. Clayton then had his foreign agents induce spinners to buy heavily as a good investment, with the result that 15% of the 1926 crop was moved by the Clayton firm. At last week's White House conference a plan was under discussion whereby export credits might be established.

**Tether's End.** The Federal Farm Board had come to the end of its tether on cotton ideas. It was paying \$5,300,000 per year to store 1,300,000 bales for which no market existed. Fortnight ago the Board formally renounced stabilization: "Continued purchase in the face of overproduction is not the remedy. For

two years the Board has cushioned American farmers against price declines . . . has accumulated a considerable store of cotton which is virtually frozen. Stabilization is valuable in the face of temporary surpluses but it is futile in the face of



Acme-P. & A.

COTTON FACTOR CLAYTON

In 1926, spinners listened to him.

continued overproduction." The Board also declared that it would ask Congress for no more money this year but would live out of its revolving fund.

**Governor of Texas.** All of these men and agencies in Washington could not do so much for the cotton planter as one big man in Texas. But Governor Ross Shaw Sterling was not inclined to use the full power of his position. It appeared as though he would veto any attempt of the Texas Legislature to prohibit cotton planting next year. Said he: "I wouldn't let a child burn itself with fire if I could prevent it. . . . I have not been swept off my feet yet. There is too much hysteria in Texas and in the South." He said he feared the "Drop-a-Crop" idea would be unconstitutional. Besides, there was always the chance that Egypt, India, Russia and the other cotton-producing countries of the world would expand their production and gobble up the U. S. market if the South skipped a crop year. It seemed unlikely that the Texas Legislature, without active leadership from its Governor, would go as far as Louisiana's and outlaw cotton. As the House and Senate mulled last week, the legislation that seemed to have the most support called for a restriction of cotton to one-third of the State's available farm land, with a consequent cut of 50% in production.

Texas' two great industries are cotton and oil. Governor Sterling is an oil man. He was born 56 years ago into a large family impoverished by the Civil War. He left school early (his diction still shocks grammarians), started a small lighterage business near Galveston, opened

a general store at the age of 20. He moved into the oil fields of Humble, made some money as a merchant and banker, in 1910 invested in two producing wells. Out of this venture grew Humble Oil Co., control of which was sold in 1919 to Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey for \$16,380,000. It was to save the price of oil that Governor Sterling last month called a special legislative session, drove through a new proration act, closed the gushing East Texas field by martial law, drove up the price of oil from 10¢ to 68¢ the barrel (TIME, Aug. 24). Cotton planters openly wondered why he would not take the whip hand and do as much for them. Their only explanation was that, after all, he is an oil, not a cotton man.

Not one of the most adroit politicians of the shirt-sleeved South, Governor Sterling has worked long and hard to reach his present eminence. In his home city of Houston he made a reputation as a port developer, a Y. M. C. A. benefactor and the able publisher of the *Post-Dispatch*. In 1927 Governor Dan Moody named him chairman of the State Highway Commission. He did a good job reorganizing this politically mined department. He built new highways and spread his name & fame up and down every mile of them. It was on the strength of this road work that he was nominated and elected Governor last year in a rough & tumble campaign in which a prime issue was the number of bathrooms in his large and ornate home overlooking Trinity Bay.

He hunts and fishes, tells many a tall tale about both. Good-natured, easy-going, fairly industrious, scrupulously honest, he jokingly refers to himself as "the big fat boy."

Last week the South waited patiently for the "big fat boy" to throw some of his surplus bulk into the surplus cotton problem, to take up the "torch" for other States to follow.

## FISCAL

### New Taxes for Old

To tax or not to tax was a loudly debated question in Washington last week. The Treasury was heading into Deficit No. 2, estimated at \$1,500,000,000 (TIME, Sept. 14). Its efforts to finance the Government through the Depression by borrowing took a turn for the worse.\* Secretary Mellon had already declared for a broader tax base than the levy on incomes. While President Hoover continued to keep his mind open, two of the most important Republican fiscal leaders of Congress came forward with plans for the Treasury to tax its way out of trouble at the next session.

Senator David Aiken Reed of Pennsylvania is a member of the Senate Finance Committee. He is considered Secretary Mellon's mouthpiece on Capitol Hill. Senator Reed contended that the income tax is outmoded, that a general tax of 3% of 1% should be applied to all retail sales.

\* Only \$940,000,000 was bid for a treasury bond issue of \$800,000,000. A similar offering last June was oversubscribed eight times.

## National Affairs—(Continued)

All states have a sales tax on gasoline, no State has a sales tax on every article of trade. During the War and after, the U. S. taxed a variety of luxury commodities from automobiles and candy to cigar holders and Mah-jongg sets. The Reed plan would tax everything. The sale of a \$6 pair of shoes would net the Treasury 3¢. Senator Reed estimated such a tax, bitterly opposed by retailers, would net the U. S. \$2,000,000,000 per year or about half of its operating costs.

President Hoover quickly let Republican party leaders know that he was wholly opposed to the sales-tax idea.

Generally considered the "brains" of the House Ways & Means Committee where all tax legislation originates, Representative Isaac ("Ike") Bacharach of New Jersey simultaneously suggested an increase in the surtax rate (now 20%) on incomes above \$100,000, heavier inheritance taxes, a sales tax on "luxuries and non-essentials." Said he:

"Some individuals are fully able to pay higher taxes. . . . There is considerable support for the statement that the 'rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer.' . . . The number of taxpayers has steadily decreased, indicating the unsatisfactory distribution of profits among individuals. The only class which reaped substantial profits from 1925 to 1929 consisted of 14,700 individuals with net incomes above \$100,000. . . . It seems obvious that these individuals should bear the bulk of any increased tax burden."

Such talk from two regular and conservative Republicans sounded almost like heresy to their G. O. P. colleagues. Had Messrs. Reed & Bacharach forgotten that a Presidential election was coming, that any tax increase would handicap President Hoover in that race and make campaign cash collections doubly difficult? To offset their words, Senate Leader James Eli Watson trundled down to the White House, talked long and earnestly with President Hoover about taxation. He emerged to use the White House lobby as a sounding board for his fiscal ideas:

"I don't think we need to worry about the Treasury as long as Uncle Andy is at the helm. He knows his business and knows it well. Until after we've passed the Presidential election and other disturbing factors we should steer clear of tax legislation."

### CRIME

#### Capone At Large

The long campaign which the Federal Government has been conducting to put Chicago's Chief Gangster Alphonse ("Snorky") Capone in jail for a good long time, moved toward its decisive phase last week, and in two preliminary skirmishes Gangster Capone was victorious. In July Capone appeared before U. S. District Judge James Herbert Wilkerson to be sentenced for failure to pay tax on a \$1,038,654 income and for conspiracy (with 5,000 offenses) to violate the Prohibition law, to which he had pleaded guilty. But to Judge Wilkerson

had come word that between Capone's Attorney Michael Ahern and the Department of Justice existed an agreement whereby Capone would escape with a light sentence in return for a plea of guilty.



Ahern-P. & A.

CAPONE'S LAWYER

To him the credit.

Indignantly declared Judge Wilkerson: "It is utterly impossible to bargain with a Federal court." Then he allowed Capone to change his tax evasion plea to not guilty, called the grand jury and ordered it to re-examine the Prohibition evidence with the object of indicting Capone under the Jones ("5 & 10") Law (TIME, Aug. 10 et ante).

Last week Judge Wilkerson let Capone plead not guilty also to the conspiracy indictment, ordered a jury summoned Oct. 5, set Oct. 6 as the date for trial on the tax evasion charge.

If convicted of non-payment of taxes, Capone might be sentenced to 32 years in the penitentiary, fined \$80,000. For conspiracy he could be sent to prison for two years. But still pending was the grand jury investigation seeking evidence for an indictment under the "5 & 10" Law. If a true bill were returned and conviction secured, he could be sentenced for a term that would occupy the rest of his life.

No such true bill was returned. Before Judge Wilkerson appeared the foreman of the grand jury to announce that it had prepared a report on its investigation but had returned no indictment. Snapped Judge Wilkerson: "I'm not interested in reports, only in indictments," refused to accept the report. The jury then went to Federal Judge John P. Barnes and was immediately discharged. Later the foreman was seen emerging from the office of U. S. District Attorney George Emmerson O. Johnson, looking uncomfortably red in the face.

In his career as a Public Enemy, "Snorky" or "Scarface" Capone has been publicly accused of many a foul crime, including murder. He has served one year

in prison, for carrying a gun. It was generally admitted that he might have wriggled out of that sentence if he had wanted to. But not to greedy, grinning Capone belongs credit for the freedom he has so far enjoyed, but rather to his adroit, Irish-blooded attorney, Michael Ahern. Born "back of the yards" in Chicago 43 years ago last week, the son of a mail carrier, Michael Ahern was educated by Jesuit priests, learned from them a skill and precision in disputation which has since stood him in good stead. Later he was graduated from Loyola University. In the two decades he has practiced law in Chicago he has become known as one of the city's best appeal lawyers. He has attracted outside attention through his treatises on the 18th Amendment in which he emphasizes State sovereignty and the point: "A man's home is his castle." Of late, with his partner Thomas D. Nash, he has defended many a gangster.

Patient, precise rather than sensational, he has won several unique decisions. It was he who discovered, after much digging, an ancient statute granting sanity trials to convicted murderers and had one Gene Geary sent to an asylum instead of hanged. For Capone Gangsters Scalise and Anselmi, accused of killing two policemen, he won acquittal with the plea that they were privileged to defend themselves even against officers of the law. Since his association with Capone he has become much in demand, never takes a case for less than \$5,000.

#### Barchanded

A huge, rawboned, grim man is Warden Richard Elias Davis of the Utah State Prison. With a firm hand he rules the convicts confined in that strong jail, made doubly strong by the high mountains back of Salt Lake City. Last week Warden Davis heard a bomb go off. Looking out from his office he saw the prison yard suddenly seething with a bloody, vicious riot. A dozen convicts had captured Deputy Warden Giles. Three hundred others were milling in the yard armed with clubs and rocks. Some had guns. Louis Deatridge, a Missouri desperado, ran to the wall with a rope which had a hook on the end. He hurled the hook over the wall, started to climb. A blast of gunfire from the guards above sent Desperado Deatridge spinning. The prisoners in the yard roared with rage, retrieved his body.

A group of convicts armed with knives and bombs made from sections of pipe captured two guards, ordered them to command the others to throw down their guns. They refused. While other guards were telephoning frantically for police and militia the two captured guards stood beleaguered in the yard and infuriated convicts were threatening to strangle them. The mutiny seemed about to succeed.

Out of his office into the yelling mob strolled towering Warden Davis. Above the heads of the rioting convicts his face was grey and grim. They could see he was unarmed, but they also saw he was unafraid. As he shouldered his way forward the yard fell quiet. The convicts

## National Affairs—(Continued)

loosened their grip on the guards' throats. Quietly, clearly spoke Warden Davis: "You men get back to your cells!"

The armed convicts looked at him in awe. He seemed big enough to subdue



WARDEN DAVIS

"You men get back to your cells!"

them all. They dropped their weapons, turned away, slowly moved back to their cells. One convict was dead, two guards, a deputy warden and two convicts injured. Two of the convicts, life termers, faced death if convicted of attacking a guard. The riot had lasted an hour and a half. Giant Warden Davis wiped his brow, strolled back to his office.

### On the Penguin

Both shores of Long Island Sound were stirred and puzzled last week by a nocturnal mystery that hinted piracy, robbery, murder.

A fishing boat entering Oyster Bay after midnight came upon a cabin cruiser adrift without lights. The fishermen thought they heard someone thrashing in the water a few hundred yards away. They called, got no answer. They thought they could see the head and arms of a swimmer heading for the dark boat. Before he reached it, before they could go to his aid, the head and arms disappeared and the Sound was quiet again. They boarded the dark boat, called for the captain. A small voice finally answered: "I'm not the captain. I'm Barbara." There was no one on the boat but a 5-year-old girl, who told them: "My father went in swimming with his clothes on. My mother went in swimming too. My father has lost his job."

After dawn, a fisherman off Cove Neck heard a woman calling for help from a small boat anchored offshore. He rowed to the boat, found it was the *Bo Peep*, onetime tender of the yacht *Resolute*, now the launch of Mayor Howard C. Smith of Cove Neck. The woman in it was young, dark, comely. She said she was Mrs. Lillian Chelius Collings, 28, wife of Benjamin P. Collings, an inventor of small

appliances who four years before, at 34, had stopped work to live on a modest income. With his wife and daughter Barbara he spent the summers aboard the cruiser *Penguin*—the boat the fishermen had found adrift the night before. Excited, half hysterical, Mrs. Collings told conflicting stories, finally gave to police the following account:

She and her husband had been sitting in the dark on the *Penguin's* deck. Barbara was in bed. Two men approached in a canoe, asked to be taken with a wounded companion to South Norwalk, Conn. Mr. Collings demurred. The men boarded the *Penguin*, started it, ordered Mrs. Collings down into the cabin. Later Mr. Collings went to the cabin, kissed his sleeping daughter, went out without taking his pistol or knife which lay there. After some time the *Penguin* stopped. Mrs. Collings thought they were now off the Connecticut shore of the Sound. She heard a struggle, a man's voice saying: "Don't tie his hands too tight." She heard her husband cry: "They're putting me overboard!" Looking out, she saw him fall into the water. She threw him an air-cushion, which one of the pirates retrieved. Then the two men put her into their canoe. They paddled for a long time, back across the Sound, she believed. One of them tried to attack her. Finally they put her in the anchored *Bo Peep*, with several blankets, and paddled away. One was a middle-aged man, the other a youth of about 18.

Police were skeptical of pretty Mrs. Collings' story, but later announced they believed it. A stolen canoe was found. The Sound was searched for the missing man's body, without success. Motive for a crime remained obscure. The two men had stolen nothing, though fearing robbery Mrs. Collings had hidden her rings in small Barbara's shoes. The Collingses led a secluded life, had no enemies, were happy. Mr. Collings' income had dwindled to about \$1,000 a year. He had no insurance. The Collingses were avid readers of detective stories. Long Island detectives remained baffled by their case; Inventor Collings remained missing.

## POLITICAL NOTES

### Mack Out

In 1879, an ambitious young drummer was trying to sell a new register to a hotel in Wheeling, W. Va. Leaning against the desk, he watched groups of politicians moving about the lobby, observed that the man they clustered about was William H. Johnson, editor of the *Wheeling Register*. A few months later Norman Edward Mack, just 21, a traveling salesman no longer, borrowed \$2,500, established a *Sunday Times* in Buffalo, N. Y., and set out to become a political power himself. Four years later he borrowed some more money and made the *Times* a daily, so that he would not have to wait six days to answer hostile editorials printed in other Buffalo papers on Monday. By 1888 the *Times's* vigorous support of Buffalo's Presidential Candidate Grover Cleveland attracted the attention of Erie

County politicians to young, aggressive Editor Mack. In 1900 he was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention. There he fought so well for the renomination of William Jennings Bryan that



ACME-P. & A.

NORMAN EDWARD MACK

He saw whom they clustered about.

Nominee Bryan had him made New York's member of the Democratic National Committee. Bryan lived to see Editor Mack battling no less vigorously for his bitter foe, Alfred Emanuel Smith. In 1908 Democrat Mack was made chairman of the national committee.

Last week Committeeman Mack, 73, announced that he would soon retire. Long had his square, bushy-browed face, his well-groomed figure, his cane been familiar at Democratic councils. His newspaper had thrived, been sold in 1929 to Scripps-Howard for a reported \$6,000,000. He wanted to retire to his home on Buffalo's fashionable Delaware Avenue. He announced his support of Oliver Cabana Jr. as his successor in the Democratic leadership of Erie County. He explained:

"My every desire has been gratified for political honors, and in 1928 I would have retired from the political field if that great leader of men, the Hon. Alfred E. Smith, had not requested that I again would accept the position of national committeeman from the State of New York. . . . I will not accept under any circumstances the membership of the national committee again and I will continue to do, as a private citizen, my very best to bring success to the party."

### Senator Walker?

In Paris last week New York's junketing Mayor James John ("Jimmy") Walker confided to a United Pressman: "I will never say I will not be a candidate for Mayor, Governor or Senator—but I will say that if I am not Mayor, I would like to be Senator."

# FOREIGN NEWS

## THE LEAGUE

### Twelfth Assembly

The grave delegates to the League of Nations Assembly emerged from their hotels in Geneva last week and took their seats in the draughty Secretariat building for the League's twelfth annual session. Neatly printed on all of their desks was a list of 22 matters which they must consider in the next few weeks. These matters included:

No. 4—Progressive codification of international law.

No. 6—Amendments to the covenant in order to bring it into harmony with the Kellogg Pact.

No. 9—A request for the League's help in the international reform of penal administration.

No. 14—Annual world report on slavery.

No. 15—The nationality of women married to foreigners.

No. 22—Work of the international cinematograph institute at Rome.

The most important thing the League delegates did last week was not on the list at all. Mexico was admitted to membership.

The distinction of membership in the League of Nations costs a country's treasury anywhere from \$45,000 a year (for little nations like Costa Rica or Liberia) to \$450,000 a year (Britain, France and other great powers). Five years ago frugal Costa Rica decided that even \$45,000 was more than a League membership was worth, withdrew in a huff when she was dunned for non-payment of dues. Mexico thought it was worth while. Fat Foreign Minister Genaro Estrada, who surprised his friends last year by marrying a Mexico City socialite, cabled formal acceptance to President of the Assembly Nicolas Titulesco. The message contained a carefully wrapped lemon for the U. S.:

"... In reply I inform you that Mexico has been absent from your high organization due to causes apart from any lack of the spirit of co-operation and immediately accepts the reparation you offer.\* She therefore accepts membership in the League on the terms you announce, and offers a loyal spirit of friendship."

"Mexico considers it necessary to accompany her act of acceptance with the declaration that she has never admitted the regional understanding mentioned in Article XXI of the League covenant."

Article XXI specifies that "regional understandings" shall not be affected by the League covenant. The regional understanding that Mexico was not admitting is, of course, the Monroe Doctrine, distasteful to proud Latin Americans because of its implication that Latin American countries are not capable of guarding their own interests from European aggression.

\* In 1919, when the League was formed, Mexico was suffering one of her periodic revolutions, and, considered unworthy by last-year's President Wilson, was not invited to join. Last week in Geneva, bald, eagle-beaked Viscount Cecil publicly admitted his partial responsibility for this slight, apologized.

Washington was not particularly soured by Minister Estrada's lemon. From the State Department came an unofficial statement that no matter how Mexico feels about it, the Monroe Doctrine will remain in effect.

After the admission of Mexico there were speeches. Three were important.



Acme-P., & A.

MEXICO'S ESTRADA & WIFE

Viscount Cecil apologized.

Dino Grandi, Italy's black-fringed young Foreign Minister, stood up and proposed "that all nations should reach an immediate general agreement with a view to arriving at the suspension of the execution of their new armament programs," at least until the end of the approaching disarmament conference in February. German delegates applauded wildly, but otherwise, like most suggestions that the League members should actually do something, the speech was greeted with shocked silence.

Viscount Cecil of Great Britain had a word to say about the Depression, the Hoover Moratorium, the Wignin Report, and Franco-German amity. Said he:

"The dominant need of the moment is to revive international investments. This must be done not in a period of years but of months or even weeks or else one country after another will be forced into some form of extended moratoria which may endanger the whole system on which the world's economic life is based."

"If there could be a real rapprochement between France and Germany, not only in words but in action, that would remove, I believe, 75% of the political unrest of the world."

The League's darling, foxy old Aristide Briand of France, made his first public appearance since his recent illness and spoke potent words:

"It is thanks to the League that tomorrow the French statesmen will be called to go to Germany and that there in conversations under the eyes of the peoples themselves one can lay the bases

of collaboration which will be not merely words, but really practical and efficacious."

There were cheers. Word had just been published that Brer Briand and Premier Laval had finally made up their minds to visit Berlin on Sept. 27 and 28, first visit of leading French statesmen to the German capital since Napoleon entered the city 125 years ago as commander of the French army.

Friends of the League's judicial branch, the World Court, were chagrined last week to realize how completely the theoretically dispassionate judges of the court had split into political cliques in denying Austria and Germany's right to a Customs Union (TIME, March 30 *et seq.*). The vote:

For the Union	Against
U. S. A.	France
Great Britain	Italy
Japan	Poland
Germany	Rumania
The Netherlands	Spain
China	Colombia
Belgium	Salvador
	Cuba

"It must be admitted," wrote the strongly pro-Court New York Times, "that this almost equal division... when asked to interpret a treaty, does not heighten its prestige."

## GREAT BRITAIN

### "England Yet Shall Stand"

His deep-lined face white as a handkerchief, wizened Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, hoisted himself to his feet and, leaning heavily on his two canes, advanced to the great table in the centre of the House of Commons.

"I am about to discharge," said he slowly, "one of the most disagreeable tasks that has ever fallen to my lot."

The House, the packed galleries listened breathlessly. Everyone knew the gist of what he had to say. To save his country, the little Chancellor was about to saddle Britain, heaviest taxed nation on earth, with great additional burdens. Everyone knew that the Dole was to be cut 10%. Everyone knew that the wages of all government servants were to be slashed. Everyone knew that the income tax was to be raised. But how much?

Two days before in opening this emergency session of Parliament Dramatic Scot MacDonald had warned:

"Let me call attention to the magnificent helpfulness and good will shown us by New York and other American bankers from the beginning to the end. If this loan had not been made the pound sterling would have stumbled. It would have been 20 shillings one day and ten shillings the next. It would have tumbled without control. I am not scaring you. I am giving you history!"

Talking steadily for an hour, icily disregarding interruptions from his former Laborite colleagues on the Opposition bench, Philip Snowden now gave them the staggering figures.

The basic income tax rate was raised to 25%. Coalition Philip Snowden having



## Foreign News—(Continued)

restored in his 1930-31 budget the 6d lopped off the tax by Conservative Winston Churchill in 1925, last week restored the 6d which Conservative Baldwin cut away in 1923. The tax climbed back to five shillings in the pound. The surtax rate on all incomes over \$9,720\* has been raised 10% in all brackets. Exemptions have been cut to incomes of only \$486 a year for single persons and \$729 for childless married men.

Gasoline will be taxed 4¢ more a gallon. All entertainment taxes are raised to 16½%. Tobacco will be taxed 1¢ more an ounce, beer 2¢ more a pint.

"You'd better hurry up, for you haven't got much time," said he to booing Laborites. "This increase on beer goes into effect tomorrow."

"To meet the estimated deficit of \$359,640,000 this year, I have economies totalling \$106,920,000; \$66,582,000 from debt redemption; and \$196,832,000 from new taxation—a total of \$370,332,000—giving me an estimated surplus of \$10,692,000."

"The effect on next year's budget will be this: I have an estimated deficit of \$826,200,000, toward which I now have economies totalling \$340,200,000; debt savings of \$97,200,000; new taxation of \$396,690,000—a total of \$833,490,000."

"These proposals are admittedly drastic and disagreeable. They are justified only by the regrettable necessity urged upon us by the present financial position of the nation, but I have received during the last few weeks the most amazing evidence of the willingness of men and women of all classes to make their contribution to this effort. . . ."

He ended with a ringing quotation from "England, an Ode," by a resonant rhymester even smaller than Philip Snowden, the late great Algernon Charles Swinburne:

*All our past proclaims our future;  
Shakespeare's voice and Nelson's hand,  
Milton's faith, and Wordsworth's trust in this*

*Our chosen and chainless land.  
Bear us witness: come the world against her,  
England yet shall stand.*

The little Chancellor sank back exhausted. Conservatives and Liberals were on their feet waving papers, cheering till the sound reached rainy Parliament Square outside.

**Orders In Council.** There was little that the Opposition could do, but Scot MacDonald and his National Cabinet took no chances. Having tried their strength and received a majority vote of 94 they made themselves a dictatorship so far as economy measures and financial bills are concerned. They slammed through a measure to put all emergency economy measures into effect by orders in council signed by King George without the necessity of formal legislative approval.

