

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine



Keystone

Volume XVIII

JAPAN'S MAN OF PEACE & WAR

"Someone told me I resemble Roosevelt,"
(See FOREIGN NEWS)

Number 15

Here's
flexibility



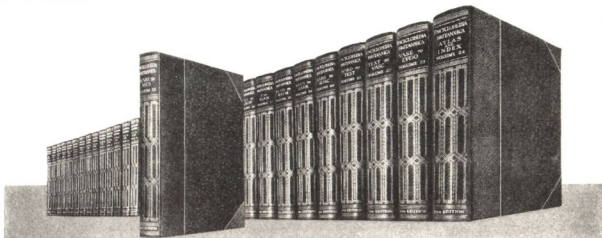
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Just read these amazing facts. These facts were established in a leading eastern university and were published in “Food Industries” (September, 1930).

In 9 days after roasting, coffee, loose or in bags, loses 65% of its flavor

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And even the “vacuum” package—far superior to any previous protection—contains ten times as much air, ten times as much Oxygen, as the new Vita-Fresh package of Maxwell House Coffee.

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Governor Gardner's Back

Sirs:

May a reader who enjoys *TIME*—its frankness, its sometimes bluntness, but especially the little bits of news, side-lights if you please, that are found in no other paper to my knowledge; may I make just one little complaint?

TIME, Sept. 21, "Drop-a-Crop" sub-head *Other States*—... in North Carolina (estimated crop: 715,000 bales) Governor Oliver Max Gardner turned his back on the South. At least some of us North Carolinians think our excellent Governor did no such thing. We think he showed more wisdom than some other Governors—he implored Governor Sterling of Texas admittedly the key man of the key State, to call a conference of Governors and their Commissioners of Agriculture in Memphis—specified NO SPEECHES, a two-day session—to formulate a concerted, uniform program for the South in the cotton crisis. We think subsequent events have proven him more nearly right than others—some of whom have called legislatures, passed "No Cotton Laws" based on 75% of the producing States doing the same. Texas then upsets the plans by passing a 50% acreage law, making the No Cotton Laws of no avail since there can be no 75% prohibition of cotton without Texas. Now nothing remains for the States with No Cotton Laws but to repeal and pass other laws, necessitating other special sessions of legislatures if anything is to be done to help cotton this year.

Governor Gardner knew that cotton prohibition in the South would play into the hands of Egypt, Russia *et al*; he knew the economic loss the South would suffer from no cotton—loss of employment in gins, plow hands, cotton pickers, truck drivers, warehouses, cotton buyers. He knew that the South would miss the money its crop brings in—around \$500,000,000 this year at 6c per lb.—that some institutions, merchants, banks would suffer.

We are satisfied that Governor Gardner had a logical slant on the cotton question; that he did not "turn his back on the South."

THOMAS H. SUTTON

Fayetteville, N. C.

TIME's phrase "turned his back on the South" was unfortunate. All praise to North Carolina's Gardner for turning his back on the South's other Governors when he conscientiously disagreed with the direction they were heading.—Ed.

Spooler & Warper

Sirs:

Please—it's *Barber-Colman* [*TIME*, Sept. 21, p. 55] and it's a spooler and a warper—two different machines. . . . Also this system is acknowledged to be one of the foremost developments of past decade in textile manufacturing, greatly speeding up & simplifying the preparation of the warp threads for the loom and the weaving process.

Preparation of the cotton fibre for weaving is a complicated process with too many operations involved. Present mills are seeing and will see a good many simplifications and combinations of these spinning operations (occurring prior to the spooling & warping mentioned above).

You might call attention to the above. Correct it on the part of *Sherwood Anderson* as he

is undoubtedly to blame—I noted the same error in a recent issue of *Vanity Fair*.

JOHN C. COOK
Western Manager

Cotton

P.S. It is surprising that you do not have more errors of this type in your good paper—but I believe in justice to *Barber-Colman Co.*, one of the leaders in serving America's second greatest industry, some correction should be made.
Chicago, Ill.

