

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine



Volume XVIII

LAVAL & BRIAND

"A Berlin!"
(See FOREIGN NEWS)

Number 13



"Since I lent him my pen *it has never been the same!"*

Often said, but NOT of Parker Duofold

Don't lose people's good will by borrowing their pens. Unless the pen is a Parker Duofold, your hand is apt to foul the point, or change its action. Don't expose yourself. That may often cost you many times the price of a pen.

But there'll be numerous occasions when you'll *have* to borrow if you don't own this sure-fire Parker Duofold. For ordinary pens never seem to work when you need them most; while all Parker Duofold Pens—even the Duofold Jr. and Lady Duofold at \$5, as well as the Seniors at \$7 and \$10—are built to stand up to our *Guarantee for Life!*

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Yet none has Parker's stylish, balanced, streamlined design—"America's Shapeliest"—or Parker's Invisible Filler and Patented Clip that lets the pen set low and unexposed in the pocket.

The only guarantee you'll need for life is the name on the barrel—"Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD." Accept none without it, if you want the real thing. Avoid the borrowing habit.

Parker Duofold

PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE • \$5 • \$7 • \$10

Other Parker Pens, \$2.75 to \$3.50; Pencils to match them all, \$2 to \$5

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And dries 31% quicker than average

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A 44-page booklet called "What an Executive Should Know" describes this new training. Send for it.

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Men who are satisfied with departmental jobs and small earnings will not be interested in this type of training. It is prepared for the

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**"THE TIRE THAT BREATHES
AND HAS THREE LIVES"**



A CONSTANT COOLING SYSTEM

The arrows show how heat is expelled as the tire cushions against the road compressing the holes—and cool air is drawn in as these holes expand.

Cooling

**Seiberling's master stroke
in tire construction . . . easier
riding, longer wear . . . contin-
uous anti-skid security . . .**

At a single master stroke, Seiberling has advanced the art of tire construction and the qualities of both passenger car and commercial tires beyond anything achieved in the past 25 years.

The application of the scientific principle of *air cooling* results in tires of extraordinary strength, life, cushioning, safety, and economy.

This patented Seiberling principle enables Seiberling *air cooled* tires to resist punctures and blow-outs, making them the nearest absolutely blow-out and puncture-proof tires ever built.

Air cooling further contributes to safety by providing continuous anti-skid traction throughout the entire life of the tire—*three times the average anti-skid mileage* delivered by the costliest tires of single-tread, solid-tread construction!

The air cooled multiple treads of Seiberling air cooled tires supply an extra air cushion *in the tread itself* that absorbs jolts and jars and creates a new sensation of velvety travel.

Air cooling is so revolutionary, so important, that you will not want to buy or accept *any* tire until your Seiberling Dealer has shown you the difference between tires of conventional design and air cooled, air cushioned multi-tread Seiberling Tires.

Call on your local independent Seiberling Dealer for a demonstration—on your own car, with yourself at the wheel, if you like. We shall be glad to send an interesting illustrated booklet, all about air cooled tires, in response to a request from you.

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TRIPLE TREAD
AIR COOLED • AIR CUSHIONED

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Beautiful design, finished in chromium... silent and efficient operation... greater volume of clean heat completely controlled at will by a patented heat-control and multiple-speed motor... improved fan design... less current... supreme comfort for winter driving.

Dash mounted models for all cars and a special De Luxe rear seat Heater.

Four models reasonably priced

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HaDees

HOT WATER
CAR HEATER

Patent Nos. 232-17121 and 174095

LIBERTY FOUNDRIES COMPANY
(A Division of Burd Piston Ring Co.)
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Hurley's Faith

Sirs:

Vice Presidents often become Presidents. No Catholic has yet been President. Why did TIME miss an opportunity to give an important fact, politically, about Patrick Jay Hurley? . . . (TIME, Sept. 14).

MILDRED SHEPARD WRIGHT

Orange, N. J.
Secretary Hurley's father & mother were Roman Catholics. He attended a Baptist school. His wife is an Episcopalian. Regarded by many as a Catholic, he never discusses his faith (TIME, Dec. 16, 1929). When he goes to church it is usually with his wife at hers.—Ed.

Purse-Giver Chaplin

Sirs:

Rare indeed does TIME err. But occasionally an error slips in . . . and not without purpose. It may be but a reminder that after all you are human.

Under People, TIME, Sept. 7, you inform us that cinemactor Charles Spencer Chaplin offered a prize of 20 pounds sterling to that porter of London's Borough market in Southwark who

I have accused you of erring, but it now occurs to me that the Chicago Tribune may have erred! May I suggest an explanation of these conflicting reports?

A. O. AMBROZ

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

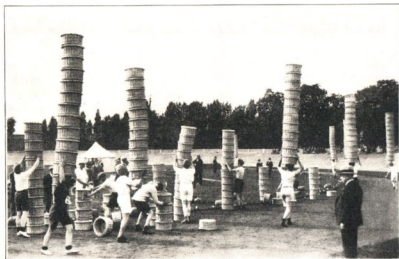
Cinemactor Chaplin's secretary sent from Los Angeles a check for £20 for the first prize (suit, overcoat, gold watch). The same Chaplin gave the same prize in 1930. Rumored reason: to proceed with twelve baskets piled on their heads, contestants tend to manipulate their feet duckwise as Cinemactor Chaplin does. Real reason: Charles Spencer spent his urchinhood in Southwark. For a view of the race, held last fortnight at Herne Field near London, won by Porter H. Staiano, see cut.—Ed.

Bright-Eyed Wife

Sirs:

Your issue Aug. 10, p. 21, article captioned, "El Dorado Viewed."

I am the "bright-eyed, hard-muscled little wife" of Dr. Herbert Spencer Dickey. I have



© Keystone

THE RUNNING OF THE CHAPLIN

Reason for the prize: not duckfooting, but urchinhood.

could run fastest with a pile of half-bushel baskets on his head.

But along comes an Associated Press photo in the picture section of the Sunday Chicago Tribune, Sept. 6, with the legend that "One Charles Chaplin—not ours—is the present champion and has put up a purse of twenty pounds for the winner of this contest."

accompanied my husband on a number of trips, through Ecuador, Peru and Brazil, and on one occasion to within 300 miles of the source of the Orinoco with him.

I did not, however, accompany my husband and his party to the source of the Orinoco on the trip from which we are now returning. I remained, instead, on the lower Orinoco collecting

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

ROY E. LARSEN

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lapse his life insurance



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NEVER KNEW A DEPRESSION*

He lived in the wildly romantic days of the French Revolution and fought for his king and his lady when the guillotine was monarch of France.

Step back with him into those exciting times when the venomous Robespierre ruled France, and the mob, like Moloch, howled for blood. Scaramouche has vowed to overthrow the Terror. His antagonists are many and ruthless. His only weapons are wit and daring. One by one he gathers into his hands the threads that will enable him to destroy Robespierre and his blood-thirsty followers. Then—

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The Martial Spirit by Walter Millis

"You must read 'The Martial Spirit' and renew your youth, remember the Maine, and Cuban Orphans, and Ice for the S. S. Solace, and Frederic Remington's drawings, and learn how history is made."—*The Outlook*. Illustrated, \$4.00.

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SCARAMOUCHE

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by Rafael Sabatini

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"Scaramouche the King-Maker" is a sequel, complete in itself.

specimens, and gathering data for my forthcoming lecture tour.

No Rosita Forbes or Lady Dorothy Mills, I am satisfied with my just deserts, desire nothing more.

ELIZABETH DICKEY

St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

Georgetownite

Sirs:

I see in *TIME* (Sept. 14) that I am "supposed" to be one of those who wrote *Washington Merry-Go-Round*. Not that I think your readers give a damn whether I had a part in it or not, but the fact is that I had precisely as much to do with the book as Calvin Coolidge or Jack Dempsey had. There is, as you say, a "coterie of newsmen" who meet now and then and settle the affairs of the world, but it is no more a "Georgetown Group" than a Flatbush Group. It includes some hard-boiled conservatives. It does not include some of those you name, and if any of its members gave birth to chapters in the *Merry-Go-Round* they retired into a corner to do it. I can stand being labeled a Georgetownite (though I live in the Free State), but the last paragraph of the review, wherein it is said that Ross, Anderson and others of the "Georgetown Group" singled themselves out for encomiums, strikes me as a pretty dirty and unwarranted crack.

CHARLES G. ROSS

St. Louis Post-Dispatch
Washington Bureau
Washington, D. C.

Apparently *TIME* did with *Washington Merry-Go-Round* what the book did with official Washington. Besides—Correspondent Ross, others who emphatically disassociate themselves from the *Merry-Go-Round* are Paul Y. Anderson, also of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and Ruby A. Black—Ed.

Invisible Wires, Velvet Backdrop

Sirs:

I have just read a review of the motion picture *The Last Flight* in the Aug. 31 issue of *TIME*. "The mood of the picture" to quote your reviewer, "seems to have been induced by an author who was trying to imitate Ernest Hemingway with one hand and Philip Barry with both feet."

Now that would be practically the nearest trick of the week for any author to execute. It would be especially difficult for me, since, although I am familiar with the work of Mr. Hemingway, I have not read a line of Mr. Barry's, nor have I had the good fortune to attend one of his plays.

I have learned that it is futile to protest against the Hemingway comparison; most every young author who pokes his head above the ground nowadays is beset by Hemingwayisms: armed with bayonets, banderillas and empty Vermont bottles.

But the Barry charges are puzzling. I was present at a dinner party once where Mr. Irvin S. Cobb ventured to assert that he could write a successful novel in the Harold Bell Wright manner. I heard Mr. Cobb admit later that he had been unable to bring off a single chapter. He found that he could not make his characters talk or deport themselves in the stilted style of the Wright heroes and heroines.

In his review of *The Last Flight* your critic has charged the author with a one-handed imitation of Mr. Hemingway and a two-footed imitation of Mr. Barry, whilst inducing the mood of a motion picture on the side. A very neat effort indeed, as I have said, and nearly as difficult as Mr. Joe Cook's celebrated attempt to imitate four Hawaiians.

However, I doubt if I could accomplish it even with the aid of mirrors, invisible wires, and a velvet backdrop.

JOHN MONK SAUNDERS

New York City

Ardent Townist

Sirs:

In the Sept. 14 issue of *TIME* there is a picture of Charles Hanson Towne. You call him a bachelor. May I ask if he is the Charles Hanson Towne who published *The Foolish Dictionary*, under the name of Guileston Woods? And if he is the same man, was not married to Edith Kellner of Bethlehem and New York and shortly divorced.

RADIO REACHES MATURITY

Now...radio attains that completeness of voice which gives absolute fidelity to every tone the ear can hear, for Zenith, and logically Zenith, has achieved the ultimate in reception, with

~ Tone-Totality ~

Mark another triumph for Zenith engineers! Always years ahead. They score again with Zenith TONE-TOTALITY...the sensation of modern radio. No longer is radio reception a mere reproduction of the studio program...it is now a duplicate of the *original* performance itself! ☪ Here is not merely a Super-heterodyne circuit...as the super-heterodyne is familiarly known...but an **ADVANCED** development of this famous circuit that fairly dwarfs even its former astounding performance. Linked with Zenith's famous audio system...recognized since radio's early beginning as foremost...is TONE-TOTALITY...radio's most stupendous forward step...an exclusive Zenith feature. ☪ TONE-TOTALITY lifts radio *out* of the mechanical *into* the sublime. It is the one achievement that remained to make the human voice *human*...to make an orchestra scintillate with the very heartbeats of the musicians...to make an or-

gan recital a really *personal* performance of the organist ...to put the very lips of speakers at your ears. ☪ TONE-TOTALITY achieves an undreamed purity...as pure as the original...and it can be had only in Zenith. ☪ Don't buy ANY radio until you hear this amazing TONE-TOTALITY. Go to any Zenith dealer for a demonstration.

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Hollow music! Something missing! There are notes and tonal beauties you NEVER hear with an ordinary radio. Why cheat yourself of FULL radio enjoyment when Zenith TONE-TOTALITY leaves NOTHING unheard.

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Ten-tube Super-Heterodyne... employing the new multi-mu tubes. A richly designed low-boy of rare hardwoods ...complete with Zenith Quality tubes, \$155. Other new Zenith Receivers are priced from \$135 to \$2500.

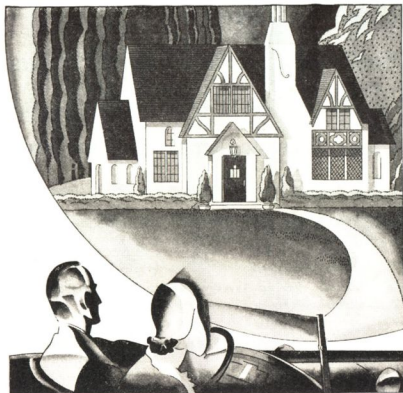
Prices slightly higher in far western United States and in Canada.



NEW 1932 SUPER-HETERODYNE



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A STUCCO HOME

Have you ever noticed that people driving past a charming Portland Cement Stucco house generally slow down to admire its beauty? Stucco has an irresistible appeal to home lovers. Whether the texture of the stucco is rugged or smooth, whether lightly tinted or richly colored, this popular finish harmonizes perfectly with the architectural design and the surroundings of the home. Stucco is best when its first and second coats are made with Medusa Waterproofed Gray Portland Cement and its finish coat of Medusa Waterproofed White Portland Cement. These Waterproofed Portland Cements have been SUCCESSFUL FOR 21 YEARS, they form a finish which is impervious to moisture. Before you build send for a complimentary copy of the book "Portland Cement Stucco with Medusa Waterproofed White Portland Cement."

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MEDUSA
WATERPROOFED PORTLAND CEMENTS

• White and Gray •

Originated by Medusa—Proved by Time

It is really none of my business. I only claim an ardent interest in his accomplishments, because as a maiden of 15 summers, I thought he was just about IT. To my knowledge he never knew I existed!

RUTH ABBE THOMPSON

Nashua, N. H.

Reader Thompson is confusing Author-Editor Charles Hanson Towne with Author Charles Wayland Towne of Butte, Mont., who published in 1904 *The Foolish Dictionary* and *The New Foolish Dictionary* in 1914 and whose second wife (1921) was Katherine L. Reynolds. Charles Hanson Towne has never married. —Ed.

Love & Western

Sirs:

... We wish to say that we have continuously owned and published *Love Story Magazine* and *Western Story Magazine* (TIME, Aug. 31) from the time of their inception.

We presume that you are going to correct the statement attributing their ownership to the MacLadden organization.

H. W. RALSTON

Street & Smith Publications, Inc.
New York City

TIME regrets having been deceived by a report that these magazines had changed hands, gladly publishes this correction.—Ed.

Gulls v. Ducks

Sirs:

Your recent discussion of duck enemies (TIME, Aug. 10), reminds me of a talk I heard some three years ago before the study class of the San Francisco Board of Marine Underwriters. I regret that I cannot recall the speaker's name, but I do remember that he was a man of long experience in Alaskan waters, preparing at that time to pilot a sporting and exploring party northward.

He gave us a vivid description of the difficulties of navigating the Inside Passage, disrespected from that to a portrayal of northern bird rookeries, and was led by the latter subject into voicing his hatred of the common seagull. His indictment comprised two counts:

- 1) Seagulls swarm about the shallow waters through which salmon make their way to the spawning grounds and peck out the eyes of salmon forced to the surface by the rushing host.
- 2) During duck breeding season, millions of gulls leave their rookeries each morning to raid duck nests, attacking the young only and gorging themselves with baby duck brains. Any northern gull opened before noon in that season will be found to be full of the said brains.

F. W. HARRIMAN

San Rafael, Calif.

T I M E

The Weekly News-magazine

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style and mode*

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Cushioned

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OF TEMPERED PRESWOOD

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Architects, contractors, home and building owners appreciate its practical features, its utility either in new construction or modernizing. Note its distinctive points listed on this page. Also send coupon—today—for folder.

Ten points of superiority

1. **Appearance**—Smooth, beautiful, grainless squares and borders.
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3. **Style**—Something entirely new.
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5. **Grainless**—An all-wood flooring, yet free from splinters.
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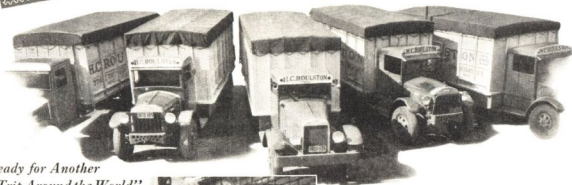
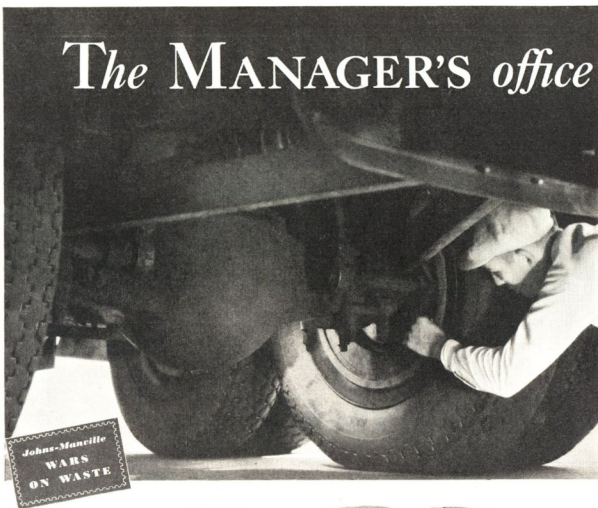
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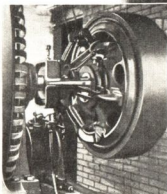
The MANAGER'S office



Ready for Another "Trip Around the World"

Back in 1924, drivers for the H. C. Roulston, Inc., New York City, used to term their 24-hr. run to New Haven, on to Hartford and back to New York again the "trip around the world." Today a 300-mile daily round trip means nothing in modern trucking except as it symbolizes *better, more modern* trucking equipment.

On his 16 large trucks, Mr. Roulston uses only materials tried and tested in long, hard miles of actual service. All 16 trucks are now being equipped 100% with Johns-Manville Heavy Duty Brake Lining.



10 Years vs. 4 Weeks

Another example of Johns-Manville performance, this time in a flour mill at Frederick, Md. To the left is a view of the Universal giant Friction Clutch cut-off coupling, in service at T. B. Wood Sons Company.

The motor is brought up to a speed of 200 revolutions per minute before clutch is thrown into engagement. The starting load varies from 700 to 800 horsepower and by slipping the clutch, this load is picked up without reducing the speed of the motor until the mill is operating at capacity. Johns-Manville Friction Blocks have been in service for 10 years—wood blocks on the same installation lasted only 4 weeks.

is just inside the Rear Wheels!



FRANK J. ROULSTON, Manager
H. C. Roulston, Inc., Trucking, New York

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DOWNHILL... 50... 55... 60 miles an hour. Midnight... RAIN! Another shipment of fresh milk speeds toward Buffalo—scheduled for "breakfast" delivery at 6 A. M. Driver intent... alert.

Suddenly his foot jams the floor. Four brakes take up the flashed command—obey it. Twelve tons of truck and load jerk to a STOP!

What made that STOP possible? Actually 3½ lbs. of asbestos brake lining were

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How to make it go—how to make it go

faster—have absorbed the best brains in science for many years. Paralleling this problem has been another one—not quite so heralded, but of equal importance—*how to make it stop.*

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With unequaled production facilities, with the control of its own asbestos mines, with continuous research for the development and perfection of new materials, Johns-Manville is qualified to meet any braking problem. Johns-Manville has a lining for every type of brake... for any car, bus or truck!



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Through New York City traffic—the New York City Service Buses, equipped with J-M Friction Blocks, have consistently established records of 50,000 miles of satisfactory brake service. Over steep mountain grades, the Washington Motor Coach System, operating in the State of Washington, has piled up records of 50,000 miles of safe, smooth brake service. Mileage records like these are not unusual.

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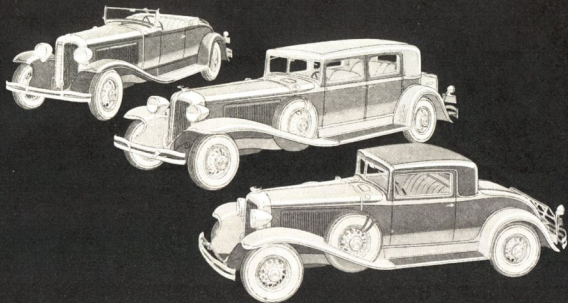
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TIME

Vol. XVIII, No. 13

The Weekly Newsmagazine

September 28, 1931

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

"This Is an Emergency!"

President Hoover had plenty of business to keep him busy in Washington and on the Rapidan last week. He had already declined an invitation to speak at the American Legion's Detroit convention on the same platform with two men—Newton Diehl Baker and Theodore Roosevelt. The first might be his Democratic opponent in the 1932 presidential race, the second, his running mate. But as the week wore on the national atmosphere became increasingly charged with anxiety. What if the Legion should go on record for immediate payment of the Bonus in full? There were ample indications that it might do so, in the summaries of sentiment among State delegations (see p. 15). The President knew that few members of the 72nd Congress would have the temerity to disregard the Legion's dictates.

One evening late in the week he called in Secretaries Stimson, Mellon and Lamont. Out of that meeting came sudden decision Saturday morning: President Hoover would accept the Legion's invitation, make a flying trip to Detroit.

From the Rapidan camp he motored to Martinsburg, W. Va., boarded a special train. Only his immediate staff was with him. So anxious was the President to avoid being caught up and delayed by Legion ceremonies that he had the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. slow up the train as it neared Detroit. With hardly a moment to spare, he arrived shortly after 11 a. m., drove immediately to Olympia Arena through yowling crowds, stepped up on the rostrum and with many a decisive shake of his square head gravely told the American Legion what he expected of it. Excerpts:

"I need not recount that the world is passing through a great depression fraught with grueling daily emergencies alike to men and to governments. This depression today flows largely from Europe through the fundamental dislocations of economic and political forces caused by the Great War, in which your service brought bloodshed to an end and gave hope of reconstruction to the world. Our economic strength is such that we would have recovered long since but for these forces from abroad. Recovery of the world now rests and awaits in no small degree upon our country, the United States of America. Some individuals may have lost their nerve and faith but the real American people are digging themselves out with industry and courage. We have the self-containment, the resources, the manhood, the intelligence and by united action we will lead the world in recovery. . . .

"You are aware that during the past year our national expenditures have exceeded our income. Today the national Government faces another large deficit in its budget. There is a decrease in the annual yield of income taxes alone from \$2,400,000,000 in the years of prosperity to only \$1,200,000,000 today. . . . In these circumstances I am directing the most drastic economy in every non-vital branch of Government. . . .

"Do not be misled by those who say that we need only to tax the rich to secure the funds we need. We must face the absolute fact that the rich can be taxed to the point of diminishing returns, and still the deficit in our ordinary and necessary expenditures would not be covered even upon a basis of utmost economy. Make no mistake: in these circumstances it is those who work in the fields, at the bench and desk who would be forced to carry an added burden for every added cent to our expenditures. . . .

"We can carry our present expenditures without jeopardy to national stability. We can carry no more without grave risks. . . . The first stone in the foundations of stability and recovery, both at home and in the world, is the stability of the Government of the United States. . . .

"You would not have the President of the United States plead with any citizen or any group of citizens for any course of action. I make no plea to you. But you would have your President point out the path of service in this nation. . . . This is an emergency and these are the times for service to which we must put full heart and purpose to help and not retard the return of the happy days we know are ahead of your country and mine!"

In the moment of silence which fol-

lowed, the audience felt that its Bonus hopes had vanished. They had been shamed away. The President turned to leave the platform and catch his waiting train back to Washington. Suddenly from the galleries one ruddy veteran shouted: "We want beer!" Other voices took up the cry, "We want beer! WE WANT BEER!" President Hoover moved firmly toward an exit, pretended he had not heard.

¶ The word Beer had been ringing in the President's ears all week. Rumors had flown that the President would make a radio speech advocating the legalization of 4% beer. Another rumor whispered that he might offer the Legion Beer if it would cease agitating for the Bonus. Nothing was further from the President's mind. To begin with, he hates & fears the word Saloon, which is Beer's traditional echo. To those who suggested reopening breweries as a means of relieving Unemployment the President had a pat reply: opening breweries would throw out of work thousands in the soft drink industry.

In the midst of Washington's beer rumors came word that the White House had sent to the Census Bureau for figures showing how many people used to work for breweries. Reporters rushed into Secretary Walter Hughes Newton's office, just outside the room where the President works. "When do we get our beer, Walter?" they shouted. Secretary Newton tried to explain that someone "outside the White House" had requested the figures.

"Well, did you give them to the President when you got them?"

"I didn't," said Secretary Newton with dignity. "What goes on between us is confidential."

¶ Little old Secretary of the Treasury Mellon called on the President last week, told him that the War Debts moratorium, to do any good, would have to be extended at least two more years. This was no news to President Hoover. Bankers had been coming down from New York to tell him that it should be extended to five years. But he refused to comment on the situation. The one-year moratorium has not yet been authorized by Congress.

¶ On the subject of European economic entanglements President Hoover found himself attacked from a new and unexpected quarter last week. Editor George Horace Lorimer of the staid *Saturday Evening Post* has been engaged in flaying the Administration for trying to "help people out of a morass by plunging into it with them." Said Editor Lorimer in the current issue: "Washington was right—meaning George Washington, not Washington, D. C. . . . Our international bankers have been babes in the Black Forest."

CONTENTS

	Page
Aeronautics.....	36
Animals.....	40
Books.....	55
Business & Finance.....	45
Cinema.....	30
Education.....	34
Foreign News.....	19
Letters.....	4
Medicine.....	27
Milestones.....	41
Miscellany.....	51
Music.....	24
National Affairs.....	13
People.....	28
Press.....	52
Religion.....	25
Sport.....	26
Theatre.....	29

National Affairs—(Continued)

JUDICIARY

No Special Privilege

At Milton, N. H., one night last week, an automobile careened down the street and smashed into a telephone pole. Police approached the darkened car, peered in at a bald man, pronounced him drunk, took him to the station house. When they got him under a light and saw who he was they immediately released him, preferred no charges. He was Judge Eri C. Oakes, 42, of the State Superior Court.

Ironically, one of the first cases on his docket the next morning was the trial of a drunken driver. A jury found the man guilty, Judge Oakes sentenced him to jail for 90 days, but did not impose fine or costs, suspended sentence until the man could harvest his crops. Three days later Judge Oakes sent his driver's license to the State Registrar of Motor Vehicles, his resignation from the bench to Governor John Gilbert Winant. The following day he presided at the trial of a hit-&-run driver. As the trial got under way, a court attendant tiptoed up, whispered to Judge Oakes that an assistant attorney-general of the State wanted to see him.

With a tragic, white face Judge Oakes returned from his conference. "I am obliged to call this a mistrial," he said. Court attendants flocked around him sympathetically, watched him walk slowly out of the courtroom. When he got home he sent his motherless 14-year-old daughter away, climbed into bed, telephoned his friend the county medical referee to come over to his house. Then Judge Oakes shot himself through the head with a revolver.

In the mail was a letter from Governor Winant accepting his resignation: "I want you to know I respect your desire to accord special privilege to no man."

Stotts

Since David Stott, founder of Stott Milling Co., died in 1916 his seven children have fought privately (with fists) and publicly (with suits) over the management of the ten-million-dollar estate he left them. Detroit's Judge Homer Ferguson, before whom many of these suits have been tried, once said: "David Stott was able to pass on to his heirs his physical assets but not his business ability or his ability to get along with others."

One of the heirs of whom he spoke was middle-aged Bertha A. Stott, whose tempestuous outbursts did not subside as she outgrew tempestuous youth. When Bertha Stott, her brother David and two sisters sued another sister and two other brothers for receivership of Stott Realty Co., Judge Ferguson again had to deal with untractable witnesses. During the case David Stott was fined \$100 for refusing to answer questions. Then Judge Ferguson granted the defendants' cross-bill asking dissolution of the company. Up jumped Bertha Stott. She cried:

"In the absence of my personal counsel, your statement is utterly false. May I be heard further? I have lived my whole life in this city. I was born here. I have lived an honorable and upright life. My

life has been devoted principally to two defendants in this case, and you have used your official capacity to slander and vilify me. It is my opinion that you are a greater criminal than anyone that ever stood before your bar."