Laborites raged. Scot MacDonald's little old friend John Robert ("Johnny") Clynes turned to the Labor benches:

\* Exchange: \$4.86 = £1.

"I deny in anything he has said that he was speaking for Labor. We have known him until recently as a House of Commons man. He is now an Orders in Council man. This is more than an economy bill. It is a bill to suppress the Opposition, silence the minority and make a mere mockery of Parliamentary Government."

**Seethings.** Not all Britons took their new burdens as quietly as Chancellor



© Graphic Photo Union  
CHANCELLOR SNOWDEN

"... admittedly drastic and disagreeable."

Snowden suggested. Outside the Houses of Parliament little groups collected under their ringleaders shouting in unison "One, two, three—HANDS OFF THE DOLE!" and "One, two three—WE STAND FOR THE WORKING CLASSES, DOWN WITH THE RULING CLASSES!" British bobbies did not charge but nudged them out of the square.

**"The King Is So Generous!"** King George and Edward of Wales's gestures of cutting \$242,500 and \$48,600, respectively, off their incomes (TIME, Sept. 14) were not entirely successful from the point of view of the Nationalist Government. They were warmly applauded by thoughtful people but the gesture called the attention of angry Socialists to the vast sums of money paid annually to the Crown.\*

In Scotland the news provoked something almost unheard of in British journalism, a personal attack on the royal family. Even more shocking to conservative Britons is the fact that *Forward*, the paper in which it appeared, is edited by one of His Majesty's former Ministers, Tom Johnson, late Lord Privy Seal, in the Laborite Cabinet. Excerpts:

\* Vacationing in Canada last week that ancient tennis player, Rt. Rev. Arthur Foley Winnington Ingram, Bishop of London, announced that he would be glad to give up Fulham Palace and live in a smaller house.

"My official income is \$50,000," said he, "and my taxes, even before the new budget, have been \$34,000."

*Thank God  
We have all been saved  
From ruin  
For the King  
God bless him  
Has once again  
Come to our rescue  
Like he did  
In the Great War  
When he fought  
Fifty thousand Germans  
At the back of the front  
Single handed  
He is so brave  
And so thoughtful  
He is going to do without  
Fifty thousand pounds a year  
And tighten his belt  
Just to show  
The unemployed  
(They are so thriftless)  
How to make sacrifices. . . .*

*The unemployed  
Are so thoughtless  
They do not think  
That when the King dies  
The Queen will just have  
Seventy thousand pounds a year  
And if the Prince gets married  
His wife will just have  
Thirty thousand pounds a year . . .  
Now the King  
Has so little  
He will just wear  
A loin cloth  
Like Gandhi. . . .*

**Comparisons.** In the U. S., observers mullied over the new taxation figures and made little tables to show the comparative burdens of British and U. S. taxpayers. Most striking case is that of a married man with two children and an income of \$4,000 (£823). In the U. S. he pays no Federal income tax; in Great Britain he must pay \$708.20. Other examples:

Income	British Tax	U. S. Tax
\$1,500 (£309)	\$83.83	\$0.00
\$10,000 (£2,058)	\$2,208.87	\$83.25
\$20,000 (£4,115)	\$5,462.64	\$588.75

**Parliament Sidelights.** As the doors opened for the emergency session Lady Nancy Astor captured her favorite seat for the session, a comfortable corner bench in the third row. Moon-faced Winston Churchill, no member of the Cabinet or leader of the Opposition, had no seat in the front row. Arriving late he could not even find a place in the back benches, had to squeeze in uncomfortably on the steps in the aisle. Finally some M. P.'s moved over, allowing arch-Conservative Churchill to squeeze into the seat occupied in the last session by bobbed-haired James Maxton, Labor's most fiery Left winger.

**And Now?** Almost perfunctorily after an unexciting day of debate, the House of Commons passed the Economy Bill on its second reading: 310 to 253. Next, it was expected, would come discussion of a tariff. Reported leader of the movement was Liberal Sir John Simon, who had been wavering for many a month. Should a tariff eventuate, first to resign his job would be little Philip Snowden, stout free-trader.



## Foreign News—(Continued)

### Landing Gandhi

In Marseilles last week a large inquisitive fishwife elbowed her way toward the gangplank of the *S. S. Rajputana* to see what the gawking a crowd was staring at. Having reached a point of vantage she suddenly recoiled in disgust.

"*Quel Horreur!*" cried she. "A man wearing lingerie!"

The man in lingerie was none other than that pious midget the Mahatma Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi. He had amplified his customary loin cloth with a scarf thrown over his shoulders, and a cheap watch dangled from his waist. Perspiring porters rushed ashore with St. Gandhi's clattering collection of stew pans, his mattress, his cans of goat's milk and his suitcase. But there was no *pourboires* from the Mahatma.

"I am as poor as a church mouse," said he, flashing a toothless smile. "I have nothing for you. Beside I don't want to bribe you for performing a mere public duty."

The porters hitched their belts and grunted in disgust. A heavy mustached customs inspector advanced ponderously.

"Cigaretts? Cigars? Alcohol? Firearms or narcotics?" he demanded.

"Oh no," smirked St. Gandhi. "I neither smoke nor drink. Besides, being an advocate of non-violence, I never carry firearms."

His baggage was whisked open. It contained:

- 3 spinning wheels
- 3 looms
- 1 can goat's milk
- 1 package dried raisins
- 1 copy Thoreau's *Civil Disobedience*
- 1 set false teeth
- 6 fresh diapers

Eager reporters almost bowled the little man over despite the precautions of his faithful follower Mira Bel, formerly Miss Madeline Slade, daughter of a British admiral. St. Gandhi grew querulous.

"I believe in equality for everyone except reporters and photographers. I detest photographers." He hitched up his loin cloth and seated himself in compartment No. 13 (First Class) of the Paris Express.

At Lyons someone presented him with a goat, which was promptly placed in the baggage car. The special train reached Paris at 6 a. m. Even at that hour at least 500 people were waiting outside a police cordon for a sight of the Saint. The Mahatma emerged briefly and remarked that Paris looked much the same as it had when first he saw it 40 years ago.

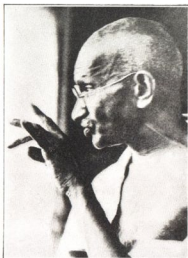
At Folkestone, St. Gandhi picked his way through the puddles and clambered into the front seat of an automobile. Careful British police whisked him to London where he arrived in high spirits, flashing his pink gums at the welcoming throngs. He was taken to Kingsley Hall Settlement House, whose fluttering proprietress, a Miss Muriel Lester, had been eagerly awaiting him for weeks (*TIME*, July 13). Among the volunteer workers of the Settlement House eager to skim the Mahatma's goat's milk were the Misses Frances Perry of Topeka, Kan., Mildred Osterhaut of Vancouver, B. C. and Camille

Solomon of No. 552 West 150th Street, New York.

At the Friends Meeting House, St. Gandhi was introduced by Poet-Illustrator Laurence Housman to a gathering of Hindus and Socialists, sprinkled with Quakers. Said he:

"The Congress of Indian Nationalists wants freedom unadulterated for those dumb and semi-starved millions. The Congress has chosen as a means of attaining this truth and non-violence. I am aware that not all Congressmen have lived up to that ideal and the Congress will deserve the curses of the world if it acts contrary to it."

After his speech the Mahatma admitted that he had just received a large white petticoat from an infuriated Briton with



Acme-P. & A.

ST. GANDHI

"I detest photographers."

a demand that he "cover his nudity with it."

"I shall preserve the petticoat," cackled the Mahatma. "It really is the oddest souvenir of my already large collection."

The Federal Structures Committee of the Indian Round Table Conference was scheduled to open on Monday. Immediately there was a snag. Monday is St. Gandhi's day of silence.

"If the meeting is held on Monday I shall be placed in a most embarrassing position," said he. "When I took the vow of silence I made only three exceptions: First, if I am in distress and can only be assisted by speaking. Second, if somebody else is in distress who can be helped by my speaking. Third, if exceptional circumstances prevail such as an unexpected call from the Viceroy or other high official who must be seen in the interest of the cause. Thus my appearance at the committee meeting on Monday can only come under the third exception, but only by a considerable stretch of meaning." Eventually he did attend the Monday conference, to listen but not to speak. Accompanied by his faithful Mrs. Sarojini Naidu carrying a thermos bottle full

of goat's milk and a bag of nuts, he arrived in a small Wolsley saloon upholstered in scarlet leather. Dignified Sir Samuel Hoare attracted no little attention by popping suddenly from the interior of a small Baby Austin. Despite the secrecy of hotel employees, reporters discovered that St. Gandhi had had a secret conference with Scot MacDonald in the swank Dorchester Hotel.

"What is the name of that building?" asked St. Gandhi on his way back.

"That, Mahatma, is Buckingham Palace," explained a guide.

"H'm, it looks like a nice place," said St. Gandhi and continued his walk.

U. S. listeners were able to hear the little man in his first radio broadcast last week.\* Several radio stations claimed credit for the hook-up. It was due to the enterprise of Newark's WOR alone. At the appointed time St. Gandhi refused to be hustled from his dates and milk; his flustered hostess, Miss Muriel Lester of Kingsley House, was forced to *ad lib* for many minutes. At length the Mahatma approached the microphone, prayed for a few moments silently. Then millions of U. S. listeners heard his first words: "Do I have to speak into this thing?"

Without notes, speaking slowly, distinctly, the Mahatma talked for 20 minutes. Throughout the broadcast the voices of children playing in the streets outside could be heard. Said he:

"I have no hesitation whatsoever in inviting all the great nations of the earth to give their hearty co-operation to India in her mighty struggle.

"I am painfully conscious of our own weaknesses. We represent in India all the principal religions of the earth and it is a matter of real humiliation to confess that we are a house divided against itself, that we Hindus and Mussulmans are flying at one another's throats.

"It is a matter of still deeper humiliation to me that we Hindus regard several million of our kith and kin as too degraded even for our touch. I refer to the so-called untouchables. . . .

"The time was, not very long ago, when every village was self-sufficient in regard to the two primary human wants, food and clothing. Unfortunately for us the East India Co. by means which I would prefer not to describe, destroyed that supplementary village industry, and the millions of spinners who had become famous through the cunning of their deft fingers for drawing the finest thread, such as has never yet been drawn by any modern machinery. . . . No matter what may be said to the contrary it is a historical fact that before the advent of the East India Co. these villagers were not idle, and he who wants may see today that these villagers are idle. . . .

"May I not, then, on behalf of these semi-starved millions, appeal to the conscience of the world to come to the rescue of a people dying for regaining its liberty?"

\*Microphones are not new to the Mahatma. Because of his low voice, many of his speeches are amplified.

## Foreign News—(Continued)

## SOUTH AFRICA

## George I

At Capetown last week, bearded Boers and other members of the South African Party struggled through a party convention, listened to innumerable speeches in Cape Dutch and English, introduced innumerable resolutions. One motion, introduced by the followers of a Col. D. Reitz, startled the floor and set international cables buzzing. Moved the Reitzers:

"On the ground that South Africa obtained its independence in 1926, be it resolved that the King's title be known in the Union of South Africa as George I of South Africa and not George V of Great Britain."

## BRITISH HONDURAS

## What Spiders Know

The big silk spiders of Bermuda have been weaving their skeins on low bushes and shrubs this summer instead of up in the trees and telephone poles. Any sapient Bermudian knows what that means: a hurricane season.

As early as two weeks ago the national observatory at Havana announced that there was a big blow brewing in the Caribbean. No one at Belize paid any attention to the warning. Instead, one afternoon last week the children turned out to watch a parade of school children marching in a pageant to celebrate the 133rd year of Honduran independence from Spain. While the children, black and white, with happy faces and stiff white clothes, filed up the sunny street, a whirling havoc of wind was winding up over the south-eastern horizon at a deliberate gait of 35 m. p. h. Then the wind increased in velocity, contorted, smashed into Belize at 2:30 p. m. with the vindictive shriek and speed of a racing plane.

Black constables shouting cockney rushed among the people, trying to get them indoors. The first impact struck the Jesuit mission on the shorefront, lifted it, sifted it through its invisible hands like a pack of cards. There perished ten priests. They had come a long way to die: from St. Louis, from Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Superior and Racine (Wis.), Reading (Pa.), from Ireland, from Spain.

Manager Beattie, local agent of the far-flung Royal Bank of Canada, was out riding. The blast lifted his horse from under him. Manager Beattie crawled on the ground, clung to groaning trees. A liquor warehouse burst. Bottles of whiskey rolled into the door of the nearby U. S. consulate. Consul G. Russell Taggart was stunned by a falling piece of roofing metal.

Belize was founded by British pirates. The name Belize was unaccountably derived by Spaniards from the name of the Scottish Settler Wallis. Legend relates that the city was built in a swamp on a foundation of gin pots and mahogany chips. If this is so, it would have been better if the city's fathers had thrown in a few more pots and chips, for Belize is only a few inches above sea-level. Out of this circumstance came the second and far more horrible tragedy.

There was a lull in the storm. The superintendent of police went about warning the city that another, more vicious blow was expected momentarily. It came sooner than he expected. With it came a tidal wave. It poured over the city its mammoth salty blanket. It knocked the police officer's car spinning, drowned him. It scated a 200-ton vessel on the customs house roof. It demolished nearly every house in town.

As usual in Central American catastrophes, Pan American Airways got the news out to the world first. The dead were originally reported at 150, then at 400, later at 700. When the known toll reached 1,000 (Belize had 13,000 inhabitants), the authorities stopped counting, looked for corpses no longer. It would have been impossible to bury them before they started spreading disease. Bodies already found were dumped into convict-dug trenches. The rest were thrown on pyres made of badly demolished buildings, including the Jesuit college where many unidentified victims must have been killed.

Up from Nicaragua roared two U. S. Marine planes carrying medical relief. They had a hard time landing in the rubble. Out of Colon sped the U. S. cruiser *Rochester*. The gunboat *Sacramento* set out at once from Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua, and the mine-sweeper *Swan* steamed up from Trujillo, Honduras, with food, water, bandages. Out of Kingston, Jamaica, raced H. M. S. *Danae* to help her own people.

At Belize, Governor Sir John Burdon surveyed his demolished town, pondered abandoning it, building a new city farther back from the bay on a piney ridge. As soon as the Belize river could be cleared of bodies and debris, native inhabitants in small boats started up-country. Through a fetid atmosphere of stranded, rotting fish, whole families made the journey to escape threatened pestilence and famine in the ruined city. Better, they thought, take a chance in the jungle.

Most of the recent big blows from the Caribbean have been in September. It is not unusual for an equinoctial storm to beat the calendar by a week or so (autumnal equinox: Sept. 22). Florida's last two bad ones (1926, 1928) came in September, also Porto Rico's (1928), Santo Domingo's (1930). Cuba's last serious hurricane struck in October 1926.

Less than seven hours after the Belize blow, a second hurricane bore up from the southeast on San Juan, P. R. Governor Theodore Roosevelt Jr. had just left for the U. S. The wind lasted 45 min., killed two, knocked out communications for a day, slightly damaged the grapefruit crop, burst in the windows and thoroughly soaked "La Fortaleza," Governor Roosevelt's mansion.

For a while Cuba thought she might be struck. But the hurricane bumped off the mountains of Haiti, spun up and out, vanished and spent itself over the tumbling Caribbean.

A third hurricane, off the western coast of Mexico, threatened, did not materialize.

## BELGIUM

## Prosperity

When the U. S. Press suddenly awoke to the financial potency and comparative prosperity of France last month, many curious eyes turned to France's neighbor and ally, Belgium. Last week Associated Press correspondents finished a report on Belgium's economic position which showed that the people for whom Britons and U. S. citizens once knit thousands of pairs of woolen socks today have the most balanced economic position in Europe, with the possible exception of the Swiss and Dutch.

All Belgian government bonds are selling above par. Savings bank deposits are increasing yearly. The Belgian bank discount rate is 2½% as compared with 8% for Germany, 4½% for Britain. Exports almost equal imports. There are only 62,000 unemployed. Antwerp shipping increases yearly, and the city's skyline, almost unchanged since the days of Pieter Breughel and Jan van Eyck, is now stabbed by an up-to-date portentous 20-story skyscraper. The gold coverage of Belgian banknotes is at the proud level of 66%.

Interviewed, Belgian industrialists credited the country's happy state to the German army. At one blow old-fashioned factories, mills and mines were wiped out. After the War they were rebuilt with German reparations money in accordance with the most modern production methods, thus giving the country a great advantage over Great Britain, for example, most of whose industrial equipment still remains antiquated.

Last week's A. P. report closed with a statement by Paul van Zeeland, director of the Belgian National Bank and secretary of the Belgian Economic Council:

"Speaking purely for myself I consider Belgium's economic status the most secure in all Europe.

"First, we have stabilized our currency at a rate favorable to our productive industry [one Belgian franc: 36]. Second, our industrialists not only completely modernized their processes but declined to yield to the clamor for higher dividends and instead built up reserves. Third, a large part of Belgian industry remained in the hands of small, individual owners and families who with amazing suppleness adapted themselves to changing conditions. Fourth, Belgian industry did not make the mistake of overexpanding. . . ."

Both M. van Zeeland and the Associated Press omitted one important cause of Belgium's prosperity, her African colonies. Much water has flowed under many bridges since the bold bad days of King Leopold and the rubber atrocities in the Congo. Today the Belgian Congo produces no rubber (plantation rubber is being cultivated to regain the market that will Congo rubber once commanded), but it does produce enough coffee and cotton to fill a large part of Belgium's needs. Palm nuts and palm oil are the most important assets of the colony, mining excepted.

## CHINA

## Great Wise Priest

A good little man with a drooping mustache, a little round head and a little round stomach was moving across Manchuria last week in a bright yellow private car, with a brand new contract in his baggage. Every time the train stopped hundreds of devout Chinese banged their heads against

rived in Peiping recently to sign his contract, he was received with royal honors by President Chiang and his northern ally Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, waited on hand & foot by Mongol princes who ordinarily have no traffic with Chinese republicans or any of their fiestas.

So great is the influence of the Great-Wise-Priest-Who-Guards-the-Nation-&Spreads-Culture that the Nationalists are



Acme-P. &amp; A.

CHANG HSUEH-LIANG, PANCHEN LAMA, CHIANG KAI-SHEK

The Lama will educate the Manchurian masses, at \$480,000 a year.

the sides, the window panes, the brake rods, hoping to receive virtue through their bumps. The good little man was the Panchen Lama who has sometimes been called the Buddhist Pope.\* His contract was with the Nationalist Government of President Chiang Kai-shek to become a public relations counselor to fight Soviet propaganda, explain the Nationalist Government to the Manchurian masses. In return for this the Panchen Lama receives a new title: "Great Wise Priest Who Guards the Nation and Spreads Culture," and \$480,000 (\$2,160,000 Mex.) a year, \$120,000 for himself and entourage, and \$30,000 a month extra for "administrative expenses."

At that, Finance Minister T. V. Soong† thought he was getting a bargain. Though the Panchen Lama speaks only Tibetan, knows less Chinese than most U. S. missionaries, he is the only person in China allowed to use imperial yellow since the downfall of the monarchy. When he ar-

counting on him to bring back to China the rich province of Manchuria now split between Russian and Japanese spheres of influence.

## Bottom of Wu

Coolies, soldiers, and hundreds of round-eyed little boys stood in the market place at Tsinanfu and marveled. Bent over a barrel was the Honorable Wu Cha-ding, Commissioner of the Wenchang Bureau of Public Safety. Standing over him was a strong-armed soldier with a broad wooden paddle in his hand who lustily belabored Mr. Wu's quivering bottom.

Brash Commissioner Wu lately let it be known that dignified Judge Pan Kuotze of the District Court was a confirmed opium-smoker. Judge Pan's colleagues immediately indicted Commissioner Wu for slander and after deliberation sentenced him to be publicly spanked in the market place. Outraged Commissioner Wu appeared personally to the highest authority, General Han Fu-chu, Chairman and Pacification Commissioner of the Shantung Provincial Government. But General Han was a friend of Judge Pan. Not only did he approve the sentence but "as a mark of his personal displeasure" slapped Commissioner Wu once on the face. While Tsinanfu marveled, slanderous Commissioner Wu was then paddled 300 times on the fundament.

## PEOPLE

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

At Nice, the U. S. consul asked French police to protect **Gibson Fahnestock Jr.**, rich, U. S. socialite on whose yacht *Shenandoah III* several members of the Chinese crew had started a fight. *Shenandoah III* is elaborately fitted out with Oriental antiques, has a great staring eye painted on her bow. Mr. & Mrs. Fahnestock and four children are world-cruising on it. Once before, at Singapore last December, the Chinese crew mutinied, knocked down the captain and Owner Fahnestock.

At Apia, two stewards from the yacht *Alva*, on which **William Kissam Vanderbilt** & friends are touring the South seas, complained to a Samoan court of ill treatment. The court cleared Yachtsman Vanderbilt, found the stewards "prohibited immigrants," fined them £100 each. They could not pay, were jailed for six months.

Among rich U. S. families none is more secretive than the **Hartfords**, who control Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co. A minimum of publicity ensued when onetime President John A. Hartford of A. & P. divorced his wife, married his wife's modiste, divorced her, remarried his first wife (Time, April 23, 1928). John A. Hartford's brother's widow—Mrs. Edward V. Hartford—and her son George Huntington II got in the news last week. In Boston, a Miss Mildred King, pretty blonde, sued Mrs. Hartford for \$100,000. Miss King said that she had been asked to woo George Huntington II, a Harvard sophomore, away from an unnamed Manhattan siren with whom he had become infatuated. In return, Miss King said that Mrs. Hartford had promised to make a settlement on her or adopt her. Miss King said she had fulfilled her part of the bargain. Mrs. Hartford had not. Mrs. Hartford made no public comment.

The **Spectator**, insurance magazine, made known the names of 391 U. S. citizens carrying at least \$1,000,000 worth of life insurance. Top five: **Pierre Samuel du Pont**, gunpowder maker (\$7,000,000); **John C. Martin** of Curtis-Martin Newspapers Inc. (\$6,540,000); **William Fox**, cinemagaine (\$6,500,000); **Herbert L. Dillon**, stockbroker (\$6,000,000); **Marshall Field II**, drygoodsman (\$5,500,000).

About to lose his land near Bradenton, Fla. in default of back taxes, George O. Lea, State Legislator, deeded it to **Mahatma Gandhi**, **President Hoover**, **William Harrison** ("Jack") **Dempsey**, **Will Rogers**, **Clara Bow**.

**Warren K. Billings**, imprisoned since he and **Thomas Mooney** were convicted of bombing San Francisco's 1916 Preparedness Day parade, announced that henceforth his defense activities would be independent of Mooney's. Claimed he: "I have become a mere nonentity in the case."

\*Until 1924 Buddhists in Tibet, Mongolia & China looked up to two Lamas or Living Buddhas: the Panchen Lama or spiritual head of Buddhism, and the Dalai Lama or temporal ruler. Squabbling between these two holy men (fostered, said some observers, by British agents who found the Dalai Lama much more tractable) caused the Panchen Lama to flee from his headquarters in Tibet to China where he travels about, oblivious to and unharmed by all civil wars.

†Anglicized Shanghai rendering of Sung Tsu-wen, preferred by Minister Soong.

## S P O R T

## Jubilee

In 1874, a lively girl named Mary Ewing Outerbridge paid a visit to Bermuda. There British Army officers taught her a game which was becoming a polite fad in England. When she returned to the U. S., Mary Outerbridge brought with her a net suitable for minnow-fishing, several strange-looking, gut-strung bats and a rule book. She had her net pegged up on the grounds of the Staten Island Cricket & Baseball Club, set about teaching her family how to play tennis. Seven years later, when the game was being played at 33 U. S. clubs, her brother, Eugenius H. Outerbridge, helped form the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association which drafted rules and held the first national tournament at Newport, R. I. The winner was a spry young Bostonian with a fierce eye and an underhand serve, Richard Dudley Sears. He too could lay claim to being one of the very first U. S. lawn tennis players. In 1874 his brother had brought a set and a rule book from England, set up the net on an hour-glass shaped court on their uncle's place at Nahant, Mass.