Cordial Bottom

Sirs:

Now that the time draws near when we will again be "snowed in" for some four months, I want to say this:

I sit here at a \$535 *GF* all-steel desk that George C. Brainard, President the General Fireproofing Co. sent me. I glance at an Illinois watch that General Manager Bob Miller of The Illinois Watch Co. sent me. I smoke a pipe filled with Edgeworth that Advertising Manager R. W. Holloway, Larus & Brother Co. sent me and "tap-tap" on some Coupon Bond Eagle Brand writing paper that President Sam (Alias "Sidney Louis," *TIME*, July 13) Willson, sent me and with a Victor typewriter that Vice President Al Buhler, The Victor Adding Machine Co. sent me. My feet rest on a choice "Quaker" rug that Dwight L. Armstrong, Vice President The Armstrong Cork Co. sent me and I marvel at the whiteness of the Murphy Da Cote enamel on the window and door trim that Salesman H. H. Pratt, Murphy Varnish Co. sent me—while Doyle Advertising Manager The Lloyd Mfg. Co. rocks contentedly in a trick rockerless rocker Lloyd Loom Chair he sent me.

This is an actual occurrence here and—nope! I do not advertise—I simply have a private hunting camp for my boys. Now then what do I do during the cold winter months—when the gaunt *Time* Wolves howl?

I read *TIME* magazine that my good friend De Witt F. Reiss of The Vollrath Co. sent me.

Cordially yours for a good *News* magazine.
CHAUNCEY A. BOTTOM
("The Bear Hunter")

The Wildernest Lodge
Iron River, Wis.

Chang's Butt

Sirs:

How come and for why publicity of Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang with nish butt exposed in soldier holster under right arm? (*TIME*, Sept. 21.)

I wonder how many people noticed and commented upon this, and where they live. In this domain of Ross Shaw Sterling where National Guardsmen and Texas Rangers make pistols noticeable, we hardly miss. . . .

Tyler, Tex.
TOM T. MAIN

Reading Tariffs

Sirs:

I would like to know if the U. S. has ever been guilty of levying a tariff on any kind of literature coming into her borders.

If she (or he) has I shall be like "the boy the calf ran over." If not, I rise to protest that it is tyrannical to make a poor prairie farmer who can get only 4½¢ per lb. for his wool pay \$8 for *TIME* when a Californian who is protected

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The Toothpaste for Thinking People

by a 31¢ tariff can get the same publication for \$3. . . .

R. M. FARTHING

Louisiana, Alberta

The U. S. levies tariffs on: 1) books and periodicals printed abroad by lithographic process (fashion periodicals, 8¢ per lb.); 2) books less than 20 years old in English by foreign authors (15%) or by U. S. authors (25%); 3) children's books (15%), "toy" books (70%). But bibles, books for public libraries or in foreign languages are duty free, no important foreign periodicals are affected.—Ed.

Cotton & Constitution

Sirs:

Your Sept. 14 issue notes the recent agitation for re-planting laws in the cotton States. As a lawyer who devotes most of his time to financial and economic matters, I have been disturbed by the apparent total absence of concern in the minds of the advocating Governors and the complete ignoring of what seems to my lawyer friends and myself as an insuperable constitutional inhibition involved in such legislation.

It seems to us that such a law is so far outside the police powers of a State, as delineated thus far by the decisions of the U. S. Supreme Court, as to make it clearly contrary to the prohibition of the 14th Amendment to the Constitution of the U. S. As we understand it, State restrictions on oil flow are expressions of an entirely different legal power, which is based on certain inherent rights of the State in so-called "wild" products of nature which have not yet been captured or appropriated.

Where are the attorneys general who are supposed to keep the Governors of the respective States advised? Or is the proposal merely a political bean grater? In any event, if false impressions and hopes are being built up in cotton, perhaps to be followed in other commodities, isn't a clarification of the situation such news as the Press should give the public as well as to bewildered lawyers.

DAVID STOCK

New York City

Flying Squirrels

Sirs:

"He [Earl Carroll] was the first man to land an airplane in Manhattan's Central Park" (Time, Sept. 7).

Early in the spring of 1914, I landed a Sloane-Dependence monoplane, 30 h.p. Gnome motor (some power for them day) by "anyway" in the sheep meadow at 60th Street. Was arrested for something—possibly, publicity for the cop who arrested me—and discharged by Magistrate MacQuade next morning. The Aero Club of America suspended my license for six months. If I remember correctly, George Beatty landed a Model B Wright on this same field at least two years before I did, and the late Blair Thaw turned the trick along about 1912 with a private plane built for him by Harold Kantner.