Shocked silence fell in the courtroom. Then Judge Ferguson pronounced: "Your remarks are disorderly, contemptuous and insolent. I sentence you to pay a fine of \$250 and to spend ten days in the county jail."

Bertha Stott left Detroit, went to Canada, remained there three weeks until a writ was issued for her brother Ernest in Ontario. Last week she returned and went to jail. A few hours later she was in hysterics. She had to be taken to a hospital, where police and nurses guarded her watchfully. Judge Ferguson said he might have her examined by a psychiatrist.

BOARDS & BUREAUS

Sealskin Sale

In the spring when thousands of amorously barking seals follow their love's fancies up the coasts of Oregon and Washington toward the Pribilof Islands, their mating grounds, the U. S. sends its Coast Guard to escort them, allows them to be killed only by aborigines in canoes, using spears and harpoons. Last spring Indians killed 2,000 of a herd of over a million and thus collected their lawful share of the sealing rights. In the summer natives

to the U. S. on a shrewd investment in Alaskan real estate.

The U. S. paid Russia \$7,200,000 for Alaska in 1867. In the first 40 years the Government made nearly one and one-half times that amount by leasing the privilege of killing seals on the Pribilof Islands in the Bering Sea, which are a part of Alaska. By then the herd of seals was sadly depleted, so the U. S. made a treaty with Japan, Great Britain and Russia which gave the U. S. exclusive rights to the Pribilof herd. Japan and Great Britain each got 15% of the skins for leaving the seals alone on their way to the islands. Russia, which owned a herd of its own on the Commander Islands, got nothing. Indians were awarded the unique privilege of hunting the Pribilof seals on their way north—provided they did not use firearms or motor boats. Under these restrictions the seals began to multiply again, the shrewd U. S. kept on collecting profits. In 20 years the U. S. Treasury made two million dollars from the sale of sealskins after paying Japan and Great Britain and letting the Indians spear their share.

Depression had its effect on the auction last week. Prices averaged about \$22 per skin, lower than last year's. It takes six or seven skins to make a woman's coat. With some ten thousand more skins to sell Oct. 12, the U. S. will probably make about \$350,000 this year.

Conductor of last week's auction was Ward T. Bower, chief of the Alaskan Division of the Bureau of Fisheries. Long an expert on the seal industry, he joined the Bureau in 1903, has since made twelve trips to Alaska to see how things were going. Proud of Alaska's seals, he wants no confusion between this fur-bearing variety (*Callorhinus alascanus*) and the common hair-seal. Alaska has 80% of the world's fur seals. Besides seals, the Pribilof Islands are well stocked with foxes. From these the U. S. gets another item of profit—\$27,735 from 777 foxes in the fiscal year 1931.

FOREIGN SERVICE

Patriots' Bones

On the bones of the English, wrote Imperialist Rudyard Kipling, the English flag is stayed. The bones of Americans, too, lie whitening around the North Pole, in Luzon, Haiti, Cuba, Nicaragua, at Peking, Chateau-Thierry, on the weedy bottoms of four oceans and "the seven seas." Most of these are military bones. But men die in the Foreign Service too. Last week Consul Giles Russell Taggart, technically on leave, died at his post in Belize, British Honduras, from injuries sustained in last fortnight's hurricane (TIME, Sept. 21). Grieved, Secretary of State Henry Lewis Stimson announced:

"The death of Consul Taggart while serving at his post emphasizes that life in the Foreign Service often entails sacrifice even unto death. Since the earliest days of our national existence many Foreign Service officers have died under tragic or heroic circumstances. The first of



International

WARD T. BOWER

... looks after *Callorhinus alascanus* and foxes.

of the Pribilof Islands are hired by the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries to drive inland thousands of bachelor bull seals, knock them over the head, stick them through the heart. Down to St. Louis go the skins to be sold at auction by the Government. Last week the U. S. auctioned off some 15,000 skins, collected \$82,640. Of this, 15% will be paid to Canada, 15% to Japan. The rest represents a tidy profit

National Affairs—(Continued)

these was William Palfrey of Massachusetts, who in 1780 was appointed 'Consul to reside in France.' He sailed for his post on the *Shillala*, an armed ship of 16 guns. The vessel was never heard from after it passed the Delaware Capes.

"The Foreign Service Association has recently been considering the suggestion that a roll of honor would be a fitting memorial for the association to undertake for those of their predecessors who so died. The suggestion is a bronze tablet to be displayed in the Department of State inscribed with the names of those who have died abroad under unusual circumstances or of unusual diseases incurred in foreign climes."

The Foreign Service Association is an unofficial, voluntary organization to which most members of the U. S. Foreign Service, from Ambassadors to vice consuls, belong. Formed "to foster esprit de corps and to establish a centre around which might be grouped the united efforts of its members for the improvement of the service," it is sanctioned, but not assisted or provided for, by the State Department. The Secretary of State is honorary president. Toward the erection of the memorial \$1,200 of a necessary \$3,000 has already been raised among the membership. When finished it will be placed in the south entrance of the State Department. Among many another, these names will be graven in bronze:

Joel Barlow, Minister Plenipotentiary to France, who perished of cold and privation at Zarnowice, Poland in 1812, during Napoleon's retreat from Moscow.

John S. Meirick, consul at Martinique, W. I., who was lost at sea in 1832 on the *La Fayette*.

Edward W. Gardner, commercial agent at Apia, Samoa who went down in a hurricane in 1863 with the *Anita*.

Victor F. W. Stanswood, consular agent at Anadabake, Madagascar, shot and killed by Captain Duverge in a dispute growing out of the wreck of the U. S. vessel *Solitaire*.

Thomas T. Prentiss, consul at Martinique, killed with his wife in the eruption of Mount Pelée, 1902. Vice Consul *Amedee Testart* died with them.

HEROES

At Detroit

More and more does the American Legion recognize itself as a political power. At Syracuse early this month, baldly eloquent Major General James Guthrie Harbord, A. E. F. Chief of Staff who is now board chairman of Radio Corp. of America, told the New York State Legion: "You are destined . . . to play a paramount rôle in American politics for more than a generation and within the next 15 years to dominate both the State and Federal Governments, have a majority in both houses of Congress and have one of your number in the presidential chair" (TIME, Sept. 14).

In Washington's Mayflower Hotel last week, the Legion's committee on unemployment held a sweaty, shirt-sleeved meeting, conducted itself as gravely as if

it were meeting on Capitol Hill. Officially it had convened to draft a set of recommendations to alleviate joblessness, to hand them to President Hoover. Actually it constituted a steering committee, the rank which would indicate what the file was to concern itself with when the Legion



LABOR'S McDONOUGH

Spigoted beer for an issue.

nationally convenes at Detroit this week. Prime issues were Bonus and Beer.

Bonus. Any U. S. War veteran may now borrow up to 50% of the face value of his adjusted service certificate. Legislation to this effect was pushed through Congress last winter (TIME, Feb. 9, et seq.). The Veterans of Foreign Wars started the move, which was rushed to a successful conclusion by support from the Legion, whose membership had previously snowed it under at last year's Boston convention.

Agitation was last week afoot in some quarters of the Legion to ask Congress to pay the full value of the certificates at once, although they do not mature until 1945. Payment of the bonus in full would require the appropriation of \$2,150,000,000. Proponents of the plan argue, as was argued last winter, that the money would set the nation's wheels of commerce spinning.

Early this month the V. F. W. met at Kansas City, Mo. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Ernest Lee Jahncke and Director Frank Thomas Hines of the Veterans' Bureau were despatched from Washington to the convention to urge the organization not to agitate further inroads on the depleted national treasury. They were disregarded. The V. F. W. went on record in favor of an immediate Bonus payment in full.

As the Legion converged on Detroit this week the question was: Would the Legion again second the V. F. W.? Fortnight ago, National Commander Ralph T. O'Neill of the Legion guardedly assured the nation that "if it is shown that further liberalization of Bonus legislation will place a bur-

den on the country, the Legion will not ask for it."

Not so guarded were the remarks of General Harbord, who popped up at the steering committee's meeting in Washington, not to praise the Legion but to give it a bit of Dutch-uncle advice. He had seen a preliminary canvass of Bonus sentiment among the 48 State delegations. Eleven, with Michigan in the van, were instructed to vote for immediate payment. Five (Oregon, Nebraska, Kansas, New Jersey, Wyoming) were to vote in opposition. Twenty-six more delegations were uninstructed. Six were undecided.

The day in Washington was sweltering. Tempers were short. Discarding forensic veneer, speaking "as one soldier to another," the veteran of Château-Thierry and Soissons said: "What I have to say is that there is a little uneasiness in this country about the American Legion. I can't imagine anything more ridiculous than for you to go down to Detroit with a program of relief for the whole country and at the same time hold out a tin cup. If you do that you will be laughed at. And I say that as a man in favor of the Bonus legislation in 1924."

Beer foamed up as an issue, spigoted by President M. J. McDonough of the building trades department of the American Federation of Labor. He started talking about the malpractices of private employment bureaus, but everybody stopped wiping their faces and listened when President McDonough became suddenly impassioned and declared: "The coming winter is going to be the worst in history. I am not a press agent for breweries, but prior to 1919-21 the brewing industry was the fifth largest in the country. If the incoming Congress will vote as they drink, they will legalize beer. I am talking from an economic viewpoint. If the law is revised there will be from 1,000,000 to 1,200,000 men employed in breweries within six months. Putting that number of men to work—think what it will mean to other industries!"

These figures were at wide variance with others given out at the White House last week by Secretary Walter Hughes Newton, who said he had got his from the Census Bureau, not at the instance of President Hoover but for an enquirer whose name was not revealed. Government statistics showed that in 1914, at the peak of U. S. brewing, some 75,000 men were employed in breweries. By 1919, State Prohibition laws had cut that number to 42,000. Still making near beer are 6,500 workers.

Host. Meanwhile, Detroit prepared to receive its visitors, the largest convention of Legionnaires ever held. Three members of the "Little Jewish Navy" gang were executed in an apartment house for hijacking \$110,000 worth of liquor which had been imported to slake the palates of thirsty Legionnaires. One of the deceased, "Nigger Joe" Leiboutz, was not only a Legion member but belonged to the local committee for the registration of delegates.

When the Detroit scene was set, 125,000 Legionnaires, their wives and families

National Affairs—(Continued)

trouped in. Decked out in gold, blue and maroon uniforms, they filled every hotel room in town, overflowed into Canada across the river. Some had to sleep in parked Pullmans. All over the city were Wartime Salvation Army and Knights of Columbus huts. The society of the 40 & 8, inner sanctum of the Legion, had brought its French freight car, symbol of the organization. Mascot goats, Gila monsters, rattlesnakes, dogs, skunks, burros were displayed everywhere.

Into this tumult suddenly came word that President Hoover had changed his mind at the last minute, decided to come out from Washington to address the gathering. Then indeed the Legion felt itself an important national body. Bonus whooping, which had been the chief exercise of pre-convention gatherings, increased in fervor. More than 18,000 strong, delegates and guests packed into Olympia Arena to hear their President. Few were sanguine enough to believe that he would subscribe to an immediate Bonus payment in full. Some expected a compromise might be suggested. All listened in respectful silence to the grave, stirring speech in which the President called on the Legion to forget the Bonus entirely for the time being (see p. 13).

INDUSTRY

Swope Plan

In times of economic stress—particularly if they verge on a national election—the fancy of thoughtful tycoons and ambitious politicians alike gravely turns to philosophizing about the relationship of Government to Big Business. One school of thought leans toward the old individualistic, *laissez-faire* policy, does not believe that Government and business should even be kissing cousins. The other, paternal, faintly socialistic, feels that the Government and industry should at least take up with one another, if not actually marry. Last week each school had a potent spokesman.

Don't Cripple It! Governor Albert Cabell Ritchie of Maryland went to Atlantic City to address the utilities section of the American Bar Association. He took Power as his text, but delivered a general industrial sermon: "The Power Question—Let Us Not Go Revolutionary." Excerpts:

"It is true that the manufacture of political issues has become something of a national industry, but I am as strong for politics—in a partisan sense—keeping out of the utilities as I am for utilities keeping out of politics. I have more confidence of a beneficial outcome under enlightened business leadership, with a minimum of governmental interference, than I have of getting very far by making this the football of politics and politicians. And without meaning to question anybody's sincerity, I may be permitted to wonder whether gentlemen who discourse so extravagantly and so passionately on the subject are not really laying down a barrage or smoke screen with which they hope to hide other issues—such, for example, as Prohibition—about which they

may not think it politically wise to speak so boldly.

"Our political ideal has always been to encourage private enterprise, to bestow upon it the earned rewards of brains and labor, and to keep open the door of opportunity. Here, I believe, is the key to material success. Here is a political ideal worth guarding and fighting for. . . .

"The national policy, it seems to me, must not be Government ownership. The capitalistic system has its defects of course—periods of enforced unemployment are perhaps the worst—but it has centuries of evolutionary growth back of it, and under it we have come to lead the nations of the world in every form of progress. I do not believe in crippling it."

Not without political significance was the Ritchie speech. Outstanding aspirant



International

GERARD SWOPE

For workers, investors and possibly Owen D. Young.

to date for the Democratic presidential nomination next year is Governor Franklin Delano Roosevelt of New York. The Roosevelt Power creed, inherited in part from Alfred Emanuel Smith, looks favorably upon State construction of power plants whose current would either be retailed by private individuals or, if necessary, by the State.

Swope Plan. When a man gets to be head of a \$494,000,000 corporation which employs 78,380 people he is likely to cogitate deeply on the social and economic responsibilities of industry. From this eminence, President Gerard Swope of General Electric Co. has evidently done a great deal of this sort of thinking. Last week, at the annual dinner of the National Electric Manufacturers' Association in Manhattan, he outlined an ambi-

*Senator George William Norris of Nebraska, Governors Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania and Roosevelt of New York, to whom dripping Wet Governor Ritchie may have referred, are all staunch proponents of Government-owned or Government-regulated Power. The first two are Drys, the third a muted Wet.

tious industrial plan for the U. S. Far from fearing Government intervention in business, as did Governor Ritchie, President Swope courted it. His scheme proposed a national organization of modified cartels in which competition would be limited, overproduction governed, workers and investors vigorously protected, Overseer, referee and adviser of the program would be the Federal Trade Commission or "a bureau of the Department of Commerce or some Federal supervisory body specially constituted. . . . There is nothing new or original in what I am proposing," admitted President Swope. "I am merely bringing together well-considered propositions that have found support, including some that have been put into actual practice. . . . Legislation will be required to make such a plan possible, including the probable modification of some existing laws," notably the Sherman anti-trust law.

The Plan:

1) "All industrial and commercial companies (including subsidiaries) with 50 or more employees, and doing an interstate business, may form a trade association. . . . These trade associations may outline trade practices, business ethics, methods of standard accounting and cost practice, standard forms of balance sheet and earnings statement, etc., may collect and distribute information . . . on simplification and standardization of products, stabilization of prices. . . .

2) "All companies with participants or stockholders numbering 25 or more, and living in more than one State, shall send to its participants or stockholders and to the supervisory body at least once each quarter a statement of their business and earnings in the prescribed form. . . .

3) "All of the companies . . . may immediately adopt the provisions of this plan, but shall be required to do so within three years unless the time is extended by the Federal supervisory body. Similar companies formed after the plan becomes effective may come in at once but shall be required to come in before the expiration of three years from the date of their organization unless the time is extended by the Federal supervisory body.

4) "For the protection of employees the following plans shall be adopted by all of these companies: a) A workmen's compensation act. . . modeled after the best features of the laws which have been enacted by the several States. b) All employees . . . may, after two years of service . . . and before the expiration of five years of service, be covered by life and disability insurance." Cost of the policy would be shared equally by the employee and the company or companies for which he worked, even if he changed industries. The employer would not share the premium of a policy over \$5,000. c) Old age pensions, to be effective when the worker reaches 70, would be worked out along the same lines, with the companies putting by a fund dollar-for-dollar with the employee as long as the company's share would not exceed \$50 a year. d) A similar provision would be provided for unemployment insurance.

National Affairs—(Continued)

In the nature of an attractive afterthought, President Swope included in his plan "a provision . . . to place domestic corporations of the sort described on a parity with foreign competition." Companies exporting might deduct from their Federal income tax the equivalent of X percent of its export sales, "this X percent deemed to be the equivalent in selling price of the various provisions for the benefit of employees which the company must make under this plan and from which some foreign companies which the domestic companies have to meet in competition are free."

Observers found in the Swope Plan many an idea already in practical application. For the dissemination of association advertising, mutual information and in some cases propaganda, there have long been trade associations (among florists, bottlers, copper and brass pipe manufacturers, tailors, lumbermen, etc., etc.). Most States (44) have workmen's compensation acts. Seventeen States have adopted a form of old age insurance. The Carnegie Foundation provides (through its member colleges) 9,430 teachers with pensions much in the manner President Swope suggested. And last year (TIME, July 28, 1930), President Swope announced an unemployment insurance program for General Electric in which the company shares with the worker a fund which guarantees him \$20 a week for ten weeks if he is idle.

Comment on the plan was guarded and not plentiful. Many a businessman and educator was for it: President Silas Hardy Strawn of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, who said the Chamber would have a similar scheme to announce this week; President William Wallace Atterbury of Pennsylvania R. R.; President Robert Isham Randolph of the Chicago Association of Commerce; President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University; President Karl Taylor Compton of M. I. T. (of which President Swope is a graduate and trustee). An exception was Samuel Matthew Vaclavin, board chairman of Baldwin Locomotive Works. "I don't care to comment on it," said he, "because I don't believe in it." In official circles the Swope Plan was viewed "with caution."

Author. Gerard Swope is 58 years old. He is an engineer and a salesman. He started working for General Electric during a vacation from M. I. T. because he wanted to see what they were doing with electric lights at the Chicago Columbian Exposition. In 1919, after getting a D. S. M. for War work, he returned to General Electric, surprised everyone when he was made president of the company in 1922. His daughter Henrietta is as studious as her father was. She works in the Harvard Astronomical Observatory. His brother Herbert Bayard never was particularly studious. Nine years younger than Gerard, Herbert went to Harvard, returned to his hometown, St. Louis, to work for the *Post-Dispatch*. The family, which still owns one of the biggest shoe stores in town, objected to his newspaper career, were finally recon-

ciled when he became executive editor of the now defunct New York *World*.

Significance. There was also a political significance to the Swope speech last week. His good friend and superior is Owen D. Young, also a Democratic presidential possibility. Board Chairman Young was highly enthusiastic about the plan, immediately associated himself with it. Were the plan sufficiently publicized, Chairman Young might make himself popular with Labor. He knows that the possibility of his candidacy is overshadowed in the public mind with the awesome shades of colossal Big Business. But he did not sound like a very confirmed capitalist last week when he said: "We can retain in this country unorganized, individual planning and operation, but if we do, its action will be at times necessarily chaotic, and we shall, as a result, pay the economic penalty of that disorder, such as we are paying now."

CRIME

On the *Penguin* (Cont'd)

Stark evidence appeared last week further to puzzle investigators seeking to untangle the mystery of Long Island Sound, the Collings Case. From the drifting, lightless cabin cruiser *Penguin* one night had disappeared a young inventor, Benjamin P. Collings, and his younger, pretty wife, Mrs. Lillian Chelius Collings, leaving their 3-year-old daughter Barbara to be picked up by passing fishermen. Next morning Mrs. Collings was found half-hysterical in the anchored launch of Mayor Howard C. Smith of Cove Neck, L. I. To police she told a strange story of how two mysterious men in a canoe, one about 50, the other about 18, had boarded the *Penguin*, bound her husband and thrown him overboard, then paddled her to the launch and left her (TIME, Sept. 21).

Lack of clearly defined police jurisdiction caused confusion from the start. District Attorney Elvin N. Edwards of Nassau County announced he believed Mrs. Collings' story; District Attorney Alexander G. Blue of Suffolk County said he did not. Mrs. Collings was questioned and requested. Theories of piracy, kidnapping, murder were advanced. On the *Penguin* were found bloodstains, a broken milk bottle, a broken oar, a revolver and knife which Mr. Collings had not attempted to use. In the boat's tender was an air-cushion which Mrs. Collings said she tried to throw to her husband. The anchor was missing. A canoe in which Mrs. Collings might have been carried off was found. Six days later a Lloyd's Harbor policeman making his routine patrol of the beach on the Marshall Field estate came upon the body of the missing man lying face down on the sand. The hands and feet were tightly bound, the body bruised, the skull horribly beaten in.

Mrs. Collings collapsed. To protect her, her father-in-law hired Lawyer Homer Stillé Cummings, onetime Democratic National Committeeman, adviser of President Wilson, counsel for James Joseph ("Gene") Tunney. District Attorney

Blue, his authority now assured by the finding of the body in Suffolk County, pressed the investigation vigorously. Manhattan tabloids boiled over with full-page photographs of the corpse (see p. 52). Some of the papers offered reviews for exclusive information.

The autopsy revealed that Collings had been alive when thrown into the water, although the blow on his head was enough to have caused his death. This substantiated many points of Mrs. Collings' story: There had been a struggle before Collings' hands were bound. He had cried out: "They're putting me overboard!" The fact that his hands and feet were bound started police searching for a second victim. Mrs. Collings had said the two killers told her husband they had a wounded man with them. N. L. Noteman, the fisherman who found Barbara Collings on the drifting boat, had reported seeing a swimmer sink near the *Penguin*. When it became apparent that Mrs. Collings had been subjected to an abnormal attack before being left in the launch her attorney advanced the theory that the murder was committed by a lunatic, pointing to the brutality toward Collings, the attack on his wife, the solicitude shown her in leaving blankets in the launch as evidences of a paranoiac mind.

But District Attorney Blue was not ready to accept that theory. He wanted to investigate reports that Mrs. Collings had been seen dining with a man about 50, to find out what she meant when she said, in speaking of the attack: "They would have gone through with their bargain just the same," to substantiate her reported statement that she had been unhappy with her husband. He announced she would not be called at the inquest. He explained: "By calling her now she could not be asked to waive immunity." As the inquest began without her, Prosecutor Blue by his sharp questioning of the policeman to whom she first told her story indicated that he was seeking to build a case against her. But before the inquest was well under way he dramatically halted it, postponed further hearing for a week, departed hastily "to get new evidence."

New evidence awaited him if he could untangle the many and varied clues. The missing anchor had been found, but the rope was not the same size as the rope that had bound Collings. Two suspects had been seen at Norwalk, but they had departed. From the Hotel Charles in Springfield, Mass. had come word that an "F. E. Collingbourne & Wife" of Stamford, Conn. had registered there more than a year ago. A blanket from the Hotel Charles and a pair of large canvas shoes were found in the launch with Mrs. Collings. Fred J. Voss, president of the Bridgeport baseball club, told police he had borrowed a similar blanket early in the summer, that later it had been stolen from his boat with a pair of canvas shoes and a knife. At just that time he had passed a boat with *Penguin* painted on its stern. Seeking other *Penguins*, Prosecutor Blue learned that there are at least ten of them in the waters around New York. Thicker grew the Mystery of Long Island Sound.

National Affairs—(Continued)

HUSBANDRY

"Drop-Half-a-Crop"

A vexed, vituperative Texas Legislature grappled its cotton problem last week. While the insistent voice of Louisiana's head-headed Governor Huey Pierce Long barked annoyingly through loudspeakers, while the Governors of a half-dozen other cotton States waited anxiously to see what the State which produces 33% of U. S. cotton would do, Texas repudiated Governor Long's dramatic "Drop-a-Crop" plan and ordered to the South a less drastic solution: reduction of the next two years' cotton production to one-half its 1931 level. But first the Texas Legislature paid its respects to its neighboring Governor in a Senate resolution that called him "a consummate [sic] liar."

As the Texas Legislature met it seemed as if Governor Long were more popular in Texas than its own Governor, who was expected to veto the Long plan if it were passed (TIME, Sept. 21). Then Governor Long went too far in his exhortations. He declared the Texas Legislature was being swayed by paid lobbyists, "blandished with wine, women and money, bought like a sack of corn, paid off like a slot machine."

Indignation gripped the Texas lawmakers. Up rose Representative T. H. McGregor of Austin, an orator of the wild old school, to defend the honor of his House. He called Huey Long "drunk with ignorance and power . . . arrogantly baying from Louisiana. . . . This is the first time in history that ignorance, impudence and insolence combined have crossed the State line and the people of Texas been insulted by political ambition and demagoguery. . . . Have we reached the point in Texas when the Governor of Louisiana can indict the Texas Legislature . . . and let the Governor of Louisiana get away with it?"

"No!" cried the House, whereupon the Senate invited Mr. McGregor to repeat his oration in the upper Chamber and the House went to hear it again.

Next day the Senate passed the following resolution and defeated an amendment to couch it in "more decent language":

Whereas, [Governor Long's] statement is not only untrue but carries the vice of a lie and the venom of a liar. . . . Therefore, be it resolved, by the Senate of Texas, the House concurring, that the . . . statement of Huey P. Long, Governor of the State of Louisiana, is a lie made out of the whole cloth, and its author is a consummate [sic] liar.

In Baton Rouge, Governor Long went to the radio, announced he was through with the whole fight, said he had done his best "with the salvation of the South my only motive."

Meanwhile: In South Carolina the House and Senate both passed a "Drop-a-Crop" plan. In Georgia Governor Richard B. Russell Jr. had announced that a majority of his farmers favored it. Governor Harvey Parnell of Arkansas had sent a delegation to Austin to urge it. With the plan already doomed to defeat

through Texas' failure to adopt it, Governor Long said he would declare the Louisiana bill "null and void and inoperative." Oklahoma cotton growers agreed to follow Texas. Alabama and Mississippi were still lukewarm. North Carolina's Governor Oliver Max Gardner announced that no session of his General Assembly would be called "to completely abandon the growing of cotton." His points: 1) The trouble with U. S. cotton is not quantity but quality. 2) The South must learn to compete in the world market, which the U. S. planter dominates less & less.⁹

POLITICAL NOTES

Orders

With the nomination of presidential candidates only nine months away, G. O. Potentates have begun setting in motion the wheels of their 1932 campaign. If not now, very soon will be the time for all good men to come to the aid of the



POSTMASTER GENERAL BROWN

"The best politics is the best public service."

party. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Ernest Lee Jahncke has swung through the West bearing the message of Hooverism. Recently the Federal Farm Board sent a letter into Missouri, where a special election was to be held in the 7th Congressional district, outlining the blessings which have accrued to agrarians from the Republican Agricultural Marketing Act.

Gruff, chunky Postmaster General Walter Folger Brown, President Hoover's chief political aide in the Cabinet, went a step further last week. Addressing a convention of the National Association of Postmasters at Omaha, Neb., he delivered a speech which only said one thing to his

listeners: get busy and stump for the ticket. Coming from the Postmaster General to his postmasters it contained the implicit footnote: orders is orders.

"As the period approaches which comes every four years, when public attention is focused for a time upon national politics," said Mr. Brown, looking sharply through his octagonal spectacles, "spokesmen for themselves and for various groups, partisan and otherwise, are prone to be generous with their observations with respect to the duties, obligations and limitations in matters political. The indisputable fact is that the laws of our land place no restrictions upon Presidential officers, a term which includes postmasters of the first, second and third classes. The statutes which forbid political activity on the part of governmental employees are limited in their application to members of the classified civil service. They have no relation whatever to executive officials who are appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate.

"It is desirable that the principal officers of the Government should be in every respect representatives of the Administration which the people have placed in charge of their Government; that they shall be wholly in sympathy with the policies and political views of the man whom the people have elected as President and shall work wholeheartedly to make his Administration a success. Beyond all question, the best politics is the best public service."

Immediately there blew up a storm of Democratic protest. "He is practically ordering postmasters to devote their time to furthering the Administration in the next campaign, and I think such remarks will be generally condemned," declared Senator Cordell Hull of Tennessee, one-time (1921-24) chairman of the Democratic National Executive Committee.

Chairman Joubert Shouse of the Democratic National Executive Committee deplored "the cynical frankness of the President's Postmaster General in issuing his orders to the Hoover postmasters to get busy in order to save the Hoover political scalp."

Two days later another G. O. P. rallying cry went up. Fussy little Chairman Simeon Davison Fess of the Republican National Committee officially keynoted the party's autumn campaigns. His objects were three: to insure Republican success in scattered municipal, State and Congressional elections (notably those in Ohio and Wisconsin); to replenish the party war chest; to renominate and reelect President Hoover. The Fess keynote address appeared to be in the key of C: no sharps, no flats, just straight eulogy of Republicanism and straight condemnation of its opponents.