While tennis was spreading over the U. S. and about the world, Richard Dudley Sears, waving his thick-framed racket at Newport and on the smooth lawns of the Longwood Cricket Club, near Boston, held the championship for seven years. He might have held it longer had he not hurt himself, so seriously that he was compelled to retire, by colliding with his partner during a doubles match. The injury was still noticeable, in the form of a slight limp, when Richard Dudley Sears went to Forest Hills, N. Y. last week to attend a Golden Jubilee Ceremony, the 50th U. S. Lawn Tennis Championship.

The ceremony was ridiculous but impressive. In a long box erected in the curve of the horseshoe stadium, sat grey-haired Mr. Sears, Henry Ward Slocum and some 30 other onetime champions and proxies for a few, among them Maurice E. ("Comet") McLoughlin of California. Across the three stadium courts stood a small table. Behind the table stood Secretary of the Navy Charles Francis Adams (who likes sailing better than tennis) and three members of the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association.

Presently four lady trumpeters began to play "The Star Spangled Banner" followed by other national anthems. The onetime champions marched slowly across the courts to the table where each received a medal from Secretary Adams, a spasm of applause from 4,000 spectators. There was some confusion about the medal, for the name of Molla Bjurstedt Mallory, eight-time Woman's Champion, and of Mary K. Browne had unaccountably been left off the list. Richard Dudley Sears, in a loud burst of applause, shook hands four times, received his medal with patrician politeness. He made no great show of liking the ceremony but said he was glad he had come, against his doctor's advice, because "they only hold these things every 50 years and I may not be here for the next one."

First U. S. women's tennis championship was won in 1887 by tall, slim Ellen F. Hansell. Today she is grey-haired, sixty-ish. Married to Taylor Allerdice, onetime president of National Tube Co., she is the mother of four daughters, two sons. Preferring the social column to the sport page, she plays the piano, sings, is

Cup team. His semi-final match with Vines was generally regarded as the one which would decide the championship. Vines won, after losing the first two sets and breaking two rackets with a smash that is now considered the fastest shot in U. S. amateur tennis.

Vines's opponent in the final was Lott. The latter had beaten round-faced Doeg, the defending champion, who got as far as the semi-final on his courage rather than on his imperfect, left-handed shots.



Acme-P. &amp; A.

FIRST CHAMPIONS SEARS &amp; ALLERDICE\*

He: "They only hold these things every 50 years."

seen on the tennis court only about once a year.

When Richard Dudley Sears was champion he dominated the game. One man or at most two have dominated U. S. tennis ever since, until William Tatem Tilden retired to become a professional last year. Last week's jubilee tournament, on the West Side Tennis Club's disgracefully frayed turf, was a young-blooded tournament and one which suggested that tennis has now become so standardized that all the promising young players are almost equally good. Only one oldtime player made a showing—Richard Norris Williams II, champion in 1914 and 1916. No one was too much surprised when Sidney Wood Jr., boastful but erratic young Wimbledon champion, was beaten by an unseeded player in the third round when Berkeley Bell showed annoyance at having to finish his match with Wilmer Allison on a court outside the stadium. There are at least one upset and one squabble in every tournament.

In the quarter-finals, four fair-haired young players played four black-haired ones. Three of the fair-haired—Henry Ellsworth Vines Jr., John Hope Doeg and George Martin Lott Jr.—beat Bert, Francis Xavier Shields and John Van Ryn, respectively. The only dark-haired player in the semi-finals was also the only Englishman in the tournament, Frederick J. Perry, onetime ping-pong champion and No. 2 singles player on the British Davis

Lott, in the first ten for the last five years, had never reached the final before. In his match with Vines, who was a flash-in-the-pan a year ago but who had won three out of this year's four important invitation tournaments, Lott controlled his temper and his shots in the first set, which he won, after two narrow escapes on his serve, 9-7. Vines won the next set 6-3. In the third, Lott lost his serve at 7-all, let the next game go without trying.

In the tenth game of the fourth set, Lott gave signs of having lost part of his temper, with good reason. He had had Vines 5-2; then Vines had won his own serve, broken through on Lott's, was winning his own again to tie the score. Lott beat his leg with his racket, lay on the court for a full minute after falling down. He dusted off his trousers with a towel, whacked a ball high into the grandstand when he missed a point, yelped when he missed another. When Vines won the tenth game, Lott, Vines and 10,000 spectators knew the match was over. A few seconds later it was: 7-9, 6-3, 9-7, 7-5.

Vines, 19-year-old sophomore at the University of Southern California, youngest champion in the history of U. S. tennis, shook hands with Lott, wrapped a towel around his neck while Lott put on a blazer, moved over to a microphone in

\*In the background: Secretary of the Navy Adams.



his slow pigeon-toed shuffle. Theorists wondered whether Vines would, like Does, slump after becoming champion; or whether, which seemed a shade more likely, he would improve enough to dominate U. S. tennis like Tilden, McLaughlin, Larned, Wrenn, and Richard D. Sears.

## Yankee Trick

Every game has its own ethics. In baseball, it is permissible to rattle a pitcher by making a noise; but a golfer who shouts when his opponent is putting is a boorish cheat. In football, it is ethical to render an adversary senseless by hard tackling; it would be easy but unfair to win a rubber of bridge in the same way. A question of ethics in sport was internationally discussed last week after the conclusion of the Harmsworth Cup (motor boat) races in Detroit.

Kaye Don, British automobile and motorboat driver who holds the world speed record for motorboats, had entered *Miss England II*.

Garfield Arthur ("Gar") Wood had entered his *Miss America IX*. His brother George was to drive *Miss America VIII*, the boat which won the Harmsworth Cup in 1929 but which is obviously outclassed by later models. Before the race, silver-haired, sharp-faced Gar Wood was confident he would win. He was quoted as saying that Kaye Don would learn something when "George gives him the wash."

In the first heat, *Miss England II* won by more than a mile. Her speed reached 110 m. p. h. on the straightaway, averaged 89.913 m. p. h., broke the race record by more than 12 m. p. h. and made it clear that she would win the Cup next day unless something unexpected happened. When the time came for the second heat next day, Gar Wood asked for a 45-min. postponement to repair his gas tank. Kaye Don refused—because he would have had to drain his oil and re-heat it, which would have taken more than 45 minutes and perhaps made it impossible to finish the race before dark. Gar Wood repaired his gas tank as best he could and the three boats got ready for the start.

A rule of the Harmsworth Cup races states that any boat which starts more than five seconds before the gun shall be disqualified. Gar Wood's boat crossed the starting line nine seconds before the gun—the first time he has ever crossed the line too soon in five Harmsworth Cup races. Just behind him, seven seconds ahead of the gun, came *Miss England II*. Safely behind both was *Miss America VIII*, which crossed the line just after the signal, sure to win the race since both the others were disqualified. A moment later, the 500,000 people who were watching saw *Miss England* pitch dangerously, then capsize at 80 m. p. h. and sink. Kaye Don and two mechanics were pulled out of the water, uninjured (TIME, Sept. 14).

Gar Wood was quoted as follows in an interview after the races: "Sure I'm happy. I asked for a postponement of the start. . . . My request was denied and it made me angry. When Eddie Edenburn,

chairman of the race committee, told me Don would not agree . . . I told him . . . I was coming down the river and make a false start purposely. I told him when I did, Don likely would follow me. If he did, I knew it meant disqualification of both *Miss America IX* and *Miss England II* but there was still *Miss America VIII*. . . . If Don wanted to play that way with me, all right. I figured I could out-smart him. . . ."

Said Gar Wood, at a luncheon given for Don next day: "We did not know that we had gone over the line more than five seconds ahead of the gun until we were signalled with a red flag at the judges stand. . . . But when confronted by interviewers, Wood began to weep. He said: "We wanted to get over first. . . . I've been racing for years and we've done the best we could to carry the American flag on our boats in a sportsmanlike way. . . ." He said he had been misquoted, misunderstood, misjudged.

Other reports conflicted with Gar Wood's second-day statements. Chairman Eddie Edenburn of the race committee said: "I was at Gar Wood's boat well before the race. . . . Gar was incensed. . . . He told me he was going to cross the line before the gun. . . . There was no time [to warn Don]. . . ." Spectators said Wood, shouting to watchers on the bank, had described his start as "an old Yankee trick."

Observers unfamiliar with motor-boating etiquette wondered whether, even if Wood had tricked Don into a false start, he had broken boating etiquette. Observers familiar with motor-boating ethics were not so perplexed. They called the trick unsporting.

The day after *Miss England's* mishap the Detroit race officials reconsidered their intention of cancelling the third heat. George Wood ran *Miss America VIII* slowly over three laps of the 30-mile course. But the name of Gar Wood's 13-year-old son, Garfield Arthur Wood Jr., in whose name *Miss America VIII* was entered, was not engraved on the tall, gold Harmsworth Cup. Whether or not it will be is up to the Yachtsmen's Association of America which will meet to ponder the problem soon. The crew of a tugboat salvaged *Miss England II*. Her stern was cracked apart, her deck ripped off but her Rolls-Royce motors were practically undamaged. Her designer, Fred Cooper, declared she could be patched up and, with bigger motors, be made capable of 150 m. p. h. She was taken unrepaired to Toronto and placed, an equivocal exhibit of international sport, on view at the Canadian National Exhibition.

## Pot Shots at Perry

Women, soldiers, an Indian chief and a clergyman, children, sailors, cowboys, a chemist, a Japanese, a Chinese, an Hawaiian—all these lay in a 5-mi. firing line at Camp Perry (Ohio) last week. They were shooting, for the most part in rain and mud, in the 58th annual National Rifle & Pistol Matches. The three-week Camp Perry shoot is the biggest in the world, dwarfing England's Bisley. This year 3,000 competitors broke all previous Camp Perry records in attendance.

There are 100 contests shot at Perry,

where the nation's best riflemen and riflewomen display each year the sort of shooting that Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, more than 100 years ago, showed the British at Put-in-Bay 13 mi. away. No shooting records were broken at Perry this year, largely because of the wretched weather during the first two weeks. But some paradoxical things happened in the early service cup matches. Firing under the aegis of the National Rifle Association but under the direct supervision of the War Department, the Infantry team won the Coast Guard cup. Then Corporal H. F. Stemen of the Ohio National Guard won the Navy's trophy. The Navy retaliated by winning the Chemical Warfare match. In the Infantry's skirmishes event (teams advancing against targets) the Washington National Guard team—three schoolteachers, four University of Washington undergraduates, three salesmen, a policeman, a farmer, a motion picture operator—outshot all the rest of the civilian groups as well as the services.

Most important and final matches—the national individual rifle match and the national rifle team match—were run off under bright sunlight. These matches are shot under like regulations with the standard U. S. Military Springfield 30 calibre: 50 rounds rapid and slow-fire at 200 yd., rapid-fire at 300 yd., slow-fire at 600 yd., 100 rounds slow-fire at 1,000 yd. Squeinting in the glare, 1,727 contestants sought their sights with candles, tightened their slings, commenced firing at 5:50 a. m. over glistening grass. When the last shot cracked out, split the target, was marked by the pitmen and valued by the statistical officer, the winner became known. He was Lieut. Emerald F. Sloan, 30, of the Infantry Barracks at Vancouver, Wash. Lieut. Sloan, never before a sensation in his two years of national competition, came up from behind to make a score of 97 out of a possible 100 on the long range.

Because they usually bring home more than their share of trophies, the Marines are called "pot-hunters." Accustomed to Central American rain and slime, they did not seem to mind the early bad weather, won more cups than any other unit. Equally acclimated to tropic sun glare, they won the team match for the second consecutive year, for the eleventh time. The only branch that consistently gives the Marines a run for their money is the Infantry, which still holds the match record of 2,838 out of a possible 3,000, established in 1927.

## Who Won

♣ Lord Rosebery's Sandwich: the St. Leger, oldest horse-race in England, at Doncaster, Yorkshire, in which the favorite, John Arthur Dewar's Derby-winner Cameronian, came in last.

♣ Life and other magazines, newspapers and a great army of middling golfers: their fight to get the U. S. Golf Association to discard the bigger, lighter ball. New specifications, announced this week for adoption next April: 1.68 in. diameter (as at present), 1.62 oz. (the old official weight, as against 1.55 oz. this year).

♣ Conzoneri: a 15-round fight, defending his world's lightweight championship, against Judah Bergman (Jack ["Kid"] Berg); in Manhattan.

\* Owned by Lord Wakefield, Kaye Don's laker. *Miss England II* was originally built for Major Sir Henry Seagrave who was thrown out and killed when his boat hit a submerged log on Lake Windermere, England, in June 1930.



# M E D I C I N E

## Health in Poverty?

When, on the advice of his Surgeon-General, President Hoover told the country: "The public health has apparently never been better than it has been over the past six months" (TIME, Aug. 31), some commenting was to be expected. Last week some came from New York, taking loud exception.

"An unfortunate statement," bitterly remarked New York City's Department of Hospitals. New York hospitals and clinics have been overcrowded with 25% more patients than normal during full employment times. The staffs herd of people who "cannot afford to be sick," who defer treatment, operations. For the municipal hospitals alone the budget requires \$25,326,000, an enforced increase over last year of \$5,800,000. Surgeon-General Cummings' report, complained the New Yorkers, "excludes epidemics and, covering only 13 unmentioned States, deals only in mortalities."

## Press Rescue

Fame bounded into the surprised but ready hand of Buffalo's Professor Frank Alexander Hartman last week. Professor Hartman, whose favorite pastime is handball, returned the serve deftly, then withdrew from the popular game of publicity. Too many newspaper stories can ruin a scientist's professional standing.

Professor Hartman, 47, physiologist at the University of Buffalo, has separated a hormone from the covering, or cortex, of the adrenal glands. He calls his hormone "cortin." To make one ounce of cortin requires the adrenals of 130 cattle.

Other men have worked with the same hormone—Professor Julius Moses Rogoff of Western Reserve University; Dr. Wilbur Willis Swingle & Joseph John Pfiffner of Princeton, Long Island Biological Laboratories, Parke, Davis & Co. and indirectly Mayo Clinic (TIME, June 22); Drs. Walter Bernard Coffey & John Davis Humber of San Francisco and the Southern Pacific (TIME, Feb. 24, 1930 *et seq.*). But Professors Rogoff & Hartman, first discoverers of the hormone, have less wealth and facilities at their disposal than the rest. Scientists know of their work, but their reputation has not been widespread. Last fortnight Professor Hartman had opportunity to describe his work before the American Chemical Society at Buffalo (TIME, Sept. 14). The 2,000 chemists present constituted the largest professional audience of his career.

Last week a Chicago reporter of the United Press discovered a Mrs. Andrew Nelson, wife of a workless carpenter and mother of six, dying of dread Addison's disease. Her physician, Dr. Richard Torpin, remarked that extract of adrenal cortex might prolong her life. But the extract was scarce, impossible to get. A small news item resulted.

Carl D. Groat, United Press news director in Manhattan, saw the despatch. As hardbitten newsmen often do, he simultaneously winced at the private tragedy and snapped at the human interest story. He ordered United Press men to hunt

for a supply of cortical extract among the physicians of their community. Roscoe Snipes, U. P. bureau manager at Buffalo, recalled Professor Hartman's paper before the chemists, persuaded him through a reporter—after Dr. Torpin had sent a personal request from Chicago—to send a supply.

Professor Hartman had no extra cortin. But in a few hours he cooked some up from the entrails of 900 Chicago cattle. A police escort sped the hormone with U. P. reporters and photographers from Professor Hartman's laboratory. Mail planes rushed the medicine to Chicago,



Acme-P. & A.

FRANK ALEXANDER HARTMAN

... cooked up some cortin.

where more police and U. P. men sped it at 80 m. p. h. to dying Mrs. Nelson.

The drug revived her. But it was insufficient to keep her alive for more than a few days.

The Mayo Clinic read of her plight, sent her some Swingle & Pfiffner hormone from Rochester, Minn.

Cried Carpenter Nelson: "If it had not been for Dr. Hartman, the air lines, the police, the hospitals and the United Press, mother surely would have died. Thank God that mother is living in the 20th Century."

## Respirator Gift

Infantile paralysis last week continued to subside in communities along the northern Atlantic coast, continued to rise slightly elsewhere. No nation-wide epidemic seemed likely.

At Glen Cove, L. I., Mrs. Henry Pomeroy Davison, American Red Cross central committee member, widow of the late great banker, mother of the Assistant Secretary of War and of a Morgan junior partner, made an exemplary gesture against infantile paralysis' second worst ravage.

Next to swift death, the worst effect of infantile paralysis is inability to breathe. The rib-raising muscles which cause the

lungs to expand are paralyzed. The victim soon suffocates.

Professor Philip Drinker and Louis Agassiz Shaw of the Harvard School of Public Health three years ago invented the Drinker Respirator, at the suggestion of Consolidated Gas Co. of New York City. The gas company wanted a device to resuscitate asphyxiated persons. The Drinker machine does that (TIME, Sept. 8, 1930). It is a metal box weighing 700 lb. A person unable to breathe voluntarily is sealed in the chamber, all except his head. An electric pump creates a mild, interrupted vacuum in the sealed box. The vacuum is sufficient to pull up the victim's chest. That action pulls air into his lungs through his mouth which remains exposed to the free air. When the chamber vacuum is released, his chest falls, air is squeezed out of his lungs. The interrupted vacuum thus makes him breathe at a normal rate, keeps him alive until he can breathe again by himself.

Like many another institution, the North Country Community Hospital at Glen Cove thought it could not afford a Drinker Respirator.\* Mrs. Davison gave a lesson in how to get one. She solicited her neighbors, quickly collected the \$2,000 a Drinker Respirator costs.

## U. S. Ratcatchers

The League of Nations last week landed a party of scientists in Manhattan to take lessons in ratcatching. The scientists were quarantine and health officers from France, Germany, Great Britain, Holland and Spain, nations whose ships go to the plague-infested Orient and return with a continuous threat of re-introducing the awful Black Death to Europe.† The U. S. has been happily free of plague for a dozen years, because of strict water front precautions. The Europeans were sent to study those precautions at first-hand. Ships carry rats which carry fleas which carry bubonic plague.

To kill rats hidden within ships, after every known person and economically valuable creature aboard has been removed, hatches, ports and other openings are tightly closed. In every closed space hydrocyanic gas, instantly fatal to animal life, is released.\*\* European sanitarians have been doing that. But their methods have not exterminated every rat aboard ship. In Manhattan they learned the necessity of diligence in tracing rat droppings to rat nests between beams, in pipe coverings, under floors, over ceilings. Into every hole into which a rat may squeeze, deadly gas must be sprayed. After fumigation the ship must be aerated, dead rats searched out. Sometimes the search reveals a hapless stowaway.

\* In three years Warren E. Collins Inc. of Boston, sole maker, has sold 130 respirators for adults, 41 for infants; has orders for nine adult, one infant sizes.

† In the 14th and 15th centuries bubonic plague devastated Asia, Northern Africa and Europe, killed 60,000,000. Boccaccio's *Decameron* contains a vivid description of that epidemic in Italy; Daniel Defoe's *History of the Plague of 1665* describes a visitation when 70,000 died in London. To prevent plague's spread, Venice segregated victims for 40 days (*quaranta giorni*) and thus originated quarantine.

\*\* In Nevada hydrocyanic gas is used to execute convicts.

## T H E P R E S S



## SURE, he's Coming Back!

Once in a while one of our guests does get out of our clutches. But generally, once they've enjoyed the friendly service at the New Yorker, they won't be satisfied with anything less. And so they come back to us.

There's the case of a gentleman from Indiana, for instance, who recently wrote us this: "I like your hotel and I know it now, because the last time I was in New York I went to another hotel. I will be back with you the next time."

So far this year we have served nearly 30 per cent more guests than last, depression or no depression. When a business forges ahead like that in these times, there must be a reason. And this is it—Hotel New Yorker gives you full value, the most for your money.

2500 rooms, each with radio, both tub and shower bath, Servidor and circulating ice water. 85 per cent of the rooms are priced from \$3.50 to \$5.00 a day. Private entrance to Pennsylvania station and subways. Four restaurants. Ten private dining salons and ballrooms for banquets, parties and meetings.

NOW BOOKING—we are now arranging reservations for fall and winter functions in our ballrooms and private dining rooms.

### HOTEL NEW YORKER

34th Street at 8th Ave., New York  
RALPH HITZ, Managing Director

NEW YORK'S MOST POPULAR HOTEL

### Macfadden's Pill

In 1898, Bernarr Macfadden (then Kinitherapist Bernard Adolphus McFadden) invented a massaging device. To advertise it he brought out a 5¢ pamphlet consisting principally of a serial called "The Athlete's Conquest" with cover illustrations of "Professor B. McFadden in Classical Poses." The pamphlet far out-sold the massager, became the Professor's chief interest as *Physical Culture* magazine.

In 1910 *Physical Culture* (price 15¢) announced "the principles for which we stand. . . . We are struggling for the complete annihilation of those terrible evils which curse humanity the world over: 1) prudishness 2) corsets 3) muscular inactivity 4) gluttony 5) drugs 6) alcohol 7) tobacco."

In 1920 the magazine (price 25¢) went in for "big names" and such personal success stories as "How Charles Dana Gibson Keeps Fit," "Leonard Wood, Physical Culturist." But after five years of it the Macfadden public became bored with inspirational wealth-through-health interviews and in 1926 *Physical Culture* added departments on food, householding, beauty and some inferior fiction.

By the turn of this year Macfadden's Editorial Director Charles Fulton Oursler had worked astonishing changes in the magazine. The large sums usually spent on promotion and advertising were appropriated to buy good fiction, good illustrations, color printing. While the circulation of other magazines fell off during spring and summer, *Physical Culture* held its own (290,000). With the appearance last fortnight of the October issue, the price was slashed from 25¢ to 10¢. The newsstand sale doubled.

That was the signal for Publisher Macfadden to offer \$10,000 in prizes for a new name to take the place of *Physical Culture*. Said he: "The mission of *Physical Culture* has been to make people healthier and happier. And there is absolutely no change in these commendable purposes. But we are endeavoring to reach a larger number of readers by making our presentation more interesting. We are sugar-coating the 'pill,' if we may so far condescend as to make such a reference to *Physical Culture*."

The "pill" has been so effectively coated that, in its current issue, *Physical Culture* bears a striking physical resemblance to *Red Book* and to Hearst's *Cosmopolitan*. At arm's length the cover design looks, even to Artist Bradshaw Crandell's signature, exactly like the work of *Red Book*'s Artist McClelland Barclay. The contents include the final instalment of Warwick Deeping's serial *The Ten Commandments*; articles by Will Durant and the Grand Duchess Marie; stories by Grace Perkins (*Night Nurse*), Harold Bell Wright.

For all this ingenious coating, the pill of physical culture is there in full potency. But in 30 years Bernarr Macfadden's taste in presentation has improved. Instead of photographs of the publisher clad only in an abdominal supporter to il-

lustrate his lectures on "physcultopathy" there are chastely presented "personal messages," no more offensive to the eye than a Bruce Barton editorial. Instead of testimonials of persons who "cured themselves" of asthma, rheumatism, appendicitis "by natural methods," there are articles on dietetics, child guidance, prevention of tooth infection, by qualified authorities. Instead of hints for the enlargement of the female bosom there is an article by Muriel Draper entitled "Mary Garden in Her Body" ("Is Mary Garden, After a Half Century of Time, Still the Most Perfect Specimen of All-around Womanhood in the World Today?").

The resemblance of *Physical Culture* to *Cosmopolitan* in layout, illustration &



© Underwood & Underwood

CHARLES FULTON OURSLER

"If we may so far condescend as to make such a reference . . ."

typography sharply recalls the fact that Editor Harry Payne Burton goes Oct. 1 to succeed outgoing Editor Ray Long of *Cosmopolitan*. (Also it revives a rumor that *Cosmopolitan* may likewise reduce its price from 25 cents to 10 cents.) But the *Physical Culture* which was executed by Editor Burton had been conceived by Director Oursler. High-browed, spectacled, Editor Oursler is 38, wrote his first play when he was 9. At 16 he was a reporter on the *Baltimore American*, at 19 its music critic. He was a piano salesman, law clerk, professional magician before hitting his stride as a novelist and playwright. (Plays: *The Spider*, *Behold This Dreamer*. Books: *Sandwood*, *Stepchild of the Moon*.) Few years ago he attached himself to Publisher Macfadden, wrote *The True Story of Bernarr Macfadden* as a serial in *Physical Culture*.