It would appear from Time's paragraph that the Bathurst Earl did not join the Central Park Flying Squirrels until 1917, which would put him a long way from charter membership. I suggest that the archives of the Carroll Press Department be altered accordingly.

GUY GILPATRIC

Cros de Cagnes, A.M., France

Mate Adams' Killing

Sirs:

In the Aug. 24 issue of your interesting magazine you published the news of arrest of one L. C. Adams, mate of American ship *Sundance*, charged with the murder of one of his crew in a foreign seaport.

As my occupation is similar to his I wish you would inform me of the outcome of his trial. . . .

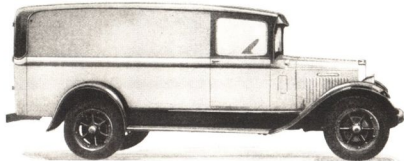
JOHN M. WHEATON

Port Arthur, Tex.

While the *Sundance* was discharging cargo at Ghent, Mate Adams dragged mutinous Seaman Myak Wooker, 6-ft.-6-in. Estonian, from beneath a bunk. Seaman Wooker seized a fire axe. Mate Adams shot him dead. Belgian authorities cleared Mate Adams. Last month, charged with

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ONE OF THE

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Tomato Juice

murder on the high seas, Mate Adams was freed by a Manhattan grand jury.—En.

Pittsburgh's Dodo

Sirs:

The picture of a stuffed dodo (TIME, Sept. 14, p. 40) is, to the writer's untrained eye, much like a stuffed restoration of the dodo which is prominently displayed in the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh. The Pittsburgh bird differs from the Iowa reproduction principally in having a feathered tail instead of the cotton-tail effect, the coloring is apparently somewhat more uniform and there are slight differences above the eyes. Why then can Iowa claim "the only stuffed replica in the world of the dodo?" . . .

L. L. NETTLETON

Pittsburgh, Pa.

There is also a reconstructed dodo in the American Museum of Natural History, Manhattan. The Iowa Museum, however, lays claim to possessing the first U. S.-made dodo. The other two replicas were made in London.—En.

Press On

Sirs:

Kewanians of the McKanark district, alert to the need of a timely gesture of courage in the face of the business depression properly to launch their convention at Joplin, chose a TIME-ly method when Convention Committee Chairman Harry Horner of Wichita arose at the start of the initial session and read from TIME, Sept. 21 issue, The Presidency, the full article from which the following are excerpts:

"At 4 p.m. one hot day last week President Hoover kept his regular appointment with the Press. . . . The U. S. public is being unduly alarmed about the degree of hardship in prospect for this winter. . . . The psychology of fear should be exiled and a national sign hung out labelled. . . ."

As he neared the end of the quotation, Chairman Horner paused dramatically, the delegates waited for the plums. He raised his voice to a shout as he voiced a platitudinous slogan, beloved of all civic clubbers, and from over the room came a shower of cards bearing the same admonition: "KEEP SMILING."

Keep smiling the delegates did through ever-accumulating evidence that even the service club industry must needs adjust itself to a reduced income. A speaker neatly manipulated chalk and eraser to convert DEPRESSION into PRESS ON; from others came vague assurances that business is upping, but in its final meeting the convention adopted a significant report recommending drastic economies in club operation, euphemistically referring to "this period of mental and spiritual unrest."

ROBERT L. HUTCHISON

Joplin, Mo.

Dirt-Doublers

Sirs:

Sapient Bermudans who foretell the hurricane season in Bermuda by observing spiders weaving their skeins on low bushes instead of up in trees

(Continued on p. 66)

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

(Circ. U. S. & For. 654)

Editor: Henry R. Luce.

Managing Editor: John S. Martin.

Associates: John S. Saw Billings, Laird S. Goldsborough, Myron Weiss, Weekly Contributors: Elizabeth Armstrong, Carlton J. Balliet Jr., Noel F. Busch, David Carter, Washington Dodge II, Mary Fraser, Albert L. Gurnea, David W. Hubbard Jr., E. D. Kennedy, Peter Mathew, T. S. Matthews, Frank Norris, Francis de N. Schroeder, Cecilia A. Schwind, Fred Smith, S. J. Woolf.

Correspondence pertaining to editorial content should be sent to 205 East 42nd Street, New York.