Chairman Fess traced national economic ills to the War, felt that people would come to respect "the remarkable efforts of our great President" to get the nation out of Depression, was sure that he would be "unanimously nominated, overwhelmingly elected," warned against unscrupulous politicians offering "quack remedies."

⁹World Cotton Production:

	1929-30	1928-29
	bales	bales
U. S.	11,818,000	14,478,000
India	4,402,000	4,861,000
Egypt	1,725,000	1,677,000
Russia	1,110,000	1,250,000
Other Countries	4,015,000	3,817,000

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Run

Think of Britain, whose people have long been the world's bankers, as a bank in itself. What happened last week, what has been happening since June, was a run on that bank, which could not be stopped. Britain the Bank, with great resources in goodwill and foreign investments,* did not have the gold to meet the cash demands of her international depositors. While there still was enough gold in the vaults to assure the Government's foreign obligations, the directors, otherwise the National Cabinet of Ramsay MacDonald, refused to pay out gold to private individuals who demanded it. Britain came off the gold standard.

Steps In The Run. Britain's immediate money troubles go back to 1925, when to uphold British prestige Winston Spencer Churchill, moon-faced Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer, put the pound back on a gold basis. It had fallen as low as \$3.15 in December 1921. If Britain's international banking was to resume shop, the pound had to be restored to its old value (\$4.8665) to protect British foreign investments. So the pound was forced to par. Interest rates at London were fixed high to attract foreign deposits. A \$200,000,000 credit was obtained in New York. It was never used. Britain's sheer determination to restore sterling's prestige was a chief factor in doing so. Par was reached when the Treasury contracted to sell gold to all comers. To prevent hoarding of gold sovereigns, pound notes were not redeemable at their face value in gold, but if a Briton could collect about \$8,000 worth of paper money he could get a 400-oz. gold bar. Economists now agree that this move was made before the nation as a whole was ready for it. It was a move to benefit British banking and prestige. But it harmed British industry.

British industry was being heavily taxed to pay interest on the nation's War debt. But the War had cost British industry its primary markets in the Dominions and South America, where the U. S. entered, and India, which Japan began to penetrate. That made the harder taxes harder to pay. The rise in sterling was a handicap to industry in its foreign trade. Little capital was available, little desire evident to rationalize industry. And industry needed rationalizing. No sooner had sterling been restored than troubles began:

Coal. Coal strikes and government subsidies to coal operators during 1925 caused governmental budget deficits in 1926-27.

Dole. The Unemployment Insurance Act, or Dole, was passed in 1920 and later liberalized. By 1928 unemployment had increased so rapidly that the Dole alone was costing the country \$100,000,000 a

year. The cost last year was nearly five times that much.

Deposits & Loans. To help industry, the Bank of England began fostering low interest rates. This drove money out of England. Foreign deposits began to be reduced. Domestic capital went out in loans to Germany, to South America, to the Dominions. Some \$600,000,000 was loaned to Germany. In June, when Germany could not pay, Britain was forced to dig deep into her reserves.

Scandals. Three financial scandals in two countries further strained British resources. The machinations of Clarence Hatry in London in 1929 ruined hundreds of British investors (TIME, Oct. 21, 1929, et seq.). Baron Kysant's performances with the Royal Mail Line represented an aggregate loss of some \$15,000,000 to little stockholders (TIME, July 29, 1929, et seq.). And the failure of the Banque Oustrie in Paris last year burned so many French bankers' fingers that they began



JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN

He broke his iron rule.

to withdraw French gold balances from London. They needed the cash.

Withdrawals. France had other reasons for withdrawing gold from England. She wanted the whip hand in continental politics, especially in negotiations with Germany. The withdrawals of the Oustrie period (\$15,000,000) soon were dwarfed. U. S. and Dutch bankers followed France's example. France saw danger ahead and stopped its withdrawals. Others did not. By the end of July, the gold drained from the Bank of England totalled \$160,000,000. The New York Federal Reserve Bank and the Bank of France loaned Britain \$243,000,000. That went too. Ramsay MacDonald resigned as Laborite Prime Minister and headed a coalition cabinet. France and New York arranged \$400,000,000 more credit and that was exhausted while Chancellor Snowden was making drastic efforts to balance the budget.

Last week the British Atlantic Fleet mutinied in protest at their prospective wage cut (see p. 20) and next day London learned that Britain's gold reserves were down to £59,742,000. Scot MacDonald rushed up to London and summoned the House of Lords (Commons were already sitting) to an emergency session.

What They Did. The Cabinet voted unanimously, and the bill was rushed through both houses of Parliament, that Winston Churchill's gold conversion act of 1925, requiring the Bank of England to sell its 400-oz. bricks at a fixed price, be suspended "for the time being." Britain returned to the financial arrangement she had had through the War and until 1925. In the House of Commons, Edward of Wales listened tensely, leaning over the clock in the Peers' Gallery. Wrote Scot MacDonald:

"His Majesty's Government is securing a balanced budget and the internal position of the country is sound. This position must be maintained. It is one thing to go off the gold standard with an unbalanced budget and uncontrolled inflation. It is quite another thing to take this measure not because of international financial difficulties, but because of excessive withdrawals of borrowed capital."

Immediate Effects. London and New York received word of this great step with comparative calm. There were no bank runs, no rush to the stores to convert money in goods for hoarding. Bankers filled the papers with the sort of optimistic statements that doctors make to very sick patients.

Said David Lloyd George: "If the nation remains steady and united we shall pull through all right."

Lord Beaverbrook, publisher of the *Daily Express*, beamed: "Nothing more heartening has happened in years. The fact remains that we are rid of the gold standard, rid of it for good and all, and the end of the gold standard is the beginning of real recovery in trade."

Even John Pierpont Morgan broke his iron rule and consented to be interviewed in London. Said he: "This step seems to me to be the second necessary stage in the work of the National Government, the first being the balancing of the budget. The completion of the Government's work will be the restoration of trade in this country. This being the case it seems to me a hopeful and not a discouraging event."

London headlines announced FOOD PRICES WILL NOT RISE. GOOD NEWS FOR BRITISH INDUSTRY.

But. Stock exchanges were closed all through the world except in Paris, Spain, the U. S. and Canada (see p. 45). The pound sterling dropped from its gold value of \$4.86 to \$3.75 and closed in the neighborhood of \$4.30. New York bankers took pride in telling each other how they had had chances to sell sterling short, but did not do so.

Sterling. Sterling simply means the

*There was still between \$17,000,000,000 and \$22,000,000,000 of British money invested abroad. Much of it is in real estate, but at least \$5,000,000,000 is in securities which can be easily converted.

Foreign News—(Continued)

unit of currency in Britain, anything that is legal tender. Traditionally, it comes from the *Easterlings* or traders of the German Hanseatic League who issued coins of such uniform weight and excellence that they were held at a premium. With the gold standard removed, how far would sterling collapse? Sir Josiah Stamp, director of the Bank of England, put the matter neatly: "The consequences of the Government's action will depend upon the extent of world confidence in Britain henceforth. If you have anything saved in sterling what are you going to do with it? Keep it or sell it? If you keep it in the belief that Britain will restore the gold standard later, then everything will be all right. But if you get panicky and decide to sell your pound, then naturally the result will be that the pound will depreciate."

Prime Minister Richard Bedford Bennett of Canada announced that no matter what Britain did, Canada would remain on a gold basis. Nevertheless Canadian dollars dropped 5¢ in New York exchange during the day. Lord Willingdon, Viceroy of India, signed a decree in Simla taking the rupee off a gold basis with the pound. By British statute a rupee is worth one shilling sixpence. The rupee prepared to follow the shilling up and down the tables of foreign exchange.

Courses. Hanging over every British head last week was the memory of Germany in 1921 and the collapse of the mark. That was the most improbable worst that could happen. To stave it off there were two possibilities. Britain could revalorize the pound at some easier figure, \$4.50, \$4 or \$3.50—whatever the world would pay. Or, trusting to the world's belief in British stability, Britain could let equilibrium in the pound be restored by natural balances, by limiting imports and building up foreign balances. A depressed currency naturally acts as an invisible tariff wall to cut imports. It also stimulates exports by attracting foreign buyers anxious to profit from a low rate of exchange. With the crisis not two days old it seemed certain that there would be no artificial attempt to peg the pound.

"Wait And See." At the Treasury it was unofficially announced that Britain would adopt a "wait and see" policy. If sterling settled down in the neighborhood of \$4.40 there might be an effort to bring it eventually back to the old gold standard rate. If it goes a great deal lower, no such effort will be made. But until sterling finds its level, the great international bank that is Britain will not be so great. The U. S. and France, with the world's gold in their vaults, will have to lead world finances.

Sailors & Fairy Belles

Officers on watch in the British Navy wear brown kid gloves turned down at the wrist. There were hours last week when officers of the Atlantic Fleet amplified this

costume with big-hammered Webley service revolvers bulging their hip pockets.

The fleet was anchored in Cromarty Firth, a curving 20-mi. arm of the sea bound in by grey Scotch mountains, ready to sail for autumn battle practice in the North Sea. Early in the week the 12,000 sailors of the fleet learned full details of



Underwood & Underwood

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

A fellow Tory made him glare.

the pay cuts imposed by the Admiralty Board in accordance with the economy plans of the National Government (TIME, Sept. 21). Because the Cabinet had given no instructions how the pay cuts were made but merely told the Admiralty the total amounts to be saved, the fleet heard last week that midshipmen and junior officers would scarcely be docked at all while ordinary seamen and the lower ratings were to receive a basic pay cut of 25%. Hardest hit were veterans who had enlisted prior to 1925, when an earlier reduction from Wartime pay went into effect with the understanding that sailors who had enlisted prior to that date would continue to draw pay at the original rate.

It was the port watch's afternoon for shore leave. Jolly-boats went in to the little town of Invercordon where the Navy has a large recreation hut and British brewers have a number of very large pubs. Soon officers in their wardrooms on the ship heard disquieting news. A group of Irish sailors from the mighty *Rodney* were raising a ruckus in the Navy canteen, damning the pay cuts, threatening mutiny, singing "The Red Flag!"

Word was flashed to London. Next day when the starboard watch went ashore there were more mass meetings. There was no more talk of Communism; one

Communist agitator that suddenly appeared was beaten up and kicked out of town. But the men meant business. In the morning the acting Commander-in-Chief Rear Admiral Wilfred Tomkinson signalled the battleship *Valiant* to hoist anchor and lead the line out to sea.

From ship to ship the message passed, from the *Rodney* to the *Nelson*, the *Hood*, the *Repulse*, the *York*, *Dorsetshire*, *Norfolk*, *Warspite* and *Malaya*. All eyes were on the *Valiant*. Would she obey orders? If she did it seemed certain that the rest of the fleet would follow. But on the *Valiant* boatswains piped themselves blue in the face. The crew remained below decks. Officers had an anxious huddle on the quarter-deck. Conscious that the eyes of Britain were on them, they attempted to hoist anchor themselves. Forward they found two pickets of thick-necked sailors standing guard over the winches. The sailors were respectful.

"Beg pardon, sir, but it's no go," said the spokesman. "If you get one anchor up, we'll drop the other."

The officers retired in good order. As soon as it was seen that the *Valiant* could not sail, sailors swarmed like bees over the turrets of all the ships, waving and cheering. Rear Admiral Tomkinson promptly cancelled all shore leave, and the greatest naval mutiny in 134 years was under way.

It was an orderly mutiny. There was no violence. Sailors simply refused to obey orders. They would not stand watch. They would not even man the launches. Those much maligned warriors the Royal Marines had to ferry Rear Admiral Tomkinson ashore to answer a hurried summons to London. The 12,000 sailors in Cromarty Firth worked off their energy by community singing, not "The Red Flag" but their own old ballad, "The Frothblowers' Anthem." Hour after hour the refrain rang out:

The more we are together, together, together,

The merrier we will be;

For your friends are your friends

And my friends are your friends.

The more we are together

The merrier we will be.

Officers pacing the bridges in their brown kid gloves developed quite a distaste for it.

The Ancient Order of Frothblowers is a semi-charitable organization of beer drinkers enormously popular in the Navy. Dues are five shillings a year, payable in advance. Most of the money is given to charity. Members receive a pair of blue-enameled cut buttons engraved with the initials F. B. Female members receive a bracelet with an F. B. tag. Because it seems ungallant to the British mind to speak of Lady Frothblowers, the female members are known as Fairy Belles.

Reporters realized last week that it was the Fairy Belles more than the sailors who were responsible for the mutiny of Cromarty Firth. Said a leader aboard the battle cruiser *Hood*:

"We are fighting for our wives and children. The cuts cannot hit us aboard ship,

Foreign News—(Continued)

but our wives, after the rent is paid, have only a pound left. How can they save a cut of seven shillings and sixpence?"

London. Parliament was in a turmoil. One blustering Tory buttonholed First Lord of the Admiralty Sir Austen Chamberlain in the corridor and swore that the only way to uphold the Navy's prestige was to hang the mutineers' leaders, and if need be scuttle the ships! Sir Austen glared through his monocle and passed into the Chamber. There he calmly announced that the battle practice had been suspended and the warships ordered to return to their home ports. And he concluded: "His Majesty's Government have authorized the Board of Admiralty to make proposals for alleviating hardships."

The London Press carried potent news. The mutiny was spreading. In the island of Malta the air force showed discontentment over pay cuts. At Gibraltar the Mediterranean Squadron was plainly restless. At Rosyth on the Firth of Forth sailors filed long lists of complaints. The army was placid; although, according to James Chuter Ede, Laborite M. P., privates must suffer a pay cut of some 27% and majors only a scant 4%. British policemen were none too steady. Fortunately the mutineers were as anxious to assert their loyalty to George V as they were to save their families from the breadlines. The Laborite *Daily Herald* printed a message from the fleet:

"We, the loyal subjects of His Majesty the King, do hereby present. . . . It is evident to all concerned that these cuts are a forerunner of tragedy, misery and immorality among the families of the lower deck. . . . We still remain as one unit in refusing to serve under the new rates of pay."

"Intensive Persuasion." Next day the captains of all the warships in Cromarty Firth read the Admiralty's new orders to their crews. Ships were ordered to put out to sea and return to their home ports. British papers glossed over the next few hours: they were the tensest in the entire affair. Ringleaders refused to believe that once at sea they would not be sent to distant stations in punishment. It took two hours to get the anchors up. Grim faced sub-lieutenants slipped into their lockers for side arms. Correspondents passed over what happened below decks before the fleet steamed for home in one portentous sentence: "Officers were obliged to employ intensive persuasion."

British Discipline. Several years ago the *Illustrated London News* printed a photograph from the U. S. cinema *What Price Glory?* It showed a disheveled, drunken Captain Flagg snuffing with Sergeant Quirt over an *estaminet* table. Below was a pithy caption: "Not British Discipline." Since then British Discipline has suffered many a rude shock. There was the disgraceful affair of Malta in 1928 when Rear Admiral Bernard St. George Collard was compulsorily retired for shameful conduct, such as insulting Bandmaster Percy Barnacle (*TIME*, March 6, 1928 *et seq.*). Last January the crew of the submarine tender *Lucia* mutinied on a rumor that their Christmas leave was

to be cancelled and that they were to paint ship on Sunday (*TIME*, Jan. 19). All papers last week harked back to the great mutiny of 1797 when the underpaid, scurvy-ridden crews off Spithead and off the Nore turned on their officers. That came in the British Navy's most glorious period. Nelson had just helped win the Battle of Cape St. Vincent. Six months after the mutiny Admiral Duncan beat the Dutch at Camperdown.

FRANCE-GERMANY

Premier's Pockets

(See front cover)

Premier Pierre Laval and Foreign Minister Aristide Briand emerged from a cabinet meeting in the Elysee Palace last week in high good humor. A little knot of passersby, a few photographers were waiting for them. The pockets of the Prime Minister's neat blue suit bulged with strange objects. While shutters clicked there were impolite but audible comments on what was in them. A mousetrap? *Framage de Brie?* Fishhooks?

"*Mais quoi donc!*" piped a voice. "Those are the things he's going to talk about in Berlin next week!"

M. Laval laughed aloud. The little crowd raised the ancient war cry of three French armies, "*A Berlin! A Berlin!*"

All of France wanted to know what was in the Premier's pockets. It was not enough for them that Mm. Laval and

visit was cause enough for celebration. Not so the logical French. They complained bitterly that the German statesmen had come with no definite plan, had made no concrete offers to improve Franco-German relations, that they had carefully kept every conversation to a series of polite generalities. There is a large intractable lump of the French population who want no traffic whatever with France's hereditary enemy. Fortunately they are far from a majority, but the rest demand results. Newspapers did their best to answer the question that all Frenchmen were asking, "What good will it do?"

The Press got little help from the French Foreign Office. The only official statement on the objects of the Berlin visit last week was a brief announcement to the effect that conversations in Berlin will be limited to economic questions entirely. No political questions will be broached. Correspondents sifting through bales of rumor found definite points of discussion:

1) Plans are to be made for a permanent Committee on Franco-German Co-operation, preferably of businessmen, not politicians, to handle economic problems arising between the two nations.

2) There will be discussion on extending the present Franco-German cartels in the iron, steel, dyestuffs and potash industries.

3) One thing that the French statesmen really can do is to try to put an end to cut-throat Franco-German competition in the North Atlantic maritime trade. So successful has been the revived German merchant marine in weaning U. S. freight and tourists from the French that the subsidized French Line was forced three months ago to ask for an even larger government subsidy. The Government promised that the subsidy for the New York line alone would be raised from 4,000,000 to 30,000,000 francs a year, and in return delegated former Minister of Finance Louis Germain-Martin and a new board of directors to reorganize the line. But with a French loan to dangle before German noses, Mm. Laval & Briand could do far more for the line than any board of directors.

Berlin Preparations. German police had their hands full preparing for the fateful visit this week. There were thousands of peaceable Germans eagerly awaiting their coming. There were other thousands chafing under the thought of France's mastery of Europe, ready to try something desperate. The Frenchmen would only be in the capital two days. Every move, every minute was planned for. Policemen spent long hours deciding whether it would be safer for the visitors to disembark from the Friedrichstrasse station nearest to the French Embassy, but surrounded by tall roofs that offered good shelter to snipers, or whether they should be rushed across the city and through the Tiergarten from the more secluded Lehrter terminal.

White Ties. Premier Laval was not only risking his life in going to Berlin, he was gambling with one of the most meteoric careers in French politics. It is a tradition that any French Premier who



CHANCELLOR BRÜNING

. . . planned every move, every minute.

Briand were about to make an historic gesture, that they were about to pay the first official visit to Germany that any leading French statesman has made since Napoleon. They wanted to know what good it would do. What would they talk about when they got there? When Chancellor Brüning and German Foreign Minister Julius Curtius paid their visit to Paris two months ago (*TIME*, July 27) the world Press felt that the mere fact that German statesmen had made such a

Foreign News—(Continued)

leaves the country for more than three days will find himself out of office by the time he gets back. The much travelled Brer Briand, eleven times Premier of France, proved it over & over again. André Tardieu's trip to London in 1930 cost him his job. Even though the Chamber of Deputies will not meet until November, Premier Laval was taking chances.

A year ago, before the German and British crises, Pierre Laval, Senator and Mayor of the Parisian suburb of Aubervilliers, was as little known as Calvin Coolidge before the Boston police strike. Foreign correspondents called him "the man with the white necktie" for, following the international tradition that politicians must have some idiosyncrasy of dress, he always wears a washable white cravat.

Swart, stocky Pierre Laval was born in the barren, backward region of Auvergne in the little village of Châteldon. His father was a grocer. Young Pierre used to drive a butcher's cart. It is the Laval legend that the village priest discovered him one day delivering salami and reading Ovid. He helped him with his studies. Pierre Laval became a schoolmaster, then a lawyer. He was admitted to the bar in Paris and in due time became Mayor of Aubervilliers. In May 1914 he became a Deputy and was listed almost immediately as a violent Socialist. When War broke out Pierre Laval was drafted, entered the army as a common polu, saw actual service at the front.

In 1920 the French Communist Party was organized by a group of left-wing Socialists under Marcel Cachin. White-tied Laval disliked Communism and was disgusted at the growing conservatism of the other old-line Socialists. He broke away from the party altogether and has remained a complete independent. What political allegiance he owes is to that wily old Pacifist Aristide Briand. Before his Premiership, he flashed twice in the news. As Minister of Labor in the second Tardieu Government he put through the Social Insurance Act, France's employer's liability law. It was Pierre Laval, too, who authorized the use of typewriters in France's antiquated Department of Justice.

Blue-jowled, rather unprepossessing in appearance, Pierre Laval tries hard to be a charmer. His voice is soft and pleasant to those who do not mind an Auvergne accent, and though he can be as stubborn as Herbert Hoover, he maintains a great show of personal modesty. Nasal voiced Chancellor Brining, who speaks French and English fluently (Laval speaks neither English nor German), beamed at him in Paris last month when shy Premier Laval modestly explained: "You see, I am just learning this business of international discussion."

On To Washington? Until he went to London for the Hoover Moratorium conference two months ago, Pierre Laval had never played an important part outside of France. This week he not only is on his way to Berlin, but has shown some desire to go to Washington before the

Chamber of Deputies could assemble in November. The French *Wall Street Journal*, *L'Information*, sent up a trial balloon:

"We have learned from a reliable source that President Hoover has expressed a desire for a personal conference with Premier Laval on world problems after the latter's visit to Berlin. . . .

"Mr. Hoover has heard and constantly hears the viewpoints of Britain and Germany. . . . and for that reason is prone to judge us with a severity which is painful to France. . . . Since both countries are convinced of the necessity of Franco-American collaboration, why not discuss it in the only proper way?"

In Washington, Mr. Hoover said that as a matter of fact he had not expressed any desire for an interview with M. Laval, but now that the subject had come up it was not a bad idea. French newspapers proposed that since Premier Laval speaks no English he had better take Finance Minister Pierre Etienne Flandin with him, and then made out another little list of things for Laval to talk about in Washington:

1) He must explain the unchanging French attitude of demanding security before arms reduction.

2) He must insist on the sanctity of the Young Plan and the eventual resumption of German Reparations payments.

3) He might sound out Mr. Hoover on the old problem of the connection between War Debts and Reparations.

Knowing observers, realizing the tenseness of French domestic politics, were skeptical of the Washington visit ever materializing.

ITALY

Muktar

A detachment of the Italian camel corps in Cyrenaica lurched swiftly over stony roads near the Libyan coast last week in pursuit of a band of Arab rebels. Late at night they made contact near the little village of Slonta. There was a running fight. Rifles flashed yellow in the dark. Twelve tribesmen were killed. A short charge captured most of the rest, including their leader, a hard-bitten, very old veteran of 75, wearing the silken turban cords of a sheik.

Suddenly the little skirmish at Slonta became international news. Rome jubilated. Back at headquarters it was discovered that the oldster was none other than the great Senussi chieftain Omar el Muktar, bravest and most implacable of Italy's native foemen.

The Senussites are a Moslem sect founded in 1835 with the establishment of a monastery at Abu Kobiels near Mecca by the revered Sidi Mohammed ben Ali ben Es Senussi el Khettabi el Hassani el Idrisi el Mehajiri. Ever since Italy captured Tripoli (now known as Italian Libya, divided into the districts of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica) from the Turks in 1911 the Senussites have stubbornly resisted Italian penetration of the interior. Only by one other Senussi chieftains have been forced to surrender, but Omar el Muktar always held out.

In January Kufra, the Senussi stronghold, was captured. Thousands of tribesmen were forced to flee into Egypt. Italy thrilled to learn that the squadrons of planes that harried the fleeing Senussites mightily from the air were commanded by little King Vittorio Emanuele's own cousin, Amedeo Duke of Apulia (*TIME*, Feb. 9).

With Kufra in Italian hands, valiant old Muktar and his followers were cut off from their source of supplies, forced to skulk in the ravines near the coast. Their eventual capture was only a matter of weeks. Muktar's capture was of particular interest to the French. Their chief Moroccan rebel, the great Abd-el-Krim who surrendered in 1926, was last seen growing enormously fat in polygamous exile on the French island of Réunion in the Indian Ocean. The capture of Omar el Muktar means that the actual pacification of Libya is imminent. Italy has always protested that the southern boundary of Libya adjoining French Africa has never been definitely fixed. French authorities have insisted with some justice that since Italy has not been able to control the territory within 100 miles of the border, the appointment of a boundary commission would be a waste of time, but with the capture of Muktar and the dispersal of the Senussites, the boundary question looms large.

JAPAN-CHINA

Mukden & Markets

When revolution broke in Brazil last October, U. S. Ambassador Edwin Vernon Morgan was on vacation (*TIME*, Oct. 13 *et seq.*). When three revolutions in one week gripped Guatemala, U. S. Minister Sheldon Whitehouse was on vacation (*TIME*, Dec. 29, *et seq.*). When Alfonso XIII was driven from his throne, U. S. Ambassador Irwin Boyle Laughlin was out of town (*TIME*, April 20 *et seq.*). Last week U. S. Ambassador to Japan William Cameron Forbes sailed for a vacation in the U. S. the day Japanese troops captured the Chinese city of Mukden.

Just outside Mukden, somebody blew up a bridge on the Japanese controlled & protected South Manchuria Railway. Japanese blamed it on the Chinese. Chinese swore (and many foreign observers believed them) that Japanese troops blew up the bridge to provoke a crisis. No matter who started it, Japan struck hard and fast. Advancing under a rattling machine gun barrage, Japanese troops swarmed out of the Japanese concession in Mukden and seized the city proper. Under orders from General Jiro Tamon, troops moved up the line and took virtually every city on the South Manchuria Railway along its 603 miles. In 24 hours Japan had virtual control of all South Manchuria and warships had landed troops in China Proper, in Tsingtao on the Shantung Peninsula, the old German treaty port that was captured by Japan in 1914 and held until 1922 when, as a result of the Washington Conference, she returned it to China.

That was what happened last week.

Foreign News—(Continued)

What caused it to happen is a story in three parts.

Markets & Manchuria. Manchuria, Mongolia, in fact all of China is to Japan what Canada is to the U. S., her primary market for manufactured goods. Underdeveloped Manchuria is particularly valuable to overpopulated Japan for it lies next to Japanese Korea and is the obvious point for Japanese expansion. Mongolia, the country north and west of Peiping, produces wool, hides, bristles, human hair, sausage casings. For centuries these products have come down on long caravans of shaggy camels into China Proper—to Peiping and the port of Tientsin. But beyond Manchuria and Mongolia lies Russia. For several years the Soviets have been intensively penetrating China from their side. Even before last week's flareup Japan practically controlled South Manchuria up to and beyond Mukden, but the Russian grip on Mongolia was fairly complete. Russia had turned the traffic in hides, bristles, hair back toward Moscow. Business was hard hit in Japan, Tientsin was starving. There were Japanese businessmen who applauded the seizure of Mukden, therefore, not in anger at the Chinese, but in fear of Russia.

Captain Nakamura. A more obvious cause is the age-old feud between China and Japan which roots in the dislike of any peace-loving, impoverished people for pushing, successful, militaristic neighbors. This feud has been fanned by China's realization of her gradual loss of Manchuria. There is a Japan Boycott Society with branches throughout China. For over a year there have been anti-Japanese riots throughout Manchuria. Last month a Captain Shintaro Nakamura of the Japanese Army left Mukden to make survey maps in the Manchurian interior. He was provided with papers giving him full permission signed by Chinese authorities, but permits mean little to soldiers who cannot read. Captain Nakamura was arrested as a spy and executed.

Army v. Shidehara. Japanese militarists fought for revenge. Not so Foreign Minister Baron Kijuro Shidehara and other members of the Wakatsuki Cabinet in Japan. They realize that Japan, a potent member of the League of Nations, must keep in Europe's good graces. But ever since the fall of the Tanaka Government in 1929, last exponent of the mailed fist in China, Japanese militarists have been gunning for pacific Baron Shidehara. The execution of Captain Nakamura was what they have been waiting for. Last week General Jiro Tanaka, commander at Mukden,* and other Japanese officers simply took matters into their own hands and acted without Cabinet authority. Baron Shidehara did his best to sit on the lid. There were emergency Cabinet meetings. Fearing super-patriots, police guards were posted at every Cabinet

Minister's home. Baron Shidehara announced that Japanese troops would be withdrawn from the captured Manchurian cities "at the earliest possible moment."