### Banker's Sideline

In Southern cities where most of the Big Business is controlled by a few men, it is not unusual for a banker, landowner or merchant to be a newspaper publisher

## AMAZING PRICES!

## PLUS PHILCO PERFORMANCE

## in Three New Baby Grand Radios

**5-TUBE T.R.F. BABY GRAND,** \$39.50, complete with tubes. Radio's biggest performance for the money. Screen Grid, new Pentode Power Tube; Balanced-Units, Electro-Dynamic Speaker, Genuine Adam-brown Mahogany Cabinet.

**7-TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE BABY GRAND,** \$49.95, complete with tubes. Screen Grid, new Pentode Power Tube, Balanced-Units, Electro-Dynamic Speaker, Tone Control, Illuminated Station Recording Dial, Automatic Volume Control. Genuine Adam-brown Mahogany Cabinet.

**9-TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE BABY GRAND,** \$69.50, complete with tubes. Screen Grid, new Pentode Power Tube, Balanced-Units, Electro-Dynamic Speaker, 4-Point Tone Control, Illuminated Station Recording Dial, Automatic Volume Control. Cabinet in American Black Walnut, matched Burr Walnut, hand-rubbed finish. By far the greatest of all small radios.



THE NEW  
FIVE-TUBE T.R.F. \$36.50



SEVEN-TUBE  
SUPERHETERODYNE \$49.95



NINE-TUBE  
SUPERHETERODYNE \$69.50

Prices complete with Philco Balanced Tubes — Nothing Else to Buy

PHILCO BALANCED TUBES BETTER THE  
PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

FROM the world's largest radio builder—from its newest, biggest, most modern factory—from the most colossal production facilities in the industry—here are *three* new Baby Grands—here are *three* new miracles of performance—more tubes, more power, more selectivity, more distance—and at truly startling prices.

In the new T.R.F. Baby Grand, you get the best radio of its type ever built, and five tubes at a price actually less than many four-tube sets! More than that, you get Balanced-Unit construction, Screen Grid, the new Pentode Power Tube, a genuine Electro-Dynamic Speaker. And the famous Philco tone is safeguarded in cabinets of balanced tone-design, executed in genuine mahogany.

#### Be Sure You Know the Number of Tubes in the Radio You Buy

The number of tubes—the kind of tubes—make a tremendous difference in radio enjoyment. Where manufacturers do not specify these facts, be sure you investigate before you buy. You can't have glorious tone on numerous stations—you can't have selectivity—you can't have power and distance, without enough tubes.

It is of course impossible for any four-tube set to approach the five-tube performance of the Philco T.R.F.

Just so, for the utmost radio performance in compact size, you must have the extra degrees of selectivity, distance and power, which Philco gives in the Seven-Tube Superheterodyne and the spectacular Nine-Tube Balanced Superheterodyne with Automatic Volume Control.

Ask for a demonstration of Philco-Transitone, the automobile-radio, which performs like Philco in the home. Price \$99.80, installed complete. If car has no aerial, \$10 extra. Philco, Philadelphia, Pa.; Philco Products, Ltd., Toronto, Canada. Prices slightly higher, in Canada, Denver and West.

© 1931, Philco

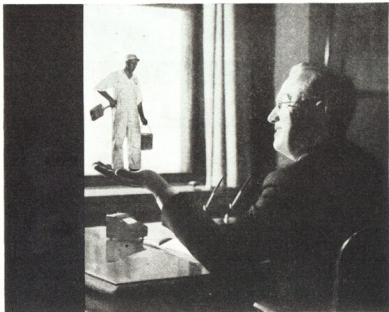
# PHILCO

WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO MANUFACTURER



Just as the picture at left represents the *distorted* tone and blurred reception of unbalanced radio, the "station strip" shows the gaps, cross talk and overlapping stations found on ordinary sets. At right, you see the *undistorted* tone, plus distance, of every Philco Balanced-Unit radio.

IT TAKES A BALANCED SUPERHETERODYNE TO FULLY MEET PRESENT-DAY CROWDED BROADCASTING CONDITIONS



## "No, thanks! I've paid my last bill for refinishing floors!"

When Sealex Floors go down, the floor refinishing man steps out. You're through with that expense once and for all!

*Not one more cent for scraping.*

*Not one more cent for repainting.*

The wearing qualities of Sealex materials do not depend on the surface finish. Colors go clear through to the base. In heavy-duty Sealex Battleship Linoleum you have a full 6 mm. of dense cork composition, all the same color. It takes years of the heaviest traffic to wear this away. Yet Sealex Floors cost no more (often cost less) than the kind of floors that require continual refinishing.

What you save on refinishing is not lost in increased cleaning costs. Many buildings report substantial economies, particularly when the waxing method is employed.

Write for further facts and figures. Ask, too, about the Guaranty Bond, given on Sealex materials installed by authorized contractors of Bonded Floors.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC. • • KEARNY, N. J.

**SEALEX**  
BY CONGOLEUM-NAIRN  
**LINOLEUM FLOORS**

by avocation. In Louisville Banker James E. Brown was such a publisher. Political and financial dictator of Kentucky, one-time president of National Bank of Kentucky and Banco Kentucky Co., he was seen in the offices of his *Herald-Post* perhaps once a year. Hence last week, when the paper passed in bankruptcy sale to John B. Gallagher, New York advertising man, for \$315,000, it was but a faint anticlimax to Banker Brown's earlier troubles: the collapse of his financial institutions.

When Banker Brown bought the *Herald* and *Post* in 1924, merging them the next year, his ambition was to challenge the longtime dominance of the *Courier-Journal* and *Times*, published by Judge Robert Worth Bingham. He poured nearly five million dollars into the combined papers, did make a fairly potent political mouthpiece. But he could not shake the traditional supremacy of the *Courier-Journal*, achieved in the days of the late great Editor "Marse Henry" Watterson. After Banco Kentucky's crash, Publisher Brown started an economy régime in the *Herald-Post*. An inferior paper was the result. Last December the daily went into bankruptcy; last week it was sold.

Publisher Brown kept no office at his newspaper plant, or anywhere else. Like Circusman John Ringling, he always conducted his business at night, principally after 9 o'clock, until daylight, "because I find I meet with less disturbance than working during the day." He would arise about 4 p. m. at his Cherokee Park home, go to town in the evening, to a branch of his National Bank. There he would sit at the desk of a vice president and, with barely the scratch of a pen, direct his myriad affairs political, financial, mercantile. And there he would issue occasional orders for his paper. There, at midnight or later, his business associates would have to go if they wanted to talk with him. After his banks failed it was observed that Publisher Brown went nearly every night to the *Herald-Post* office. While it lasted, it was all he had left.

### Odds, Ends

¶ Following published reports that he had had a hand in the writing of the anonymous, gossip book *Washington Merry-Go-Round* (*TIME*, Sept. 14), Robert S. Allen, able young chief of the *Christian Science Monitor's* bureau in Washington, was discharged without notice or interrogation after six years service. Within 24 hours he received three offers for his services.

¶ President Hoover touched a key, started presses in the brand-new \$3,500,000 plant of the Boston *Herald* and *Traveler*, helped celebrate the 85th birthday of the *Herald*. (The *Traveler* was 106 years old two months ago.)

¶ In Manhattan the New York *Times* observed its 80th birthday by reproducing the front page of its first issue, then called the *New-York Daily Times*. Throughout columns of the old paper New-York was hyphenated.

¶ In New York's Harlem, Alderman Fred R. Moore, editor of the New York *Age*, Negro weekly, sued his hated competitor *Amsterdam News* for \$100,000, reported the fact down two columns of his paper.



# What's 90 years to a Cast Iron Pipe!



A CONSTRUCTION crew of the Board of Water Supply of New York City were cutting out a piece of a 90-year-old water main to install a new valve. Representatives of the engineering press and Water Department officials watched them pounding away at that sturdy old pipe with chisels and sledges. Tough! Before it was cut through, diamond points and cold chisels were splintered and frayed as though they were tin.

On inspection, the removed length of pipe proved to be in excellent condition, indicating that this 90-year-old cast iron main will continue to serve New York's taxpayers, and save them money, for many years to come.



How long is the life of cast iron pipe? For cost computing purposes, engineers rate the minimum useful life of cast iron pipe at 100 years, far beyond that of any other material. A writer in the May issue of the *Journal of the American Water Works Association* answers the question for himself by saying "Five hundred years or more."

In France, a cast iron pipe line from Marly on the Seine River to Versailles (about six miles) has been in continuous service for 267 years. In America, cast iron water and gas mains that were installed



Representatives of engineering publications and American Water Works Association assembled at East Broadway and Montgomery Street, New York City, to inspect section of 90-year-old cast iron pipe removed to cut in a valve. The pipe was exceedingly tough and in excellent condition.



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

© 1931 by C. I. P. R. Assoc.

over a century ago are still giving satisfactory service.

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

Every taxpayer should take an active interest in the kind of pipe being laid, or to be laid, in his community. For further information write to The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



Cast iron pipe bearing the "Q-check" trademark is obtainable from the following leading pipe founders: Alabama Pipe Company, Anniston, Ala.; American Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; James B. Clow & Sons, 219 N. Talman Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Donaldson Iron Company, Emaus, Pa.; Glamorgan Pipe and Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; Lynchburg Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; National Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; United States Pipe and Foundry Company, Burlington, N. J.; Warren Foundry and Pipe Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York.

## CAST IRON PIPE



# T R E A S U R E !

There remains in all of us enough of the boy to thrill unfailingly to tales of treasure. Certain dreams are potent to us all, whatever our ages. It is not that we thrill to the idea of greed or gain, but rather to the romantic adventure of the treasure quest.

There are spots just as unfrequented and lovely today . . . and treasure, buried or otherwise, as ready to the hand of the adventurous, as ever there were in the good old days. Not, perhaps, in actuality . . . but certainly—and more important to those of us who must do our adventuring from an arm chair—in *fiction*.

*We pride ourselves on the fact that Redbook is so edited as to possess the widest appeal, touching understandingly on the desires of all. It has never neglected the colorful and romantic . . . while remaining a magazine of today . . . Redbook finds absorbing interest in these good new days and presents their pageantry and intimate details in a fashion at once entertaining and useful. The personalities appearing in Redbook's articles are personalities of today as well . . . sharing the spotlight of public interest . . . living in our own times, and so intensely interesting to us all : : Each month more men and women are reading Redbook—discovering a new satisfaction in magazine fiction and articles . . . an unailing escape from the humdrum . . . Redbook's circulation is 25% greater than it was a year ago.*



**REDBOOK** M A G A Z I N E

## S C I E N C E

W H A T I S S H E



Doing?

» » Slipping a letter under the door of a room at the Roosevelt. No, it was *not* marked for special-delivery! Just one of the stacks of letters that arrived in the morning mail for our guests; was sorted downstairs; rushed up to the various floors by special tubes; and distributed to the individual guest rooms. Due to the "Do not disturb" sign, this particular letter is being slipped quietly under the door. Otherwise, the maid would have knocked and delivered the letter herself. Simple, isn't it? Yet people who stay at our hostelry like such extra little attentions. They tell us so. Won't you please come and see for yourself?

## The ROOSEVELT

Madison Avenue at 45th Street, New York

Edward Clinton Fogg—Managing Director



## Forecaster Bendandi

One day last week an Italian cabinet-maker named Rafael Bendandi, whose avocation is seismology, announced that the morrow would bring a violent earthquake to the Euro-Asiatic border, that America would feel repercussions. Next day U. S. seismographs recorded a great shock somewhere in Asia. California quivered with minor shocks.

The frequent accuracy of the cabinet-maker's earthquake forecasts has awed Italians. Their Government has forbidden the printing of his prognostications for Italy. He frightens the peasants, depresses businessmen.

There is, however, nothing mysterious to Signor Bendandi's forecasts. Some 300,000 quakes rattle the earth yearly. Patient men have compiled world catalogs of recognized quakes, viz., R. Mallet's *Catalogue of Recorded Earthquakes* (1606 B.C.—A.D. 1842), J. Milne's *A Catalogue of Destructive Earthquakes* (A.D. 1—1899). Others have brought the records up to date. Out of the records analysts have been able to decipher two groups of periodicity in earthquakes. In one group vigorous quakes occur once a year, faint ones every day. In the other group trifling tremors occur every 21 minutes and every 429 days; more or less violent ones every 11, 10, 22 and 33 years. To predict the approximate time & place of recurrence requires no great mathematical skill, especially if the seismologist has up-to-the-minute reports of the earthy quaverings going on all the time. To forecast the exact day and region as Cabinet-Maker Bendandi did last week, does, however, require a bold imagination.

## Laboratory of Anthropology

Indians who drifted from their pueblos to Santa Fe last week for their September fiesta and spree found a new building in that capital. Resident Indians, who work as servants and guides, explained like peasant gossips to the newcomers that the new structure was the Laboratory of Anthropology. A rich man from the East called John Davison Rockefeller Jr. who was over at Tucson last spring had given \$200,000 for the building. He was very rich, owned coal mines in Colorado.

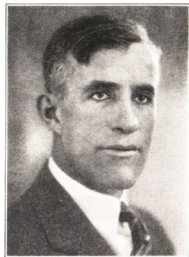
Another rich man who lives in Santa Fe except when he goes away to Washington, Senator Bronson Cutting, had also given some money for the building.

Dr. Alfred Vincent Kidder, who had been coming to Santa Fe from a boys' school in the East (Phillips Academy, Andover) with a lot of young men for a good many years, was head of the Laboratory of Anthropology.

In charge was another man the Indians had seen for many years. Jesse Logan Nusbaum. Many of the Eastern artists, writers, chatterers and pollywogs of culture who inhabit Santa Fe think Mr. Nusbaum is a Jew. He is an Episcopalian, a Mason, a Republican, and, say all Indians, a "good guy." He used to ask a lot of foolish questions about how do you say this in Navaho, and why do the Hopi do that. Now he knows more about the

Indians and their ancestors than Indians themselves know. He has a young son, Deric, who gets on well with Indians and has written a book about them.\* The elder Nusbaum likes to go picking into dirty old caves, and if he finds a bit of painted pottery or a woven basket he is as happy as if he had found a chunk of turquoise in a matrix of silver. He does not go nosing into an Indian's private affairs. If he happens to see a flask of harmless whiskey, he may tell the fellow to throw it away. But he will not have him arrested. One can trust him.

The Laboratory of Anthropology, about which Santa Fe's fiesta-attending Indians gossiped, has just been formally opened. It is the world's only institution of its



Harris &amp; Ewing

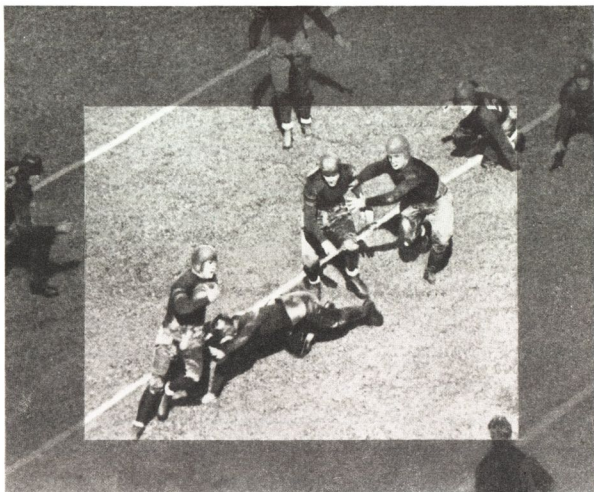
JESSE LOGAN NUSBAUM

... does not nose.

kind. Its purpose: to answer man's everlasting curiosity about how he came to live as he does. In the dry U. S. Southwest, as in dry Peru, Egypt, Palestine and Mesopotamia, remnants of his early society still persist. Diligent searchers find tidbits of information which indicate how families grouped into tribes, tribes into peoples; how man progressed with his domestic utensils, from woven baskets to turned pots, from animal skins to woven clothes; how simple natural science became supernatural religion; how man's learning to cultivate corn required his settling down on his tilled fields, how the settlements became teeming cities.

Field Museum of Natural History at Chicago has under organization a notable contribution to anthropology. In its Hall of Living Man it plans to have 120 life-size bronze statues representing men & women of every contemporary human race. As far as possible they will be prime racial specimens, like Yale's collection of stuffed champion dogs (TIME, Sept. 14). Commissioned to do the work is able Sculptress Malvina Hoffman of Manhattan and Paris.

\*Deric With The Indians—Putnam (\$1.75).



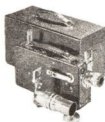
The bright rectangle is what you see on your home movie screen—the vivid "close-up" action shot is made possible by the *f.4.5 Telephoto Lens*

## Next Saturday . . . . your chance to catch the finest action movies of the year

**A** QUICK PASS OVER THE LINE. He's stopped . . . no . . . he's over! The most dramatic moment in the most dramatic game of the year.

And you take it home in your Ciné-Kodak . . . a close-up movie record that will last forever.

A close-up made with *f.4.5 Telephoto Lens*, easily interchangeable with the regular lens on Model K Ciné-Kodak. The  $4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch Telephoto Lens makes the image on the film—and on your



*Ciné-Kodak Model K comes in blue, black, gray or brown leather, with case to match. The price, with *f.3.5 lens*, \$150. With *f.1.9 lens*, \$150. The *f.4.5 4½-inch Telephoto Lens* is \$60. The *3-inch*, \$15.*

screen—four and a half times as wide and as high as you'd get with the *f.1.9 lens*.

This easy interchange of lenses is only one of many advantages offered by Ciné-Kodak K.

And the remarkable new Ciné-Kodak Super-sensitive Panchromatic Film assures you clear, crisp movies even late in the day.

See your Ciné-Kodak dealer. He will show you a complete Eastman movie-making outfit—Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope projector and Screen—for as little as \$143. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

## Ciné-Kodak

SIMPLEST OF HOME MOVIE CAMERAS

# Hotel Pierre

At the Entrance  
to  
CENTRAL PARK  
FIFTH AVENUE at 61st STREET, NEW YORK

Located in the City's exclusive residential district, with advantages  
and atmosphere that have made it the Social Center of New York

## TOWER SUITES

*of Three to Ten Rooms, with Three Exposures*

## SUITES WITH TERRACES

*for extended visits*

## SINGLE ROOMS AND SUITES

*for transient visits*

## THE GRAND BALLROOM

AND SMALLER BALLROOMS AND BALCONY DINING ROOMS  
*are now being reserved for the coming season*

## A Famous Restaurant

CHARLES PIERRE

President and Managing Director



# ..... Resolute

## WORLD CRUISE

*A ship especially designed for cruising, never duplicated for luxury of accommodations, charm of interiors, facilities for your entertainment and relaxation.*

*Sailing, New York, Jan. 6th...on an itinerary matchless in scope, length of visits in famed and exotic lands, completeness of arrangements ashore.*

*Rates, itineraries, literary charts on request. Inquire also concerning next season's LUXURY West Indies Cruise on the RESOLUTE, famed sister-ship of the RESOLUTE... Your Local Agent or*

### HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

39 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

BOSTON CHICAGO CLEVELAND PHILADELPHIA  
PITTSBURGH DETROIT FT. LAUDERDALE  
LOS ANGELES SEATTLE MONTREAL TORONTO  
WENDELL REGINA EDMONTON VANCOUVER

## MISCELLANY

"Time brings all things."

### Coney

At Coney Island funpark, Reporter Earl Sparling of the New York *World-Telegram* interviewed police officers, learned the following anent the habits of New Yorkers in dealing with lost children:

"Some mothers deliberately lose their kids . . . so they can have a good time themselves. They know the kids will be picked up and taken care of. . . . A man and wife will come in here to get a lost child. The wife will sit down and cry while the husband cleans the kid up. . . . The coops [on the beach where the lost children are first brought] are just wire. That gives everyone a chance to give you advice. 'Oh! they'll yell at you. 'You don't know how to treat children; you just let them cry.' And do you know what they're liable to do if a child in the coop keeps on crying? . . . Why, some one is just as apt as not to walk up to the cage and throw a bucket of water on it. . . . And do you know what will happen if things are too quiet in the cage? Why, someone will scare up a lost child. A mother will send her child for a glass of water. Two or three girls will follow it and say: 'Oh, you poor little thing! Here, we'll find your mother for you!' The child starts crying, of course. It knows where its mother is. It tries to get away. But they lead it to the cage. Then they stand around and watch the fun, the kid screaming and the mother rushing around trying to find it."

### Pals

On Lovers' Lane in the outskirts of Norwalk, Conn., lived Theodore Humbert, a chorus man, and his friend Edward Charles Chapman, an interior decorator. When Chapman thought his heart disease would be fatal he decided to Humbert a \$95,000 estate. He recovered, planned to take Humbert to England to claim the property. Last week Humbert was found in the cottage on Lovers' Lane with his skull crushed in. Next day police found Chapman dead in a bathtub in a Boston hotel. Beside him were six empty veronal bottles. In his hand was a photograph of Humbert. On it was written: "My pal, Teddy. Killed in a fatal accident."

### Landlady

In Detroit, Mrs. Rose Veres was beneficiary of more than 60 insurance policies, banked \$68,000 in twelve years. When a roomer fell to his death from her house police investigated, found eleven other roomers had died there mysteriously. Three were Mrs. Veres's husbands. She had given most of them elaborate funerals, had them photographed in their coffins, collected the insurance.

### Fear

In Mattituck, L. I., William W. William was attacked by hornets, died of fright.





---

# IT'S 10 TO 1

## YOU WOULDN'T THINK OF BUYING A STUTZ

---

*Why should you buy one?*

- you don't see a lot of them
- perhaps none of your friends has one
- the chances are that you have never even driven one
- it's probably just an automobile name to you
- we don't spend a lot of money on advertising
- our sales force is just a drop in the bucket compared with that of the volume production companies
- you've never heard anything against it
- but when it's time to buy, other cars occur to you first
- you would rather spend your automobile money more conventionally
- It's ten to one, if you're buying a car, it won't be Stutz.

*But if you're "one out of ten"*

- one who knows a good automobile, one who can afford a good automobile, one who loves a good automobile, this is the Stutz appeal
- STUTZ sells more cars in Tuxedo Park, N. Y. (Pop. 2,606) than in the whole state of Nebraska
- STUTZ sells more custom-built cars in proportion to its production than any other company (excepting Rolls Royce and Duesenberg)
- STUTZ holds stock car records that have never been equaled
- STUTZ has been making unusual cars for more than twenty years
- STUTZ is one of the fastest stock cars in the world
- STUTZ is the safest car in the world
- *and a STUTZ is such fun to drive!*
- How about your trying a STUTZ?



---

*NOW SHOWING—The New Stutz DV-32, the first stock car under \$10,000 employing the dual valve, double overhead camshaft principle. The New Stutz Bearcat (sports roadster of the new DV-32 line) guaranteed 100 miles per hour.*

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

## M U S I C

## Orchestras &amp; Street Cars

Titles make a difference in such up & coming trades as undertaking, press-agenting, real estate, beautifying. Self-conscious pride has enriched the language with the fancy names "mortician," "public relations counsel," "realtor," "beautician." A profession which has never needed a prop to elegance and dignity is Music, yet last week there came a musician's lament. A letter to proud Conductor Leopold Stokowski of the Philadelphia Orchestra from sensitive Conductor Ossip Gabrilowitsch of the Detroit Symphony was published. Excerpt:

"In my opinion the word 'conductor' used in the English language for the leader of an orchestra is ridiculous. It ought to disappear from the vocabulary. The Italians speak of *direttore*, the Germans say *dirigent*, which has the same root. The French say *chef d'orchestre*, which sounds also rather dignified."