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TIME

Vol. XVIII, No. 15

The Weekly Newsmagazine

October 12, 1931

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

The Hoover Week

President Hoover is much given to reading about himself in the newspapers. A published personal anecdote about himself is often as irksome to him as the well-directed digs of his Democratic opponents. If he had picked up the New York *Herald Tribune* last week and turned to the first page, second section, it is possible that the small Hoover mouth would have fallen. Trenchant Liberal Walter Lippmann had read Citizen Coolidge's cool renunciation of presidential aspirations in the *Saturday Post* (TIME, Oct. 5), had detected therein no accolade for President Hoover but a singular difference in character between Citizen and President. Excerpts:

"[Mr. Coolidge] appears, there, as a man who has thought out and arrived at a clear, a well ordered, rather narrow, if you like, but entirely consistent set of convictions about the functions of the President. . . . It turns out that what his [President Hoover's] critics complain about is that Mr. Hoover is indecisive and hesitant about dealing with political issues and extraordinarily fertile, impulsive and energetic in trying to influence matters that lie outside the duties of his realms and his powers.

"Thus in meeting this depression he has in respect to those elements which are governmental and require his leadership—like tariffs, debts, reparations, political stabilization—been extremely disinclined to act and greatly bewildered by political opposition and public criticism. He does not seem to know how the political functions of the President are exercised effectively, and to be rather dismayed at not knowing. On the other hand, he has had the utmost confidence and boldness in attempting to guide and oversee the industrial life of the country, initiating major policies as to wages, purchases of raw materials, capital investment and what not. Scarcely a week passes but some new story comes out of Washington as to how Mr. Hoover has had somebody on the telephone and is attempting to fix this situation or that."

¶ A secretary was instructed to bring in little slips of paper and put them on President Hoover's desk last week. Curious visitors saw that they were inning-by-inning returns from the World Series baseball games in St. Louis. For the third game (see p. 23) the President trained to Philadelphia, threw in the first ball (and got it back as a souvenir), watched the St. Louis Cardinals (National League) whip the Philadelphia Athletics (American League). Not till the game was over

did he learn of the sudden death of Senator Dwight Whitney Morrow (see below), though thousands of radio listeners heard Graham McNamee interrupt his play by play description of the game to flash the news. Leaving Shibe Park, a bulletin was handed to President Hoover. Secretary Theodore Joslin spoke for him: "The President is greatly shocked. . . . He will enlarge on that statement when he returns to Washington."

¶ Prior to leaving for his Rapidan camp last week-end, President Hoover breakfasted with Bernard Mannes Baruch, wisest of Democrats, famed director of the War Finance Corp., breakfasted and talked so long about world financial affairs that the President was two hours late getting to his office, thereby missing Secretary Mellon who had called. The late Senator Morrow in Washington to discuss details of Premier Laval's visit, called before Secretary Mellon got back. Among the Rapidan guests were: Board Chairman Julius Barnes of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce; Chairman W. Kingsland Macy of New York State's Republican Committee; Charles J. Hatburt, Philadelphia lawyer; Mark Requa, California oilman; Mark Sullivan, the President's favorite correspondent.

plained of being tired, but said he would be in shape for the luncheon. When the guests rolled up before the comfortable Morrow home, not many miles from where another great New Jersey citizen was dying (see p. 25), they were met with shocking news; when the Senator had not awakened by 11:30 that morning, his secretary Arthur W. Springer went in to call him. Senator Morrow was asleep but breathing with great difficulty. Thoroughly alarmed Secretary Springer summoned three doctors. A short time later the country was shocked to hear that Death had come—kindlier in this case than usual—at 1:53 p. m. to kindly Dwight Whitney Morrow, in his sleep, of cerebral hemorrhage. He was 58.

Mrs. Morrow was called in from a nearby golf course. The Senator's sisters, Miss Alice Morrow and Mrs. Agnes Morrow Sandreth, were about to sail for Istanbul that afternoon on the American Export liner *Exilona*. They rushed to Englewood hastily. Other members of the extensive Morrow family were summoned. Mrs. Morrow herself sent a radiogram to Col. & Mrs. Lindbergh in China (see p. 32).

In his early years, when a poor boy sets out to make a fortune he has little time for altruism. In his middle years he is not expected to be helpful; he is too busy. In his old age he may frequently become fabulously charitable. It was significant that a group of men were on their way to ask assistance from Senator Morrow, as his brain was quietly bleeding to death. His mature years were a history of helpfulness.