Chang's Move. In Geneva grandfatherly Spanish Foreign Minister Alejandro Lerroux, presiding over the League of Nations Council, devoted ten minutes to hear statements by the Japanese and Chinese delegates, expressed satisfaction that Japan would appease the situation. Knowing that his troops were no match for the Japanese, smart Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang did the best thing he could have done to win world support. He ordered his Manchurian troops to offer no resistance to the Japanese, to pile their arms in depots. From a hospital bed in



Kiyosune

FOREIGN MINISTER SHIDEHARA

The army embarrassed him.

Peiping where he has been undergoing treatment, he issued a statement:

"The world has been afforded the spectacle for some time past of war being manufactured. It now has been launched so far as Japan is concerned, but China has no intention of being an armed party to it."

From Paris the *Journal des Débats* sniffed in scorn:

"President Lerroux's expression of the hope that the incident will soon be settled is just such a sentiment as has always concluded any pacifist meeting. That is all that the Council of the League has been able to do so far in the presence of events of exceptional gravity. What a fine peace organization that is!"

Army Out of Hand? Meantime, the Japanese armies continued to hold Mukden. The Japanese Cabinet expressed itself as being very much embarrassed. That, apparently, was just what the militarist faction intended it should be. The Mukden affair seemed to boil down to a struggle in Japanese politics, upon the outcome of which hinged the peace of the Orient.

MEXICO

Codes & Celebrations

Mexico's struggle for independence from Spain started about 1810 with the quickly suppressed outbreak of the patriotic priest Hidalgo. It lasted until Mexico's first President Guadalupe Victoria (real name: Miguel Antonio Fernandez y Felix) was inaugurated in 1824. Every republic must have an Independence Day. Last week Mexico celebrated her 121st, choosing that September day, the 16th in 1810 when Father Miguel Hidalgo issued his *Grito de Dolores* ("Cry from Dolores"). In Mexico City President Pascual Ortiz Rubio solemnly rang the Liberty Bell, reviewed 15,000 troops at Valbuena Airport and gave a dinner to the diplomatic corps at the Presidential Palace.

There was dancing in the streets. Waving a large flag at the merry-makers an unknown woman fell from a third-story window and was killed. Citizens fired revolvers in the air. Two army officers were wounded by random bullets. At Juarez, celebrants attacked the autos of U. S. tourists returning to El Paso, Tex. A Mrs. Benton R. Spencer of Fort Bliss was cut by flying glass when a patriot decided to celebrate his freedom from the Spanish yoke by smashing the windows of her car with a crowbar. Juarez authorities tut-tutted but insisted there was nothing personal in the attack on Mrs. Spencer.

In New York, Mexican Consul-General Enrique Ruiz and a party of friends celebrated Independence Day by ordering a large dinner at the South Shore Yacht Club and going for a sail on Great South Bay. Mexico's Consul-General & friends ran on a sand bar and remained there in the blazing sun for many hours. As Independence Day drew to a close they were rescued by Commodore Wilbur Johnson of the U. S. S. Y. C.

Citizens had a notable Independence Day present. Last week it was announced that the much criticised criminal code of 1929 had been completely revised. Notable changes:

♣ Under the old law a husband or wife who killed his or her mate for reasons of infidelity was immune from punishment. Commencing last week, such a cuckold must suffer a minimum of three days imprisonment. If the murderer is responsible for his mate's infidelity, punishment may be as much as ten years.

♣ Adultery is a crime "only if committed in the conjugal domicile or with scandal." Penalty: two years in jail and suspension of civil rights for six years.

♣ Fathers who shoot their daughters' seducers are now faced with 30 years, instead of 20 years in prison.

♣ Rebellion against the Government is punishable by one to six years in prison with the exception of members of the Army and Navy who must face the customary firing squad.

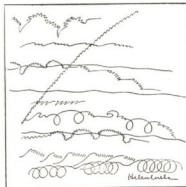
♣ Opening another's mail is punishable by three days to six months in jail. But this does not apply to husbands or wives whose right to peck is expressly protected.

*To protect the South Manchurian Railway, Japan has always kept a military force in the foreign quarter of Mukden. Last March Russia concentrated a force as big as the whole U. S. Army at the Manchurian frontier city of Mancheli. Japan retaliated by moving up several divisions, making Mukden an army base.

M U S I C

Moody Squiggles

San Francisco, which takes its opera between other cities' seasons so as to get good singers, was last week in the middle of its ninth annual opera fortnight. It heard an ably done *Aida* (Soprano Elisabeth Rethberg, Russian Contralto Faina Petrova, Baritone Giuseppe Danise, Tenor Giovanni Martinelli, a bespectacled stage



MÁROUF

... as it sounds to Mrs. Moody.

band in the triumph scene); a *Lohengrin* (Tenor Gottlieb Pistor, Soprano Maria Müller, Baritone Friedrich Schorr, all fresh from Bayreuth); *Andrea Chénier* and *Madama Butterfly*. There were to be seven more performances, but none of them distinguished troupe but none of them novelties. Most memorable event of the season, about which San Franciscans were still talking and laughing, had come with the opening night.

Márouf, by French Composer Henri Benjamin Rabaud, was the opera. Opulently oriental, with an Aladdin-like plot out of the *Arabian Nights*, it was first performed in Paris in 1914, is pleasantly modern, sleekly and gracefully orchestrated. In it sang tall, reedy-voiced Soprano Yvonne Gall and Tenor Mario Chumley who used to be Archer Ragland Cholmondeley (pronounced Chumley), born 30 years ago in Los Angeles. Charming but not brilliant, *Márouf* might have caused no great stir had not the cover of its program been drawn by one of California's authentic Personages, Tennis Player Helen Wills Moody.

What did the funny squiggles (*see cut*) mean? wondered the audience. Did the up-&-down strokes represent the music going up & down? Said a note on the program: "The cover represents an artist's earnest experiment in translating into line drawing the equivalent of a response to music. . . . The artistic success must be left to the critical judgment of the musician, the artist and the interested audience."

Amused at her cover's reception, Mrs. Moody said that she had been given a set of phonograph records from *Márouf*, had played them in her spare time and jotted down "impressions." Business Manager Wilfred Davis of the Opera selected the final designs.

"The drawing," said she, "is certainly not an attempt at technical analysis of music. . . . Don't let anyone think that I am too serious with this thought. What I submitted was merely an abstract thought. I believe that everyone has the right to express an individual idea."

Valkyrie of Milan

Musicians great & small, obscure impresarios, shabby maestros, raffish editors, theatrical agents, garrulous critics: these compose a group which congregates in the Caffè Bili in the great Galleria (Arcade) Vittorio Emanuele near Milan's La Scala Opera. Drinking vermouth *cou seltz* by the hour, the clique finds much to gossip about. In July 1930, its conversation might have run like this: "So! So! A woman in La Scala. . . . Our Colombo, *per l'amor di dio*, our dove! What will become of the opera, with her in charge? That *professoressa*? Shocking!"

The Galleria watched La Scala under a woman's direction for more than a year. Some finally lent grudging approval. But most did not. Jealously they were satisfied last week, for Anita Colombo, first female director of the old opera, had resigned. The dove was going to fly away.

Anita Colombo is everything that a Latin feels a woman should not be. Instead of being a voluptuous ornament to couch and fireside, mother of many, she is a spinster, an energetic, athletic, "emancipated" woman. Half-German, Jewish, she has a mop of un-waved blonde hair, a keen, sculptured face which powder & lipstick never have touched. Born in Milan some 35 years ago, she wanted first to be a tomboy. When Italy entered the World War she hurried off to the front, did Red Cross work, behaved (for a woman) preposterously: for gallant conduct she won the Bronze Medal and the Red Cross Medal of Italy, the War Medal and the Allied Armies Medal. Soon they called her "La Walkiria"—the "Brünnhilde of Milan."

Previously she had studied violin in Milan, secured a small job at La Scala. In 1915 she became associated with Maestro Arturo Toscanini, helped him organize an opera season in Milan. Five years later she became his secretary. Taciturn, efficient, she was useful in coping with his famed tantrums, in keeping people out of his way when necessary. But many were not yet ready to take her seriously. It is told how the conductor Antonio Guarnieri once met her on his way to the Maestro's office. Said she: "I am Signorina Colombo. What can I do for you?" Said Maestro Guarnieri curtly: "Run and get me a box of matches."

By 1929, friction between Toscanini and *il Fascismo* was too much to be borne. He resigned as director of La Scala. But the blonde Valkyrie carried on, under Director Angelo Scandiani. When he became ill, she substituted ably. Then in June 1930, Director Scandiani died. The Government had suspended La Scala's "Autonomous Corporation," appointed wealthy Senatore Borletti to be Royal Commissioner (dictator) of the opera. Under the supervision of Benito Musso-

lini, he was empowered to select a new director. He picked Signorina Colombo. The Press raged. People held mass-meetings. A woman? It was unthinkable. But someone sagely pointed out that Miss Colombo's most useful qualities—energy, firmness, business sense—seemed to be Teutonic in origin, were not likely to be imitated by Italian ladies. This mollified a few critics.

Director Colombo sailed breezily into La Scala, redecorated its ancient, slightly camphor-smelling interior, ripped bizarre doo-dads from its many-tiered boxes, most of which had been owned by Milanese aristocrats and decorated to suit themselves. She announced new operas and ballets which had not been performed in years. Though La Scala had grown used to big deficits, she planned a policy of retrenchment, an exchange of expensive artists and scenery with other Italian opera houses. She took members of the company on a highly successful summer tour of Germany and Austria. She had also arranged for Maestro Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony their brilliant European tour of 1930 (TIME, May 5, 1930, *et seq.*).

But there were always critics. They said La Scala was still not modern enough; that *La Walkiria* chose conductors and singers temperamentally unfitted for the operas performed; that there were too many cheap *Aida*'s and *Cavalleria*'s on the bills; that La Scala was still losing money. Director Colombo insisted it was not. But last May there came word of a new regime; there would be a board of eleven, an executive committee of three, a chairman appointed by Dictator Mussolini



Underwood & Underwood

ANITA COLOMBO

... needs a new Valhalla.

himself. Whether Director Colombo would keep her job was not known until she resigned last week. Then the anti-feminists said, "I told you so." But others shrugged, pointed out that she was still a friend of Anti-Fascist Toscanini, that *il Fascismo* was merely taking over the opera—definitely this time. Perhaps Milan's Brünnhilde would now rush off to a new Valhalla; the U. S., where Valkyrie maidens are more appreciated?

RELIGION

Episcopalians At Denver

Tact and politeness are qualities which usually distinguish the gatherings of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Its bishops are gentlemanly, impressive; its lay delegates potent in calibre. Aware of the Church's influence and its duties, *The Chronicle* pointed out last fortnight (quoting Banker George Foster Peabody) that its membership controls one-tenth of the wealth in the U. S. But Episcopal dignity, grounded in ease and security, can become ruffled with changing times and new problems. It was evident last week that the Episcopalians' 50th triennial General Convention, opening in Denver, Col., was to be considerably less placid than the 49th, which President & Mrs. Calvin Coolidge opened in Washington (*TIME*, Oct. 20, 1928).

A proposed liberalization of divorce and marriage laws was already plaguing the Church (*TIME*, May 4, Sept. 14). Birth Control was once more raising its ugly head. The new "American Missal" (mass-book to be used with the prayer-book) was regarded by many as much too High-Church. On these questions the Catholic and Protestant wings of the Church were lined up, more sharply demarcated than they had been in 50 years. Also, the reelection of Bishop James De Wolf Perry of Rhode Island as presiding bishop, regarded not long ago as a *fait accompli*, was suddenly threatened by a faction which backed Bishop Ernest Milmore Stires of Long Island. Wrote Dr. Alexander Griswold Cummins in *The Chronicle* (official organ of the Protestant Episcopal Church League, an evangelical organization): "He [Bishop Perry] has been the least picturesque and effective of our Presiding Bishops. . . . His cope, mitre and pastoral staff aptitudes have caused dismay to some, and led others to ridicule what should be a dignified office. He looks well in a high hat, but odd in a mitre."

Echo from Lambeth. Before the Convention opened in Denver Auditorium, with 10,000 visitors, Bishop Perry, staunch opponent of divorce, had said in a sermon of welcome that "Christian marriage rises above the consideration of expediency and human desire. . . . The bond between husband and wife, once sealed in the name of God, is subject not to the will of man but to divine will." To preach the Convention's opening sermon had come Rt. Rev. Michael Bolton Furse, stocky Bishop of St. Albans, London. Significance: he was a leader of the opposition (unsuccessful) to the limited endorsement of Birth Control by the Lambeth Conference last year (*TIME*, Aug. 25, 1930). He is a weighty, vigorous opponent of Divorce. As was to be expected last week, he flayed both practices in the familiar language of "sivers-with-alarm. He found increased divorce "sinister," contraceptives and companionate marriage "degrading." He dragged in a reference to the Soviet Government, begged the Denver Convention to repudiate the pronouncement of the Lambeth Conference.

Many a leader had hoped to defer discussion until later during the two-week convention. Back in their hotels, the dele-

gates talked excitedly. Alert newshawks heard them describe the opening sermons as "poor taste," "party politics," and "Jesuitical cunning." Some felt that Bishop Furse's reference to companionate marriage was "a discourteous slap against Judge Lindsey in his home town."

Next day it was voted to hold a "meeting in council" of the House of Bishops



BISHOPS PERRY & STIRES

The Chronicle called it high hat v. mitre.

to discuss "certain matters. . . ." Admitting that U. S. bishops had been "embarrassed" sometimes during the Lambeth Conference, Bishop Irving Peake Johnson of Colorado proposed a measure which excluded the Press, the secretary of the House and all other attendants from the meeting.

After the secret session, Bishop Perry firmly denied that the House of Bishops had mulled over Birth Control. An "understanding" had been reached, it was said; no formal declaration would be made regarding the pronouncement of the Lambeth Conference.

Business Done. The House of Deputies reelected Dr. Ze Barney Thorne Phillips, chaplain of the U. S. Senate and rector of Washington's Epiphany Church, to be its president; Dr. Carroll Melvin Davis of New York, domestic secretary of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, to be secretary.

The Joint Commission on Marriage and Divorce issued the third and final revised version of its report. Like the previous ones, it advocated liberalization of divorce laws and the establishment of ecclesiastical courts to permit remarriage of divorced persons. It listed nine "impediments" (causes for annulment) of marriage. It cited the need for increased sexual education, and the "crying need to break down the prevailing romantic idea of marriage—namely that marriages are made in heaven. . . ."

Corpse Woman

From Rosh Hashanah last fortnight until Yom Kippur last week, hundreds of thousands of Jews in Manhattan freed themselves from mundane cares, piously to pass the Jewish time of self-examination. God was balancing His books, which would be closed on the Day of Atonement. But in the teeming lower East Side one family sat in sorrow. They slit their garments. No chair or sofa would they sit on: only rough boxes. They were "sit-

ting *shivah*—mourning a dead daughter.

To the Jewish Conciliation Court, an unofficial body composed of Magistrate Louis B. Brodsky, Rabbi Alexander Basel and Contractor Sam Lippman, had come one Nathan Goldberg, his wife, his daughter Rachael, 21, and a young Italian named John Costello. The Goldbergs wished Rachael "to quit loving that Italian boy." Magistrate Brodsky called Costello to the bar. He was a cabinetmaker. He made \$25 a week. Three hours ago, he said, he had married Rachael.

Rachael grew pale, wept. Her mother, her face hidden by a shawl, screamed hoarsely and fled the courtroom. Nathan Goldberg sobbed: "She is dead for me. I have nothing to do with her no more. Her three dresses hang in the closet. Tomorrow I burn them and we sit *shivah*. She is dead from now on. . . ."

"Why does my father say that?" cried Rachael. "He called my sweetheart vile names. . . . He said he would burn my eyes out, and my sweetheart said he would cut my father's throat. And he's going to burn my dresses. He didn't buy the dresses. I did. I paid for them with money I worked like a dog for. Why doesn't he leave us alone?"

Gently, Magistrate Brodsky told Nathan Goldberg there was nothing to be done. Goldberg stumbled homeward, wailing: "She is through with life. She is buried, do you hear! She can never come home no more!"

Keystone

S P O R T

Athletics v. Cardinals

Theoretically, years of financial depression aid the baseball industry. Men out of work have the time and often the petty cash to attend ball games. More valuable than a depression is close competition for the major league pennants. This year's Philadelphia has been far from close. The Philadelphia Athletics started slowly, sputtered with two winning streaks in mid-season, last week coasted into a mathematical certainty of retaining first place in the American League well ahead of Washington and New York. In the National League the pennant race was exciting until the middle of August, when the St. Louis Cardinals became almost sure of winning. Last week they too became absolutely sure. They could lose their nine remaining games and still finish ahead of the New York Giants, the Chicago Cubs. The Cubs, under the much discussed new management of Rogers Hornsby, have been hampered this year by the obstreperous behavior of Pitcher Perce ("Pat") Malone, who three weeks ago assaulted two Hearst sportswriters who had disparaged his pitching; and by the poor hitting of Right-fielder Lewis Robert ("Hack") Wilson, who recently absented himself from the club's quarters for seven nights, was punished by suspension for the balance of the season.

Winners of three consecutive pennants, the Athletics beat the Cardinals four games to two in last year's World Series, should be favorites again this year. Ninth pennant-winning team of Philadelphia's lean 68-year-old Manager Cornelius McGillicuddy ("Connie Mack"), the Athletics are handicapped by an injury to hard-hitting Centre-fielder George William ("Mule") Haas. They still have a powerful offense, headed by Catcher Gordon Stanley ("Mickey") Cochrane, First-baseman James Emory ("Jimmy") Foxx, Outfielder Aloysius ("Al") Simmons, and the best pitching staff in either league. Best right-hander is George Livingston Earnshaw, Swarthmore graduate (1923). Best left-hander is Robert Moses Grove, who last week won his 30th victory of the season, an American League record. Pitcher Grove tied another American League record in mid-season by winning 16 games in a row.

In the International League the Newark Bears got within half a game of the league-leading Rochester Red Wings by winning a double-header against Reading. Manager Al Mamaux of Newark, famed pitcher for Brooklyn in 1923, pitched both games, allowed two hits in the first, five in the second, won them both in 2 hr. 20 min., 2 to 1 & 6 to 0. Five days later Rochester won the pennant. Other minor league pennant winners: the Birmingham Barons (Southern Association); the Houston Buffs (Texas League); the St. Paul Saints (American Association).

In the Pacific Coast League, Hollywood won the first half of a divided season, in the second half of which three teams were bunched for the lead, with San Francisco a game ahead of Los Angeles and Oakland.

Irishmen with Clubs

Irishmen have always liked to carry clubs, liked to use them in a fight. Their national game, hurling, gives them a chance to do both. The object of hurling is to belabor a lively little leather-covered ball down a 140-yard field into a goal. Each goal has a cross bar eight feet high; when the ball goes under the



TIPPERARY, CHAMPIONS OF IRELAND

*Every Irish face is there.**International*

cross bar, it counts 3 points; over it counts 1. The implements, heavy shillalahs with a blade at one end, are "hurleys." Their resemblance to shiny sticks has caused hurling to be thought of as a form of field hockey. But the method in which hurleys are used suggests instead that golf is a form of hurling modified by a more cautious race.

Hurling is a national game because it is played by all Irishmen and by no one else. The game is so old that no one knows how it started; perhaps it began when two Irishmen fought with clubs for possession of a potato and their neighbors took sides. There was hurling in Ireland a thousand years ago and it has been played ever since. Until fairly recently, the whole male population of a town or a village might take part in a game. A few rules and regulations were introduced when the Gaelic Athletic Association was formed in 1884, but not so many as to infringe upon its original character. Sides are now limited to 15 (six forwards, six backs, 2 centre fielders, a goal guard); no substitutions are permitted except when a player is severely injured.

Every county in Ireland has a hurling team to represent it, composed of hurlers who play for love of the game. In the U. S., in cities where there is a large Irish population, the game is similarly played by teams of hurlers who represent the counties where they or their forebears were born. Hurling games in the U. S. are often preceded by Gaelic football, followed by social festivities. Since all kinds of Irishmen play hurling, all kinds of Irishmen watch them play. In the crowd at a hurling game, as in the personnel of a hurling team (*see cut*), it is

possible to see every kind of Irish face, hear every kind of Irish brogue.

Since 1884, Tipperary has won the All-Ireland championship eleven times. In 1926, the Tipperary team visited the U. S., won ten games in a row. All-Ireland champions in 1930, the Tipperary hurling team arrived in the U. S. again last week, began another six-week tour to include Somerville (Mass.), Manhattan, Detroit, Chicago and San Francisco.

The first game, against a selection from 32 teams in & around New York City,

was attended by a crowd of 25,000 whooping, yelling Irishmen who shouted loudest when they saw a broken head. They nearly saw one in the first seconds of the game. When Boss John Francis Curry of Tammany Hall threw in the first ball, he was instantly surrounded by a swarm of hurlers struggling to get at it with their hurleys. Boss Curry, who used to be a sprinter, scampered to the sidelines uninjured. Martin Kennedy, called "the man in the hat" because he always wears one, and considered the finest full forward in the world, made three goals for Tipperary. Tom Treacy, famed for a game he played in Dublin with a bloody bandage wrapped around his head, made another, with a shot from mid-field that streaked directly into the New York goal. Most spectacular player on either team was Tom O'Meara of Toomevara, Tipperary's goal guard. He kept his stick so busy fending ball and players from his goal, that New York hurlers thought they got 4 points with high goals, were only once able to thrash the ball through under the cross bar. Tipperary won, 17 to 7, began practicing for their next game in Somerville, Mass.

Promoter of Tipperary's All-Ireland Champions is Dan Breen, famed leader of Sinn Fein riots from 1919 to 1923, onetime Commandant General of the Third Tipperary Brigade in the Irish Republican Army, before that a famed Tipperary hurler.

Bridge Board

Spectators at a card game are usually obliged to lean over the contestants' shoulders, to snoop stupidly around the table. Because spectators are apt to make

revealing exclamations, they are regarded as a nuisance and scornfully called *kibitzers* (Yiddish colloquial term). Not so were spectators at a game of contract bridge played last week in the ballroom of Manhattan's Hotel Roosevelt by four experts, under the auspices of the recently organized Bridge Headquarters, Inc. The experts—Willard Karn & fat Philip Hal Sims v. David Burnstine & Oswald Jacoby—played six prearranged hands and a five-game rubber. The 450 spectators, who had paid \$1 each to be admitted, sat in comfortable chairs, watched the play on a scoreboard erected near the bridge table.

On the scoreboard, which resembled a baseball play-by-play tally, official scorers—U. S. Army officers—marked the hands dealt to each contestant, the number of tricks taken by each team. The scoreboard was out of the players' sight; but they did not need to see it. Sniggers and snorts from the audience, when someone played the wrong card or tried to finesse, were as explanatory as a peek at an opponent's hand. Observers wondered whether, by imposing strict rules of silence on spectators, or by enclosing the players in sound-proof booths, bridge could be made into an indoor spectacle, like prize fighting, wrestling, billiards.

Home last week from Russia, Mr. & Mrs. Ely Culbertson, handsome young exponents of a bidding system of their own,* reiterated their disdain for Bridge Headquarters, Inc., called it a "merger of has-beens and never-wases." Said facetious Expert Culbertson: "When I was arrested for speaking Russian with suspicious fluency, I offered to play the head of the secret service a [Sidney] Lenz problem in order to prove that I was merely . . . Culbertson. . . . But the chief could not find a deck of cards with kings or queens in the pack. . . . Even with the provisional deal he agreed . . . that I was neither [Milton] Work nor Lenz. . . ."

No date has been set for Ely Culbertson & wife's grudge-game against any two experts selected by Bridge Headquarters, Inc. for \$1,000 a side.

Hurricanes v. Santa Paula

Rivalry between the two South American teams entered in this year's Open Polo Championship was a shade more than friendly. The Santa Paula Team, which won the Pacific Coast Open in 1930, arrived first, played at Chicago and Detroit this summer. The Anglo-Argentine Hurlingham team got to Westbury, N. Y. just in time to steal some of Santa Paula's thunder. If they played brilliantly in the Open, their accomplishments might have affected the enthusiasm with which U. S. buyers would bid for the spare-limbed, light-footed, cattle-trained ponies Santa Paula had brought with them to sell. Talk about an International series in case an Argentine team won the Open dwindled soon after the tournament started. The

Hurricanes, defending champions, smothered Hurlingham in a semi-final, 18 to 5. The day Santa Paula played the Hurricanes for the championship, thousands of excited Latin-Americans crowded the Avenida de Mayo in Buenos Aires to hear cabled accounts of the game relayed to them by an announcer.

The best players in the U. S. were split up between the four U. S. teams in the Open, but the Hurricanes had at least one of them—tall, noisy Winston Guest at No. 2, and England's only 10-goal player, Capt. Charles Thomas Irvine Roark, at No. 3. No. 1 man and captain was Stephen ("Laddie") Sanford; luck, selected after two others had been tried, was Terence Preece, who learned the game at Westbury where his father deals in polo ponies and hunters. Santa Paula had been badly handicapped early in the tournament when chunky Manuel Andrada, captain and back, sprained his mallet-hand in an early match. They ran into more of the bad luck that always seems to follow Argentine poloists in the U. S. when their No. 1, Alfredo Harrington, fell at a polo pony show and tore his leg muscles. Andrada took his arm out of its sling, moved Andres Gazzotti up to No. 1, left mustachioed Juan Reynal at No. 2, in front of his brother, Jose, at No. 3.

The crowd in the Avenida de Mayo, pleased at least that Santa Paula rather than Hurlingham was playing for the championship, cheered more loudly than the crowd in the male blue stands at Meadowbrook through the first period. Santa Paula, riding wildly to get a lead that might serve them when Andrada's swollen hand hurt him too much to be useful, made three goals before the Hurricanes got one. They stayed ahead till Guest tied the score at 4-all. It was tied again at 5-all, 6-all, 7-all. Santa Paula was a goal ahead when the last chucker started. Andrada, on Yarara and Mio Mio, had scored three of the Argentines' goals. He had had his hand doctored between chucks, played the whole field without dislocating the Santa Paula teamwork. In the last period on Pichon, a fresh pony, he still flickered down the windy field, an amazing figure of speed and courage, scored the last two goals which gave Santa Paula the championship, 11 to 8.

Who Won

♣ Calumet Chuck: the \$7,000 Junior Kentucky Futurity trotting race; from Maid McElwyn, who in the second heat set a new world's record for 2-year-olds of 1 mile in 2 min., 2½ sec.

♣ At the last day of the Belmont, N. Y., autumn racing season: Mrs. John Hay Whitney's Green Cheese, the \$28,250 Grand National Steeplechase; Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney's unbeaten two-year-old filly Top Flight, the \$94,750 Futurity Stakes; Mrs. Payne Whitney's champion three-year-old Twenty Grand, the \$10,400 Jockey Club Gold Cup, at odds of 1 to 50.

♣ Surprised Thomas Creavy, 20-year-old Albany golf professional; the P. G. A. championship at Providence, R. I. beating Densmore Shute of Columbus, Ohio 2 & 1 in the final, with Robert Tyre Jones Jr. as referee.

MEDICINE

Fever v. St. Vitus's Dance

By accident a Manhattan physician, Dr. Lucy Du Bois Porter Sutton, 40, has discovered a quick palliative if not a certain cure for St. Vitus's Dance, hideous childhood disease. Victims twitch, quiver, quake and grimace uncouthly. The posturings resemble a grotesque dance like the oldtime "shimmy" and "Charleston." During the ignorant Middle Ages victims



N. Y. Public Library

ST. VITUS

Typhoid serum took his place.

of the disease were taken to "dance" before images of St. Vitus, patron of comedians.* It was believed that those who danced before St. Vitus would be certain of good health during the following year. Hence the general name for the disease. The medical term is *chorea*, which like *chorus* connotes dancing.

Chorea, or St. Vitus's Dance, is a nervous ailment which the afflicted cannot help, caused by some infection. The causative organism has not yet been recognized. Rheumatic fever is often associated with St. Vitus's Dance. Seven out of ten victims are girls. They are usually "nervous," "high-strung" children to begin with. The disease usually burns itself out in two, three months. Sometimes, however, it recurs. Sometimes it extends into adult life.