"Only in the English language has the orchestra leader a name which immediately suggests a street car conductor and gives occasion to all sorts of cheap jokes. I was going to take up with you this question and see if we could not call ourselves 'musical directors' instead of 'conductors.' Detroit would follow suit and pretty soon all the other orchestras would fall in line, I am sure."

Observers hastily looked at copies of the latest prospectus of the Philadelphia Orchestra. In it appears the name of Leopold Stokowski, "musical director." But the list of directors for the coming season, including Musical Director Stokowski, appears under the plain, old-fashioned heading, "Conductors."

## Organists

If you are a Charles Michael Schwab or a Pierre Samuel du Pont, you may have an organ of your own and a private organist all to yourself. If you are rich but less exacting, you still may have an organ but only a part-time organist to play on it. If you are of a whimsical turn and have ever pumped an oldtime church organ, you probably belong to The Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers (TIME, May 25). If you go to church you may know your parish organist. Many a person goes to cinemas partly to hear the tremolos and chime-effects of the neighborhood Wurliizer. But most people belong to none of these classes, are vague about the position of organists in the musical world, unaware of their interests, their problems.

One problem, decided the National Association of Organists when 200 delegates met in Manhattan last week for its 24th annual convention, is the increasing tendency of churches to employ "choral specialists" in place of organists. Said Rowland W. Dunham, director of the College of Music at the University of Colorado (Boulder, Col.): "We are all agreed that good, unaccompanied choral singing is beautiful, appropriate and desirable, but is that all that should be heard in church? Shall the organ be silent except for its necessary help on the hymns, a very short prelude and a totally useless postlude? I

think not. Of course the organist is still a necessary evil in most churches where this new type of choirmaster is in control. . . . At best the position of the organist in these churches is a most menial one. He is sufficed to use the instrument only as indicated. What can be said of the shortcomings of the new disciples of choral perfection? My many informants in the profession reveal that a general lack of musicianship prevails in nearly every case. Technical details that any trained organist understands are conspicuously absent."

The organists discussed technical, mechanical organ-problems, heard Pianist-Author John Erskine tell them that "the best music of the future" would be composed by them. They elected him an honorary member of the Association. They listened to the Schola Cantorum



©Backrach

HAROLD VINCENT MILLIGAN

If you are a Schwab or a du Pont . . .

sing old motets under Conductor Hugh Ross, made a tour of Manhattan's finest church-organs: at St. Patrick's, St. Bartholomew's, Riverside Church, Temple Emanuel-el, Trinity Church and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Inventor-Pianist Hans Barth played for them on his quarter-tone piano.

President of the Association, re-elected last week for a third term, is Harold Vincent Milligan, organist of the (Rockefeller) Riverside Church and of its predecessor, the Park Avenue Baptist Church. Born 42 years ago in Astoria, Ore., he is blond, bespectacled, looks less esthetic than business-like. He has studied early U. S. music, written the sole biography of Composer Stephen Collins Foster, composed songs, organ pieces and operettas. Lately he has devoted all his time to organ-playing and managing the N. A. O. and the National Music League which, with Mrs. Otto Hermann Kahn as its president, helps young U. S. musicians get ahead. Last month he represented U. S. organists at the Anglo-American Music Conference at Lausanne, Switzerland.



Her lost purse was never returned—but she got back the \$120 which was in A. B. A. Cheques. She had only to report their loss to the bank across the street and the refund was paid in a few days.

A. B. A. Cheques are *money insurance*. They may be lost, stolen or destroyed—but the money they represent will be restored. They are easy to carry, convenient to use anywhere—and your funds are *safe*.

Carry them at home or abroad. Keep them in the house for emergencies instead of cash. Your own bank will recommend them and will supply you with them.



**A·B·A  
CHEQUES**

CERTIFIED

OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF  
AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION



# SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED

## CIGARETTES

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



### DOES "THUNDER ON THE TRACK" SPEED YOUR CIGARETTES?

**Then you'll want  
that  
Cleaner Taste!**

When thoroughbreds thunder into the home stretch and things you hope for are in the balance by a nose... do your cigarettes take up the pace? That's the time to learn that Spud is a thoroughbred too! For Spud's cooler smoke always leaves your mouth moist-cool and comfortably clean, no matter how long or concentrated your session with its lusty tobacco fragrance. Occasional smoker or 2-pack-a-day smoker, Spud is the "mouth-happy" cigarette... the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

## QUIET ELEGANCE . . .

ELEGANCE of line is the outstanding mark of the Latonia, a shoe which is quietly correct for those who dress that way. And of course there are many men whose feet look and feel best in a straight last of this sort.



THE LATONIA (Illustrated) is a type of shoe which lends itself to perfect fashioning in kid skin.

All Stacy-Adams shoes are of the finest leathers. They are made by the best American craftsmen. Indeed, there are no finer shoes than those from the workbench of Stacy-Adams in Brockton, Mass.



In standard welt construction, Stacy-Adams shoes sell at prices of \$12.50 and up. The *bench-made* shoe (hand-sewed throughout) at \$25.00 and \$35.00 the pair.



Custom Grade Shoes for Men

# STACY ADAMS



## ANIMALS

### Duck Season Changes

To satisfy sundry protests, Secretary of Agriculture Arthur Mastick Hyde last week further modified the 1931 schedule of open seasons for hunting ducks, geese, brant and coot (TIME, Sept. 7), thus:

Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Illinois—Nov. 1-30.

Ohio, Indiana—Oct. 16-Nov. 15.

Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma—Oct. 20-Nov. 19.

Nevada, Oregon, Washington—Nov. 16-Dec. 15.

### Horse Slaughter

Ten thousand bedraggled horses last week limped in herds through the San Carlos Indian reservation, an arid section of Arizona. They searched for water but found death. No one owned them, or wanted to own them. They were scrawny, big-headed beasts, physically degenerate. Practically every one of the 10,000 was infected with dourine.

Dourine is a genital disease peculiar only to horses. It swells their groins and eventually paralyzes their hind quarters. The cause of the disease is a trypanosome, brother of the trypanosome which causes human sleeping sickness and distant relative of *Treponema pallidum* which causes syphilis. Dourine is highly contagious and spreads rapidly among unstarved horses. Dourine fears the spread of the disease among her domesticated herds.

Hence last week a vast, leisurely round-up of the diseased San Carlos strays was under way. Every water hole on the reservation had been fenced in. Sick, thirsty herds limped from one enclosure to another, found some where they could enter and drink. Their refreshment was their death. Men were there to kill every one, to ship them to factories where the hides would be salvaged, the carcasses milled into plant-nutrient meal, the hooves made into glue.

### Through Eternity

One midnight fortnight ago a sedan coasted up to the cemetery of rustic Fairmount, N. J. A woman and two men got out. The men were carrying something that looked like a small coffin. Close to the mound of a recent grave, the men dug a hole in which they placed their burden. The woman dropped a handful of earth on the new burial, wept as the men filled the hole. The three departed in the sedan.

A midnight lurker saw this cemetery scene, took the motor license, notified police. Police would not reveal the names of the grave-diggers other than to say that they were a Newark official, his sister with whom he lives, and a complaisant undertaker. Their explanation: they had buried Spot, 6, Irish terrier, family pet, whom their late mother, like a pagan warrior, had wished to keep beside her through eternity.

### Manhattan Portent?

In Manhattan last week a flock of 32 pigeons flew from their windowsill perches on the east side of lower Broadway



TREAT THAT CORN SAFELY

## "Step out" on easy feet

One, two. One, two. Head up, chest out . . . swinging stride and springy step. Man, that's walking! . . . But you can't go walking with a corn.

And you don't have to. Millions of men and women have discovered that a simple Blue-jay corn plaster stops the pain instantly—by cushioning the tender spot from pressure and chafing. Right away you're on easy feet. And then the mild Blue-jay medication sets to work to soften the corn for sure and speedy removal.

Blue-jay is the safe treatment for corns, offered by a house noted for its surgical dressings. Risky paring and harsh "quick cures" are poor substitutes for this gentle way that has worked so well for more than 31 years. Blue-jay is easy to apply, comfortable to wear, reliable in its results. At all drug stores, 25c.

## BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY  
Chicago . . . New York . . . Toronto

Do you know Protect-O-Pads, smart new members of the famous Blue-jay family of foot comforts? These trim oval shields, hollow-centered, velvet-soft yet tough, guard tender spots and prevent corns, calluses, blisters. Ask your druggist—or send 10c for samples to Bauer & Black, 2574 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

toward St. Paul's Chapel on the west side. In mid-flight each pigeon closed its wings, dropped dead to the asphalt.

In Caesar's Rome, whose government was as corrupt as Manhattan's is now suspected of being, augurs would have found such a pigeon fall ominous, especially because death had come from the east. *Hornspices* might have inspected the entrails of the birds (extispicy), interpreted the portents. Prognostication would probably have involved, according to the political exigencies of the community, the deaths of conspirators against the commonwealth.

In Manhattan inspectors of the pigeons' guts found that the birds had fed on poisoned grain, spread on windowsills by a newsboy who, from some neurotic twist, hated pigeons.

## EDUCATION

### Back to Books

Throughout the land last week school children were buying pencil-boxes and book-straps, getting fitted with new shoes. School was about to begin once more. This year, estimated the Federal Office of Education, the school and college population would be 31,000,000—more than one-fourth the total population of the U. S. The number of children in school, it said, increases steadily. The school year, averaging 172 days of work, is ten days longer than it was in 1920. Soon colleges will open for some 1,500,000 students. Some phenomena of 1930 school & college openings:

¶ Chicago's 13,000 school-teachers, unpaid since last April, went back to work, wondered what they were to use for money. A waiting list of 2,000 was ready to snap at vacancies. The School Board owes the teachers \$10,695,973, has no funds in sight. Taxes are due next month, but it is doubtful how much can be collected. It might be two years before the whole sum is raised. Destitute, desperate, many teachers have accepted "script," an I. O. U. from the city, cashable for much less than its face value. First day of registration, high school enrolment was 13,000 greater than last year. A factor: more grammar school graduates were going to high school rather than hunt for jobs.

¶ In Manhattan, 300 persons daily—largest number in ten years—sought teaching positions. High-school registrations would be 10,000 above last year it was estimated.

¶ The University of California (Berkeley, Calif.) reported that trade and vocational night schools in the vicinity were calling for more teachers than could be supplied. Immediately the University started a night course to train male & female vocational teachers for fulltime positions. Said Benjamin E. Mallory of the Division of Vocational Education: "Unemployment creates an interest among workers in self-improvement. . . . This situation is furthered also by the recent legislative act which requires unemployed minors of school age to attend classes."

¶ "Intellectual unemployment" is increasing all over the world, said the final report of the International Student Serv-



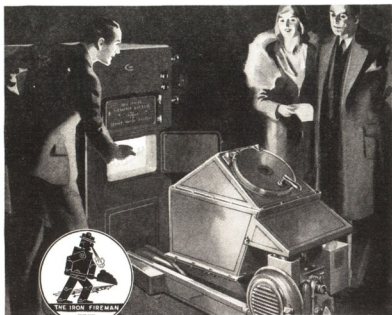
## When talk switched from "Spades to Blades"

**A**CROSS bridge tables at clubs and parties—word flashed from man to man, "Probak is the ace of double-edge blades." Shock-absorber construction and automatic manufacture made Probak a better blade—and an overwhelming favorite in less than a year. Try Probak on our guarantee. Get far better shaves or your dealer will refund the price—\$1 for 10, 50c for 5.



# PROBAK BLADES





## Modernize your heating plant with **IRON FIREMAN** *Automatic Coal Burner*

**I**NSTALLED in your present heating plant, an Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Burner gives you the finest and most economical automatic heating that money can buy. Rooms luxuriously warm at getting-up time! No more early morning struggle with a cold furnace... no more hourly basement trips to feed the fire. *Safe beat...* for Iron Fireman burns coal, the safe, dependable fuel. *Clean beat...* for Iron Fireman eliminates the smoke and soot nuisance. *Regulated beat...* for Iron Fireman automatically maintains the temperature you like best. *Economical beat...* for Iron Fireman burns the smaller sizes of coal, which cost less.

### Install Iron Fireman Now... Pay by the Month

Iron Fireman can be purchased on easy monthly payments. Installation can be quickly made in practically any type of home furnace or boiler. Write for literature or ask your Iron Fireman dealer to examine your heating plant and supply estimated savings and costs. Iron Fireman Mfg. Co., Portland, Oregon. Factories: Portland, Cleveland, Toronto, Canada. Branches or subsidiaries: Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Milwaukee. Dealers everywhere.

- There is an Iron Fireman size and model for every home, large or small, and for all types of buildings and industrial plants.

IRON FIREMAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
Portland, Oregon, Department T-10

Please send full information regarding Iron Fireman.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

© 1931 M. C. 1021



**IRON FIREMAN** *Automatic COAL BURNER*

ice which wound up its tenth annual conference at Mt. Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass. (TIME, Sept. 14). The Service recommended that "an organized effort" be made to discourage business men and public officials from setting college education as criteria for employment. Instead of the present "over-emphasis on purely intellectual occupations," let there be a "saner appreciation of the dignity of manual labor and other practical work." Universities should not lower their standards in order to maintain present enrollments.

❖ Stockholders of Alexander Hamilton Institute, international business correspondence school which has lost money during the last year, brought suit in Manhattan to oust the present management, headed by Dean John Thomas Madden of the School of Commerce, Accounts & Finance of New York University.

❖ The American Automobile Association warned motorists of the return of school children to the streets. It pointed out that the number of children killed by automobiles had increased by nearly 25% in the last eight years.\* "In the vast army of children returning to school will be little ones of four, five and six years of age who for the first time are leaving the protection and safety of their homes to enter an entirely new world. There will be problems enough without that of the reckless driver."

❖ "Keep the children in school!" was the warning three weeks ago of Frederick Cleveland Croxton, assistant to Generalissimo Walter Sherman Gifford in President Hoover's Unemployment Relief Organization (TIME, Sept. 7). Last week Senator Robert Ferdinand Wagner of New York pointed out that 1,000,000 children under 16 were estimated to be holding jobs, that in 1930 some 103,000 14- and 15-year-olds left school to work. "That is a condition which ought not to continue!"

❖ The following institutions anticipated enrollments equal to or slightly greater than last year: Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Dartmouth, New York University, Yale, Princeton, Stanford. The University of Chicago expected a larger freshman class than ever, planned to be "prudent" financially. Substantially increased enrollments were expected by Drew University, Madison N. J. (it inherited from \$7,000,000 to \$12,000,000 from Manhattan's land-owning Wendel family last March—TIME, April 6), Duke (10% over last year), University of California, College of the City of New York, Cornell. Rutgers University reported a slight decrease. The Universities of Wisconsin and Washington expected many more job-seeking students.

❖ In London, 3,000 school teachers planned to march from Thames Embankment to "soap-box corner" in Hyde Park, as a protest against the 15% cut in their salaries under the new budget (see p. 16). They were the first professional group so to demonstrate their discontent.

❖ In San Luis Potosi, Mexico, unpaid public school teachers struck. Disliking substitutes, children walked out of classes, swore they would not return until their teachers were reinstated.

\*In the same period, adult fatalities more than doubled.

## MILESTONES

**Married.** Dorothy Stone, actress daughter of Actor Fred Andrew Stone; and Charles Clyde Collins, who played opposite her in *Ripples*; in London.

**Married.** Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Church, daughter of William Kissam Vanderbilt and his first wife, Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt; divorced wife of Frederic Cameron Church Jr.; and Henry Delafield Phelps of Providence, R. I.; at Mrs. Vanderbilt's Manhasset, L. I., estate; in a civil ceremony (Mrs. Church's first marriage had not been annulled by the Pope). Mrs. Church requested that instead of wedding presents the money be given to help the Unemployed. Just before the ceremony her favorite hunter got excited, bowled over tables, scattered guests every which-way.

**Married.** George Arthur ("Mike") Thorne Jr., ski and sledge man of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition, grandson of the late George R. Thorne, co-founder of Montgomery Ward & Co.; and Mrs. Elinor Gates Toerge, tennis player, trapshooter, golfer; at Brookville, L. I.

**Married.** Muriel McCormick, 29, daughter of Harold Fowler McCormick (harvesters), granddaughter of John Davison Rockefeller; and Elisha Dyer Hubbard, 53, wealthy "farmer" of Middletown, Conn.; at Deep Cove, Maine, summer home of Miss McCormick's good friends Mr. & Mrs. George Alexander McKinnock of Chicago, who were the only witnesses.

**Married.** Nina Wilcox Putnam, 42, author (*It Pays to Smile, Laughter, Ltd.*); and one Arthur James Ogle, 31, real estate operator of Hollywood; at Yuma, Ariz. It was the third marriage for both.

**Married.** Aimee Semple McPherson, 38, "Four-Square Gospel" evangelist; and her 250-lb. Angelus Temple Voice Instructor David Hutton, 30; at Yuma, Ariz., after an airplane trip from Los Angeles. Present were her son Rolf and his wife, recently married. Absent was Mrs. Minnie ("Ma") Kennedy, estranged from her "lonely little sparrow." It was the bride's third marriage. Her first two: Robert Semple; Harold McPherson.

**Died.** Louis K. Clothier, 25, nephew of Department Store Owner Isaac Hallowell Clothier (Strawbridge & Clothier); and Lieut. C. Thoburn ("Toby") Maxwell of the Pennsylvania National Guard, his Swarthmore classmate (1928) and flying instructor; in an airplane accident in which Instructee Clothier failed by two feet to clear the edge of a quarry near Norristown, Pa.

**Died.** Charles Stewart Wood, 51, vice president of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment and its campaign manager in 1926; of heart disease; on

# Quiet Nerves and Sound Sleep



## The Drugless Way that Brings Natural Sleep and Rebuilds Vitality While You Sleep

### Mail Coupon Below for 3-Day Supply

**N**OW there is instant relief for thousands who seek sleep each night in vain.

If you are run down, nervous, unable to sleep properly, please accept 3-day trial supply—mail the coupon below.

It is not remotely a drug, so physicians everywhere endorse it.

It brings sleep as soon as you go to bed—no matter how nervous you may be—and it builds you up while you sleep!

You sleep like a top the whole night through and wake up feeling full of new pep and energy.

### What It Is and How It Works

It is called Ovaltine—a pure food-drink that you take with warm milk. In the World War, it was made a standard ration for building up invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. They found it does 3 things no other food in the world will do.

*First*, it induces sound, restful sleep by a natural process.

*Second*, it aids digestion, since it contains in high proportion a remarkable food property known as diastase, which is a natural food substance with the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs.

*Third*, it rebuilds worn-out nerve cells. Because it contains in concentrated form a natural vital property called "lecithin," which is the important part of nerve and brain tissue. And this rebuilds nerve and brain cells as you sleep.

### Try It Tonight

Just try Ovaltine tonight. Note how quickly you go to sleep. See how differently you feel tomorrow. A few weeks' use of Ovaltine will

make an amazing difference. Your whole appearance will show the result of this restful sleep and new vitality.

Thousands of people, on doctors' advice, also take it as a stomach "conditioner." So whenever you begin to "feel" your stomach, just take 4 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine in a half glass of warm milk with your meal. You will be surprised at the way it helps your stomach and rests your stomach.

For Ovaltine, when taken with a meal, will digest the major portion of all starch content of other foods you have eaten. In this way Ovaltine not only relieves distress but actually combats the cause of the trouble.

This is also one of the reasons why Ovaltine helps to put you to sleep at night, for digestive unrest is one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

Start tonight! Just 'phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink just before you go to bed.

Whatever you think of the claims made for Ovaltine, just try it! It has brought restful sleep and teeming energy to thousands. You'll be surprised at what it does for you.

### MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY (If unable to obtain locally)

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. E-9 S  
180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

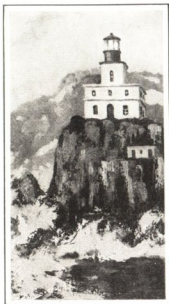
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Print name and address clearly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
(One package to a person) 637R

**OVALTINE**  
The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in U. S. A.  
according to original Swiss formula



Tillamook Rock Light, off the coast of northern Oregon. Erected in 1881.

Brave men, who follow the sea, warm to the staunch character of the friendly light. Cold critics, who seek the perfect blend, warm to the friendly character of



ONLY the finest tobaccos could yield such fragrance and flavor. Only the happiest success in skillful blending could impart such a distinctive character to fragrance and flavor as smokers find in OLD BRIAR. Every pipeful calls for more.



15¢ size

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

*S. S. Enayess of Britain on the way to Europe.*

**Died.** Bud Coy, 54, Speaker of the Delaware House of Representatives; of paralysis; in Stockley, Del.

**Died.** Dr. Harry Phillips Davis, 63, "father of radio telephone broadcasting," founder of station KDKA in Pittsburgh which sent out the Harding-Cox election returns in 1920 in the world's first public broadcast; board chairman of National Broadcasting Co. since its founding, vice president of Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.; of the effects of a recent operation; in Wilkinsburg, Pa.

**Died.** Mrs. Harold Marsh Sewall, 63, mother-in-law of Ambassador Walter Evans Edge; of heart disease; at the U. S. Embassy, Paris. She was the widow of the last U. S. Minister to Hawaii,\* whose father, Arthur Sewall, ran for the Vice-Presidency with William Jennings Bryan in 1896.

**Died.** Dr. Sidney Edward Mezes, 67, president emeritus of the University of Texas, onetime (1914-27) president of the College of the City of New York, head of the American Committee on Territorial Adjustments which advised President Wilson at Versailles; after a lingering illness; in Pasadena, Calif.

**Died.** Jem Smith, 68, oldtime bare-knuckle prizefighter who was twice heavyweight champion of England; at Acton, London suburb. He once fought Jake Kilrain for 126 rounds, for a \$10,000 purse and the heavyweight championship of the world, to a draw.

**Died.** Mrs. Rachel Frohman ("Mother") Davison, 69, wife of Dr. David H. Davison, sister of Producer Daniel Frohman and the late Charles Frohman; of apoplexy; in Manhattan. During the War she organized a troupe of entertainers to amuse the soldiers, since then had devoted three nights a week to similar entertainments at camps, hospitals, prisons.

**Died.** James Walter Spalding, 75, co-founder in 1876 with his brother, the late Albert G. Spalding, then a famed baseball pitcher, of the sporting goods firm of A. G. Spalding & Bros.; its board chairman and onetime president; father of Violinist Albert Spalding and Vice President H. Boardman Spalding of the Spalding company; of heart disease; at Monmouth Beach, N. J. For 30 years he spent his winters in Florence, Italy, where he guaranteed the symphony orchestra. Last year he was awarded the cross of St. Maurice & St. Lazarus by the Italian Government. In 1905 he lost his left eye in an automobile accident in France.

\* In 1898 Minister Sanford received the transfer of the islands' sovereignty to the U. S. from President Sanford Ballard Dole of the Hawaiian Republic.

**First, Squibb's soothes  
the skin . . . smooths  
the razor's path . . .  
makes the blade cut  
keen and clean**

\* \* \* \*

**2** Then, it adds a new  
comfort . . . replaces  
the delicate oils of  
the skin . . . brings a  
velvet ease

**SQUIBB  
DOUBLE-ACTION  
SHAVING  
CREAM**

Ask your druggist for a  
free sample or send 10c  
for a generous guest-size  
tube to E. R. Squibb &  
Sons, Squibb Building,  
New York City

**Only \$7.50**  
—for a genuine  
**HAMLEY  
KIT**

The greatest travel kit you ever saw! Made of choice, thick, solid cowhide, the finest money can buy, by real saddle craftsmen. Sewed with waxed saddle thread, guaranteed not to rip. Special imported clasp. A great gift!

At leading stores or order direct

At all good stores, or sent postpaid, money back guarantee. Hamley & Company, world's champion saddlemakers, 551 Court Street, Pendleton, Oregon, U. S. A.

Be sure the Kit you buy has the Hamley name and cowboy saddle mark on the bottom.



For toilet articles, just toss 'em in. No loops or gaffers. Inside measurements, 9 1/2" x 4 1/2" x 2 1/2".