No one demanded more of Dwight Morrow than himself. He was born in Huntington, W. Va., son of the poorly paid president of Marshall College. At 17 he tried to get into West Point but missed the appointment because his older brother Jay was already a cadet. Jealous neighbors objected. He failed his entrance examinations for Jefferson College, he failed at Amherst too, but a friendly professor interceded. He was allowed to work off his conditions as a classmate of quiet Calvin Coolidge in the Class of 1895. He worked his way through Columbia Law School. Six years later he had worked his way into a partnership with the Manhattan law firm of Simpson, Thacher & Bartlett. His future was assured. Then people began to get him to do things for them.

In 1914, J. P. Morgan & Co. were embroiled in the tangled finances of War-racked Europe. Tempers were as quick as the tremendous international negotiations of the firm had to be. Someone who thought fast and spoke softly was needed. Morgan the Son had just officially taken over the House. To him came Partners

THE CONGRESS

Death of Morrow

Out to shady Englewood, N. J. one mid-day last week drove nine jovial members of the U. S. Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce to have lunch with air-minded Senator Dwight Whitney Morrow. The night before, after a radio speech in behalf of a Jewish charity drive, he com-

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Henry P. Davison and Thomas W. Lamont with the suggestion that Lawyer Morrow, Partner Lamont's Englewood neighbor, be taken into the business. Morrow was approached, took his wife to Bermuda to decide, decided yes.

Morrow's most important work as a Morgan partner was in organizing a syndicate of bankers to find gold to pay New York City's obligations maturing abroad at the beginning of the War. He is also credited with the organization of the Kennecott Copper Co. and in allying General Motors with the du Pont interests.

Three years later Dwight Morrow's first civic obligation descended upon him. Press and public in New Jersey were kicking up a storm of protest about the State's prison conditions. Harried Governor Walter Evans Edge appealed to him to serve on a correctional committee. Morrow accepted, became chairman, finally knew more about prison conditions than any layman in the country. From then on his duties came thick & fast. He was sent all over the State by Secretary William Gibbs McAdoo to boom War Saving Stamps. Soon after, President Wilson put him on the Allied Maritime Transport Council, sent him to Europe. Here again Morrow proved himself fast analyst and smooth conciliator.

On the Maritime Council a good natured Admiral taught him what he liked to call Rule No. 6, a rule of conduct that was more and more on the Morrow tongue in recent months: "Don't take yourself too seriously." As a lawyer, as a banker, he once summed up his impressions of war:

"Investors who buy foreign bonds appreciate what a fruitless remedy for breach of contract war is. Who is there if a man owes him money and cannot pay, finds profit in going out and killing the debtor?"

Back from the War, Mr. Morrow was asked to raise \$3,000,000 for Amherst. Then Classmate Coolidge's Administration got in public hot water for the dirigible *Shenandoah's* disaster. Classmate Morrow was asked to serve on an ameliorating board "for purposes of making a study of the best means of developing and applying aircraft in national defense." And two years later (1927), came the roughest assignment yet. Mexico was on the verge of confiscating foreign property. Respecting not only the House of Morgan, which had extensive Mexican holdings, but his helpful fellow-student, President Coolidge sent Ambassador Morrow to a country that diplomatic careerists avoided like a plague. By the time he got back, Ambassador Morrow's daughter Anne was married to the U. S. national hero and Mexico's Plutarco Elias Calles was calling Ambassador Morrow one of his best friends. Then to the London Naval Conference, then to stand for the Senatorial seat left awkwardly vacant when Senator Edge was sent as Ambassador to France. Bucking stiff Democratic opposition, Dwight Morrow refused to make Prohibition a campaign issue but denounced it rationally, sailed into the Senate one of the biggest

little men of affairs, of experience, of generosity of opinion that ever was seated there. People missed him last week. As sheaf upon sheaf of telegrams piled up from potent men in Wall Street, in Washington, in Mexico, all over the world, the sense of personal loss was very real.