Last week Dr. Sutton explained how she had been treating a St. Vitus boy with

*With Christian rites St. Vitus, a child, drove demons from a son of the pagan Roman Emperor Diocletian (284-305). Nonetheless, Diocletian had St. Vitus tossed into a kettle of boiling oil because he would not recant his Christianity. St. Vitus miraculously escaped from the oil, but died soon after from that and other tortures.

*In the Official System, a one-trick bid signifies an ordinary hand; a two bid signifies a medium strong hand, a game invitation bid; a bid of three, or a two-bid bid signifies an extraordinarily strong hand. In the Culbertson System bids of one have the same significance; a two bid signifies an extraordinarily good hand.

P E O P L E

sedative drugs, the usual remedy. In this case the drug aggravated the "dancing" spells. But through misunderstanding the child continued to receive the drugs, which were as mild poison to him. After two weeks he broke out with a rash. His fever climbed intermittently as high as 106.4° When Dr. Sutton cured the boy of his fever, she noted that St. Vitus's Dance was gone.

Fever is one of the body's ways of killing germs. For every germ there is a maximum temperature above which it cannot live. Experimentally, doctors are trying to raise body temperature above the germ-death heat by injecting fever-causing germs or non-specific proteins, or by electricity. Dr. Sutton, having noted her patient's recovery from St. Vitus's Dance after a poison-produced fever, took a chance on another St. Vitus child by injecting typhoid serum. This second case grew feverish, sweated, recovered. She tried typhoid-paratyphoid serum on another. He too sweated and recovered. When she had cured 24 children of ugly St. Vitus's Dance with serums, she felt sufficiently confident to report, last week, her success.

Typhoid in a Mad House

The insane asylum which segregates 2,350 befuddled souls at Cleveland is a drab assembly of dirty grey buildings surrounded by dirty grey walls, stark iron fences. There is, however, a queerly attractive serenity about the place. The violently insane are locked in steel-barred cells. The asylum's grounds are so spacious that no clamor is audible outside the fences.

Last week that placid asylum turned into a bedlam. Typhoid fever had appeared. Six inmates died, 125 others were stricken. Doctors and nurses worked night & day. Except for distinction of uniforms and clothes it became difficult to discern the sane from the mad. Inmates transferred from their accustomed quarters to make room for two isolation wards, stood in long lines while doctors injected one after another with typhoid serum. Bewildered men and women fainted from the hypodermic prick in their arms. Those vaccinated developed low-grade fevers, which increased their misery, but insured their protection against contagion.

One benefit may result from the epidemic: it emphasizes that Newburgh, as Cleveland calls the asylum, has proper accommodations for 1,750 inmates, contains 2,350.

Mine Surgery

Few doctors have performed an operation while lying flat on their backs. Last week near Mullens, W. Va., Dr. William Browning Davis was hurry-called to the bowels of a coal mine. A miner, one Aukstock Cotter, had been caught by the arms in the collapse of a corridor's slate roof. With an automobile jack his comrades had pried one arm free, but to free the other would topple down a mass of rock, kill the trapped man. Dr. Davis lay down and inched his way alongside the sufferer and, like an automobile mechanic unjointing a brake rod, amputated the pinned arm.

Twenty-five fine horses were "guests" at a testimonial dinner to rich Turfman Joseph E. Widener, president of the Westchester Racing Association, in Manhattan's Hotel Biltmore. The ballroom on the 19th floor of the hotel was made to look like Belmont Park, L. I., famed racecourse of which Mr. Widener is principal owner. Around the walls ran a pictured panorama of the course. In the foreground, near the tables occupied by some 300 guests in evening dress, was an actual reproduction of a corner of the park, complete to turf, a stretch of straightaway, white-painted railing, de luxe box stalls, striped water buckets. Here performed prize mounts of Manhattan's police, a local U. S. artillery post, and various racing clubs. As a special surprise to Mr. Widener, his favorite



Acme-P. & A.

JOSEPH E. WIDENER & OSMAID

... on the Biltmore's 19th floor.

horse, the great sprinter Osmaid, was led in, ridden by Jockey Mack Garner. Mr. Widener almost sobbed with joy. Most spectacular event of the evening was a hunt tableau in which three hunters, (one, Biltmore President John McEntee Bowman's prize-winning Over There) were ridden down the track by pink-coated riders behind a pack of working hounds.

Publisher Roy Wilson Howard of Scripps-Howard chainpapers bought a 16-room, elevator-equipped house on Manhattan's fashionable East Side, gave in part payment his home at Pelham, N. Y.

Mary Garden, 54, announced that she would not, as rumored, form her own opera company in Manhattan this season. Instead she will appear in 25 recitals in the U. S.

Mayor James Lee Key of Atlanta said last summer: "Prohibition will destroy our people." Last week Rev. Robert Z. Tyler of Atlanta's Grace Methodist

Church announced that "in the interests of peace" Mayor Key would no longer teach the James L. Key Bible Class which he founded nine years ago.

Shattuck is a name to be dreaded by bandits and thieves. In April 1922 four cut-throats entered the Manhattan home of Mr. & Mrs. Albert R. Shattuck, robbed them, locked them with eight servants in the wine cellar. With a pocket knife and a dime the prisoners worked their way out, close to death from suffocation. Mr. Shattuck vowed to capture the criminals. In 1924 the last one was captured, was sentenced to 45 to 65 years in Sing Sing. Mr. Shattuck died in 1925, avenged.* The name Shattuck again made news last week when Mary Strong Shattuck, widow of Albert, was sued by her former secretary, Frank Evans, for \$300,000. He charged slander, ruin in body, health and mind, alleged that under the widow's guidance he prepared fraudulent income statements for her. The famed Manhattan law firm of Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft was named co-defendant.

Among the first passengers off *S. S. Olympic* when she docked in Manhattan were white-mustached Clarence Hungerford Mackay, president of Postal Telegraph-Cable Co., and his bride, the former Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera. They were among the last to leave the pier. Representatives of Mr. Mackay were at hand to expedite the clearance of the couple's 17 pieces of baggage. But customs officers insisted on closely inspecting every piece. Moreover, they questioned and re-questioned the owners on the value of each item. Mr. Mackay was nearly speechless with astonishment and indignation. He would personally protest to Secretary Mellon. Tears began to course down his wife's cheeks as the examination dragged on. At the end of two and a half hours the customs men found nothing not listed on the declarations. It was understood that a tipster in Europe, greedy for the Federal reward of 25% of any fine collected, had set the agents on the Mackay's trail on the chance that some undeclared object might be found.

In *Lancet*, British medical weekly, Dr. Percival Macleod Yearsley declared that William Shakespeare's death at 52 resulted from a complication of fever, typhus, typhoid paralysis, epilepsy, apoplexy, arteriosclerosis, excessive smoking, chronic alcoholism, gluttony, angina pectoris, Bright's disease, pulmonary congestion, locomotor ataxia.

A burglar entered the Wheatley Hills, L. I., home of Executive Committee Chairman Elisha Walker of Transamerica Corp., and made off with jewels worth \$32,000.

*Arthur W. Cutten, Chicago grain tycoon, pursued nine bandits who robbed him and his family, for eight years, caught the last one in 1930.

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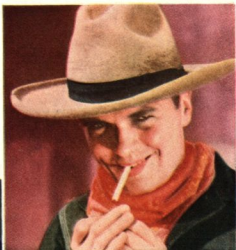
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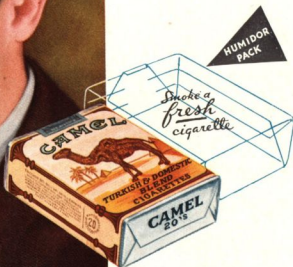
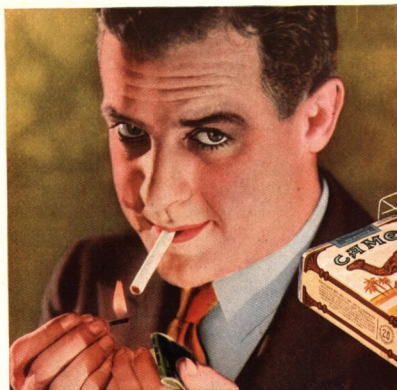
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Test them any way you like *they're FRESH!*

OPEN the Humidor Pack wrapped around Camels and smell the fresh fragrance of mild tobacco that greets your nostrils.

Make the same test with any other brand. You'll find there's no comparison.

Savor the mild, cool smoke of Camels, see how satisfying and throat-friendly it is, how rich in smoke-pleasure.

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Domestic tobaccos so choice they need no parching to make them palatable — made fine they are *kept* fine by the Humidor Pack.

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As a favor to your throat switch to Camels for just one day, then leave them — if you can.

It is the mark of a considerate hostess, by means of the Humidor Pack, to "Serve a fresh cigarette." Buy Camels by the carton — this cigarette will remain fresh in your home and office

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readers; not merely 1,400,000 circulation in city, town and suburb but 1,400,000 *gardened homes*!

...Homes with an average of *four* mouths to feed. Homes where pantries are ample and appetites are real. Homes that are *owned* by the people who live in them... to the tune of 85 per cent of total circulation.

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Here is a tremendous, home-hearted circulation that merits first choice at your hands. A circulation that must be measured not by *quantity* alone but by *character* as well. For it is obvious that a magazine with the proper character can deliver a food market *actually greater* than a magazine with a quantity circulation several times as large.

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DES MOINES, IOWA

THE THEATRE

New Plays in Manhattan

He. If God did not exist, said the sardonic Voltair, it would be necessary to invent one. With a rare burst of creative imagination, a God has been invented for the first play of the Theatre Guild's 14th season. Author of *He* is Alfred Savoir. *He* himself exists in the attractive mortal envelope of Tom Powers, not to be confused with Eugene Powers who is also among the comedy's cast as a learned professor.

At a hotel in the Swiss Alps a congress of Free Thinkers is being held. As the convention is meeting a young man walks in, announces himself as Jehovah visiting his earth. At first he is laughed at, then curious and portentous things begin to happen. A blizzard cuts the hotel off from the outside world. A glacier moves down on the hostelry, assuring certain death to all the guests. The Free Thinkers reconsider, elect "Monsieur God" president. Then the cooks rebel, led by a Napoleonic elevator man (Claude Rains). The scullery boys rebel against the cooks, lock up the head chef in the icebox. Whip in hand, the elevator man appeals to M. God for support, not that he believes in him, but because the rest of the people do.

"Haven't I seen you before? Where were you born?" asks M. God, puzzled and amused.

"Corsica."

"Ah," says M. God, bowing deferentially. Arm in arm they march off the stage, not only stop the rebellion but put the servants to work digging them out of the glacier. Because he detests ostentation, M. God has refused to perform any miracles himself.

Toward the end, when he thinks he has failed to make Violet Kemble Cooper love him, M. God doubts himself. He regains his composure, however, by the time the keeper of the lunatic asylum comes to reclaim him. "If God came to earth," shrewdly explains M. God, "where else could he stay?" Left alone for a moment he makes his escape by walking out through the audience.

Needless to say, the Guild has set and acted this magnificent comedy magnificently.

The Constant Sinner. Three seasons ago Mae West's lusty singing of "Frankie and Johnnie" and the nostalgic flavor of bar and brothel scenes made *Diamond Lil* a Broadway hit. In *The Constant Sinner*, which Mae West wrote from her own novel, the bars and brothels are Harlem, 1931, and Mae West does not sing. But *The Constant Sinner* is no tame play, nor is it a dull play. Though handicapped by a more effete period, Mae West in some of her lines attains the lush badness of her earlier production: "That dame [Cleopatra] went in for everything . . . she even went to bed with snakes." "I never turn anything down but the bed-covers." She plays the part of Prostitute Babe Gordon with a forthright enthusiasm, sometimes tempered by irony, as in the curtain line, after she has convinced her husband that she is not living with another

man (which she is) and the husband has mouthed a few platitudes about Faith. Says Babe Gordon: "I used to know a fine poem about Faith. It begins—Oh, Hell! I've forgotten it."

George White's Scandals is light-some, for the most part pleasing entertainment. Producer White enlivened proceedings on the opening night by staging an impromptu fist fight in the theatre lobby with his librettist Lew Brown.

Framed by tasteful Joseph Urban, dressed by Charles LeMaire, the production starts off with a musical satire on the Empire State Building. Point of the jibe is that the skyscraper has insufficient sanitary facilities: "There are three on every floor; there should have been four." Following this catalog in quick succession



WILLIE HOWARD

"For Gott sake gif him de two dollas!"

come shapely Song-Shouter Ethel Merman (née Zimmerman) who was in *Girl Crazy*, funny Willie & Eugene Howard (Willie is also late of *Girl Crazy*), a splendid dancer named Ray Bolger who has weak knees, sure feet. There is also Everett Marshall, who has brought his fine voice up the street from the Metropolitan Opera House to sing a long rigmarole called "That's Why Darkies Were Born." In the final throes of this extravaganza occurs a glimpse of Heaven in which the audience is led to imagine that Producer White imagines that Negroes imagine they will all turn, on the other side of Jordan, into beautiful, naked white chorus girls.

Pièce de resistance of the White durbor is Crooner Rudy Vallée. He submits good-naturedly to some mild joshing, does not seem to mind when Willie Howard asks him if he is related to the Lehigh Valleys, sings several numbers with & without a megaphone.

To wizened Willie Howard goes most of the credit for the show's fun. Rushing headlong through scene after scene, he is successively and inexhaustibly a plumber, a French general, a Hungarian doctor, a

tabloid editor, a victim to his lawyer ("For Gott sake gif him de two dollas!"), a mustachioed French lover crawling over a blonde in a gondola.

Since Lyricist Bud De Sylva left the team of De Sylva, Brown & Henderson a faint note of illiteracy has crept into the words of the remaining pair's songs. Mr. Vallée, A.B. Yale 1927, must wince a little when he has to sing:

*Life is just a bowl of cherries,
Why take it serious,
It's too mysterious!*

I Love an Actress is a flimsy trifle in the Molnar manner, translated from the Hungarian of Laszlo Fodor. It is directed and produced by Chester Erskin, the man who put the final and triumphant touch of grinniness into *Subway Express* and *The Last Mile*. The same note of grinniness has unfortunately thrust itself into *I Love an Actress*, producing an effect not unlike that of a wispy Marie Laurencia drawing surrounded by a baroque gilt frame. Joe Mielziner has done sets that are too gorgeous for any actor to be funny in front of.

The story relates the adventures of a famed actress (Muriel Kirkland of *Strictly Dishonorable* and *The Greeks Had a Word for It*) who is pursued by the richest merchant in all Hungary (Ernest Glendenning) and a poor young engineer (Walter Abel). It takes four padded scenes, in which sub-characters pop in and out with the sombre precision of a cuckoo clock, and the conclusive click of a train gate to force the right pair into each other's arms.

Singin' The Blues is a Negro melodrama with which has been combined, none too skillfully, a full-fledged revue containing a chorus, two orchestras, a choir, four dancing teams and two whistle-able songs. The melodrama, concerning the efforts of a murderer to escape from Harlem and get back to Georgia (where presumably nobody would think of punishing him for killing a Negro policeman), is made plausible by the intelligent acting of Frank Wilson (*Porgy*) as the fugitive torn between self-preservation and love, and Isabell Washington, the siren who will not let him go. The revue scenes alone make *Singin' The Blues* well worth seeing. Good numbers: the Four Flash Devils tap dancing; Wen Talbert's Choir "Singin' The Blues"; Isabell Washington covering her lover's escape with a pistol and a song "That's the Darndest Thing."

Fast & Furious is as good entertainment of its kind as there is, far better than most Negro musicals. The orchestra pit, under the direction of Maestro Joe Jordan, is a hotbed of rhythm, contains among other things a thwacking bass ("dog house") fiddle and several excellent trumpets. There is always good dancing in such revues. In *Fast & Furious* the Lee department is ably conducted by Lee ("Boots") Marshall, Clinton ("Dusty") Fletcher, and an enthusiastic quartet known as the Four Dancing Boys. A note of classicism is introduced by Dancer Edna Guy, a cool-black member of the Ruth St. Denis School who sways capably through an East Indian Nautch.

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C I N E M A

The New Pictures

Alexander Hamilton (Warner) is an historical play in the grand manner. Its *dramatis personae* includes George & Martha Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, Senator Roberts, Count Talleyrand, Philip Schuyler, John Jay and Betsy Hamilton, in addition to the first Secretary of the Treasury who is impersonated by no less a personage than George Arliss. Distingishing his nostrils and speaking in the scrupulous accents which last year got him a gold medal for "diction," Cinemactor Arliss, who was also co-author of the play on the intrigues, political and amorous, which preceded the passage of Hamilton's Assumption Bill. He foils the efforts of catch-penny opponents to make him withdraw this wise legislation (by which the U. S. Government assumed war debts contracted by the 13 colonies) and is at last congratulated on its passage by a caucus of colonial celebrities including President Washington.

Historical plays usually depend on a blend of politics and escapade which is not likely to end happily in real life. In this picture, Hamilton's adversaries try to trick him into a scandal by sending an adventuress to cajole him into misbehavior. Hamilton is cajoled but he survives the scandal. He even preserves the loyalty of his wife by placing upon her



GEORGE ARLISS

... confers a dubious benison.

clothes, which she is packing to leave him, a sprig of rosemary. A potent agent in the cinema for what is Good, True & Beautiful, Cinemactor Arliss thus confers a dubious benison on U. S. school-children by showing them with what simple tricks a dignitary of the golden age could turn his cavalier indiscretions into a triumph of patriotism fit for *Muzzy's Reader*. Nonetheless, the film will interest many and bore only those who have rooted objections to sentimentalized history. Good shot: Arliss dancing a minuet with Betsy (Doris Kenyon).

Side Show (Warner). The romance of the circus, the glamour of sawdust, calliopes, and spangles has long been celebrated in song & story but particularly in stories written for the cinema. This one follows the accepted outline. It gives glimpses of a circus train in motion; a plump bibulous circus-proprietor; a moth-



CHARLES BUTTERWORTH (& UNA MERKEL)*

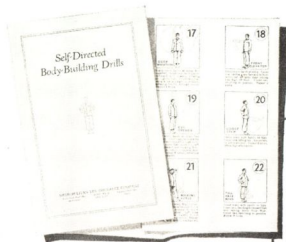
... like Arliss out of focus.

eaten lion; a fight in which the circus performers are attacked by the population of a small town and they defend themselves with brick-bats and fists, shouting the traditional "Hey, Rubel!" loudly and frequently. The local color is not new but it is fairly well done. The story itself, about two sisters, one an old trouper, the other a school girl on vacation, both of them attached to a handsome young harker, seems as moth-eaten as the lion. Winnie Lightner, hitherto blatant and unfunny comedienne, does well by the part of the elder sister. Charles Butterworth is also connected with the circus in some undefined and probably undefinable capacity. When he shells peas, they bounce out of the pot into which he drops them. In *The Bargain* (TIME, Sept. 12), Butterworth wore a colonial costume which made him look like George Arliss slightly out of focus. In this picture, he wears a derby hat which is less becoming. Good shots: Butterworth voicing his absurd hunger for "a nice bowl of tapioca"; then falling into a small, shallow tank from a 110 ft. tower; the proprietor going to bed drunk.

The Squaw Man (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). Cecil Blount De Mille is the most veteran of Hollywood directors and *The Squaw Man* is his favorite picture. He made it first in 1913, eight years after William Faversham and William S. Hart played it on the stage, with Dustin Farnum in the hero's rôle. Four years later De Mille coaxed Elliot Dexter and Jack Holt through its sequences of sacrifice and agony. His feeling for his reiteration

*In *The Bargain*.

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Wake up the little-used muscles which need exercise. Your heart is a muscle and the walls of your blood-vessels, stomach and intestines are largely muscle. If your diaphragm—a muscle—is not exercised, your lungs can do only part of their work and the abdominal organs will become sluggish because they lack the stimulating massage which an active diaphragm gives.

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tive classic has now come to resemble that of an after-dinner orator for his favorite anecdote. Adroit, devoted and familiar, he squeezes its antique situations with enthusiasm and an understanding of talking picture technique.

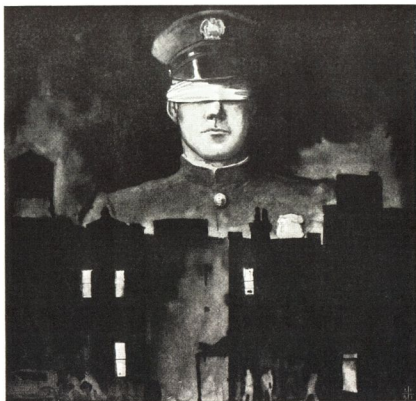
This time Warner Baxter is the hero, Lupe Vélez the svelte squaw who consoles him on the Arizona prairies. A scion of British aristocracy, he has left England after appropriating the disgrace of an embezzlement committed by a cousin and after saying farewell to the cousin's wife, with whom he is in love. When the cousin's wife, finally a widow, goes to Arizona, the picture has a half-way happy ending because the squaw, having contracted the habit of self-sacrifice, kills herself.

The Mad Parade (Paramount). It is an extraordinary fact that although 65% of cinema audiences are women and the majority of men who attend cinemas follow the dictates of their companions, there is only one woman director in Hollywood (Dorothy Arzner) and no important woman executive. *The Mad Parade* is the first picture with an entirely feminine cast. Men are constantly discussed by the women members (Louise Fazenda, Lilyan Tashman, Irene Rich) of a canteen in the War, but no male actor appears in the picture with the possible exception of a large rat at whom the heroine (Evelyn Brent) throws a hand grenade.

Aside from this sort of novelty, *The Mad Parade* is neither an unusual nor a particularly interesting picture. The women, drinking brandy out of hot water bottles, cooking doughnuts, scuttling about in relief camps and shell holes and finally marooned in a besieged dugout, seem mainly animated by feelings of curiosity about the affair the heroine is having with an aviator. She is confiding details of this affair to her best friend when the rat appears. The hand grenade misses the rat, kills another one of the girls who was eavesdropping, after which Evelyn Brent volunteers to make a dash for help, gets killed also.

Karamazov (Tobis). German dialog will make this picture half unintelligible to an average U. S. audience. It will not be totally unintelligible because half of the story is told in action which will be clear to anyone.

In telescoping Fyodor Dostoyevsky's prodigious novel to cinema size, the producers naturally selected the moments where the action moved most quickly—Dmitri Karamazov's farewell to his fiancée, the murder of his father, for which he is later arrested, his affair with Grushchenka which reaches its climax in a debauch at a back-country roadhouse. Before the Manhattan premiere, the U. S. subsidiary of Tobis offered prizes for a 300-word synopsis of *The Brothers Karamazov*. The melodrama of *Karamazov*, for a German spectator, is sound and exciting and far more valuable than the apologetic realism of the cinema which might be considered its U. S. counterpart, *An American Tragedy*. Good shot: Dmitri Karamazov (Fritz Kortner) laughing when he finds Grushchenka (Anna Sten) at the roadhouse, so loud that everyone else in the place laughs also.



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Hunting & Fishing

A lively sideshow in U. S. education is Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla. Its barker: President Hamilton Holt. Famed freak: a course in Evil, taught by Professor of Evil Corra May Harris (TIME, Feb. 24, 1930). To the faculty of Rollins, reported *Field & Stream* last week, is soon to be added a Professor of Hunting & Fishing, who will teach the students "how to take the greatest possible pleasure from the wild . . . to know the peace and beauty of woods and lakes where the game is abundant, to appreciate the dull loneliness of burned forests where all life has been killed."

Said President Holt: "A man can be a mucker [on the gridiron and diamond] and still get applause. The same tactics in the duck blind or on the quail field will bring him the contempt of his companions. Taking an average. I have found more outdoorsmen whom I admired than I have athletes. . . ."

"Our faculty is well paid . . . to teach—not to carry on research or to write books. . . . A Professor of Hunting & Fishing will fill an important place. It is just as important to know how to make a camp and cook a meal in the woods as it is to have an acquaintance with Roman history; as essential to appreciate the open country as to be able to speak French."

"Cotton-Top"

University officials do not like to talk of their affairs until things have actually happened. Even then, Harvard's elderly President Abbott Lawrence Lowell often refuses to talk directly to the Press. Boston and Cambridge were wondering last week what would be the result of an article in the Boston *Globe* which purported to reveal the name of the next dean of the faculty of Arts & Sciences—next most important position to that of the president of the University. This week the Harvard Board of Overseers meets to elect a successor to the late Clifford Herschel Moore, who died in Cambridge last month (TIME, Sept. 14). "Persons in close touch with the University," said the *Globe*, admitted that the Board would elect Kenneth Ballard Murdock, 36, Harvardman (1916), associate professor of English and master of Harvard's new Leverett House. Not only that: Professor Murdock, it was said, is being groomed to succeed President Lowell, who might resign (though Harvard stoutly denies it) at the end of this year.

Professor Murdock has been mentioned before as one who has a future at Harvard. Onceime (1919-22) assistant dean of the college, he is the author of two scholarly books on Puritan Increase Mather. He is an able executive, and (like most successful junior savants) he has eschewed the eccentricities which were once almost obligatory to fame. There have clustered about him no such legends as those relating to Charles Townsend ("Copey") Copeland or bushy-lipped Professor George Harold Edgell of the Fine Arts Department, who sometimes goes bicycling in Edwardian shepherd's-

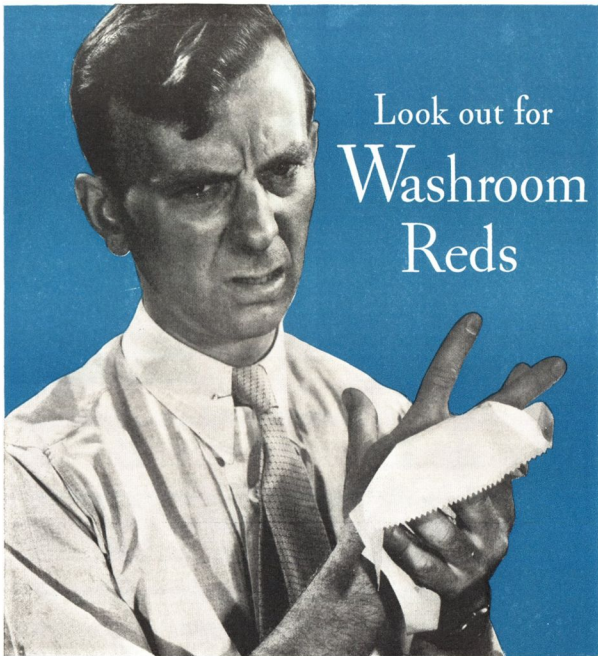
plaid knickerbockers. Professor Murdock, son of Boston Banker Harold Murdock, is pleasant, humorless, sometimes a bit too easy to convince. His campus nickname: "Cotton-Top." It is told how a student of his named Sherwood, on the day of an examination, discovered that a lady of the same name (but no relation) had jumped from a window in Manhattan. Student Sherwood clipped the notice, bought a black necktie, went sadly to Professor Murdock. Sympathetic Professor Murdock excused him from the examination.

Observers guessed last week that the *Globe's* publicity might do harm to young Professor Murdock. It might make Harvard change its mind. Also, even if Professor Murdock is elected dean, he will have potent rivals for the presidency. Among those spoken of are: Boston Lawyer Charles Pelham Curtis Jr., 36, clubman, sportsman, member of a distinguished Harvard family (but he stutters a bit, a disadvantage in a Harvard president); Secretary of the Navy Charles Francis Adams (he probably would not accept); Professor Francis Bowes Sayre of Harvard Law School, personable son-in-law of the late Woodrow Wilson; Cancer Fighter Clarence Cook ("Pete") Little, politically ousted president of the University of Michigan; and Professor Samuel Eliot Morison, official Harvard historian (but these two are considered too "advanced"). Meanwhile, tight-lipped President Lowell, who will be one of the seven to vote for his successor, is said to have "someone" in mind. But he will not tell.

Alexander Hamilton

Just as the traducers of a cinematic Alexander Hamilton were defeated last week (see p. 30), so were silenced critics of Alexander Hamilton Institute, international correspondence school of business. Last fortnight it was reported that the Institute had lost money during the year, that its stockholders were seeking to oust its president, Dean John Thomas Madden of the School of Commerce, Accounts & Finance of New York University (TIME, Sept. 21). These reports arose from a suit brought in Manhattan by Caroline Beardslee, granddaughter and heir of the late Dean Joseph French Johnson of the Commerce School of N. Y. U., who founded the Institute; and by two of the three trustees of Dean Johnson's estate. Alleging that the Institute had lost money, that a change in management would help it, they asked the Supreme Court to order Dean Madden, third trustee of the estate, to vote with them at the stockholders' meeting. (In New Jersey, where the estate was filed, trustees must vote stock unanimously or not at all.) The stock held by the estate, they claimed, represented the balance of power which kept Dean Madden in office so long as he controlled the vote.