**HAMLEY KIT**

**PYROL-ITE**  
Your Car!

A few ounces of PYROL LIQUOR will lubricate the new lubricating system added to your gas and oil system, make your car start and overheat. Reduces noise, increases power and mileage, preserves the oil. 100% GUARANTEED. Write for "THE STORY OF PYROL-ITE".

W. V. Ridder, Pres.  
THE PYROL COMPANY  
22 Lafayette Ave. La Crosse, Wis.

## CINEMA

## Warners in England

Returned to Manhattan just in time for the premiere of *Five Star Final* (see below), Jack L. Warner, Warner Bros. vice president in charge of production, announced that Warner Bros. had established a new studio at Teddington, Middlesex, England and planned to make 15 English and twelve French pictures there in the next year. Definitely scheduled for the Teddington Studio was George Arliss' next picture.

Warner Bros. had two reasons for a British studio: 1) to evade quota restrictions which state that 10% of all cinemas exhibited in England must be British-made; 2) to improve facilities for making pictures with foreign backgrounds or foreign language pictures for consumption outside the U. S. Paramount has had a studio at Joinville, France, for two years, got a controlling interest in England's Elstree Studios two months ago. Universal is now negotiating for a Paris studio where first scheduled production is a French version of *Little Accident*.

Following Hollywood's present trend away from factory methods of cinematography, Warner Bros. have also "discontinued mass production." For the next year, Warner Bros. plan to produce no more than four pictures at a time (six months ago, 19 pictures were being produced simultaneously), to allow four to six weeks of rehearsal for every picture.

## The New Pictures

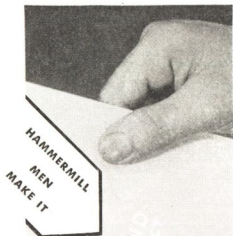
**Five Star Final** (First National). When Louis Weitzenkorn, onetime managing editor of the *New York Evening Graphic*, left his job, he was so indignant about tabloid newspapers that he wrote a play to express his feelings. The play, *Five Star Final*, presented in Manhattan last season, was a hot philippic, a fair melodrama. The cinema is better in both respects. In addition, it presents the unique spectacle of Edward G. Robinson, hitherto a surly desperado, impersonating an editor who has a conscience.

Author Weitzenkorn's somewhat febrile detestation took a form which is far more appropriate to the cinema than it was to the theatre, where its swift shifts of scene had to be arduously represented by the use of three revolving stages. A tabloid publisher (Oscar Apfel), who in this picture bears a facial resemblance to Publisher Albert J. Kobler of the *New York Mirror*, decides to run a serial about a 20-year-old murder case. The cinema shows the effects of this story upon the woman who committed the murder in question. It wrecks plans for her daughter's wedding, wrecks her life and her husband's so thoroughly that both commit suicide. Author Weitzenkorn makes his point when the daughter visits the newspaper office, finds the publisher and shrieks: "Why did you kill my mother?" The publisher's reason, less cogent than the one which caused the girl's mother to do murder, is stated by his managing editor: "To boost circulation." The managing editor then insults his boss, pours a

## TRY IT . . .

## YOURSELF

we'll send you  
TEST SHEETS



FOLD it, tear it, write or type on it—give it any test you like. See if this isn't just about what you've been looking for in a lower-priced bond—with a recorded assurance of its quality.

That promise, of course, is the watermark "MANAGEMENT BOND—A HAMMERMILL PRODUCT."

Mail the coupon for a portfolio that includes samples of the paper in all its colors and weights. Then judge for yourself how this new lower-priced bond fits into your present requirements.

"Hammermill men and Hammermill methods produce Management Bond at Hoquiam, Washington."

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY  
Erie, Penn.

Gentlemen: I am attaching this coupon to my office letterhead. Please send me a Portfolio of Management Bond, the lower-priced paper made by Hammermill men.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Position \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE ATTACH THIS COUPON  
TO YOUR OFFICE LETTERHEAD

T12





drink from the bottle he keeps in his desk, hurls his telephone through a glass door, rinses his hands in a wash-basin and rushes, growling, from the offices of the *New York Gazette*.

**Merely Mary Ann** (Fox). Now that Mary Pickford's dimples have grown elongated, Janet Gaynor has a corner on the rôles of orphan girls, innocent waifs, lispng maid servants and similar characters. She plays them with appalling verve, not in the least embarrassed by Cinemactress Pickford's decision that her early characterizations were junk which it was worthwhile to destroy lest they be resuscitated to make her ridiculous. In this sentimental trifle, Janet Gaynor is a servant wench who falls in love with a penniless but patrician composer. When the composer goes to live in a cottage by the seashore, she goes with him to cook his meals and gambol with him on the strand. Suddenly, a farm belonging to her family is discovered to contain an oil well worth \$1,000,000. This causes a momentary separation between herself and the composer but they are soon reunited under glamorous circumstances.

It is amazing that a public which is exposed to *The Guardsman* (see col. 2)

should also be expected to take an interest in this antiquated and rubbishy trifle, but *Merely Mary Ann* will doubtless prove the more profitable of the two. Credulous to the degree of imbecility, the servant girl, who is also an orphan, takes the composer literally when he says his mother was such a fine lady she was never seen without gloves. She too buys a pair of cheap mittens and never appears in his presence without putting them on. Cinemactress Gaynor applies her slight lip and starry looks to such speeches as "Yes sir . . . yes sir . . . yes sir . . ." and "I knew it was just a dream castle, a fairy tale of nonsense that could never come true." If she has not already done so in *Seventh Heaven*, *Street Angel* and *Daddy Long Legs*, she fairly establishes herself in this picture as America's second-string sweetheart.

**My Sin** (Paramount) is about a girl (Tallulah Bankhead) who, after shooting her husband in Panama, is trying to live down her past by being an interior decorator in Manhattan. An interlude with a well-bred young man turns out badly when one of his well-traveled relatives recognizes her. She later prepares to settle down, in a remodeled Connecticut farmhouse, with a lawyer who, at the beginning of the picture, got her acquitted of the murder.

Tallulah Bankhead, lively daughter of an Alabama Congressman, for eight years the foremost U. S. actress in London, is not an easy star to polarize in the U. S. cinema. Her charms are neither purely pornographic nor placidly pictorial; her looks are characterized neither by open-mouthed candor nor narrow-eyed inscrutability. Her first U. S. picture was a stew of atrocious nonsense called *Tarnished Lady* which made Cinemactress Bankhead look ridiculous in view of the ballyhoo which had preceded it. *My Sin* is considerably better but it, too, gives Cinemactress Bankhead a chance to display what it is to be hoped is not her principal talent—that of seeming superior to mediocre material.

**The Guardsman** (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) is a civilized extravaganza of the type which would have been unthinkable in the cinema two years ago. It portrays the predicament of an actor who, to satisfy his wife's enthusiasm for amorous adventure and to satisfy himself that she is faithful to him, dresses up in the uniform of a guardsman and tries, hoping he will fail, to cuckold himself.

Conceit at first imperils his disguise. Admitted, in a bushy beard and long cloak, to his wife's drawing room, he begins by praising his own cigars and giving a eulogy of his abilities on the stage. Later, pride in a good characterization defeats his purposes even more painfully. He makes advances to his wife at the opera, follows her home, begs to be let in and is convinced that she is virtuous when she shuts the door in his face. A moment later, she throws the keys out the window. Next day the actor reveals his trick and prepares to despatch his wife with a long knife. But his wife, a better actress than he is an actor, chuckles, and persuades him to believe that she recognized him from the start.

*The Guardsman*, by Ferenc Molnar, was first presented as a play in Manhattan seven years ago. Produced by the Theatre Guild, it was the first co-operative success of the two most famed Guild actors, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. When Actors Lunt & Fontanne (in private life Mr. & Mrs. Lunt) were finally persuaded to visit Hollywood between stage engagements, *The Guardsman* was chosen for the beginning of their cinema career (which may continue after another season with



ALFRED LUNT & LYNN FONTANNE

... finally persuaded to Hollywood.

the Guild). By their polished over-acting they make the piece seem even more witty than it is. It may be, however, that in producing the picture Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was guilty of over-estimating the increasing resemblance between the stage and screen. *The Guardsman* will be a metropolitan success. If it proves profitable in the small communities which supply the majority of cinema audiences, it will be evidence of the general public's increasing familiarity with caviar. Good shots: the first, a "take" from *Elizabeth the Queen* (Lunt & Fontanne success of 1930) showing the actor and his wife at work; Lynn Fontanne sniffing the guardsman's perfumed hair without letting it be apparent whether or not she recognizes the scent; a critic (Roland Young) congratulating the actor on his performance as the guardsman.

**I Like Your Nerve** (First National). Now that his father has decided to confine his efforts to personal travels, there is nothing to prevent Douglas Fairbanks Jr. from climbing up walls and through windows, evading South American gunmen, placing a lily in the hand of a man whom he has rendered senseless with a blow on the jaw and, finally, abducting the heroine of the picture after foiling the efforts of an elderly miscreant to do likewise. An attractive, agile, intelligent young actor, Fairbanks Jr. makes out fairly well in this, for him, novel vein of entertainment. Typical shot: Fairbanks Jr. sprinkling glass on the road to puncture the tires of the car in which the heroine (Loretta Young) is riding.



Most Little Pigs Go to Market.  
BUT  
The Best Little Pigs Go to Jones



The Jones Family  
ANNOUNCES THE OPENING OF  
THE 49th SEASON FOR THE  
NATIONAL DISTRIBUTION  
BY JONES DEALERS OF

**JONES**  
DAIRY FARM  
SAUSAGE

Made of succulent Pork Roasts  
(loins and shoulders) from  
corn and milk fed young pigs—  
bringing Farm Goodness to  
the City Table.

ORDER FROM YOUR JONES DEALER

**JONES DAIRY FARM, Fort Atkinson, Wis.**  
In Wisconsin's great dairy center—owned and  
operated by the Jones Family since 1834.

# Leadership in Truck Value



**Lowest priced 6-cylinder 1½-ton truck with full floating rear axle and other big advantages**

1½-ton chassis (131" wheelbase)

**\$595**

1½-ton chassis, 157" wheelbase, for extra long or bulky loads, \$630. ¾-ton delivery chassis, 113" wheelbase, \$395.

*All prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio*

65-horsepower engine—4 large main bearings—Full force lubrication—Floating type oil suction—Bridge-type frame cross members—Extra loading space—Heavy duty cast spoke wheels—Dual wheels of one unit design—Heavy demountable truck type rims interchangeable on both single and dual wheels.

See your nearest Willys dealer; or write Willys-Overland, Inc., Commercial Sales Division, Toledo, Ohio, for descriptive literature.

**New**

## WILLYS SIX TRUCKS

COMPLETE WITH BODIES FOR EVERY BUSINESS NEED

# Free Wheeling



There is still a lot of momentum left from past selling and advertising effort . . . . But not enough to force business up the hills of thirty-one and thirty-two . . . . Now is the time to keep a sensitive foot on the accelerator.

**M<sup>c</sup>CANN • ERICKSON** *Advertising*

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • CLEVELAND • DENVER • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE • LOS ANGELES  
TORONTO • MONTREAL • VANCOUVER • WINNIPEG • LONDON • PARIS • FRANKFORT, G. M.

# BUSINESS & FINANCE

## New York Consortium

Thirty years ago Harvey Dow Gibson came out of Maine, like Rudy Vallée, with an orchestra of college boys behind him. Unlike Rudy Vallée he did not become a nation-famed crooner, but last week he waved a baton for a band composed of all the great New York banking houses. And sweet was his music to the ears of depositors in seven small broken banks in and around the city. The tune said they would get an immediate payment of 50 per cent of their \$42,000,000 total deposits, more later. Maestro Gibson's once precarious, now potent Manufacturers Trust Co., backed with \$20,000,000 provided by itself and the city's other big banks and banking firms, was going to liquidate the seven defunct banks.

The move was a frank, concerted effort to restore depositor confidence in New York banks, and to prevent further withdrawal of deposits. It was designed as the solution of a problem about which State Superintendent of Banks Joseph Broderick, Governor George Leslie Harrison of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, Chairman Mortimer Norton Buckner of the New York Clearing House Committee and Governor Franklin Delano Roosevelt of the State have talked long, often and seriously. The conversations have extended to 22 great banks, including Speyer & Co. and J. P. Morgan & Co. The conversations ended with promises of a million dollars from each bank and the choice of Mr. Gibson as the man to handle the money.

When bankers gathered in Manhattan last month to choose a chairman for the New York Unemployment Relief Committee under National Chairman Walter Sherman Gifford, they picked Banker Gibson. Last week, besides leading his big band of banks, he was busy getting ready an organization to help his city face the Winter. He was easily Wall Street's man of the week.

Not yet 50, Harvey Dow Gibson was born in North Conway, N. H. Now he lives on a great estate at Locust Valley. He rides after hounds with the Meadowbrook and wears on his chin the scar of a fall. Every morning his sleek cruiser *Mystery* awaits him in his own yacht basin to take him to Manhattan. Not always has he sped to work on a yacht. First, without much delight, he swept out the offices of American Express Co. in Boston. He turned out to be quite a broom. In a few years he had swept himself into place as financial manager of the company's business in Canada. He became part owner and vice president of Raymond & Whitcomb Co., travel agents, and then assistant to President Seward Prosser in Liberty National Bank. At 34 he was president of Liberty National. In the War he served under Morgan Partner Henry Pomeroy Davison as general manager of the American Red Cross in 1917 and Red Cross Commissioner for France in 1918, for Europe in 1919. When Liberty National consolidated in 1921 with New York Trust Co., Mr. Gibson became

president. When he left this Morgan bank at the end of 1930 to resuscitate Manufacturers Trust Co., he was chairman of its executive committee. In financial circles, he has an almost sacerdotal distinction. He is one of six men upon whom the present John Pierpont Morgan has called in their offices.

The story of Manufacturers Trust Co. is not so serene as the story of Mr. Gibson. Founded in Brooklyn in 1905 as Citizens Trust Co. by the Jewish Nathan S. Jonas, it was the first Brooklyn bank to invade Manhattan. By June 1930 it had 45 units in Greater New York, with over 350 millions in deposits. Large stock ownership in the bank had gone to the banking house of Goldman, Sachs & Co. Goldman, Sachs and others planned a



Acme-P. O. A.

HARVEY DOW GIBSON

... versus the old family stock.

huge bank merger: International Trust plus Manufacturers Trust plus Bank of United States plus Public National, to equal one bank with deposits totalling \$760,000,000. This was in October. In December, following runs, Bank of U. S. closed with depositors waiting for \$160,000,000 in deposits. Manufacturers Trust Co. was not directly involved. But psychologically it was. Between September 1930 and January 1931 its deposits shrank \$109,000,000 (to \$219,000,000). Manufacturers had great and potent friends. So did Banker Gibson. For \$7,300,000 (\$26.35 a share, once it sold for \$1.25) Mr. Gibson & friends bought control from Goldman, Sachs.

Not quite clear, never elucidated by Mr. Gibson, was the source of the capital behind him. Under his rule, Manufacturers stock has regained high reputation, though the bank has not yet recovered the deposits it lost in 1930. Up \$6,000,000 since Mr. Gibson took charge deposits are still down \$153,000,000 from the quarter before Bank of U. S. failed.

In July Banker Gibson began a series of mergers and liquidations by Manufacturers. Two banks it took to itself by

mergers (Midwood Trust of Brooklyn and Brooklyn National Bank of New York). Three (Midtown Bank, Lebanon National Bank, Bryant Park Bank) it held at arm's length "solely as liquidating agent," the same basis as that on which the seven other banks were taken over by the Gibson-headed group last week.

Head of a bank that had felt depositor timidity to the extent of over \$100,000,000. Mr. Gibson has been interested vitally in improving depositors' courage. While other bankers have held aloof from the efforts of Bank Superintendent Broderick, Mr. Gibson has listened to his problems, given him his aid. Significance of last week's consortium was that the banking fraternity had decided they were all concerned with depositors' courage and that Banker Gibson was on the right track to do something constructive about it. When the banks were ready Superintendent Broderick, already dealing with Mr. Gibson, saw him as the man to head the great operation.

Banker Gibson and Manufacturers Trust will make no money directly out of the liquidations. But in return for their arduous public service they will be well-paid in goodwill. Manufacturers, wishing to expand, will be in a position to take for its own such of the defunct flock as it wishes. A reason that Manufacturers is in a position to clean up so much scattered wreckage is that it has 52 widely scattered branches. As the wreckage is cleared, as the broken banks' depositors happily get back much of their \$42,000,000, Manufacturers' branch managers will be in fine position to persuade them to deposit again, safely this time, instead of locking up money in office vaults or the old family stock.

## Burpee for Burbank

Before Luther Burbank died (April 11, 1926) he publicly expressed doubt about his personal immortality. He was more hopeful about the future of his experiments. Very carefully he labeled his seeds, left record of his problems. Two old U. S. concerns—W. Atlee Burpee Co. (seeds) of Philadelphia and Stark Brothers (fruit trees and shrubs) of Louisiana, Mo. will work in their separate fields to give Burbank's work the immortality self-denied to Burbank.

When Burbank died, by his direction his entire business was taken over by Stark Brothers. Last fortnight it was announced that they had sold the seed portion of the estate to the Burpee firm, keeping for themselves the nursery activities. The work will continue at Burbank's Santa Rosa gardens. Living there and watching will be Luther Burbank's widow. The notes he kept scrupulously, unlike many scientists, she has guarded scrupulously, unlike many widows. The notes, the seeds, the bulbs she is turning over to David Burpee.

Not only horticulturalist but also businessman and clubman, it has long been the ambition of David Burpee to take over the unfinished work of Luther Burbank. And that work he will carry on, he says, as Burbank did: in a scientific spirit, not a commercial one, in the interest of mankind. Also he hopes to bring greater resources to the experiments than Burbank



## "I learned the real basis of value"

These two portfolios explain the eight tests by which you can judge the worth of all office-use papers. They point out three ways to reduce the cost of letterheads and of printed office forms. Send the coupon for free copies—then consult your printer.

## Hollingsworth BASIC BOND



Hollingsworth & Whitney Company  
Dept. 108, 110 Federal  
Street, Boston, Mass.

Please send the portfolios that explain the economy of using an "All-purpose" office paper, and contain complete specimens.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

POSITION \_\_\_\_\_

(PLEASE ATTACH YOUR BUSINESS LETTERHEAD)

was ever able to command. Some of the work will be done at Burpee farms in the East but most of it will be done in the tight two acres of Burbank's own garden.

W. Atlee Burpee who founded the Burpee firm was a cousin of the California plant wizard. In Burbank's lifetime the Burpees bought seed from the little firm Burbank maintained to help finance his experiments. W. Atlee Burpee began his business in 1878. It gained prestige by introducing the sweet pea from England and



DAVID BURPEE

*For Stark the fruits, for him the flowers.*

more prestige by developing new varieties which were shipped back to England. The present Burpee, David, a man of medium height and thinning hair, became president of the company in 1915 after the death of his father. Born in Philadelphia in 1893, he attended Cornell's agricultural college, from which he was called home by his father's illness. During the War he set up sample gardens, encouraged people to grow their own food. The War stopped shipments of bulbs, so he grew fine Dutch bulbs in the U. S. Carefully and in person he oversees the operation of the Burpee farms, Fordhook Farms (named for the ancestral Burpee estate in England) at Doylestown, Pa., and Flordale Farm in Santa Barbara County, Calif. In person, too, he follows many of the 20,000 experiments made yearly by the Burpee organization. He advocates Federal patents for the protection of flower experimenters. He lives at Fordhook Farms while his younger brother, Washington Atlee Burpee Jr., treasurer of the company, lives on fashionable Delancey Street in Philadelphia.

More famed even than the Burpees are the Starks who came less recently into the Burbank activities. Judge James Stark, home from the War of 1812, founded the company in the territory explored (1806-07) by General Zebulon Pike which then stretched from the Mississippi to the Santa Fe. Today the Stark organization maintains the oldest nurseries in the U. S., the largest in the world. On 3,492 acres, in plantations located in seven States they propagate fruit trees, roses, shrubs. In France, too, they maintain

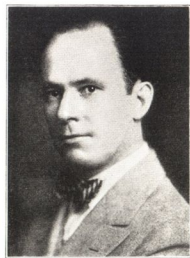
nurseries. They employ nearly a thousand men and women. About 15,000 commission salesmen represent them. Every year they ship some five million fruit trees and plants to all parts of the world. Thirty-five years ago in Iowa they discovered the original Stark Delicious Apple. Each year they discover new and better fruit. It was their Golden Delicious Apple which gave first impetus to the Buy-An-Apple Campaign to help the unemployed.

In 1927 the Starks took over the Sebastopol Burbank Test Orchards which they now maintain for development and test of Burbank fruits which Burbank never had time to introduce. Most important result of their work is Burbank's Elephant Heart plum, a red-fleshed plum almost as big as a baseball, the first freestone, blood-fleshed plum ever developed. Trees to bear this luscious giant planted two years ago (from Wisconsin to Alabama, California to New York) have lived and borne this year despite dry summer and hard winter.

Burpees hope to do for Burbank flowers, particularly annuals, what Starks have done for Burbank fruits. The late Wizard Burbank, according to his own disbelief in spiritualism, is unaware.

## Stutz Solo

The ears of the motor industry pricked high this summer when Charles Michael Schwab, master of Bethlehem Steel, returned to his old interest in Stutz Motor Car Co. of America, and when the company returned with a rush to wide public notice by announcing a new model with the famed old Stutz nickname "Bearcat" (TIME, July 27). Last week Stutz President Edgar Staley Gorrell made known what the industry did after pricking its ears. Not one, not two, not three



EDGAR STALEY GORRELL

... nine times no.

or four but no less than nine separate motor companies had approached Stutz with offers to buy, sell, merge or be merged. To each & every such approach, President Gorrell & colleagues had firmly answered, "No!" Last week President Gorrell proudly added: "Stutz will stand



# FAMOUS TRADE MARKS COME TO WASHINGTON

Increase Efficiency and Profits  
by manufacturing where  
Electricity is cheap; Labor Conditions inviting;  
and Per Capita Wealth high



AMERICA'S industrial leadership recognizes the advantages of operating plants in the pleasant region of Puget Sound. Here outstanding industrial concerns find all the elements that make for efficient, economical manufacturing and marketing.

Manufacturers find that Washington's mild, equitable climate increases labor efficiency up to 20%. As typical of the territory, Seattle (Metropolitan area 410,000) is the world's healthiest large city, according to official figures for 1930—death rate only 10.92 per thousand.

In this Western country is a prosperous people with high standards of living, able and willing to buy. In the Pacific Northwest 24 per cent more people own their own homes than in the rest of the country; one sixth more own automobiles; they spend 20 per cent to 50 per cent more per child for education; per capita income is 35 per cent higher than the nation's average; per capita spending power is far above the average.

These elements indicate a profitable and growing local market for manufactured products. In addition is the entire Pacific slope, Alaska and the Orient; accessible by speedy rail, water or air transportation.

The Puget Sound Power & Light Company, with a present generating capacity of over 350,000 electrical horsepower, is now building the first water power development on the great Columbia river. This is near Wenatchee, the "Apple capital of America," and will bring ultimate capacity up to 600,000 horsepower. This company, serving 500 cities, towns and communities of Western and Central Washington, always maintains a reserve supply of power ample to meet all new industrial needs.

Get all the facts about manufacturing and distributing in this favored territory. Write the industrial department of this company or any Chamber of Commerce in Western or Central Washington.



## PUGET SOUND Power & Light Company

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Offices in BREMERTON, BELLINGHAM, CHEHALIS, EVERETT, TACOMA and WENATCHEE



# Nature offers this Gift TO ALL INDUSTRY



*Now, as never before, is advantageous location  
vital to profitable manufacturing!*

**S**URE location has nature given to Memphis. Memphis in turn offers this timely gift to all industry.

Memphis is the low cost manufacturing point . . . the capital of a distinct market, affording its manufacturers a decisive advantage in price competition and economy of delivery.