New Jersey law prescribes that if a Senator dies within 30 days of election time (Nov. 3 this year), his successor may be appointed by the Governor. Outside that limit, his successor must stand for election. A Senatorial election in New Jersey would in all likelihood be a serious embarrassment to the Republican party at this time. If a Democrat won, and he would have an excellent chance, the Democracy would have a Senate majority, as it may have in the House (see col. 3). But an appointment would be in the hands of Republican Governor Larson. When New Jersey's Senator died, the 30-day limit had been passed by 38 hours. Even in death Dwight Whitney Morrow had been helpful.

Preview

The eyes of U. S. politicians were directed toward mid-Missouri last week. There, in the State's 7th Congressional district, was taking place an election to fill the vacancy left by the death of Representative Samuel C. Major. Candidates were: Robert D. Johnson, 47, Dry "fighting Democrat" who had served two terms as prosecuting attorney of Saline County; John W. Palmer, Dry Republican who took the seat away from Representative Major in the 1928 Hoover landslide, lost it back to him two years later. An independent Democrat named L. L. Collins was appealing to the Wet vote.

Senator Joseph Taylor Robinson came from Arkansas to stump for Candidate Johnson, flay the Farm Board, the Tariff. Cigar-gnawing onetime Senator James Reed of Missouri helped too. Outcome of the race in this usually Democratic district was not unexpected, but the vote divided surprisingly. Normally Democrats by 3,500 to 1,500 votes, the 7th gave Candidate Johnson, even though the ticket was split, the whopping majority of 8,990. The Johnson victory brought the total number of Democratic seats in the House of Representatives to 214, tied the Republicans, put the theoretical balance of power once more in the hands of smooth-haired young Representative Paul John Kvale, Minnesota Farmer-Laborite.

Chairman Jouett Shouse of the Democratic National Executive Committee exulted: "This remarkable margin can be construed only as a striking indication of the increasing trend toward the Democratic Party as the agency to try to solve the people's problems in this time of national distress. It is but another evidence of the discontent of the people with the rule of the Republican Party and of the nationwide determination to rebuke that party which has made so continuously the boast of enduring prosperity under its rule. . . . Immediately after the bye-election last November I predicted that the

Democrats will organize the House of the 72nd Congress. I reiterate that belief."

Observers and statesmen agree that the 72nd Congress, which convenes Dec. 7, will be one of the most momentous sessions in U. S. history. It will have to ratify or reject President Hoover's moratorium on Europe's debts. With a huge Treasury deficit on hand, it will have to debate taxation. At the same time it will debate a national Dole and, though the American Legion voted self-denial, there will be a fight to pay the Bonus in cash, in part if not in full. With Bar, Labor and Legion behind them, the Wet members will more militantly than ever agitate altering Prohibition. The World Court and disarmament are two other live issues. All these issues will come over & above the routine business of passing appropriations, an especially hagglesome business when the Budget is unbalanced. And before the Congress can get any of these things done, the evenly-divided House must organize itself and decide which man, of which party, shall succeed the late beloved Nicholas Longworth as Mr. Speaker.

There are still seven House seats, emptied by Death, to be filled by Nov. 3. Unless the inconceivable happens, Democrats will succeed Democrats in the 7th New York, 1st Georgia and the 20th Ohio districts. Republicans are likely to succeed Republicans in the 8th Michigan, 2nd Pennsylvania, 1st Wisconsin. In the 1st Ohio district lies the possibility of deadlock or Democratic victory. Should the Democracy gain the late Speaker Nicholas Longworth's seat it would have a House majority—218 to 217—provided Death does not again intervene.

In the event of a Democratic majority, the choice will be simple. Grizzled John Nance ("Jack") Garner, onetime cowboy, longtime Democratic floor leader, has the undivided support of his party. But if the G. O. P. retains its regularly Republican district in Ohio, long will be the wrangling and bitter. The leading contestants will be ruddy, stocky Bertram H. Snell, the upstate New York cheesemaker, chairman of the Committee on Rules, and long-legged John Quinn Tilson of Connecticut, the Republican floor leader. Because he is "reactionary," Mr. Snell will be fought by the Western irregulars. Because he is "ineffectual," Mr. Tilson will be shunned by many of his fellow Eastern "reactionaries." Who, then, would be offered as the Republican compromise? Last fortnight Observer Clinton W. Gilbert's often accurate political finger pointed to bald, bespectacled Carl Edgar Mapes of Grand Rapids, Mich., 38 years a Congressman. Universally respected and trusted, 56-year-old Congressman Mapes substituted for Speaker Longworth more often than any other member of the House. He is quiet-spoken, famed for fair play, an expert on legislative procedure. In Congress he voted for the Bonus, the Federal Farm Board and the present Tariff. He votes and drinks Dry, belonged to the Committees on Elections (1913-21) and Accounts (1919-21). As chairman of the Committee on the District of Columbia he was