A similar suit had been brought and dismissed the week before. The second one was dismissed last week when Dean Madden proved that it misrepresented the financial state of the Institute, showing only that one division of the Institute had



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A E R O N A U T I C S

declined during six months in 1931. The whole Institute has made \$350,088 net since November, 1930.

Thus upheld by the Supreme Court, Dean Madden was re-elected president at last week's stockholders' meeting. Among other directors re-elected were Dean Dexter Simpson Kimball of the College of Engineering of Cornell University (board chairman); Leo Greendlinger (vice president, treasurer and general manager); Dr. Lee Galloway and Bernard Lichtenberg (vice presidents).

\$200,000 to Samoa

In Honolulu, Hawaii last week, William Slocum Barstow, electrical engineer, president and director of Barstow, Tyng & Co., Inc., announced that he and his wife had created a \$200,000 foundation for the education of natives of U. S. Samoa. Established in memory of their son Frederic Duclos Barstow, Vermont fox-rancher who visited Samoa three times and became interested in its educational conditions before dying at 35 in Honolulu last May, the fund will be administered by five U. S.-Hawaiians, who once every five years will send an investigator to Samoa to report on the state of education there.

In five of the seven islands of U. S. Samoa there are 21 public schools, a teaching staff (mostly native) of 54, an enrollment of 2,118. The native treasury appropriated \$18,886 for the schools in 1931; the U. S. Government gives nothing. Eight schools have modern buildings, 13 exist in native "fales" (huts). Equipment is poor; there are few desks; children must buy their own books.

\$8,073.61

To Charles Townsend Ludington, socialite of Philadelphia, \$8,000 might be the price of a small cabin cruiser such as he sails on Biscayne Bay. For his young brother Nicholas ("Nikko") Saltus Ludington it might buy a few new mounts for his large stable of hunters. For either brother, it would be hardly more than pin money. But the \$8,073.61 profit which showed on a balance sheet upon Brother Townsend's desk last week was as exciting to him as a great fortune. It was the first year's net earning of Ludington Line, plane-per-hour passenger service between New York, Philadelphia & Washington. Moreover, it was the first profit ever shown by a major air service operated without mail contract or subsidy, a profit made in the face of a virtual axiom that no line could make money in passenger business alone.

As practically sole financiers of the company the Brothers Ludington might well be proud. But they would be first to insist that all credit go to two young men who sold them the plan and then made it work: brawny, handsome Gene Vidal, West Point halfback of 1916-20, onetime Army flyer; and squint-eyed, leathery Paul ("Dog") Collins, War pilot, oldtime air-mail pilot.

Ludington Line might never have come into existence had there not been a shake-up two years ago in Transcontinental Air Transport, which was losing

heavily. The shake-up shook out Collins, who was general superintendent, and Vidal of the technical committee. Angry, because they felt that T. A. T. had publicized their discharge as a sort of burnt offering to disgruntled stockholders, Vidal & Collins saw a chance to square accounts. Together they had developed the germ of



Harris & Ewing

GENE VIDAL

To him and "Dog" Collins, the credit.

the plane-per-hour service. If they could start such a line in the East, they might compete with Eastern Air Transport which, like T. A. T., was one of the Curtiss-Keys group. They approached the Ludingtons, whose sporting instinct was aroused. The Ludingtons found the money, told the flyers to go ahead.

The success of the venture hinged upon these factors: 1) low-priced equipment; 2) frequency of schedule, to reduce overhead and to suit the service to the needs of the passenger; 3) short distance, to reduce variety of weather conditions; 4) unprecedented economy; 5) low fares; 6) passenger loads averaging 60%.


The operation was, in fact, a masterpiece of economy. Specially designed Stinson tri-motors requiring only one pilot were bought from Errett Lobban Cord. Automobile gas was used for cruising, until aviation gas prices were forced down to 7½¢ per gal. Pilots were instructed to taxi on one motor instead of three. . . . Result: Cost per mi. was 37¢, while other operators of tri-motors were having difficulty in getting under \$1 per mi.

At the end of the first year, September 1, Ludington had made 8,300 trips, about 28 per day; carried 66,000 passengers (average load 66%) without injury. In the whole year there was no crackup (though four days after the anniversary a pilot smashed a ship and injured himself, after discharging passengers). On occasion, sudden squalls would force planes down; every emergency landing was made upon an airport. Vidal, executive vice president, and Collins, vice president in charge of operations, like to boast that

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THE character and quality of merchant tailored clothes will be apparent to you immediately; their true economy will be increasingly evident each succeeding year.

IT'S EASIER TO MAKE A GOOD FIRST IMPRESSION
THAN TO LIVE DOWN A BAD ONE

the Ludington Line is the nearest thing to railroading in the air. Director Martin Wronsky of Germany's Luft Hansa made a careful study of it, began an hourly service between Cologne and Frankfurt last summer. Last week Ludington added a new fast express schedule, 68 min. between Newark and Washington.

Ludington Line is something of an annoyance to the Post Office Department with its offers to carry mail for 25¢ per mi., less than half of what is paid Eastern Air Transport.

Other carriers wondered if the Ludingtons kept their books in the manner required by the Post Office Department of airmail operators.

Airmail Birthday

On September 23, 1911 at an aviation meet near Garden City, L. I., Earle Lewis Ovington was sworn in as "air mail pilot number one." He climbed into his Blériot monoplane *Dragonfly*, received a sack of mail from Postmaster-General Frank

dropped by parachute near the Mineola postoffice, the remainder flown to Newark for transfer to regular airmail planes.

Pilot Ovington is the eldest grandson of Edward Judson Ovington, one of the founders of Ovington's, famed gift shop on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue. He took the degree of electrical engineer at M. I. T. in 1910 while reporting the First International Aviation Meet at Belmont Park, L. I. for the *New York Times*. Two months later he sailed for Europe to be taught to fly by Louis Blériot, first man to fly the English Channel.* In another three months he took his "brevet," or pilot's license from the F. A. I. brought the first racing Blériot to the U. S. and began to take one prize after another for first flights in various sections of the East. One prize of \$10,000 he won for finishing first in a 186-mi. race from Boston to Nashua, N. H., Worcester, Providence and back to Boston.

Since then he has been active as an engineer, shipbuilder, bacteriologist, air-

version between Aviation Bureau, War Ministry and U. S. Embassy the permit was issued, laden with ten conditions. Chief condition: the flyers must take off before Oct. 15, and only one attempt will be allowed.

Promptly upon gaining their clearance Herndon & Pangborn filed entry for the \$25,000 prize offered by the Tokyo *Asahi* for the first flight from Japan to the U. S. It was that newspaper, along with the rest of the Japanese press, which largely accounted for the flyers' difficulties with the authorities according to Managing Editor Kinpei Sheba of the *Japan Times*, writing this month in *Editor & Publisher*.

Editor Sheba's story: Herndon & Pangborn were under contract with North American Newspaper Alliance whose client, Tokyo *Nichi-Nichi*, had bought the rights to their story. The contract made it improper for the flyers to compete for the *Asahi's* prize, but the *Asahi* made persistent overtures nonetheless. Each paper feared that the other would win the flyers as protégés. Hence, when the government officials showed hostility toward the men for entering Japan without a permit and flying over fortified zones, each paper seized the opportunity to destroy the flyers' value to the opposition. Both alighted heavily upon the "spy" charge; the rest of the press promptly followed. "In 48 hours the leading papers . . . had turned the heroes into criminals. . . . Each paper was now wishing the airmen on the other." *Nichi-Nichi* willingly released the flyers from their contract, but *Asahi* would not accept them as contestants until the flight permit had been granted.

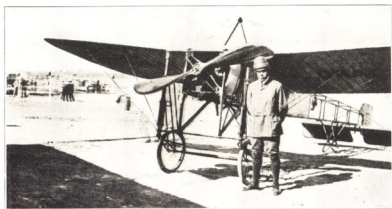
On Staten Island

In the fast Lockheed-Altair with which he has been publicizing The Crusaders, anti-Prohibition organization (TIME, July 27) Pilot James Goodwin Hall took off last week, with Banker Peter J. Brady as passenger, for the American Legion convention in Detroit, from New York's Floyd Bennett Airport, pet project of Banker Brady as chairman of Mayor James John Walker's Committee on Aviation. In a fog over Staten Island, the plane lost flying speed, crashed through a rooftop. Banker Brady was killed. A woman, owner of the house, was burned to death by a shower of blazing gasoline.

"Get Publicity"

To the astonishment of most observers Don Moyle and Cecil Allen were heard from last week, nine days after they took off from Japan for Seattle (TIME, Sept. 21). They turned up at Miano Pilgino, a tiny village on the coast of Kamchatka, Siberia later flew on to Nome. Because of the text of Moyle's first radio message to his fiancée, saying "have Frank put publicity man on job," the flyers' backers were obliged to make heated denials that the plane's disappearance was a hoax.

But there was no suggestion of hoax in the rescue at sea of Willy Rody, Christian Johannsen and Fernando Costa Vega whose Junkers monoplane *Esa* fell into the sea on their transatlantic flight from Portugal last fortnight (TIME, Sept. 21). A Norwegian freighter found them afloat off Cape Pine, N. F.



MAIL PILOT OVINGTON (1911)

. . . carried the first sack in his lap.

Harris Hitchcock, flew six miles to Mineola and dumped the sack (which he had been holding on his lap) at the feet of Postmaster William McCarthy. Seven years elapsed before regular airmail service was attempted in the U. S. with an experimental route between New York and Washington. But sentimentalists of aviation like to think of Earle Ovington's flight as the real beginning of U. S. airmail. A 20th birthday celebration was planned.

For the birthday party Pilot Ovington was to fly the mail again, this time in a commodious tri-motored Fokker of American Airways, Inc., from United Airport, Burbank, Calif., near his Santa Barbara home. With him in the plane, besides a half dozen bigwigs, was to be former Postmaster-General Hitchcock. They were to fly to Tucson, Ariz. where Mr. Hitchcock is owner and publisher of the *Daily Citizen*.

Meanwhile at Roosevelt Field, Long Island, nearest airport to Garden City, the 1911 flight was to be reenacted by Charles Sherman ("Casey") Jones in a 1911 Curtiss "pusher," and by Dean Smith, crack airmail pilot and Antarctic flyer of the Byrd expedition, in a Pilgrim monoplane. One sack of mail was to be

port operator, realtor. In Santa Barbara, where he owns Ovington Air Terminal, he flies his thirteenth plane. He is also an ardent, skilled yachtsman. He is president of the Early Birds, organization of pilots who won their wings prior to 1916.

Asahi v. Nichi-Nichi

When it had nearly run out of excuses for refusing a Pacific flight permit to Hugh Herndon Jr. and Clyde Pangborn, the Japanese Aviation Bureau protested last fortnight that the application had been before it for only two weeks. This was true, although the flyers' plea had made international conversation since their arrest six weeks ago for violating Japanese aviation laws (TIME, Aug. 17). Then the officials said they were afraid that the permit would be taken as a "precedent" by future offenders. Next, they suggested that the flyers wait until spring for the flight; but they would not promise to issue them the very first permit of next season. Finally last week, after much con-

*Last week Pioneer Blériot offered a trophy bearing his name to anyone maintaining a speed of 400 m.p.h. for a half hour on land, water, or in the air. The first person to travel 650 m.p.h. would have permanent possession.

Wholly changing public opinion of AIR TRAVEL



A FULL REALIZATION of the potentialities of the Autogiro to the general public and the aviation industry can come only from actual knowledge of Autogiro flight.

Here is part of what Ben Ray Redman writes in a review of the book "Wings of Tomorrow" in the *New York Times*, June 28th, 1931:

"One morning last winter, standing on the Pitcairn aerodrome near Philadelphia, I watched James Ray take a flying machine into the air and make it do things that I knew no airplane could do. As he took off slowly, nose up and tail down, I knew he was going to crash; when he drifted over our heads at a speed of about twenty-five miles an hour, I felt a little sick, for a stall at that height was bound to be fatal; while he crawled around the turns, I looked away to avoid seeing him slip into a spin; and when he began to sink almost vertically towards the earth, I could only hope that an ambulance would be on the spot when he struck. But he neither stalled, spun nor crashed; and, as he settled lightly as a gull, with almost no forward speed at all, I found myself echoing the old protest: There ain't no such animal.

"I was wrong, of course. There is; and it is not, strictly speaking, an airplane. It is the Autogiro, invented by Juan de la Cierva, and it is the nearest thing to a fool-proof flying machine that has yet been built by man . . . Those long rotor-blades that you may have seen whirling in the sky, and that suggest a helicopter in their motion, are really driven by no power except that of the air itself; but as they turn, guided by air currents and obeying their own aerodynamic laws, they form a lifting surface that replaces the rigid wings of the ordinary airplane. They are, indeed, the "wings" of the Autogiro, for it is on them that this new machine flies, but they are free, flexible wings, quick to adapt themselves to the requirements of different speeds and different positions; and it is this new adaptability that makes the Autogiro safe, sound, and almost fool-proof . . ."

This expression of enthusiasm typifies the wholly changed attitude toward air travel that results from experience with the Autogiro.

The Autogiro Company of America is not a manufacturing or selling company. It is solely an engineering and licensing organization. It owns and controls, exclusively, all Autogiro patent rights in the United States. Manufacturing companies of high standing will be licensed to build Autogiros with the full cooperation of our engineering staff.

Present licensees are: Buhl Aircraft Company, Detroit, Mich. . . . Kellett Aircraft Corp., Philadelphia, Pa. . . . Pitcairn Aircraft, Inc., Willow Grove, Pa.



AUTOGIRO *Characteristics*

The Autogiro differs basically from all other heavier-than-air craft in the source of its lifting capacity. This lift is given primarily by four rotating blades which take the place of the familiar wings of an airplane. There is no time when this supporting rotation of the blades can be stopped while the machine is in the air, as their motion is produced solely by wind pressure caused by the movement of the Autogiro in any direction, climbing, level flight, gliding or descending vertically. The supporting rotation of the blades is entirely independent of the engine, whose sole function is to propel the Autogiro.

The Autogiro presents flying characteristics hitherto impossible. It can take off at low speed after a very short run, and immediately assume a steep-climbing angle. It can fly well over 100 miles per hour or as slowly as 25 miles per hour. It can be brought momentarily to a stand-still and hover. It can bank and turn slowly without fear of loss of forward speed. It can glide or descend vertically at a speed less than that of a man descending in a parachute, and with virtually no forward speed even with a dead engine. Above all, it cannot fall off into a spin from a stall. As a result, little operating skill is required.



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ANIMALS

Two-Headed Turtle

Rare and monstrous, a lively two-headed turtle last week was giving Florida herpetologists and animal behaviorists instructive entertainment. Besides having two heads, the creature has two pair of front feet, two fore openings in its carapace. Otherwise its parts are normal.

Life is a perpetual dilemma for the turtle. The heads apparently do not realize, as do joined human twins, that they have a common destiny. The two pair of front feet always attempt to crawl in divergent directions.

Both heads have sullen, stubborn, ultra-turtlish expressions. The right head is bolder than the left. First to emerge from the sheltering shell after a fright is the right head. That head usually makes the first snatch at food. Food always causes a contention between the heads. One tries to pull food from the other. They tug until the fly, cricket, or scrap of meat tears apart.

In water, however, the two heads restrain their selfishness. While one or the other feeds under water, the other head keeps above water and does the breathing.

Australia's "Prenty"

Out of Australia came a story of two large creatures. One was an old mining prospector called "Big Jim," 6 ft. 8 in., 250 lb. "Fossicking" for opals on the Stuart Range of Central Australia,* he heard a peculiar sound. Looking up he beheld an enormous reptilian beast close ahead of him. Big Jim snatched up some rocks, slung them at the creature. It lashed its tail and charged, uttering a roar which sounded to Big Jim like the mingled bark of a dog and the growl of a lion.

Big Jim ran away, came next day upon Fred Blakeley of Sydney who also was "fossicking" in the district. Mr. Blakeley, brother of Arthur Blakeley, Australian Minister of Home Affairs, at once went to the scene of Big Jim's big scare, found the reptile's traces. Evidently it was a monster lizard. From front claw to hind claw it measured 6 ft. 3 in., which indicated a total length of about 15 ft.

Australians have heard stories before of huge lizards in their continent's desolate interior. They have given the species, of which no specimen is known to have been killed, the name "prenty." Queensland has ocean-going crocodiles, second cousins of lizards, 33 ft. long, largest on earth. It has huge monitor lizards which can run, swim, climb facilely. The largest monitor lizards known are savage "dragons" on the East Indian islands Komodo, Rintja and Flores. They attain 10-ft. lengths. There is good reason to assume that the scary "prenty" is an Australian monitor.

The world may soon have verification of that supposition. Now in Australia to investigate its animals and insects is Harvard's Professor William Morton Wheeler with a party of U. S. naturalists.

*Opals are iridescent bits of silica which sometimes permeate fossil debris.

MILESTONES

Born. To flyer & Mrs. Bernt Balchen; a son, weight 8½ lb.; at Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

Married. George Huntington Hartford II, Harvard sophomore, heir to Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co. millions; and a Miss Mary Elizabeth Epling, of Welch, W. Va.; secretly, at Covington, Va. in April. The bridegroom's mother Mrs. Henrietta Guerard Hartford of Newport and New York was sued last fortnight for \$100,000 by a Miss Mildred King of Boston who asserts she was hired to protect young Hartford from a New York adventuress and received no pay for her successful efforts (TIME, Sept. 21).

Married. Mary Sybil Lewis, Arkansas-born Metropolitan opera singer and cinema star; and Robert L. Hague, vice president of Standard Shipping Co., onetime Shepherd of the Lambs Club; secretly; in Manhattan. The bride was once married to Basso Michael Franz Bohnen of the Metropolitan, the groom to Mime Edith Bobe, dressmaker.

Divorced & Married. Rev. Guy Edward ("What-a-Man!") Hudson from Mrs. L. Margaret Newton-Hudson; in Las Vegas, Nev. Next day the Rev. Hudson married at Boulder City, Nev. Mrs. Minnie ("Ma") Kennedy, estranged mother of newly-wed Aimee Semple McPherson Hutton, for the second time. Their first marriage was annulled several months ago when "Ma" Kennedy Hudson discovered the existence of Margaret Newton-Hudson. "What-a-Man!" said "Ma" of her bigamist husband to reporters last July when three other women claimed him as their own. "My boy is mine," she said. "Of course I didn't marry a man that no other woman wanted. My boy has 'it' and I have him."

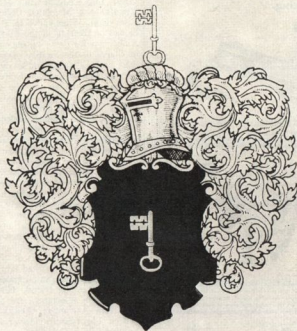
Divorced. Lawrence Mervil Tibbett, barytone opera singer and cinema star; by Grace Mackay Tibbett; in Reno. Grounds: mental cruelty, fame & family not mixing.

Elected. Guy A. Thompson of St. Louis; president of the American Bar Association; at the annual convention in Atlantic City.

Sued. James Irving Bush, New York broker who lately married Mrs. Virginia Van Sant Alvord (TIME, Sept. 14); by Roberta Law, onetime chorus girl; for \$20,000 which she claims he agreed to pay her when he decided not to marry her. Said she: "Even if I lose I hope it will teach him a lesson."

Left. By Edward William Bok, editor who died last year: \$23,718.981. Federal inheritance tax, \$3,609,070; State of Pennsylvania, \$2,886,730. The largest holding was stock in Curtis Publishing Co. (*Ladies' Home Journal*, *Saturday Evening Post*, et al.) valued at \$17,445,839.

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Died. Samuel Livingston Mather Jr., 15, son of the Cleveland steel tycoon, by hanging himself with a belt looped over the top of a door in his bedroom; in Mentor, Ohio. Reason assigned: grief for his mother who died last June. His father was just landing in Europe when the news came.

Died. Parker Lloyd-Smith, 29, Managing Editor of *FORTUNE*; by jumping from the balcony of the 23rd-floor Manhattan apartment where he lived with his mother. Reason: unknown, except that he left a note for his mother, who was in the country, which contained the remark, "Heat is frightful." Son of the late Justice Walter Lloyd-Smith of the New York Supreme Court, he was educated at The Hill School (1920), Princeton University (1922), Cap & Gown Club, active in theatricals and Magdalen College, Oxford (one year). When called to *TIME* in 1928 he was on the staff of the *Albany* (N. Y.) *Kriegerbocker Press* writing editorials and in charge of the Sunday magazine. Brilliant both as writer and analyst, he soon became *TIME*'s Business Editor. In 1929 he was selected to lay the groundwork for *FORTUNE*, being named Managing Editor when the magazine appeared in January, 1930. By last week he had seen *FORTUNE* establish a reputation for being, according to various estimates: 1) the most readable and most thorough-going magazine on the subject of business; 2) the "most beautiful magazine in America." Having attracted 46,000 subscribers at \$10 a year, it was showing a profit and continuing to grow, strongly. Managing Editor Lloyd-Smith's name and career were made. Other publications sought his advice. He had lately renewed his keen interest in aviation, was planning to buy a plane. Day before his death he was at his desk as usual, worked late, dined and went to the theatre in all good cheer with a school & college friend. His act dumbfounded his associates. An airplane set out from Anchorage, Alaska, to notify Wilton Lloyd-Smith, lawyer brother, off hunting with his wife and small daughters in the Rainy Pass district.

Died. Marvin Hart, 55, heavyweight boxing champion of the world in 1905; at Ferncreek, Ky. The title was conferred upon him by James J. Jeffries after the latter had retired and Hart had knocked out Jack Root of Chicago. After eight months Hart lost to Tommy Burns in a 20-round fight at Los Angeles. Out of his championship he realized only \$10,000, lived to complain: "I was born 20 years too soon."

Died. Maurice Fromkes, 59, Polish-born U. S. artist noted for his paintings of Spaniards; in Paris. In 1908 he won the Salmagundi Club portrait prize. His technique was "hard, dry, brilliant, with an enamel-like brilliance." His portrait of the late Cardinal Merry del Val hangs in the Vatican.

Died. Prince Friedrich Leopold of Prussia, 65, in Flatow, Germany. He was a cousin of ex-Kaiser Wilhelm II who once boxed his ears, tore the decorations from his uniform, banished him from the army and Germany for beating Princess

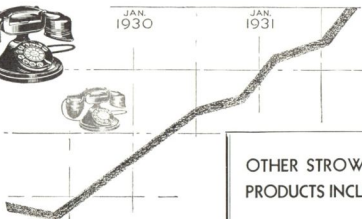
Louisa Sophie (his wife) with a riding whip. He was known as "Europe's greatest spendthrift." In 1926 it was claimed that when Americans were subscribing millions for starving Germans he was feeding his 80 hounds on tenderloin steaks, offering creamed sweetbreads to his lapdog, Bibulous, he made his body servant drink three bottles of champagne in quick succession and cackled: "You are drinking for my pleasure, not yours." He made the same servant drink a mixture of Worcestershire sauce, pepper, sherry, port & brandy; made him crawl on the floor like a dog, bark, eat out of a saucer.

Died. Henry C. Bohack Co., 66, president of H. C. Bohack Co., Inc., a chain of 740 grocery stores; of heart disease; in Kew Gardens, L. I. Born the son of a German farmer, he went to the U. S. when he was 17, got a job clerking in a grocery store for \$7 per month & board. In three years he saved enough to go into business with a friend, whose sister he later married. He opened the first store under his own name in 1887 at 1291 Broadway, Brooklyn. It is still in operation. In later years he told an interviewer: "Wherever I see baby carriages, I open a new store." In 1900 when he had five stores he retired, went to Germany for a year, but returned and formed the present company. His ambition: to have "the biggest grocery chain in the country—perhaps in the world."

Died. William H. Wattis, president of Six Companies Inc., the syndicate which is building Hoover Dam; of cancer; in San Francisco.

Died. Dr. David Starr Jordan, 80, Chancellor Emeritus of Stanford University; of apoplexy after a long illness of arteriosclerosis and diabetes; in Palo Alto, Calif. Rugged, tall, white-maned, shaggy-mustached, he was Stanford's "Grand Old Man." He had made his influence felt throughout the world: as pacifist, ichthyologist and educator (*TIME*, June 28). He was chief director of the World Peace Foundation (1910-1914), president of the World's Peace Congress in 1915, vice president of the American Peace Society. He feared and worked to avert the World War, but said later: "Our country is now at war and the only way out is forward." In 1924 he received the Raphael Hermann peace prize of \$25,000. A Cornell graduate, he was president of the National Educational Association in 1915, member of many a learned society, an advocate of simplified spelling. Pioneer "liberal" among educators, Dr. Jordan built up Stanford University, was its well-beloved first president from 1891 to 1913, guided it through difficult financial litigation in 1893, rebuilt it after the earthquake of 1906.

Died. Colonel Zack Mulhall, 84, first Sheriff of Oklahoma, cattleman, Wild West showman; at Mulhall, Okla. where he once claimed 500,000 acres as his "Kingdom," independent of the U. S. He first introduced Will Rogers in a show at old Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City. In 1897 he arranged the McKinley inaugural parade, led by Drum-Major Tom Mix at the head of the Oklahoma Territorial band.

JAN.
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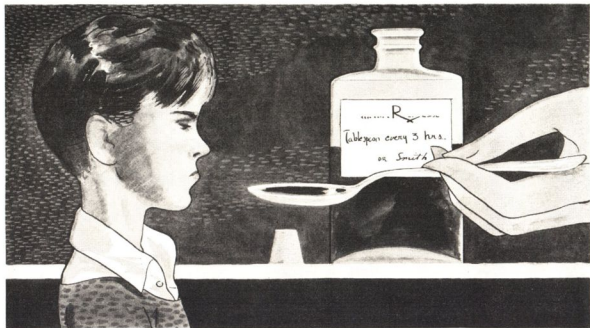
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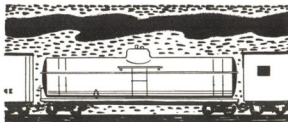


ON THE shelves of your neighborhood pharmacy there are hundreds of different drugs and chemicals. If you traced them to their sources, you would have to visit almost every country in the world. Your druggist, of course, does not do that. Large pharmaceutical companies gather and manufacture them for him. That they are able to do so is one of the outstanding achievements of modern transportation.

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

Exchanges

Last Monday, all businessmen were shocked to read in their morning papers that the British pound sterling was no longer based on gold (see p. 19). The Tokyo Stock Exchange had announced that it would not open. Tokyo was followed by Bombay, Calcutta, Johannesburg, London, Berlin, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Vienna, Oslo, Stockholm, Brussels, Athens. The Paris Bourse opened, but limited all trades to 5% of all holdings and no dealing in foreign exchange. Montreal's Exchange opened similarly restricted. The New York Stock Exchange remained open but, as in dark November 1929, short selling was forbidden. In the artificial market thus created, stocks gyrated unsteadily, closed higher; bonds closed at lows for the year.

Active champion of natural markets has been Richard Whitney, president of the New York Stock Exchange. Only last week, as world events were marching unseen towards England's crisis, he declared to the Merchants' Association of New York: "The ancient law of Supply & Demand has not been abolished. . . . It is destined to be of enormous significance in the future recovery of business."

Index

As September advanced it was possible, though not cheerful, to estimate business conditions in the country for the first nine months of the year. Beyond question the first three quarters of 1931 will go down in U. S. financial history as one of the most unsettled, depressed periods ever known. During the summer months and culminating in August, U. S. trade came as close to a standstill as seems possible in that season in peace times. September has shown an increase in activity somewhat below seasonal expectations, has been extremely disappointing since everyone hoped for an increase better than seasonal. Some current indices of U. S. business:

Copper sold last week at 7½¢ spot; 7½¢ future deliveries; 7½¢ export price to European base ports.

Imports in August for the U. S. equalled \$166,000,000 and exceeded exports by \$1,000,000, gave the country its first unfavorable trade balance since 1926. In August 1930 the balance of trade was favorable by \$79,348,000.