**Raw Materials**—Memphis is the low cost manufacturing point because of wealth of raw materials. Millions of feet of lumber make Memphis the largest hardwood center in America. Bale after bale of cotton pours in to make it the world's largest inland cotton market and the greatest potential manufacturing point for the hundreds of by-products of cotton.

Nearby hill and plain give their bounties of minerals and clays. Right at the doorstep flows the broad Mississippi, bringing steel from the nation's greatest rolling mills at rates that make Memphis nationally pre-eminent in economy of steel fabrication and distribution.

**Power**—Memphis is the low cost manufacturing point because of economical power. Through a super-power hookup, electricity will turn the wheels of your industry at rates as low and often lower

than elsewhere. Natural gas is available at low cost. Three great coal fields, the farthest just 300 miles away, supply you cheaply with varied grades. Add fuel oil from the great mid-continent field nearby, and you have in Memphis every type of power.

**Transportation**—Memphis is the low cost manufacturing point because of its transport facilities. Strategically located for cheap delivery, Memphis is the hub of seventeen railroad lines, six airlines and nine national highways. On the Lakes-to-the-Gulf waterway, four barge lines carry express and freight cargo in thorough service to New Orleans, St. Louis and Pittsburgh. River-rail terminals provide economical breakup and redistribution of carloadings. Good waterfront sites are available.

**Labor**—Memphis is the low cost manufacturing point because of its supply of intelligent and loyal labor. Both male and female, skilled and unskilled workers are plentiful. Cost of living is low, climate is healthful, recreations are many.

*The industrial executive who is responsive and alert to what the present is teaching him should investigate the clear-cut advantages which Memphis offers his particular industry in building profitably for the future*

## Facts for DISTRIBUTORS and BRANCHES

Memphis affords economic access to America's markets, because of 17 railroad lines, 4 barge lines, 6 air lines, 9 national highways.

You are dominantly located to gain the trade of Latin America via rail and water transport.

You will be closer and more accessible to more Southern markets than any other metropolitan Southern city.

You hold the key position to the rich, growing market of the Southwest.

# MEMPHIS

THE LOW COST CAPITAL  
OF AN ECONOMIC EMPIRE

*We will send booklets and prepare an individual survey covering your needs without obligation on your part, and without divulging your inquiry to any individual or firm in Memphis or elsewhere.*

PROGRAM OF PROGRESS  
MEMPHIS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

alone. Stutz by itself has too satisfactory a position to warrant or demand a merger."

Stutz's position, so satisfying to itself, so appetizing to others, is this: Steelman Schwab, at the head of new and additional banking interests, has acquired 72½% of Stutz stock. The company's quick assets have increased this year by some \$800,000, its surplus by some \$2,500,000. At the end of last year the ratio of quick assets to liabilities was 1.6 to 1; today, 10.6 to 1.

Proud of new Stutz models is President Gorrell. The 1931 cars have an unusually low centre of gravity, 8 cylinders, dual-valve principle, four-speed transmission, hydraulic boosted brakes, extra rigid bodies. Big and solid and sleek, a Stutz car carries Stutz Associate Schwab. Other names for Stutz to conjure with: William E. Dodge Stokes and Frederic de Peyster, John D. Rockefeller Jr. and Witherbee Black. Paul Whiteman and Herbert Bayard Swope. Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia wears his red biretta in a Stutz.

## Dividends

Many a directorate met last week and the main talk of most was what to do about their quarterly dividend. Out of few meetings came any joyous tidings. Three big railroads passed their common dividends: Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific; Maine Central; Lehigh Valley. Two other great systems, New York Central and New York, New Haven & Hartford, cut their quarterly payment from \$1.50 to \$1 (lowest New York Central rate since 1889). Southern Railroad directors, following earlier decision, discussed no common dividends, ordered none.

Besides railroads few great companies acted on dividends last week. Usual dividends were declared by New England Public Service and Coca-Cola International. A few companies ordered larger dividends than customary: United Shoe Machinery Co., Household Finance Corp. Singer Manufacturing Co. reduced its habitual extra dividend from \$2.50 to \$1.

Uncertainty of earnings has led to a new dividend practice. Many stocks on a dividend basis are being added to the list of those for which no annual rate can be quoted (Canadian Pacific, American Car & Foundry, Socony-Vacuum, Great Northern, Transamerica, Stone & Webster). Actual rates of such stocks are expected to continue as high as ever.

**Passed.** Corporations which last week passed their quarterly dividends included: Airway Electric Appliance Corp., Backstay Welt Co., Continental-Diamond Fibre Co., Diamond Electrical Manufacturing Co., Kaybee Stores, Inc., Rio Tinto Co., Ltd., Schumacher Wall Board Co., Service Stations, Ltd.

**Decreases** in quarterly dividends included:

Company	Last Quarter	This Quarter
Acme Steel	\$ .625	\$ .50
Addressograph-Multigraph	.35	.25
Art Metal Construction	.25	.20
Congress Cigar	1.00	.25
Eastern Steamship Lines	.375	.375
Electric Storage Battery	1.25	1.00

# Desks *tailored* to fit your job . . . Prices *trimmed* to fit your budget



MOUNT VERNON, FOR THE MAN OF IMPORTANCE! *Impressive, dignified . . . a truly handsome desk! Its details are distinguished . . . turned legs and moldings, handsome bronze drawer pulls. And its price is pleasantly low!*

**I**T'S the finest-looking desk you've ever seen in steel . . . Art Metal's new Mount Vernon. Walnut grain that *looks* like walnut. Resilient top . . . of *grained* Artolin. Handsome bronze drawer pulls. Well-shaped legs. Wire chases inside the desk to hide all phone and light wires.

Quiet, too. The drawers glide open, lock *silently*. The file works smoothly on noiseless ball-bearings. Drawer partitions fit

snugly, never rattle, never stick.

Any man in your office would be proud to claim this "big executive" desk. And it's priced down to *general office levels* . . . low enough for "off year" budgets.

Your Art Metal man is standing by with Mount Vernon, and its companions, William Penn, New Yorker. He has other desks to fit any job in your office. All fire-fighters . . . all built for a strenuous lifetime.

And we would like to send you—FREE—"Individuality in Desk Design," with pictures, descriptions, and a color scheme chart to help you find the right desk-in-color. Please write for it! Art Metal Construction Company, Jamestown, N. Y. Branches and agencies in 500 cities.

**Art Metal**  
STEEL OFFICE EQUIPMENT

THE ART METAL LINE . . . Fire Safes . . . Storage Cabinets . . . Desks . . . Shelving . . . Plan Files  
Horizontal Sectional Files . . . Upright Unit Files . . . Counter Height Files . . . Postindex Visible Files  
IN THE ART METAL BUILDING EQUIPMENT DIVISION . . . Hollow Metal Doors and Trim . . . Elevator Enclosures . . . Architectural Bronze . . . Library Fittings . . . Partitions

## THE COMMON GROUND OF BUSINESS



**T**HERE is still business . . . There are still markets for any sound company which enjoys a profitable volume in normal times . . . but the markets must now be intensively cultivated if they are to yield a fair return. Select and isolate that group of potential customers in which lies your greatest chance for business. Write them. Correspondence is the common ground of business . . . the personal contact which any organization, large or small, can afford.

### Use Artesian Bond for All Correspondence

We recommend that you use Artesian Bond in making this contact . . . and for definite reasons. First, because it will carry your message with the dignity and impressiveness which it deserves, at the least cost to you. Artesian Bond is liberal in its rag content . . . strong in its texture . . . clean and brilliant in its color. Second, because Artesian Bond is as fine a sheet of paper as you can buy at the price . . . a sheet which you can afford to use for general promotion . . . yet worthy of your signature . . . and lastly, because it is accepted as No. 1 U. S. Business Paper. Let us send you samples so that you may see for yourself that there is a difference in bond papers.

WHITING-FLOVER PAPER CO.  
STEVENS POINT, WISCONSIN

## ARTESIAN BOND



Company	Last Quarter	This Quarter
International T & T	\$ .50	\$ .25
McGraw-Hill Publishing Co.	.50	.25
Merchants & Manufac- turers Securities	.375	.20

### Personnel

The following were news last week: Mustachioed, European-educated *James Edward Taussig* resigned unexpectedly from the presidency of *Wabash Railroad* and a subsidiary company to devote himself to personal affairs. For a time he will continue to advise; he remains a director. His resignation follows a move to acquire control of *Wabash* by *Pennsylvania*, which followed acquisition of *Chicago & Alton*, *Wabash* competitor, by *B. & O.* Presidency of *Wabash* will be added to the duties of *William Henry Williams*, board chairman of *Wabash* since 1915.

*L. Ames Brown*, handsome Southern newsmen, resigned as president of the



International  
TAUSSIG OF THE WABASH  
. . . unexpectedly resigned.

advertising house of *Lord & Thomas and Logan, Inc.* (American Tobacco, Colgate-Palmolive-Peet, California Fruit Growers Exchange, General Electric). Succeeding Mr. Brown is another Wartime U. S. Shipping Board protégé of Albert Davis Lasker, L. & T. and L.'s board chairman: *Ralph V. Sollitt*. Tactful Advertiser Sollitt is Indiana-born. He has been teacher, lawyer, banker. Under Will H. Hays he helped elect Warren Gamaliel Harding President. In 1924 at Mr. Lasker's urging he went to Chicago with L. & T. and L. He gathered and possesses a leading U. S. collection of silhouettes.

*Edward James Nolan*, Wartime aviator and Los Angeles banker, confirmed reports of his resignation as board chairman of *Bank of America National Trust & Savings Association*, subsidiary of *Transamerica Corp.*

*Sailing W. Baruch*, father, and *Donald Edward Baruch*, son, filed with the New York Stock Exchange a proposal to dissolve the firm of *Sailing W. Baruch & Co.*

## AERONAUTICS

### 388.6 M. P. H.

All England had to do was let a seaplane dawdle seven times around the 32-m. triangle at Calshot to take permanent possession of the *Schneider Trophy* last week, since Italy and France withdrew from the race (*TIME*, Sept. 14). But everyone knew the British flyers would try to better the winning speed of 1929 (328.6 m. p. h.), and the straightaway record (357.7 m. p. h.) made a week later by Squadron Leader A. H. Orlebar.

Flight Lieut. J. H. Boothman was given the honor of formally winning permanent possession of the *Schneider Trophy*. In a mosquito-like seaplane of blue & silver designated *Supermarine Rolls-Royce S-6B*, he darted over the Solent at about 300 ft. altitude, taking wide turns at the corners of the course to guard against disqualification. His first two laps were the fastest, averaging 342.9 m. p. h. When he crossed the finish line and shot his plane skyward, to lose speed for a landing, his average time for the race was 340.68 m. p. h.

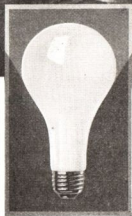
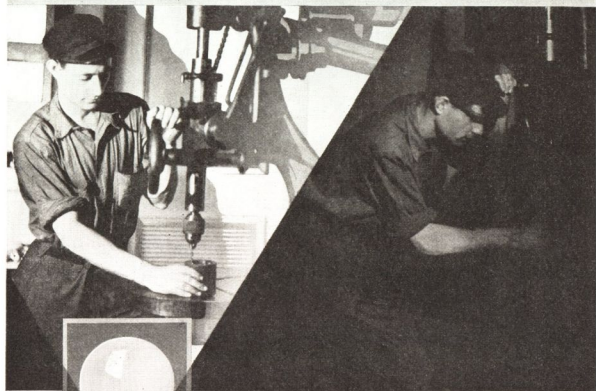
Then Lieut. G. H. Stainforth taxied out in another *S-6B* to attack Orlebar's world speed record. With a diving start from 1,400 ft. down to about 150 ft., he flashed six times back & forth over a straightaway of about 1.8 mi. The crowds saw only a speck with a tail of smoke. When it was over the stopwatches showed an average of 379.05 m. p. h. On one lap Lieut. Stainforth's time had been 388.6, faster than man had ever flown, more than eight times faster than the winner of the first *Schneider* race in 1913.

### Via Catapult

The North German *Lloyd* liner *Europa* have-to with engines idling 600 mi. off Cape Breton one morning last week. Passengers lined the rail, crowded about a roped enclosure on the sundeck to watch a sturdy monoplane mounted on a sort of sled and turntable between the two smokestacks. Pilot Joachim Blankenburg waved a signal from the cockpit, a seaman on deck threw a lever and the sled shot to the edge of the deck, flinging the seaplane out over the water at 80 m. p. h. The plane rose rapidly, circled the *Europa* in salute, vanished into the west with mail for the U. S. and Canada.

This procedure was not extraordinary. Mail planes have been catapulted from the *Europa* and *Bremen* and from the French Line's *Ile de France* many a time. But never had it been attempted so far from New York. Mail planes heretofore have left ships off Cape Cod, 600 or 700 mi. from port. The *Europa* was 1,275 mi. out of New York. Six hours after leaving the steamer the seaplane alighted at Sydney, Cape Breton Island, discharged its Canadian mail, refueled. Then it flew all night down the coast to Bridgeport, Conn., fuelled again, taxied up to the *Europa's* Brooklyn pier early in the morning, nearly 28 hr. ahead of the liner. It was the first time that transatlantic mail had beaten its steamer into port by a full day. Ordinarily the margin is about 18 hr. North German *Lloyd* officials declared the

## DOES YOUR LIGHTING BRING YOU PROFIT OR LOSS?



*For the best lighting service, order Edison MAZDA Lamps corresponding in voltage to that which is maintained on your lighting circuit.*

**Y**OU employ light just as you employ factory workers, clerks, or salesmen—to make money for you. If you could make more money by getting along without such help, you would do so.

The better your mechanics, or clerks, or salesmen are, the more profit they bring you. It is exactly so with light.

Figures covering a large number of factories and other industries of various kinds show that profits due to increased production and reduced spoilage, effected through better lighting, were *more than five times greater* than the cost of the additional light.

Edison MAZDA\* Lamps bring you the benefits of every improvement in electric lighting. They have the high quality that assures *full value of the current consumed*.

Write the Engineering Department, Edison Lamp Works of General Electric, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio, and we shall be glad to send you free bulletins concerning correct illumination in your particular kind of business.

*\*MAZDA—the mark of a research service*

# EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



## Faux Pas of the Famous



### Paul Passes Up the Dunwiddles...

Even the best history books don't breathe a word of it... but Paul committed a grievous social error on his historic trip from the old North Church to points north and west. He completely neglected to stop at the Amos Dunwiddles... not too much as left a card or phoned his regrets. Our social secretary, who is quite up on the low-down of such things, informs us that Mrs. Dunwiddle was so perturbed at this slight that the Reveries were not invited to a single Dunwiddle soiree for several generations. Of course, it wouldn't have happened if Paul had kept his notes in a

## 5 in 1 ROBINSON REMINDER

More Than a Note Book—a Memory System

A more effective jog to lazy memories than a whole ball of string tied around fingers. Traps ideas and memos brings them out when you need them; disposes of them when through. Has famous Robinson Reminder with detachable coupons. Jot down memos, one to a coupon—Do it—Tear it out—Only LIVE NOTES remain. Also has stowaway places for money, keys, license, cards and stamps. Women's styles contain purse and pencil or comb and mirror. New leathers. Smart, compact. Ideal as gifts and prizes.

AT YOUR DEALERS OR  
the publisher's plan  
send display or sent  
postpaid for \$1.00.  
Gladys Robinson  
Reminders, Inc., 100  
Broadway, New York  
City, N. Y.



EXECUTIVES: Use them as advertising gifts. Write for details.  
ROBINSON MFG. CO. Westfield, Mass.  
|\*\*\*\*\*|

## Listen-in on "THE MARCH OF TIME"

The Columbia  
Coast-to-Coast Network

EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT

long distance experiment would be repeated whenever weather permits. On eastward voyages the plane leaves the steamer 300 or 400 mi. out of Southampton, flies ahead to Southampton, Rotterdam, Cologne. Flights are attempted only between late April and October and then only when weather is good (about 90% of the time). If storms or fog occur after the take-off, the master of the liner may order the pilot back to port. That was done once, last autumn.

Each plane can carry 440 lb. of mail, but capacity loads are rare. For the special service, letters should be addressed: Via S. S. — Via Catapult, with 30 pennings (10¢) extra postage.

The French Line's experiments began in 1928, a year before the North German Lloyd's. An amphibian would leave the *Ile de France* about 400 mi. from New York; on eastward voyages, off the Scilly Islands to land on Le Bourget. For sake of economy no flights were made this season.

### Hyphen, Question Mark, Period

After their big monoplane *Trait d'Union* ("Hyphen") crashed in the forests of Siberia two months ago (TIME, July 27), Pilots Joseph Marie Lebrun and Marcel Doret, with Mechanic René Mesmin, dragged themselves back to Paris. Their escape from death had been almost a miracle. Nevertheless they prevailed upon their backer, Perfumer François Coty, to give them another plane just like the wrecked one for a second try at a Paris-Tokyo nonstop flight. Such a flight, 6,032-mi., would retrieve for France the distance record which Boardman & Poland had just wrested away by flying 5,011 mi. from New York to Istanbul.

Early one morning last week the *Hyphen II* was wheeled out on Le Bourget Field for a take-off. Pilot Lebrun paused in his preparations to scowl at the sight of another ship, pushed from a nearby hangar. It was the famed *Question Mark* which Capt. Dieudonné ("Doudou") Coste flew to the U. S. last year. And there was "Doudou" himself, stocky, sleek-haired, grinning. No one would be more pleased to see Lebrun beaten in a race. The two men had been enemies ever since their spectacular co-flight around the world in 1927, at the end of which Lebrun bitterly declared that he "was sick of being a valet to Coste." But Coste himself was not going to run in this race. Instead he had loaned his plane (also a gift of Perfumer Coty) to his friend Paul Codos.

The *Hyphen II* got away first into the rising sun. Ten minutes later the *Question Mark* gave chase, overtook Lebrun & Doret beyond Brussels. Near Düsseldorf a fuel line became clogged and the *Question Mark* made a forced landing. Lebrun & Doret, whose plane had no radio, pushed on into dirty weather over Russia in the belief that their rival still led them.

East of Moscow the fog and rain grew worse. It was much as it had been on the first flight, when the storms had beaten them down to the very treetops. At the end of 20 hr. the end came. It was near Ufa, 700 mi. beyond Moscow. Doret bailed out, landed safely with his chute. Lebrun and Mesmin died in the crash of the *Hyphen II*. Doret was vaguely quoted as saying that the engine had exploded.

### Great Circle

In a Junkers monoplane which once belonged to Charles A. Levine, three air-men took off from Juncal do Sol, near Lisbon last week to try the "uphill" route across the Atlantic, which only Coste & Bellonte have completed nonstop. The flyers were Willy Rody, a German who had spent his inheritance on the plane; Christian Johansen, a German-naturalized Dane; and Fernando Costa Vieira, Portuguese sportsman. Their plane, christened the *Esa* for Rody's bride, reached the Azores, headed out over the Great Circle course towards Newfoundland.

Out of a grey, cloudy sky the *Esa* zoomed down over the S. S. *Penland*, 395 mi. east of Halifax. It had taken 25 hr. to come this far. Observers estimated that bad weather had cut down the flyers' speed to 80 m. p. h.—30 m. p. h. less than the economical cruising speed of their plane. Also, the length of time indicated they were flying blind. Their compasses must have gone wrong; they carried no radio. But they seemed unconcerned, headed for fog-bound Newfoundland.

So quiet had been the *Esa's* take-off that New York was startled to hear it was so near. But storms were still raging up & down the coast. Airports turned on beacons; anxious German, Danish and Portuguese consuls waited, wondered.

### As Predicted

Heads were sagely wagged on both sides of the Pacific Ocean last week when it became evident that Pilots Don Moyle and Cecil A. Allen had failed in their attempt to fly from Samishiro Beach, Japan to Seattle. Many & many a prophet could say "I told you so." The orange monoplane was sighted through the rain by a steamer 110 mi. from the starting point. It was not seen again. Following night the captain of another steamer off the coast of Alaska thought he heard a plane overhead, but there was no further clue. Weather was bad. Neither Moyle nor Allen was an experienced long distance flyer or navigator. Their plane, named the *Clasima Madsen* for the daughter of Backer John Buffell, Tacoma lumberman, had failed twice before: once (as the *City of Tacoma*) when Bromley & Gatty flew it 1,200 mi. from Tokyo and were forced back with a broken exhaust pipe; once when (as the *Pacific*) Thomas Ash Jr. was unable to take it off with the necessary fuel load. Japanese authorities took last week's tragedy as further excuse for withholding a flight permit from Hugh Herndon Jr. and Clyde Pangborn (TIME, Aug. 17).

### Flights & Flyers

Amelia Earhart Putnam, who three months ago cracked up an Autogiro in taking off (TIME, June 22), last week cracked one up in landing at Michigan State Fair Grounds. Mrs. Putnam was unhurt, but her husband, Publisher George Palmer Putnam, tripped over a wire as he raced to the scene, had to be taken to a hospital.

The Lindberghs bade farewell to friends in Tokyo, flew around a typhoon to Osaka for a brief visit in Kyoto on their way to Nanking.

## THEATRE

### New Plays in Manhattan

**Free For All** is a tuneful musical comedy presented by smart Producers Schwab & Mandel (*Good News, America's Sweetheart*), with a libretto by Oscar Hammerstein II and Laurence Schwab, melodies by Richard A. Whiting. There is no chorus. As a result, the uninterrupted libretto may pall if you think about it too much, but there is good music, a little lively dancing and a dozen pleasant faces.

The story has to do with a group of rich young parlor Communists who want to go to Russia. They do not get there, but the father of one sends them to an abandoned mine in Nevada, where silver is unexpectedly discovered. Most of them then get married and return to the fold of what Messrs. Hammerstein & Schwab would have you know as Good Old Capitalism. One excursion into the office of a psycho-analyst provides merriment.

"What does your husband do?" innocent-eyed Jack Haley asks a lady patient.

"He's a stockbroker."

"Is he a bull or a bear?"

"I don't know."

"Have you any children?"

"Yes, five. We've been married three years."

"He's a bull."

Producers Schwab & Mandel have assembled a notable troupe of beautiful girls for *Free For All*. Among them: Lilian Bond, whom Oscar's uncle Arthur Hammerstein put in *Luna* last year before he went bankrupt (*TIME*, April 6); Vera Marsh of *America's Sweetheart*; pert Dancer Dorris Grody; Jeanette Loff, late of Hollywood (*The King Of Jazz*); Dorothy Knapp, a "Most Beautiful Woman In The World" for Earl Carroll and Florenz Ziegfeld; lovely Tamara (*The Wanderer*).

Tunes to tintinnabulate through early autumn tea dancing: "I Love Him, the Rat," "The Girl Next Door," "Not That I Care."

**Just To Remind You.** In the theatre, last week was a dire week for the nation's infirmities. First there was *Just To Remind You*, a sturdy exposé of the U. S. laundry racket. Then there was *Ladies Of Creation*, in which the interior decorating business was delicately satirized (see p. 54). After that came *The Man On Stilts*, which attempted to skewer the mild insanity which surrounds flag-pole sitters, marathon dancers and the like (see p. 54).

Few people are still unaware that in many cities hoodlums extort tribute from laundries. If the tribute is not paid, the laundryman may find his truck smashed, his customers' clothes ruined, his driver's pate cracked. Apparently this unwholesome state of affairs only recently came to the attention of oldtime Playwright Owen Davis. Playwright Davis, 57, does not write mediocre plays. He either writes very good ones or very bad ones. In the latter tradition are these shameless thrillers as *Nellie, The Beautiful Cloak Model*; *Sal, the Circus Girl*; *Deadwood Dick's*

## THE BUSINESS LEADERS OF TODAY ARE THE I. C. S. STUDENTS OF YESTERDAY

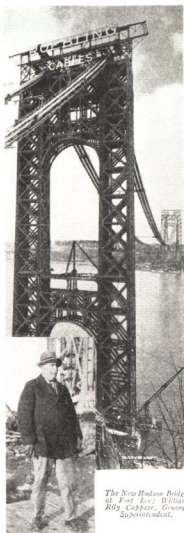
With a main span 1904 feet longer than the similar span of Brooklyn Bridge, the largest suspension bridge in the world will open to traffic in 1932. It is the New Hudson Bridge at Fort Lee, connecting the states of New York and New Jersey. The main span is 3500 feet. The towers rise skyward 635 feet.