National Affairs—(Continued)

"Mayor of Washington" for two years. For the past ten years he has served on the "exclusive" Committee on Interstate & Foreign Commerce, so called because a member may serve on no other committee. He dropped his support of Theodore Roosevelt in 1912 when the G. O. P. split, but has voted Progressively for the Norris Muscle Shoals bill. No Congressman spends more time on the nation's business than Representative Mapes. He has a little law office in Grand Rapids' Widdicombs Building, seldom gets home to it.

In Wisconsin last week the Administration received a setback. Backed by the La Follette brothers and Senator John J. Blaine, Thomas R. Amlic defeated State Senator George W. Blanchard for the Republican nomination for Congressman from the 1st District, the seat formerly filled by the late Congressman Henry Allen Cooper. Candidate Amlic campaigned as a Wet, criticized the Administration's unemployment and Tariff policies. Opposed to him in the election Oct. 13 will be George Herzog, who is conceded little chance of winning.

PROHIBITION

Beer, Milk, Soft Drinks

The U. S. Bar has voted Wet. U. S. Medicine wants Modification. U. S. Labor wants beer (see p. 15). The American Legion wants a referendum (TIME, Oct. 5). Part of the theory is that the return of brewing if not of distilling would benefit the U. S. farmer by using up his grain.

Last week the executive committee of the National Grange, potent farm organization (800,000 members), met in Washington and voted bone Dry. "It stands to reason," said the Grange, "that if the American people should spend a large percentage of their earnings for beer they would have just that much less to spend for food, clothing and shelter." Also, the Grange postulated a relationship between strong drink and dairy products, for its own reasons taking the War year of 1917 as a reference point:

"Comparing the year 1929 with 1917, the per capita consumption of dairy products alone increased from 745.8 lb. to 997.5 lb. a year. . . . The grain required to produce the increased quantities of these dairy products amounts to 10,067,196,000 lb. This is approximately three times as much grain as was used all told in the manufacture of fermented liquors in 1917. . . . It is tragic to find so-called national leaders advocating as the solution of our social and economic problems the legalization of beer."

An anti-Bear argument believed in by President Hoover is that more men would be thrown out of work in the soft drink industry than would gain employment in the reopened breweries. Last week, answering an inquiry from Editor John Sanford Cohen of the Atlanta Journal, President Robert Winship Woodruff of Coca-Cola Co., leading trade-marked U. S. soft drink in point of volume, made an announcement:

"Contrary to the popular impression,

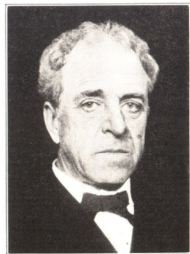
our experience generally indicates that Coca-Cola sales throughout the 76 countries in which we operate are unrelated to the sale of alcoholic beverages. I might say that Coca-Cola was born and grew to full manhood in pre-Prohibition days. Seven years ago the province of Ontario, Canada, was Dry and the Prohibition law was repealed or amended.* During that same year the sales of Coca-Cola increased more than 25% and this sales increase has continued steadily. In Montreal—which has permitted the sale of alcoholic beverages for some time and does so today—sales of Coca-Cola are more than double the per capita sales in the United States. Our volume and operations are generally satisfactory in Cuba. We have experienced several changes in regulatory legislation as applied to alcoholic beverages and to date have observed no adverse effect in the upward trend of Coca-Cola sales."

Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., whose product mixes well with stiffer stuff, echoed Coca-Cola's story. Starting with 1927, the year Ontario went from Dry to Wet, the company's U. S. and Canadian per capita sales have compared as follows:

	U. S.	Canada
1927	47	81
1928	54	121
1929	57	173
1930	57	175
1931	59	195

"My! My!"

In the U. S. District Court in Trenton, N. J., last week presided Judge George M. Bourquin, 68, who had just come from the



ACME-P. & A.

FEDERAL JUDGE BOURQUIN

He calculated 75 million violations.

arid State of Montana. He was trying a Bloomfield bootlegger.