Tax Receipts, said Treasury officials, would be lower for the first half of September than for any corresponding period in the last ten years. At the same time the Treasury announced that its deficit amounted to \$463,171,000 on Sept. 15.

Electric Power Production declined 4.1% for the two-week period ended September 12 against a decline of only 3% for the week ended Aug. 29 compared with like periods last year.

Stock Exchange Membership (New York) sold for \$185,000, off \$10,000 from the previous sale and the lowest price since 1927. At the same time, 2,600 officers and employees of the Exchange got a 10% reduction in salaries.

Loadings showed a decrease of 4,218 for the week ended Sept. 5 compared with

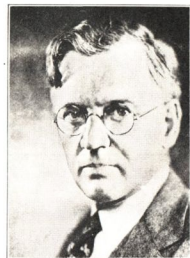
the preceding week. The total of 759,546 cars was 97,103 under the corresponding week last year, a decrease of 11.3%.

Steel Operations for the week ended Sept. 14 were at slightly better than 30%, compared with the Labor Day week average of 28½%, but below the pre-holiday level of 31%. In the like period last year the average rose 2% to 58%.

Building Statistics for August, reported by Bradstreet's, showed a decrease of 26.9% in permit values in 215 cities compared with last year. The figures were 4.6% lower than July this year, against a normal seasonal increase of about 1%.

Cumshaw

Shipping men, John T. Flynn explains, have a special word for graft—"Cumshaw." When a captain, after being entertained lavishly by a chandler, gives an order to him, it is "Cumshaw." But



JOHN T. FLYNN

Not only politician's graft.

"Cumshaw" is not of course limited to the sea. Big graft and little graft run through the entire commercial structure. In *Graft in Business*, published last week by Vanguard Press (\$3), Author Flynn goes into the matter. Part of the book deals with petty graft by corporation officials, tells of no practices one does not know or suspect to exist. Typical example: a Victor Talking Machine Co. superintendent who changed glue brands when offered a 5% commission.

The greater part of the book deals with what Mr. Flynn thinks are corporate practices. Such famed cases are cited as the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad scandals of 1925, the St. Louis & San Francisco revelations of 1913, the Goodyear Tire & Rubber reorganization in 1921. Modern examples are the Bethlehem bonus system, the Loft, Inc. management troubles in 1930, the Bank of United States failure and the fall of Banker Rogers Caldwell. Cyrus Stephen Eaton's recently shaken corporate pyramid is also discussed adversely.

While the story Mr. Flynn tells is true he offers no alluring remedies. He does, however, make a few improving suggestions. Among these: that corporations should adopt uniform accounting methods (a suggestion made last week by Gerard Swope—see p. 16); that lists of stockholders should be made public; that directors should be drafted from genuine investors in the company, not tycoons who may have other interests at heart or who pay no attention to the position. He would have no holding companies, would have no company own stock in another except in rare cases. As for general Cumshawian tendencies, Mr. Flynn thinks the best place for correction is in the schools.

Author Flynn is an oldtime newspaper man, was city editor of the New Haven. Conn. Register, managing editor of the New York Globe. He contributes to many magazines. He wrote *Investment Trusts Gone Wrong!* which was widely read in Wall Street. He now derives much satisfaction from the fact that important steps have been taken to mend erring investment trust ways.

Grand Hotel

When the National Petroleum Association convened in Atlantic City last week one of the principal speakers was sharp-bearded Henry Latham Doherty, generalissimo of Cities Service Co. He scolded the oil industry for having branched into unrelated lines, said proper planning would have carried petroleum companies through the Depression. Some of his listeners marveled to hear such talk from Tycoon Doherty for if ever a company had diversified interests it is Cities Service Co. Besides being a complete oil organization, from gusher to fuel tank, it also controls natural and manufactured gas companies, power companies, street car lines. And if ever an individual had diversified interests it is Tycoon Doherty. He is a banker and stock promoter as well as an engineer. He recently bought a half-interest in the Kansas City Journal-Post, better to fight the Kansas City Star in its attack on his gas rates (TIME, Aug. 17). And last week he bought, in association with John McEntee Bowman, the Miami Biltmore Hotel and the Miami Biltmore Country Club, on both of which he has ordered luxurious improvements. In 1929 the hotel and club were bought by a group including Mr. Bowman, Alfred Emanuel Smith and John Jacob Raskob. Last week the seller was Whitney National Bank of New Orleans, representing bond holders.

The industry which Tycoon Doherty now enters has been, as a whole, badly upset by Depression. August hotel room and restaurant sales were down 19% from August 1930, 27.6% from 1928. Room sales were down 17%, and restaurant sales down 21%. The room rate was averaging 8% under last year while the August average rate of occupancy was 54% of

*National Petroleum Association is composed mostly of Eastern refiners, chiefly of those operating in Pennsylvania. It is much smaller than American Petroleum Institute, with which Oilman Doherty recently quarreled.

†Last fortnight busy Mr. Doherty offered \$500,000 to the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, for a scientific study of unemployment.

capacity against 60%. In comparing last month with August 1928, Horwath & Horwath, hotel accountants, found that Detroit has suffered the most with a 40% drop, while Cleveland, a big convention city, has suffered the least with a 21% drop.

Another indication of Hotel Depression was the report made last week by the Bowman-Biltmore chain, with hotels in Manhattan, Los Angeles, Providence, Atlanta and Havana, which showed a \$121,000 loss for the six months ended June 30 against a \$492,000 profit before Federal taxes in the corresponding 1930 period. Dinkler Hotels Co., operating in the South (Hotel Ansley, Atlanta; the Tutwiler, Birmingham; the Andrew Jackson, Nashville) last year earned \$62,000 against \$251,000 in 1929. A drop to \$84,000 from \$120,000 was shown last year by big United Hotels Co. of America which operates 30 hotels (the Clifton and the Niagara, Niagara Falls; the King Edward, Toronto; the Durant, Flint, Mich.; the Roosevelt, Manhattan; the Benjamin Franklin, Philadelphia; the President, Kansas City, Mo.; El Conquistador, Tucson, Ariz.). Big hotels in receivership include the Hotel White, the Fifth Avenue, the Allerton Houses, Manhattan. Bonds in the Stevens, Chicago, biggest U. S. hotel, last week sold at 25¢ on \$1.¹⁶ Pierre's, Manhattan, defaulted on bond interest.

*With 1,000 rooms the Stevens is rated biggest. Other leaders by this measure are: St. George, Brooklyn, 2,632; New Yorker, 2,500; Palmer House, Chicago, 2,268; Pennsylvania 2,200.

While Tycoon Doherty's entrance into the hostelry business was news, hotel men last week were primarily interested in big doings in Manhattan. In the new Waldorf-Astoria there was bustle and excite-



International

OSCAR

... got the Beaux Arts from the Astor.

ment, prior to the formal opening Oct. 1.

Hotel prestige is a fickle thing; to maintain it is difficult. The backers of the new Waldorf-Astoria have undertaken an even more difficult task, that of recreating

in the new hotel all the grandeur and glory of the old semi-national institution at Fifth Avenue and 34th Street, qualities which had begun to fade long before the building's demolition in 1929.

The idea of a new and modern Waldorf-Astoria is credited to the mind of Louis J. Horowitz, chairman of Thompson-Starrett Co., Inc., builders. The present board of directors includes nine men who can be identified with Thompson-Starrett. Among them is Charles Hayden of Hayden, Stone & Co., one of the firms that sold the Waldorf's bond issue. It was he who drove the first rivet (gold) and troweled the final stone. Also on the directorate is tall, aloof Lucius Boomer, 52, president of Waldorf-Astoria Corp. Mr. Boomer is an oldtime hotel man with wide experience. He was in charge of the McAlpin (Manhattan) when the late General Cushman du Pont asked him to take over the old Waldorf. He is a big factor in Sherry's and the Sherry-Netherland Hotel, also has a large interest in the Savarin chain of high-grade restaurants in Manhattan. The new Waldorf directors also include such celebrities as General William Wallace Atterbury of Pennsylvania Railroad; Edward Wentworth Beatty of Canadian Pacific; Robert Goetz, Manhattan real estate tycoon; Conde Nast, socialite-publisher; Alfred Pritchard Sloan Jr. of General Motors.

The hotel's furnishing has been done by experts, is bedazzling yet tasteful. There are 1,571 rooms for transients, also 500 rooms in the towers which are reserved for residential suites. It is estimated that 2,000 employees will work to make life run smoothly for the patrons. The hotel also offers such features as circulating ice-water, vitra glass windows for permanent guests who desire it, a playroom for children and a special children's barber, a "sitting room" for guests' servants.

Chef of the hotel (officially: "Director of the Waldorf-Astoria Kitchens") is Alexandre Gstaad, a pupil for 40 years of the famed-to-gourmets Auguste Escoffier. Chef Gstaad used to cook for food-fond Edward VII. Director of the Towers will be Commendatore Giulio Gelardi who is being loaned by Claridge's of London for the fall and winter seasons. But best known of the Waldorf potentates will be Oscar Tschirky, 65, maitre d'hôtel at the old Waldorf, with whom the tycoons and celebrities of many lands are proud to claim acquaintance. During the past year the new Waldorf's publicists have attempted to make even more fabulous the legend of "Oscar of the Waldorf," recalled from his farm for his new duties. He has dropped his last name for all purposes, has been sent touring cities of the interior, for much of the old hotel's trade came from the Middle and Far West.* At a reported salary of \$30,000, he now occupies an office marked simply: "Oscar's Office." In it he arranges for banquets, balls, receptions.

Although the Waldorf will frown on rowdy conventions, it will welcome such dignified assemblages as the General Motors Convention in January and that of the American College of Surgeons in February. Loose and liquorish though it

*Californians liked the old Waldorf because when they cashed checks they were paid in their favorite currency, gold.

20 MILLION Corporate Trust Shares

LESS than 1 million CORPORATE TRUST SHARES remain available for issue. Issuance ceases when 20 million Shares have been authenticated by the Trustee. At the end of August over 19 million CORPORATE TRUST SHARES had been issued.

You can always buy or sell CORPORATE TRUST SHARES because quotations and markets are international. Ask your Investment House or Bank about CORPORATE TRUST SHARES.

5-YEAR FIXED TRUST SHARES are also sponsored by the originators of CORPORATE TRUST SHARES. The total issue of 5-YEAR FIXED TRUST SHARES, under the terms of the offering, is limited to 5000 Full Participations. The unsold remainder of 5-YEAR FIXED TRUST SHARES is now available to investors.

BECAUSE of the limited issue of 5-YEAR FIXED TRUST SHARES this trust has not been submitted to the Committee on Stock List of the New York Stock Exchange.



These are fixed investment trusts sponsored by
ADMINISTRATIVE AND RESEARCH CORPORATION
120 WALL STREET NEW YORK

When only the best homes in Pasadena "took gas"



In the days when Pacific Lighting started, few people had even seen an electric lamp—"incandescent bulbs", they called them then. Natural gas had not yet been discovered in Southern California. Pacific Lighting made gas from coal shipped to California from Wales, and later from oil.

There were only two thousand customers to serve. Now a million homes, stores and industrial plants throughout Southern California are supplied with high-heat natural gas collected from 26 adjoining fields, and with electricity in the City of Los Angeles.

No utility group in America has had to meet such a long and increasing problem of keeping up with the growth of its territory, for the simple reason that no other section of America has grown so fast. Sound financial management has been as important as good engineering throughout this period of rapid change:

Population of Counties Rank of Los Angeles		
1890	248,845	57th
1900	368,346	36th
1910	860,479	17th
1920	1,477,922	10th
1930	3,021,622	5th

Pacific Lighting operates under exceptionally favorable conditions. Many of the natural gas fields are within sight of the homes and industries served; outlying cities more remote from the fields are served by a pipe-line network passing through almost continuously populated territory. This system delivers 57% of all gas used on the Pacific Slope.

Pacific Lighting is offering no new securities at the present time. These advertisements are intended to improve the economical marketing of future issues by creating a more general appreciation of the Company's history and development and its balanced system of operation. Pacific Lighting Corporation unifies the following companies for economy in operation and in the supplying of capital:

LOS ANGELES GAS & ELECTRIC CORP.
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA GAS COMPANY
SOUTHERN COUNTIES GAS COMPANY
• • • SANTA MARIA GAS COMPANY • • •
with investments in
PACIFIC GAS & ELECTRIC COMPANY
PACIFIC PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY

PACIFIC



LIGHTING

CORPORATION

• • • • • ONE OF AMERICA'S OLDEST UTILITY GROUPS • • • • •



IF YOUR DESK HAD TO BE MOVED BY A WRECKING CREW



Hauserman Partitions are as movable as your furniture.



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

THERE is a definite reason why office furniture is not permanently built in. It must be movable to meet changing conditions.

Yet, until recently, business has accepted immovable office partitions—walls that had to be demolished to be moved—and they had to be moved (from statistics) on an average of once every thirty months.

The realization of this waste has created a nation-wide acceptance of Hauserman Movable Steel Partitions. They are very attractive in appearance, sound and fire retarding, adapted to concealed electrical wiring and are easily and quickly movable without waste. Their acceptance is indicated by the fact that almost every important office building erected in recent years (including Chrysler and Empire State Buildings) have standardized on Hauserman Movable Steel Partitions.

Write for a free copy of "Office Planning Studies by Hauserman", a 32-page profusely illustrated book that is helpful to anyone concerned with office subdivision.

THE E. F. HAUSERMAN COMPANY
"Organized for Service Nationally"
6889 GRANT AVENUE . . . CLEVELAND, OHIO

Factory Directed Planning and Erection Service from these 14 Factory Branches

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

HAUSERMAN MOVABLE STEEL PARTITIONS

always becomes, the Beaux-Arts Ball retains enough arty prestige to have been invited (and obtained) away from the Astor across town. The Canadian Club will have headquarters in the hotel.

Unknown to many a person is the fact that the Waldorf has already had one opening. The King of Siam was told that many a member of his house had honored the old hotel. He attended a luncheon in the new building. The kitchens were not opened, but piping hot food was brought from Sherry's across the street and photographs were taken of His Majesty, Mr. Boomer and Oscar.

Interesting are the financial relationships of the hotel. The land upon which it is built is owned by the New York Central. For the construction of the building New York Central advanced \$10,000,000. The remainder was provided by the issuance of \$11,000,000 in bonds secured by a leasehold. The interest and sinking fund on the \$10,000,000 advanced by the New York Central is to be paid out of hotel operations, before interest on the \$11,000,000 leasehold bonds. Its cost was estimated at about \$19,000,000; the furnishings are thought to have come to \$8,500,000. The 26-year-11-month lease contains two 21-year renewal provisions. The rent will average about \$1,500,000 a year, and is an operating charge which ranks ahead of bond interest. Perhaps because of this knowledge the Waldorf-Astoria leasehold bonds were selling last week at 45½ on the dollar.

Despite the gloomy outlook of the hotel business last week neither Lucius Boomer nor Oscar was downhearted as the day approached when Banker Charles Hayden would start the register with his name and be given credit card No. 1. Average figures from the depressed hotel industry did not daunt them, for, they were glad to assert, the new Waldorf-Astoria is not an average hotel, cannot be judged by average standards.

Deals & Developments

Record Mortgage. Last week Manhattan's Radio City interests arranged to borrow \$65,000,000 from Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. through a series of 5½ mortgage bonds, all of which will have been retired by 1950. The deal was the biggest mortgage ever placed with one investor, far exceeding the previous record—a \$27,500,000 first mortgage on Empire State Building which was also taken up by Metropolitan.

Exception. Dividend actions last week continued to be adverse but there was one shining exception. National Cash Register Co. ordered a payment of 37½ on its A stock. This stock is entitled to \$3 a year in cumulative dividends, then participates with the B stock (largely held by President Frederick Beck Patterson) after the latter receives \$3. During 1929 and 1930, A holders received \$4 a share but last March the dividend was passed.

Said an official announcement: "This action has been prompted largely by improved earnings since the first quarter of the year. Net earnings for the third quarter, which is normally one of the poorest quarters of the year, are estimated at slightly in excess of the proposed dividend." In the third quarter of last year

A Candid Question to the Advertiser

...Who gets LESS for What He Sells than he did in 1928:

Are you getting
MORE from
what you *BUY*
in 1931-1932?

COMPARE With Any Other Magazine

HOW MUCH?

Liberty averaged 2,401,416 weekly circulation for 1930, 2,411,612 for the first half of 1931.

WHO?

Liberty is deliberately edited for both men and women. It is read by 2,750,000 men and 1,000,000 women. Result records have been broken for men's and women's products alike.

80% of all Liberty families above \$2,000 income class

65.8% U. S. average

52% own homes 37% U. S. average

84% have telephones 39% U. S. average

58% have radios 46% U. S. average

50% have vacuum cleaners 37% U. S. average

34% have electric washers 29% U. S. average

15% have mechanical refrigerators 8% U. S. average

*In cities covered by Starch Survey

WHERE?

Liberty concentrates three-quarters of its circulation in cities over 25,000 population. Liberty places more circulation here (where major part of all retail business is done) than any other magazine.

HOW READ?

Liberty is wanted enough by its readers, that 99% of them buy voluntarily week after week. No expensive subscription crews are necessary to sign up readers 6 months or a year or two in advance, 99% single copy circulation is 99% guaranteed-to-be-read circulation.

Then, instead of burying 90% of its advertisements after the start of the *last* story, Liberty alternates advertisements and story leads throughout the book. Surveys show this nearly doubles readers-per-advertisement.

THE YARDSTICK OF CIRCULATION QUALITY

IF declining commodity prices have put your dollar volume out of step with your unit sales . . .

Are you meeting your diminished receipts by:

1. Diminished outlay, or by
2. Increased value for your outlay?

While it is true that magazines in the aggregate have decreased their costs but a fraction of a per cent in the face of a 30 per cent commodity price decline, it is also true that many of them have increased the physical attractiveness of their format.

A more direct argument against diminished outlay, however, may be found in Liberty, whose cost has declined 35 per cent since 1926—while its physical attractiveness is now on the way to being enhanced to the tune of more than a quarter-million dollars a year.

A New Opportunity

Liberty was already a phenomenal circulation success when it was acquired by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, this past April. Its editorial policy of dramatic, newsy, concise material from famous authors and illustrators has, therefore, been continued.

But \$100,000 more a year is being spent on these editorial and art activities.

In addition a new paper contract has just been made—the largest quality paper order ever placed by a single magazine—which will start Liberty off in 1932 with a mechanical reproduction worth \$160,000 more, annually.

What This Means to Advertisers

Now advertisers have been attracted to sharpen their pencils and figure. Your Post-Depression dollar can buy:

Liberty 565 families
Average of 3 other Weeklies . . . 377 families
Average of 2 Monthlies . . . 391 families
Average of 6 Women's
Magazines 286 families

Advertisers who want to match Post-Depression profits with Post-Depression advertising value find, therefore, that Liberty will increase their appropriation's effectiveness:

50 per cent more than other Weeklies
45 per cent more than Monthlies
98 per cent more than Women's Magazines

Proof of Timeliness

That Liberty's new management came at the so-called psychological moment may be indicated by the fact that within 60 days 92 advertisers and 58 agencies had placed \$1,521,677 in new orders.

Judged by the rate at which new contracts are arriving as the main list-making season approaches, Liberty is now being regarded as not merely "another good magazine," but as a logical market for bulking Post-Depression appropriations.

The answer to diminished profits need not be found in diminished appropriations so long as 50 to 100 per cent greater value may still be bought.

Write without obligation for booklet: "To every man with \$1 to spend in advertising." Liberty Magazine, 2732 Graybar Building, New York City.

Liberty . . . a weekly for the whole family
PRICED FOR POST-DEPRESSION

SO YOU CAN'T STAND SPEED, MR. WATER-THIN? THEN, OUT YOU GO!

● You can't "burn up the roads" without burning up Mr. Water-thin. Speed means heat—and heat means the end of that fellow!

● Mr. Water-thin is the quart or more of thin, waste oil that ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of motor oil. It's a quart so light-bodied, so quick to vaporize under heat, so useless in a motor, that Quaker State engineers call it "water-thin"—and take no end of care to throw it out!

● It is impossible for ordinary refining to remove "water-thin". But Quaker State refining can, and does, remove it. Quaker State removes it by a special process which has been installed in every one of Quaker State's refineries—the most modern refineries in the industry. This process is a development of Quaker State engineers—a development that was made possible by years of experience and great investments in refining equipment.

● Quaker State replaces "water-thin" with rich, heat-fighting lubricant. So Quaker State gives you four full quarts of lubricant to the gallon—instead of three quarts and a quart of waste. You really get an extra quart of lubrication. And that's the reason why Quaker State is the world's largest-selling Pennsylvania Oil!

● And remember this, too. Quaker State is made entirely from 100%



pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Quaker State is so free from impurities that it doesn't require acid treatment in refining. That's important! For acids tend to destroy some of an oil's oiliness.

● You'll find Quaker State wherever you go. One dealer in every four sells it—and displays the green and white Quaker State sign. It costs 35 cents per quart (slightly higher in Canada and at some points in the West) and it's by far the biggest bargain in oil! For in every gallon of Quaker State you get a full extra quart of lubrication that battles heat and friction and wear to a fare-you-well!

THERE'S AN EXTRA QUART OF LUBRICATION IN EVERY GALLON

© 1931, QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO.

QUAKER STATE

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MOTOR OIL

NCR earned 42¢ on the A stock. During the first quarter of this year NCR lost \$373,000 but the next three months turned the deficit into a \$491,000 profit, or 41¢ a share on the A.

Fine for Fleischmann. When last year the late Gangster Dominic Tarro was arrested for conspiracy to violate the Prohibition law in Springfield, Ill., Corn Products Refining Co. and Fleischmann Co. were indicted for having conspired to furnish him with materials for liquor-making. Gangster Tarro soon died by violence. Corn products did not contest the case, was fined \$5,000 recently (TIME, July 26). Last week Fleischmann Co., an integral part of Standard Brands, Inc., was fined \$3,000 after pleading *nolo contendere*.

Seneca Finished. In 1924 Seneca Copper Corp. went into receivership. The next year Seneca Copper Mining Co. succeeded it. Seneca has had a poor history. In June 1927, it closed up, reopened in October 1928, when copper prices began to rise; last December it again closed. Since at the end of last year Seneca showed cash of only \$5,115 and since it is one of the highest-cost producers, coppermen were not surprised last week to hear that once again Seneca is in receivership. The company owns 2,465 acres of copper property in Keweenaw County, Mich., produced 4,857,000 lb. of copper last year.

Personnel

Last week the following were news:

Edward Laton Fuller, 27, was elected president of **International Salt Co.** of Scranton, succeeding his father, the late **Mortimer Bartine Fuller**. **Milo M. Belding**, former vice president, was made chairman. International is the world's largest salt producer, supplies about 25% of the U. S. consumption of rock and evaporated salt. During the first half of this year International earned (before Federal taxes) \$399,000 against \$322,000 in 1930's corresponding period.

Winthrop Williams Aldrich, president of **Chase National Bank**, succeeded **Albert Henry Wiggin**, chairman of Chase's governors, on the directorate of **Fox Film Corp.** **Charles E. Richardson**, former Chase vice president, was made vice president and treasurer of Fox. An executive and finance committee, apparently dominated by Chase, was formed to handle Fox's monetary problems. Said Chase: "There is no foundation for rumors to the effect that a disagreement has existed between **Harley L. Clarke** [president of Fox] and the bankers of the company."

Benjamin B. Greer resigned as president and a director of **New York Air Brake Co.**, was succeeded by **Lovell R. Burch**, previously chairman of the executive committee. Mr. Greer was made president in 1925 when he was chief operating officer for the receivers of Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul. He has also been with Colorado & Southern and the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy.

Richard Mead Atwater Jr. succeeded **Heber Charles Hicks** (resigned Jan. 1) as president of **New York Mining Exchange** on which sales now average 12,000 shares a day. There are 75 stocks listed, of which 40 sell at less than \$1.

MISCELLANY

"Time brings all things."

Rose

The following advertisement appeared in a Manhattan daily:

Apartment de luxe (3 rooms), unique and beautiful style of decorations not to be seen in any other apartment house; real Cinderella dream and the kitchen done most artistically; fit for fairies to cook in. . . . Phone Mr. Rose, EStabrook-8-0982.

Horseshoe

In San Francisco, Leo V. Dowling slashed his wrists and throat, but failed to commit suicide. Recovering in a hospital he received a large horseshoe of flowers with a card on which was written: "Better luck next time." Leo V. Dowling gasped, died.

Bird

In U. S. universities students with automobiles often tie strips of inner tubing to the exhausts, which when the motor is suddenly speeded causes them to emit a familiar noise known as "the bird," "corporal's salute," or "Bronx cheer." In Mexico City chauffeurs devised a code of horn signals, added this U. S. innovation. One chauffeur was stopped by a policeman named Tomas Gonzalez, sharply reprimanded for a traffic violation. As the chauffeur drove away he stepped on the accelerator, made his horn issue a loud, vulgar noise. Tomas Gonzalez jumped on the car's running board, beat him dead.

Tradition

In the Zambezi Valley, Northern Rhodesia, Rev. Myron Taylor met the missionary's traditional foe. A trapped lion had broken loose; natives were afraid to track it down. Missionary Taylor got a rifle, advanced upon the lion, fired thrice, missed thrice. The gun jammed. The natives fled. When they returned the lion had eaten Missionary Taylor's hands and one foot, clawed his body bloody. Missionary Taylor died.

Duel

In Hartford, Ala., Police Chief J. C. Roney and ex-Mayor J. H. Radford had disliked each other for years. One morning a road-scraping machine went into operation directly in front of the ex-mayor's house, put the ex-mayor into a frightful humor, sent him hurrying to the police chief to demand that the nuisance cease. The police chief put his left hand on the ex-mayor's shoulder, the ex-mayor put his left hand on the police chief's shoulder; with their right hands they drew pistols, shot each other to death.

Duel

In Mexico City, burning passion for a black-eyed tailor named Sergio Silva consumed two ladies. Senoritas Sofia Mendoza and Maria de los Angeles Garcia. Early one morning a drowsy policeman beheld the two women facing each other, each with one hand to the black shawl around her shoulders, a blazing pistol in the other. As the policeman ran forward Sofia Mendoza dropped with a bullet in her breast.



SOME time ago a client came to us with a new kind of cutting tool. "Give me a motor that can stand the gaff," he said, "and I'll split the rock of Gibraltar." We were skeptical, but soon discovered that this amazing tool cut through hardened steel so fast that the saw housing became blistering hot from the bombardment of steel particles. An ordinary motor soon burned itself out. It was a tough assignment, but we finally licked it by devising a new type of internally ventilated high speed motor. Today, at 6000 r.p.m., our client's tool breezes through slabs of marble two feet wide and an inch thick, in 28 seconds. Likewise it slices through bundles of steel reinforcing rods like so much cheese—and though the saw housing still becomes scorching hot, the motor keeps as cool as a cucumber all day long.

If you have a problem in electrical-motored machinery, come to Robbins & Myers. We offer you the facilities of a completely modern plant and the experience of 33 years' precision manufacture in designing, building and applying electric motors, generators, fans and electrical appliances

Robbins & Myers, Inc.

Springfield, Ohio

Brantford, Ontario

1878



1931

FANS, MOTORS, HAND AND ELECTRIC HOISTS AND CRANES

THE PRESS

McCormick's Straw

Every U. S. newspaper publisher knows that competition with a Hearstpaper on weekdays is one thing, on Sunday something entirely different. And no publisher knows it better than Col. Robert Rutherford McCormick, whose Chicago *Tribune* nearly doubles Hearst's *Herald & Examiner* in weekday circulation, but comes second on Sunday. Like any other competitor of Hearst, Publisher McCormick had not far to look for the reasons: 1) the famed Hearst Sunday comic increased last week to 16 pages; and more important 2) the gaudy Hearst Sunday magazine section, *The American Weekly*, which boasts "Greatest Circulation in the World" (6,000,000) and gets \$16,000 a page from advertisers.

Col. McCormick has always tried to keep the skirts of his *Tribune* free from sensationalism. Nevertheless, circulation is circulation, and the Sunday *Tribune* had lost more than other Sunday papers: the first seven months of this year its average was 88,000 less than its average

for the same period last year. Colonel McCormick decided to test the circulation winds with a straw. With utmost secrecy a Sunday magazine section was made up, printed in four colors. Very gingerly last week the first issue, called *The Graphic Weekly*, was sent out with the Sunday *Tribune*, but only to readers beyond a radius of 100 mi. from Chicago.