As general superintendent for John A. Roebling's Sons Company, William Rily Coppage is responsible for the erection of these gigantic cables and other important details of this engineering achievement. He is one of many successful alumni of International Correspondence Schools.

"Along about 1910 I was looking for advancement," he says, "I was attracted by an I. C. S. advertisement. It had a man's talk quality that I liked. I enrolled for a course in mathematics. Later, with a background of practical experience, I studied the I. C. S. course that gave me the theory of a general superintendent's job. A man cannot get anywhere without special training, and if he studies an I. C. S. course along the line of work he is following, providing he likes that work, he will climb all right!"

Other structures on which Mr. Coppage has worked as an executive include Bear Mountain Bridge, Manhattan Bridge, Grand Central Palace, New York Central Station, Biltmore Hotel, Roxy's Theater and Belmont Race Track.

Ambitious men find in I. C. S. courses the training they need to capitalize their practical experience, to advance, to make more money! Thousands of business leaders point to this 40-year institution as an invaluable ally in shaping their careers. So can you! The coupon below is a messenger of opportunity to you. Remember, the I. C. S. students of today will be the business leaders of tomorrow!



The New Hudson Bridge at Fort Lee, William Rily Coppage, General Superintendent.

Mark and mail the coupon today!

### INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 9146-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X.

#### TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- ☐ Electrical Engineer  
☐ Electric Lighting  
☐ Mechanical Engineer  
☐ Mechanical Draftsman  
☐ Machine Shop Practice  
☐ Railroad Positions

- ☐ Gas Engine Operating  
☐ Civil Engineer  
☐ Mining  
☐ Surveying and Mapping  
☐ Plumbing and Heating  
☐ Steam Engineering

- ☐ Radio  
☐ Architect  
☐ Architect's Blueprint  
☐ Contractor and Builder  
☐ Architectural Draftsman  
☐ Concrete Builder  
☐ Structural Engineer

- ☐ Chemistry  
☐ Pharmacy  
☐ Automobile Work  
☐ Aviation Engineer  
☐ Agriculture and Poultry  
☐ Mathematics

#### BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- ☐ Business Management  
☐ Industrial Management  
☐ Salesmanship  
☐ Traffic Management  
☐ Accounting and P. A. Coaching

- ☐ Cost Accounting  
☐ Bookkeeping  
☐ Subordinate Management  
☐ Secretarial Work  
☐ Stenography and Typing  
☐ French

- ☐ Advertising  
☐ English  
☐ Business Correspondence  
☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering  
☐ Stenography and Typing

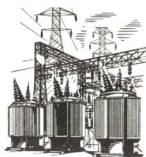
- ☐ Civil Service  
☐ Railway Mail Clerk  
☐ Grade School Subjects  
☐ High School Subjects  
☐ Illustrating  
☐ Cartooning

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_ Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Ltd., Montreal



## Regular Dividends

During 1930, a period of business depression, not a single stock in our portfolio reduced its regular dividends. Several in the list even paid extra dividends. Moody's composite rating "A".

# 20<sup>th</sup> CENTURY FIXED TRUST SHARES

Ask your dealer, or write to  
11 BROADWAY - NEW YORK CITY

Assuredly a book that will interest  
most Time readers

## WASHINGTON MERRY- GO-ROUND

Gives a picture of our government that you have never obtained from any other source. Brilliant pages reveal national figures as human beings with all-too-human fallibilities. *Washington Merry-Go-Round* has set the country by the ears because it is startling—and true.

11th edition (the national best seller) \$3.00

MORACE LIVERIGHT INC. N.Y.

## Conquer Yourself!



Rise above your physical limitations. Release the untaken forces of your mental self. Attain HEALTH, HAPPINESS, and PERSONAL POWER. A fascinating free book "The Light of Egypt" shows the way to SELF MASTERY. Send a letter, not a postcard to

Librarian A. K. V., Resurrection Brotherhood  
San Jose (Amore) Calif.

*Last Shot.* On the other hand, Playwright Davis wrote *Icebound*, the Pulitzer Prize-winner for 1923.

Playwright Davis, frankly stirred, has written *Just To Remind You* with the good, solid colors of 100 fiction. There is an honest young man (Paul Kelly of last season's *Bad Girl*) who sets himself up in the laundry business. Hardly has he hung out his sign before gangsters approach him with demands for "protection" money. Obstinate Mr. Kelly refuses to pay. As a reward for his courage, Mr. Kelly first has his window blown out (Act I); then his customers deprive him of their trade because someone has dumped acid on their clothes (Act II); then (Act III) Mr. Kelly gets shot in the back. As the hero falls to the floor, through an open window the audience can hear fragments of the Gettysburg Address, spoken as part of a crooked judge's July 4 oration, and the Stars-and-Stripes may be seen fluttering from a schoolhouse flagpole. If Playwright Davis's writing had matched his zeal, *Just To Remind You* would be a more



© Robert H. ("Bob") Davis

OWEN DAVIS

Indignation got him.

credible performance. As it stands, the play is hack melodrama.

Interviewed with his son and namesake—for whom he has written the part of a dissolute street Arab—devoutly said Owen Davis: "I never before wrote a play for any reason other than I thought it would make a good show. But indignation got me. I burned with it. I wanted to say what I could say, in my way, against organized crime. I honestly believe that the theatre can arouse public opinion. I honestly believe that the theatre can stir popular indignation. That's what I tried to do."

**Ladies Of Creation.** In more timid vein than Playwright Owen Davis's *Just To Remind You* (see above) is this play, a three-act prank about the doings in a wily lady decorator's shop. Chrystal Herne (Craig's *girl*, Expressing *Willie*) is not so spry as she once was but she manages creditably to portray the sort of business woman who blinks, ogles, advances and coyly retreats with an order blank in her

hand. Victimized by an Iowa cad, she at last comes to realize that, after all, a girl cannot do everything by herself. She marries her drafting room foreman. At one point when a charming and moronic movie actress (Dorothy Mackaye) comes to have her sweetheart's penthouse done over, *Ladies Of Creation* is funny.

**The Man On Stilts.** Of all things theatrical, satire must be Grade A. The ill which Playwrights Edwin L. & Arthur Barker have set out to pillory is the U. S. hero racket. A young man is pushed headlong to fame after having crossed the continent in a steam roller. When finally the hero rises to say that he is not a hero, the nation simply lifts him a little higher on its shoulders, beatifies him for modesty. All this might have been a good theme had an experienced jiber like George S. Kaufman undertaken it. As it stands, *The Man On Stilts* is bitter, childish, uninspired, bogus. Evidence of its childishness may be surmised from the names of some of its 35 characters: Ted Sensibull, Englehouse Verbena Coffypopper, Miss Tabloid, Mr. White Sheet, Mr. Pink Sheet, Mr. Yellow Sheet (reporters). Theatrical folk wondered why Producer Arthur Hopkins had anything to do with the play.

## Revival

A quarter-century ago, Ladies developed an enthusiasm for huge, beplumed headgear called "Merry Widow" hats. Their daughters now go in for cranial fillips known as Empress Eugénie hats, but *The Merry Widow*, whence came their mothers' mode, is still tuneful and gay. Perhaps it is even more tuneful now, for a haunting nostalgia has crept into the lovely melodies of Franz Lehár.

Produced by Milton Aborn's Civic Light Opera Company, which has been presenting a voluminous Gilbert & Sullivan repertoire (TIME, May 18), *The Merry Widow* was revived in Manhattan last week. "Danilo," that reckless prince, is of time, dependable Donald Brian. Oldsters who recalled his appearance in the same rôle when the operetta was first brought to the U. S. applauded him to the rafters. Many of the jokes and quips are pitifully old, are made even more shabby when Mr. Aborn's company attempts to freshen them, but the Lehár music—liking "Vilina" and the charming "Cavalier" song, "I'm Going to Maxim's"—is still peerless.

# The WINSTON

## Simplified

# DICTIONARY

Meets present-day trends in home, school, and office. Arranged for a new type of writers and educators. Defines 100,000 words in such clear terms that their use and meaning are instantly understood. Used regularly at Harvard, Stanford, Columbia, Princeton, and practically every leading school, college and university (used for partial list). 1500 pages, 3000 illustrations. Printed in clear type on white paper. Thumb index. Ask your bookseller for the new WINSTON SIMPLIFIED. Or, more convenient, we will send you a copy C.O.D. Pay postman \$5 on delivery. If, after 30 days' examination, you return the book, your money will be refunded in full at once. THE WINSTON BOOK COMPANY, 109 Winston Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

## B O O K S

## Oldtime Religion

SUSAN SPRAY—Sheila Kaye-Smith—Harper (\$2.50)\*

Sheila Kaye-Smith likes Sussex, continues to write about its broad, quiet fields, its broad, quiet people. If by some unlikely chance you have never read one of her books, *Susan Spray* is a good one to begin on. If you fear being bored to extinction by heavy dialect and heavy characters clodhopping to a country tragedy, take heart: there is enough irony, humanity, sly humor to leaven a much heavier lump.

Susan was the eldest daughter of a farm laborer whose lot had fallen on evil times. In England of the early 19th Century, before the repeal of the Corn Laws, labor was cheap, food dear; the poor got poorer steadily. Susan's parents read the Bible but had never heard of birth control: their steadily increasing family were just so many Acts of God. Susan's mother died in childbirth, her father came to a bad end in a wayside ditch. Susan and the rest of them went on the parish, but she and her sister Tamar soon got jobs on a good farm, had three square meals a day for the first time in their lives.

Susan was religious. She had a visionary imagination, a lively sense of an ego-centric cosmos. Once she was called on to testify at a Sabbath meeting of the Colgate Brethren. She succeeded so well she became a frequent preacher. As her fame spread, her ambition grew. Then she fell in love, married a good workman, but kept on preaching. When her husband was killed in an accident, she even preached at the funeral. Susan and her religion both came a cropper when she met young Clarabut, a penniless wastrel who admired her but would not take her Message seriously. Clarabut got in Susan's blood. She dropped everything for him, went to live with him in London. Their marriage was passionate, bitter, quarrelsome, brief. When Susan finally left him she had no money and nowhere to go. Chance led her to a flashy, disreputable pub where her sister Tamar was mistress. Tamar had long ago gone to the bad, was now comfortably married, well-off, happy. Susan swallowed her pride, rested and revived her soul. Her ambition stirred again when rich, pious David Pell fell in love with her. She persuaded him to start a new sect, to found a religious community in the country with herself as head priestess. When her husband Clarabut's death was reported in the newspaper Susan's faith was once more made firm. It was a shock when just before her wedding to Pell she discovered Clarabut was alive after all. But Susan decided not to let her Career founder on such a little rock, went ahead with it.

**The Author.** Sheila Kaye-Smith published her first book, *The Tramping Methodist*, when she was 20 (she is now 43). Industrious, she has written 22 books, has eschewed London literary society. Shingle-headed, thin, quiet, with deep-set eyes, she is serious-minded but human. Seven years ago she married Rev. Theo-

dore Penrose Fry, parson of the local parish. Five years later both were converted to Roman Catholicism; her husband gave up the ministry. They now live in a Sussex oast-house (hop-drying kiln). Other books: *Sussex Gorse*, *Green Apple Harvest*, *Joanna Godden*, *Joanna Godden Married*, *The Village Doctor*, *Shepherds in Sackcloth*.

*Susan Spray* is one of the two September choices of the Book-of-the-Month Club. The other: *S. S. San Pedro* (TIME, Aug. 31).

## Maybe Men . . .

PERHAPS WOMEN—Sherwood Anderson—Liveright (\$2).

The way of the simplifier is hard. Simplistic Sherwood Anderson has been puzzling his head for years over the U. S. scene. In short stories, novels and autobiography he has struggled to focus what



SHERWOOD ANDERSON

*A Barker-Coleman spooler warper made him shiver.*

he sees into genuine art; occasionally he has succeeded. Lately he has taken to visiting factories, watching with his troubled stare the unconscious machines, the unquestioning workers. *Perhaps Women*, a fragmentary notebook, is the result of these brooding visitations.

Not the arguable art of economics but human beings, their daft ways, their queer needs, are what fascinate Sherwood Anderson. What Anderson thinks is wrong with U. S. men (he has said it before) is impotence. To watch a Barker-Coleman spooler warper in a cotton mill, says he, is enough to make any artist feel it in himself. "Man has already accepted the power given him by the machine, this vicious power that moves mountains, that flies beneath the sea and through the air, that transports him so swiftly from place to place, as real power. He has accepted it as his own power. . . . To attain real power, of the mind, of the spirit, is a long slow process. Why should man go to all this trouble when he can so easily attain this vicious power?"

"It is a factual age, and in a factual age women will always rule. In the world of fact every woman has the advantage of me because she has something I cannot have . . . but let her come over into my male world, the world of fancy, and surely I will lose her there. I will go sure-footed through dim, far reaches of the fancy where she must always stumble blindly. . . . We are in a stalemate. Everyone feels it. Shall we have to turn the American world over to women? I think we shall." Maybe men have failed; then perhaps women. . . .

**The Author.** Sherwood Anderson, self-made writer, might have been a self-made tycoon. From handicapped beginnings as a poor boy in Camden, Ohio he rose through little schooling and many jobs to be manager of a paint factory. But the problems of industrialism preyed on his mind. One day, half-way through dictating a letter, he blurted out to his stenographer: "I am walking in the bed of a river," clapped on his hat and walked out, never to return. Through his artist brother, Karl, he met the "Chicago group" of writers (Theodore Dreiser, Ben Hecht, Carl Sandburg *et al.*) and began to write in earnest. Highbrow critics liked his work, praised it from the start.

His groping sincerity, combined with his lack of facility in expressing what he has to say, makes him at times almost incoherent, at times downright silly. But he is respected if not read by the U. S. at large, which has been taught to regard him as one of its few genuine home-grown authors. Three years ago Anderson settled in Marion, Va., bought two country papers, one Democratic, one Republican, edits them impartially, contentedly. Thrice married, he has three children. Other books: *Windy McPherson's Son*, *Winesburg, Ohio*, *Poor White*, *Triumph of the Egg*, *Horses and Men*, *A Story Teller's Story*, *Tar*.

## Murder!

SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS—Dorothy L. Sayers—Brewer, Warren & Putnam (\$2).

If you consider yourself intelligent and yet are a little ashamed of reading detective-stories, you may take courage from reflecting on the case of Authoress Dorothy Sayers. One of the first women to take an Oxford degree (first-class honors in Medieval Literature), she was considered one of the most brilliant scholars of her year. Now a noted detective-story author & editor (*The Omnibus of Crime*), her favorite recreation is reading other people's detective stories. Withal, she is married (to Capt. Atherton Fleming), has shingled hair, a merry countenance.

Her latest thriller about her standing hero Lord Peter Wimsey is quite up to snuff, and lengthy enough to last out the most sleepless night. In a little fishing-&-painting community on the Scottish coast everybody knew quarrelsome Campbell and few liked him. When he was found dead near a half-finished painting it looked like an accident, but Lord Peter sniffed blood, proved to the police the picture had been painted after Campbell was dead. Six artists immediately fell under suspicion, but ultimately only one of them got it in the neck, and Authoress Sayers intimates that he was not born to be hanged.

\*Published Aug. 31.



## R E L I G I O N

### Battle of Jonesboro

An airplane bearing tear-gas bombs zoomed down upon small Jonesboro, Ark. one day last week. The National Guard stood ready with machine guns and fixed bayonets. Would there be martial law? Arkansas' Governor Harvey Parnell sent ten State Highway policemen. Local police were practically of no use; they wanted to take sides and get in the battle themselves. For of Jonesboro's 10,000-odd inhabitants, fully 7,000 were enjoying a breath-taking series of revival-meetings, near-riots, brawls and courtroom scenes.

Rev. Joe Jeffers, 33, Baptist evangelist, had arrived in Jonesboro for a series of meetings. Short, bespectacled, he was a rousing, tingling exhorter. It was known that he had been shot at twice last spring when he was lambasting St. Louis in a campaign to clean up gambling. Jonesboro was glad to have him back, especially when he went at once to shout defiance at his rival, Rev. Dow H. Heard, 35. Red-haired, rangy, lantern-jawed, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Evangelist Jeffers, Jonesboro believed, was trying to oust Mr. Heard from his pastorate. He had accused Mr. Heard of immorality in Big Spring, Tex. Some of Evangelist Jeffers' men started in an automobile to Big Spring to obtain affidavits substantiating the charge. Quickly two friends of Mr. Heard flew to Big Spring, returned with affidavits declaring the charges untrue.

That night a meeting was held in the First Baptist Church. Quietly began the whitewashing of Mr. Heard. A quarrel broke out. George Cox, his son George Cox Jr., strapping football player of the University of Arkansas, and J. W. Cox, a chiropractor, jumped on Dr. Henry Life, a dentist. At once Footballer Cox was arrested, dragged off to jail.

Evangelist Jeffers and 500 of his supporters followed to the courthouse. There they began singing hymns. Mayor Herbert J. Bosler ordered them to stop. "Then let us pray for a minute!" cried Evangelist Jeffers. He knelt on the courthouse steps, prayed for four minutes. Time was up, said the Mayor. "May God strike the Mayor dead!" shouted the Evangelist, as his followers rained blows on Mayor Bosler and Chief of Police W. C. Craig. Deputies broke up the meeting.

Sputtering, outraged, Mayor Bosler sent a telegram to the Governor, asking for troops. Capt. Harry E. Eldridge of the R. O. T. C. of the State Agricultural College at Jonesboro and Blytheville National Guard mustered 75 guardsmen, telegraphed the Governor: "Thousands of lives are endangered. . . . Declare martial law now or shoot down 1,000 church members with machine guns." The Governor sent his personal secretary. Came 150 more National Guardsmen.

Into Evangelist Jeffers' big tent crowded 5,000 excited people. Guardsmen trained

machine guns upon them. Capt. Eldridge warned Evangelist Jeffers to cease his "slanderous attacks." Retorted Evangelist Jeffers: "I take orders from no one except God!" Perspiring, Capt. Eldridge waited. "If the Rev. Joe Jeffers makes any more dirty cracks . . ." he said, "we'll take him and his tent out of town." Trembling with excitement the town waited.

Troops assembled next day at the courthouse. Followers of Evangelist Jeffers waved Bibles, sang hymns. Footballer Cox, his father, and Dentist Life were tried for assault. The case against Father Cox was dismissed. The other two were fined \$5 each. Evangelist Jeffers was not present, but reiterated that he would stay in town until "the church gets a real pastor." Glumly, Jonesboro went about its accustomed work, wondered what it had been so excited about.

### Comforting Coadjutor

Being Bishop Coadjutor of a diocese in the Protestant Episcopal Church means lots of work, little money, little kudos—unless you are an astute politician. In seclusion last week the rector of a rich, socialite church was trying to decide whether he wanted to be a Bishop Coadjutor. The diocese of Connecticut had none; since 1928 Bishop Edward Campion Acheson had been his own Coadjutor. Now he had found he needed an assistant. A diocesan convention was held in Christ Church Cathedral, Hartford. Chief candidates were High Churchman Rev. Dr. Samuel Smith Drury, rector of St. Paul's School (Concord, N. H.); Low Churchman Rev. Dr. Howard Chandler Robbins, onetime dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine who a week before had been belaboring his oldtime superior, Bishop William Thomas Manning of New York (TIME, Sept. 14); and Middle Churchman Rev. Dr. Frederick Grandy Budlong, rector of Christ Church, Greenwich, just returned from junketing in Paris. Soon as balloting began, the race was between Dr. Robbins and Dr. Budlong. On the fourth ballot Dr. Budlong was elected, subject to ratification by this week's General Convention in Denver. He thanked his electors, said he would seek release from his Greenwich parish before accepting definitely.

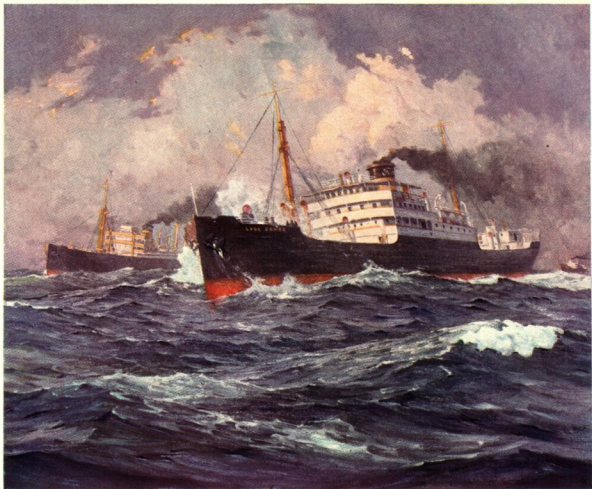
Born 50 years ago in Camden, N. Y., Dr. Budlong did missionary work in southern Minnesota, held parishes in St. Paul, Winnetka, Ill., Chicago and Pittsburgh before going to Greenwich in 1925. He is grey-haired, affable, plays a fair game of golf at Round Hill Club. For Independent Syndicate Inc. he writes a daily "Word of Comfort" to be used at the head of obituary notices in newspapers of 30 States. Sample: "Do you feel that your life is in complete disarray and that you are a victim of hopeless bewilderment? Lay hold upon certain pivotal facts: God loves you; the earthly life is preparation for a richer life beyond"; etc. etc.

Friends of Dr. Budlong thought he would accept the Bishop Coadjutorship. If he does so he will give up a pleasantly middle-of-the-road-ish parish; a salary of \$12,000 a year; a large residence; an automobile; an impressive socialite congregation. As Bishop Coadjutor he would get \$7,000 a year and \$3,400 for expenses.



As refreshing as a northwest breeze, and just as lively—White Rock, the Leading Mineral Water, and White Rock Pale Dry Ginger Ale.





*S.S. East Indian and Lake Ormoc, of the Ford Fleet*

## DESTINED FOR DETROIT

IN THE DAYS when the life and energy of New England were expressed in terms of sailing-ships and adventurous voyaging, the little port of Salem meant more to the people of Malaysia than all the American Colonies together!

Today, though few think of Detroit as an ocean port, cargoes from the farthest corners of the earth find their way by sea and river, canal and lake, railroad and highway, to the docks at River Rouge. At East African ports, ships are piled with red ore of friable chrome destined for Detroit. Rare varnish ingredient comes from Formosa. Diamonds,

even, are in the cargo from South Africa. Rubber and nut-oil come from the Yangtze, the Amazon, and ports of the Malay States. Better known than Salem ever was, Detroit, today, typifies America.

All the world contributes to the making of a Ford! For all the world is searched to find the best of raw materials to manufacture this famous car. And all the world receives back again an automotive unit of transportation that brings a new idea, a new stimulus, to the service and well-being of mankind.

The Ford principle has always been to produce the best possible car for its purpose, regardless of

cost; and then, by applying the highest degree of efficiency and the most painstaking economy, to bring the cost of its production down as far as possible.

Materials arrive at Detroit, by railroad, truck, steamship and airplane under exact co-ordinated control. Wherever it has been found necessary in the interests of better speed and consistent economy, Ford has realigned and created systems of transportation to further reduce the ultimate cost of manufacture.

As far places contribute to the production of the Ford automobile, civilization gains by its use.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

# GOOD ..they've got to be good!



*Fred and Adele Astaire in Broadway's musical hit, "The Band Wagon"*

## Darn good—you'll say!

Everybody wants a mild cigarette. And when you find one that is milder and *tastes better* too—you've got a smoke! Chesterfields are so much milder that you can smoke as many as you like. Mild, ripe, sweet-tasting tobaccos—the best

that money can buy. That's what it takes to make a cigarette as good as Chesterfield. And the *purest* cigarette paper!

Every Chesterfield is well-filled. Burns evenly. Smokes cool and comfortable. *They Satisfy* sums it all up!

**EVERYBODY'S GETTING ON "THE BAND WAGON"**