First issue of *The Graphic Weekly* was less attractive than *The American Weekly* in appearance but, as could have been predicted, much more restrained. It had none of the keyhole-peeping, naughty-prince-and-chambermaid, sin-among-undergraduates, bloody-murder type of article so frequently found in *The American Weekly*. And its "scientific" articles, favorites of all Sunday editors, were somewhat less imaginative. Features of the first issue: a description of the aborigines of Australia & New Zealand; the child temple-dancers of Bali; Ras Tafari's monogamy; a big-game hunting article, suggesting that African lions are really tame; a summary of now familiar facts about Siam's royalty. *The American Weekly* of the same date offered: "If the Earth Becomes Uninhabitable—Where Shall We Go?" with brilliant illustrations; "Mystery of American Lady Curzon's Vanished Millions"; "Still Another 'Betty Coed' Tragedy"; "Judas the Hero of a Play That Has Started London"; "Lacquered Hair Women's Newest Freak Fashion"; "Contradictions of Nature Which Puzzle Science"; "Real Nightmare Pictures Painted While She 'Dreams'."

The *Tribune* management would not admit that *The Graphic Weekly* is under experiment for city circulation. They insisted its sole purpose was to give more reading matter to subscribers in "the provinces" who, because they receive such early editions of the paper, are deprived of many sections which go to press later.

While the *Tribune* was adding to its features, the Chicago *Daily News* dropped a conspicuous one. One of the first acts of its new publisher, William Franklin Knox (TIME, Aug. 24), was to kill the paper's midweek magazine which had been costing reputedly \$100,000 a year.

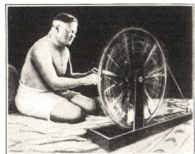
New Laws

Many a reader of the McCormick-Patterson tabloid New York *Daily News*, like many a reader of any newspaper, skips the editorials. But one day last week the *News*'s editorial column was calculated to arrest the most cursory eye. On it appeared the picture of a pudgy male, clad only in underdrawers, squatting Gandhifashion at a spinning wheel. The body was the body of any corpulent, middle-aged man but the head was the head of Herbert Hoover.

The editorial hastened to explain: "We were so much impressed with the Gandhi [radio] speech that we tried to picture what a Western nation's leader would look like and how he would act if he were chosen according to Eastern standards. The result is the picture here shown—Mr. Hoover seated at a spinning wheel, contemplating his navel. There is no intention to ridicule anybody with this picture. It

is merely meant to illustrate the great gulf that is fixed between Eastern and Western ideas. . . ."

Mechanically the picture was a variation of the "composograph" (faked picture) with which the Macfadden tabloid *Evening Graphic* used to sensationalize the news. "Composographs" are rarely used these days to simulate actual news photographs.



New York Daily News

MAHATMA HOOVER

The Daily News: "There is no intention to ridicule."

The energy of news photographers and the license taken by tabloid editors make such devices unnecessary. When the trussed and battered body of Benjamin P. Collings was washed ashore on the sands of Long Island last week (see p. 17), *News* and *Mirror* obliged by printing large, close-up pictures of the muddy corpse as it lay on the beach. That put them one jump ahead of the *Evening Graphic*, but not for long. That afternoon the *Graphic* blossomed with a full front-page photograph of the corpse on a morgue slab, posed on its side by two obliging attendants to show the hands tied behind the back.

Protested Cyrus H. K. Curtis' polite *Evening Post*: "Journalism, it seems to us, reaches a 'new low.' . . ."

Gannett Preferred

When William Randolph Hearst needed money he offered stock to his employees and the public in a new \$100,000,000 company called Hearst Consolidated Publications (TIME, June 30, 1930; Sept. 7). Last week Publisher Frank Ernest Gannett (Rochester *Times-Union*, Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, Hartford *Times* and 14 other papers) announced he would offer \$1,000,000 preferred stock in Gannett Co., Inc. But Publisher Gannett insisted that his company did not need money. Said he: "[The company] has never had a losing year. It was making money before the depression. It has been making money since the depression. It is making money now. The purpose of the financing, he said, was primarily to provide a "subscriber ownership."

For one who did not have to worry whether or not the money came in, Publisher Gannett's line of appeal was remarkably insistent. Unlike Publisher Hearst, he ordered his own employees to sell the stock. To each went a circular letter, a booklet of selling hints and a blank prospect list. The latter, signed by the publisher, read in part: "We expect every employee of the company to turn in at least 24 names." The booklet sug-

New Economies in Utility Operation

HALF-YEARLY reports for 1931 reveal operating economies to be general among the electric and gas utilities.

Leading executives have stated that these economies will be largely permanent, and will be reflected in an increasing amount of earnings available for bond interest. This will improve the already strong position of bonds of leading public utility companies.

Write for Booklet "Bargains in Bonds".

General Utility Securities

Incorporated

61 Broadway New York City

DeForest Makes Deaf Hear!

Famous Inventor Sends Marvelous Device With Miniature Earpiece on Ten Days' FREE Trial

Hard of hearing people throughout the world will be delighted to know that Dr. Lee DeForest, the famous inventor of Radio and the Talking Pictures, has developed a marvelous hearing device with a small earpiece only one inch in size and moderately priced.

It is more powerful than any other electrical hearing device yet produced and is entirely free from the harsh squeaking noises of other devices.

We have arranged to allow every earnest hard of hearing person to try the wonderful new universal DeForest audiphone at home, on Ten Day Trial. Free of all cost or obligation or deposit.

If you are hard of hearing, do not delay—write today for your free trial, which we know will delight and amaze you. Address Mr. Charles W. Lehman, President, Hearing Devices Company, Inc., 3424 Times Building, New York.

gested such prospects as "Your relations. . . . People your relatives can suggest. . . . Personal friends. . . . People with whom you trade. . . . Members of your club or lodge. . . ." The prospect list was to be filled with names and signed by the employee under a sentence which read: "Between October 12 and October 24 . . . I promise to talk with all the people whose names I have selected, and to give them information about the preferred stock."

The stock, \$6 cumulative convertible, is to sell at \$100. Employees were promised a commission of \$2 per share. Bonuses totaling \$18,000 were posted for selling more than 100 shares.*

Ballyhoo's Million

When the first issue (150,000 copies) of *Ballyhoo*, adless funny magazine, was sold out. Publisher George T. Delacorte Jr. ascribed it to curiosity. His family & friends told him the magazine was "terrible"; his office aides predicted early failure. On the point of killing the project Publisher Delacorte changed his mind, sold out a second issue of 450,000; a third, of 675,000. Last week he sent out an edition of more than one million copies.

To date none of the burlesqued advertisements has been paid for (even those with actual trademarks) but the publisher is still negotiating with companies who want to pay to be made fun of.

Other *Ballyhoo* news, from Editor Norman Hume Anthony:

❖ Although it is no cheaper to subscribe than to buy each issue, and early announcements definitely urged readers not to subscribe, some 4,000 subscriptions were received. Among the subscribers: Julius Rosewald, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Truman Handy Newberry, Dr. Julius Klein, Norman Bel Geddes, Admiral Arthur Lee Willard.

❖ A coupon in the October issue burlesquing Curtis Publishing Co.'s offer to make extra money in spare time by selling subscriptions to *Satevepost* was signed and sent in by nearly 100 readers. ("He mailed Our Coupon 80 Years Ago—NOW He's at the Head of the Line!—[Bread Line]"). Two coupon-bearers appeared at *Ballyhoo's* office in person, went away satisfied with subscription blanks.

❖ The Gay Nineties photographs which illustrate many of the advertisements are obtained from Brown Bros., oldtime news-photo agency of Manhattan. The picture of the young man in the "Faery Soap" ad of the current issue ("Whoops! I'm just crazy about Faery Soap!") was taken from a French postcard.

❖ Because publication has been speeded too fast (the current issue is dated November), the next issue may be dated "October."

❖ Editor Anthony's friend, plump, bald-headed, Phil Rosa, who worked with him on *Life* and *Judge*, was recently hired. He comprises the Staff.

*Last year Gannett Co. earned net \$964,746. For the first half of 1931 net earnings were \$408,455 as compared with \$578,688 for the same period last year. But the 1931 half-year earnings were eleven times the dividend requirement of the preferred stock then outstanding. With the sale of \$1,000,000 additional preferred stock to the public, it is estimated that earnings for all of 1931 will be about five times the dividend requirement.

Muscles stiff and sore?... here's double-acting relief



THERE'S no sense in suffering for days with aching muscles. For in most cases, all they need is improved circulation—a fresh supply of blood pouring through them to reduce the soreness and bring back normal comfort.

So at the first sign of soreness, take Absorbine Jr. and rub, massage it on the ailing parts. Almost instantly, you will notice a glowing warmth of increased circulation—a peaceful relaxation of tired, cramped muscles—a wonderful easing of pain.

This is because Absorbine Jr. is a safe "rube-facient." Doctors will tell you that it helps to stir up sluggish circulation and thereby relieve the sore congestion in muscles. Massage also

stirs up the blood stream. Since Absorbine Jr. will not blister, it can be used with massage and therefore brings double-acting relief from muscular aches and pains.

For 40 years, Absorbine Jr. has been a favorite among coaches, trainers and athletes. It's the wisest precaution against bruises, strains, sprains—against all kinds of muscular ailments. When used full strength, it is an excellent antiseptic. Price, \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 406 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions



Used by Millions for "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

AUTOVENTS

METAL VENTILATOR-SUN VISORS FOR THE WINDOWS OF ALL MODELS OF CLOSED CARS. Ventilate and protect not harming on windshields and windows. Keep car cool and doors open. Installed without the use of tools. Will never loosen or rattle and do not interfere with operation and closing of car windows. One-piece construction, black EUCO finish, portable, against the appearance of air. Cut. Order through your local dealer or write direct to the distributors.

AUTOVENT SALES COMPANY JACKSONVILLE . . . FLORIDA

THE BRADFORD of BOSTON

A MODERN MID-TOWN HOTEL
15 floors devoted to luxurious hospitality. Every room with bath. Single, \$3-44. Double, \$4.50-57.
L. C. PRIOR MANAGEMENT
TREMONT ST.—near Boston Common

There are thousands of periodicals—
There is just ONE News magazine

On Your Way to Bergen, Bombay, Bangkok . . .

To The Readers of The Newsmagazine:

A STATISTICAL survey recently indicated that 83% of you travel for pleasure, more or less habitually. Since there are 350,000 TIME-reading families (and 1,155,000 readers in those families) this means a tremendous number of travellers. It explains why you constantly run across other TIME readers wherever you go, whether by airplane, steamship, train.

THE ubiquity of TIME wherever you travel is closely related to the fact that TIME has become third among all magazines in pages of travel advertising. It may soon be in first place. During the past two years, more and more travel companies have come to recognize the TIME public as a travelling public. They have realized that the man who reads TIME, the One and Only Newsmagazine, is likely to have an exploring, curious, active mind—a travelling mind. They have seen you, statistically, on your way to Bergen, Bombay, Bangkok, Honolulu, on your way home from London, Cannes, Genoa, Panama. They see you registered at Banff, Hot Springs, The Yellowstone, at practically every North American resort.

AND to tell you about their services they advertise to you in TIME.

THIS year, for instance, the pages of TIME include the advertisements of the following travel companies:

Alaska Guides
Allen Tours
American Express Co.
Australasian National Travel Assn.
Bellevue Stratford Hotel
Canada S. S. Lines
Canadian National Ry.
Canadian Pacific Ry.
Chatham Bars Inn
Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific
Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific
Clyde Mallory Line
Colorado Association
Thomas Cook & Son
Cunard Line
Dean & Dawson, Ltd.
Dollar S. S. Lines
French Line
Furness Prince Line
Grace Line
Great Northern Ry.
Great Western & Southern Ry. of England
Hamburg America Line
Hawaii Tourist Bureau
Holland America Line
The Homestead Hotel
Hotel Bradford of Boston
Hotel New Yorker
Hotel Pancost
Hotel Pierre
Hotel St. Regis
Hotel Shoreland
International Mercantile Marine
London Tourist Bureau
London & North Eastern Ry.

Los Angeles S. S. Co.
Lucerne-in-Quebec
Matson Navigation Co.
Munson S. S. Lines
Nassau Development Board
New Ocean House
The Noronian
Northern Pacific Ry.
Open Road, Inc.
Pacific Era Travels, Inc.
Palmer House
Panama Mail S. S. Co.
Panama Pacific Line
Railways of France
Raymond & Whitcomb
Roney Plaza Hotels
The Roosevelt
Royal Mail Steam Packet
Santa Fe (Indian Detours)
Southern Pacific Ry.
Ten Thousand Lakes Assn.
Travel Guild
Union Pacific System
U. S. Lines
Vinoy Park Hotel
Walter H. Woods Co.
Yosemite Park & Curry Co.

THESE companies, through good times and bad, have found their steadiest business to be with the 1,155,000 readers in 350,000 TIME-subscribing homes. Is it any wonder, then, that this year, more than ever, TIME points with pride to its advertising as a potent supplement to its news.

★
T I M E
The Weekly Newsmagazine

205 East 42nd St.

New York City

B O O K S

Men's Life Catalog*

THE COMING FORTH BY DAY OF OSIRIS JONES—Conrad Aiken—Scribner (\$2.4).

In spite of its intelligent title, this is a good and straightforward book. You should not let a little thing like the author's preciosity put you off it. *The Coming Forth by Day of Osiris Jones* is a brief, impressionistic, fairly comprehensive catalog of a man's life—a man not quite universal enough to be called Everyman, but typical enough to bear the name of Jones. In a note, Author Aiken explains he is indebted for the rest of his title to a translation of the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, in which the deceased is always called "Osiris."

The catalog's scheme is ingenious. Two introductory poems set the stage, the scene: "... a shabby backdrop of bright stars; one of the small interstices of time." Then the itemized catalogs begin. First, *The Costumes* ("Item: a pair of infant's socks two inches long... Item: long trousers... Item: a tweed hat bought in England, green... Item: a coffin"). Then *Characteristic Comments* from: the nursery clock, the shoes, the fire, Shakespeare, Vivien, the desk, the prostitute, the heart. You hear *Remarks on the Person of Mr. Jones* from: the trained nurse ("it's a fine boy, not a bleemish, God bless him"); other boys ("hey bric!top! hey carrots!"); the snow ("centuries hence, it will be long ago"). You follow his career by reading a list of *Inscriptions in Sundry Places*, from which you learn that he spent his boyhood in the South at the end of the last century, that his father was a doctor, that he went to college, traveled abroad, that he had several adventures with women, one affair that made all others shady. *Various Rooms* he lived in have something to say; *Travelling Places* tell a little more, etc., etc.

Author Aiken's method is impressionistic. He makes no attempt to answer such comparatively impertinent questions as: Did his hero ever marry Vivien? What did he do for a living? What caused his death? But in a space seven times as short as an ordinary novel Aiken has compressed the emotional gist of a man's life. His method owes something to James Joyce, father of synthetic catalogs; but Aiken has simplified Joyce's method. His manner is sometimes reminiscent of Thomas Stearns Eliot, godfather of modern sophisticated verse (e. g.:

*It was the hour of Venus and the sailor,
They sat here eating popcorn. She
was a Jewess.*)

but Aiken has emancipated himself from the all-pervading literary allusiveness that makes Eliot such a self-conscious delight to the initiate, such an uninteresting riddle to the plain man.

The Author. Conrad Potter Aiken, 42, shares some obvious likenesses with his

hero: son of a doctor, he was born in Savannah, Ga., has lived abroad, has sandy hair. When he was 11, Aiken saw his father kill his mother and then commit suicide. He was Class Poet (1911) at Harvard, among a generation that included Poets Thomas Stearns Eliot, the late Alan Seeger, Journalists Walter Lippmann, Robert Benchley, Heywood Brown,



CONRAD AIKEN

Item: infant's socks. Item: a coffin.

the late Radical John Reed. Few graduates stick to their undergraduate determination to be a man of letters: Aiken did. Last year, after reaping the Pulitzer Prize for his *Selected Poems*, he took his wife and three children (John, Jane, Joan) to live permanently in England. Near-sighted, silent, excruciatingly shy, Conrad Aiken is a serious, hard-working poet who occasionally ventures into prose. To a fellow-passenger on a liner who asked Aiken: "What's your line?" he replied: "Blank verse!"

Aiken's ambition is to write "a sort of absolute poetry, a poetry in which the intention is not so much to arouse an emotion, or to persuade of a reality, as to employ such emotion or sense of reality (tangentially struck) with the same cool detachment with which a composer employs notes or chords." Other books: *Punch*, the *Immortal Liar*, *Pilgrimage of Festus*, *Priapus and the Pool* and *Other Poems*, *John Deth and Other Poems*, *Blue Voyage* (a novel), *Bring! Bring!* (short stories).

Prohibitionist as Prig

THE WET PARADE—Upton Sinclair—Farrar & Rinehart (\$2.50).*

Upton Sinclair, hack writer extraordinary to the Socialist Cause, once wrote

dime novels for a living. Now he writes them in all seriousness. Like his literary cousins, the late Jacob Abbott and Horatio Alger, Sinclair is apt to make his heroes into preposterous prigs. In *The Wet Parade* he has out-prigged himself: his hero is a conscientious Prohibition agent.

Kip Tarleton was born & raised in Manhattan but his family were impoverished Southern gentry. Kip watched his father drink up the profits of the family hotel, drink himself into his grave. Kip's mother made him swear never to touch a drop, and Kip was willing. Kip was always anxious to do the right thing. When he got a job as assistant superintendent of a big Long Island estate and found that his boss was taking a commission on purchases, he informed his employers, was snubbed for his pains. He met Maggie May (also Southern though not so impoverished; her father of course had died of drink), relation of the family he worked for, and fell in love; but he was so unassuming that Maggie May had to declare her own intentions.

When Prohibition came into effect Kip and Maggie May, united, rejoiced. When it fell into desuetude they mourned, wished they could do something about it. Kip's chance came when his employer, Banker Fessenden, went into the legging racket and had liquor run ashore of nights under Kip's unsleeping nose. One night the watchman was shot. At the coroner's inquest Kip told all. When he lost his job Maggie May became a Prohibition lecturer. She enthralled bigger & bigger crowds, telling about the degeneration of her father. Not to be outdone, Kip got a job as Prohibition agent, visited many a Manhattan speakeasy to collect evidence. At first sipping liquor made him sick, then he got used to it. Once he got drunk and liked it very much. Maggie May was horrified and made him get a different job. Kip always accepted bribes, then arrested the briber, turned in the money to the office. He was also very successful at betraying dishonest colleagues. One of his bosses once told him: "You're a bit too gude for this world, young man; but you'll have a fine time in the next one. I've nae doot." Even Author Sinclair calls his hero "a wet blanket, a kill-joy, a spoilsport, a mollycoddle." "He had to be," explains Author Sinclair. You will probably not be sorry to learn that Kip was finally shot, in line of duty. Maggie May went right on lecturing, with another big talking point.

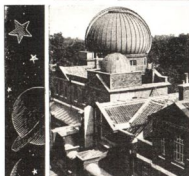
The Author. Like his hero & heroine, comes of impoverished Southern gentry. Educated at the College of the City of New York, he was graduated at 18. Then, "when I got to be 20, and had marriage in view, a desire to write serious things overwhelmed me." His first best-seller was *The Jungle* (1906), whose profits (\$30,000) he sank in Socialist Helicon Home Colony at Englewood, N. J. Now he lives in Pasadena, Calif., with his second wife (he was divorced from the first). They have made "some rather startling experiments" in mental telepathy. Sinclair likes to play tennis, requires his secretary to be able to play a "rattling good game." His own game has been described as "the picture of confident grace." Last week,

*Published Sept. 11.

*Published Sept. 12.

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

TIME



GREENWICH OBSERVATORY
Photo by Ewing Galloway

depends on LEAD

Dedicated to the observation and regulation of time, it is only fitting that the great domes of Greenwich Observatory should be protected with lead. Here, for more than two and a half centuries, lead has defied time and the elements, that the task of computing time might go on without interruption.

For centuries, wherever necessity demanded the most durable roofing material obtainable, lead has been chosen. Proof of its everlasting qualities is mirrored in many notable examples of architecture still existent in the Old World.

Today, Leadclad is the worthy successor to these time-defying roofs of old. The Pure Lead surface provides the same imperishable protection, the steel core furnishes sturdy strength . . . both so essential in modern construction.

Our booklet "Leadclad" will tell you the whole story of this modern form of lead. Ask for it.

WHEELING METAL
& MFG. COMPANY
WHEELING . . . WEST VIRGINIA

[Consult an architect. He will tell about Leadclad's advantages and time testing ability.]



the Modern Use
of LEAD is
LEADCLAD

threatened with a nervous breakdown, he was taken to a hospital for rest and observations. Some other Sinclair books: *King Coal, Oil!, Money Writes!, Boston, Mountain City, Roman Holiday* (TIME, Jan. 12).

French Empire-Builder

LYAUTEY — André Maurois — Appleton (\$3.)*

When a reputable man of letters such as John Drinkwater writes a flattering biography of such a tycoon as Carl Laemmle (TIME, May 4), angels weep, men laugh knowingly. When famed and popular Author André Maurois writes a no less flattering account of his still-extant compatriot, Marshal of France Hubert Lyautey, angels may control themselves but men will exchange speculative glances. There is no comparison between the two books, as jobs, not between the two men who form their subjects. But after reading *Lyautey* and remembering *Ariel*, you cannot help feeling that this horn-toot by André Maurois is unfortunate.

Even when a portrait-painter takes to cabinet photography, however, he is apt to turn out a more artistic likeness than a journeyman photographer can. If you do not know much about Lyautey or French colonial policy you will be both interested and entertained by Maurois' sympathetic picture.

Hubert Lyautey was born in Lorraine, to a heredity of aristocracy, military service, absolute filial piety. He naturally entered the army. There he found stupidity in the discipline, incompetence in the red tape. He was glad to be sent out to Indo-China. Under Joseph Simon Gallieni he learned how to be a wise administrator, to let native customs alone, to win over the ruling class, to think in terms of government, not of conquest. Fighting was only the policeman's part of his job; when he could avoid using force by showing it he always did. In Madagascar, still under Gallieni, it was the same story. The scandals of the Dreyfus Affair (1898) found Lyautey out of France. He was accused of sympathizing with both parties. When he was made General and appointed to Algeria his big chance came. By cutting many a Gordian knot, disregarding or disobeying feeble or contradictory orders from Paris, Lyautey added Morocco to French Africa, held his protectorate loyal all through the Great War. Moroccans trusted him; his own subordinates swore by him. One reason: "I mustered them at each stage of the march, and explain the day's policy on the map, the result obtained, the reason for each movement—an unusual practice, and all the more appreciated."

When France mobilized, Lyautey sent thousands of colonial troops to help, would have liked to go himself, but the Government could not spare him. In Morocco he was No. 1 man, and there was no No. 2. "In the year 1915 no monarch on the face of this planet wielded a personal power more widespread and untrammelled than General Lyautey." But black days came at home. Briand's Cabinet wanted a popular figure for Minister of War,

thought Lyautey would be the man. With misgivings that were justified he took the job. Accustomed to rule, he found his hands were tied; he was no good at being a figurehead and resigned a few days before the Briand Cabinet fell. Restored to Morocco he breathed more easily; he still had some good years left before he retired. A Marshal, in 1925, Lyautey left Africa amid great ovations. His official welcome to Paris was a bill for taxes. He retired to obscurity near his war-ruined old home in Lorraine, among his medals, his memories. This year's Colonial Exposition in charge of which he was put brought him one more blaze of celebrity (TIME, May 11).

The Author. André Maurois (Emile Herzog) was brought up to be manager of his family textile mills at Elbeuf, France, an uncongenial job from which the War rescued him. Since he spoke English Maurois was made liaison officer to the Ninth Scottish Division, then to British G. H. Q. His first book was about English troops (*Les Silences du Colonel Braumelle*) but sold well in France. After the War Maurois worked three days a week at business, three at writing. Gradually he became literary entirely. Last year he visited the U. S., lectured for a term at



© Photograph

MARSHAL LYAUTEY

. . . ovations, then taxes, then one more blaze.

Princeton University. He lives in Paris with his second wife, four children. Maurois' early biographies were like novels and he admits that "at heart, the novel appeals to me much more than biography. It is terribly difficult to invest real life with any kind of unity and beauty. . . . Life is complicated. It is not simple enough." Echoing critics might apply the same criticism to Maurois' *Lyautey*; might add that Maurois has told much of Lyautey's achievements, little of the simple facts of his life. Other (translated) books: *Ariel: The Life of Shelley*, *Byron, The Life of Disraeli*, *Aspects of Biography*, *Voyage to the Island of the Articoles*, *The Weigher of Souls* (TIME, Apr. 20).

*Published Sept. 4.



"LOW WATER" Courtesy Kennedy & Company

Fortune for October

Deeper Rivers: The Mid-West Is Getting Them

A Story of U. S. Inland Waterways, with a Telescoped History of Waterway Politics, Boats and Barges from Fulton to Diesel.

Ford, Chevrolet, Plymouth

Mr. Walter P. Chrysler makes a new attack upon the automobile market squarely at the \$600 water line, where are already two very able, very potent car-builders.

Hat In Hand

Thus was the Gillette Company described as it came to the AutoStrop bankers, merger in mind. The curious history of the negotiations and the more curious tale of a stock deal in which apparently everybody lost money.

U. S. Liquor Industry

Its paradox is its normalcy. . . . With diversified outlets, its production and consumption are nicely balanced. . . . If legalized, it would employ few more men unless it could enlarge its markets. FORTUNE presents an unprejudiced survey, with maps of the production and flow of U. S. liquor.

Pity The Poor Broker?

FORTUNE considers the little discussed business of stock-broking. . . . Presents: (1) the budget of a commission house, (2) an essay on E. A. Pierce & Co., Wall Street's No. 1 take-over house. . . . With notes on just why and how one brokerage house takes over another.

A Hotel Is Built

Forty-seven stories high, the new Waldorf hopes to recapture the glamorous atmosphere of its thirteen-story predecessor.

Southward Bound

A portfolio of aerial photographs taken over the islands of the Caribbean by Captain Alfred G. Buckham. First of a series taken for FORTUNE on a circumnavigation of South America.



OTHER OCTOBER ARTICLES IN FORTUNE INCLUDE: Some pictures of American Board Rooms, built in an expansive era, more recently used for debates on dividends, salary cuts and other troubling subjects; A view of A. T. & T. as a land-owning citizen; A dissertation on game birds and bird dogs; A study of the Clan Roosevelt in politics and business.

Illustrated as only FORTUNE can illustrate, told as only FORTUNE can tell them, these, like all FORTUNE stories, are stories worth telling, worth knowing.



Fortune

TIME, Inc., Publishers
205 East 42nd Street, New York

By Subscription Ten Dollars the Year



TAKE THE BUCK OUT OF YOUR ENGINE

*use dry**

TEXACO-ETHYL

*

Dry gas vaporizes completely because it is properly refined. Wet gas vaporizes only in part. Wet gas carries an uneven spray of raw wet gasoline which chokes some cylinders at the expense of others, causes crankcase dilution and wasted power. Dry gas goes through the manifold evenly. It burns completely, delivering all its power into every cylinder.



LISTEN

—and for perfect lubrication, use
"CRACK-PROOF"

TEXACO MOTOR OIL

THE light flashes green! Your car jumps ahead in a series of uneven bursts of speed. Erratic power impulses drive it forward. Missing, fuel-starved cylinders hold it back. That is engine-buck.

The trouble is often due to the use of wet gas. Acceleration is irregular because the gasoline distribution itself is irregular. Wet gas fails to burn and many an unfired charge goes out through the muffler—wasted!

Change to dry*Texaco-Ethyl and see the difference. Dry* Texaco-Ethyl goes evenly into every cylinder and burns completely. It takes out the buck, gives smooth continuous power, even pick-up and comfortable quick acceleration. No gas can do more.

Drive up today to any silver Texaco pump. Fill up with dry* Texaco-Ethyl. Available in every one of our 48 States. **THE TEXAS COMPANY**
Texaco Petroleum Products

© 1931, The Texas Company

DRY + ETHYL = DRY
TEXACO COMPOUND = TEXACO-ETHYL
THERE IS NO BETTER GASOLINE