"How large is Bloomfield?" Judge Bourquin asked a Federal Prohibition agent. "It's a medium-sized town, Your Honor."

*The Ontario Temperance Act was repealed in 1926.

"How many saloons would such a town have?"

"I really don't know."

"Well, how many saloons would you figure there were in the State? Would there be more than 400 or 500?"

"Well," put in the District Attorney, "in a place like Trenton it has been estimated by the public press that there are 3,000 places."

"What! In Trenton alone? Then—there would be at least 10,000 such places in the State, wouldn't there? And if each saloon sold 20 drinks a day—they couldn't get along on less—that would mean 200,000 violations a day, and in a year that would be 75,000,000 violations."

The District Attorney nodded.

"My, my!" said the court. "It only goes to show the hopelessness of the effort to cope with this business!"

"Just Around the Corner"

Thirsty inhabitants of Greenwich Village were alarmed one day fortnight ago to see a large new padlock on the door of a popular 6th Avenue shop. Gone from the window were the innocent green ginger ale bottles which had identified it as one of Manhattan's legion of "cordial & beverage" shops. On the sidewalk rested several battered milk cans. Pasted on the door was a notice that read: "Closed for violation of the Prohibition Law." But before the day was over Villagers were reassured. The sign had not been up 24 hours before above the padlock notice appeared a new, larger sign:

We are now doing business

At our new shop

JUST AROUND THE CORNER

These two signs told the whole story of Federal efforts to halt the rapid spread of New York's cordial & beverage shops where almost anybody can buy a bottle of gin for a dollar. Two years ago, one of the first to open was the shop at No. 201 East 44th Street (TIME, Feb. 10, 1930 et seq.). Gin, whiskey, brandy and liqueurs were openly displayed, openly sold. While the proprietor, one Mike, openly scoffed, while a Columbia University student wrote to President Hoover about it, the U. S. District Attorney's office said the matter would be taken up in "regular" order, indictments would be sought. Last week three "For Rent" signs were all that remained in that original cordial shop, but some 4,000 similar shops were doing a thriving business throughout the city.

A cordial shop is easily identified. It is a small, neat store in the window of which are some ginger ale or non-alcoholic liqueur bottles, or a pot of flowers. No longer is liquor on display inside; cautious vendors now keep it under a counter, behind a partition, or in an ice box out back. In some stores a prospective purchaser must bring an introduction or answer questions, but in most of them all comers are served with cheerful uniformity.

Since Jan. 1 the U. S. has raided 851 cordial shops, but because of the light overhead expense a raided operator can open a new shop "just around the corner"

National Affairs—(Continued)

within 24 hours. Most of them do. No license is needed. Though only 37 are listed in the business telephone directory, the operators themselves are authority for the estimate that Manhattan now has more than 4,000. New ones are being opened at the rate of about 50 per week. Like grocery stores some are run by individual owners, others belong to chains of 20 or 40. Small stocks are kept in the shops—enough for one day's trade. Chain operators go from shop to shop in the mornings, leaving supplies.

Competition has reduced prices. Recently Manhattan's West Side shops cut the price of Grade C gin to 75¢. Some of the East Side shops followed. At others the price has remained \$1 and \$1.25. Grade B gin is 50¢ more, Grade A 25¢ above that. The grades vary little in taste. Prices depend to some extent on the location of the shops; chiefly on overhead—rents and "tips." Rents usually vary between \$50 and \$200 per month; shop-owners are unwilling to say how much it costs them to remain unmolested. Profits are not exorbitant. One gallon of the cheapest alcohol costs from \$3 to \$4 wholesale. Flavored drops cost \$1.25 per quart. From these can be made 14 bottles of 75¢ gin at an average cost of 25¢ per bottle. Labels cost little, bottles about 5¢ each. Grade A alcohol costs \$5 or \$6 per gallon wholesale, the best drops \$5 per quart. Operators who have not cut prices are scornful of 75¢ gin, say it is three-fourths water. Certified analysis of the 75¢ gin showed from 30% to 35% alcohol by volume.

Cordial shops sell non-alcoholic vermouth and cordials. They also sell the "imported" kind. Or they will sell you non-alcoholic vermouth and a pint of alcohol and tell you how to mix them. Some of them take orders for "Canadian" beer, to be delivered by the case. Whiskies are frankly of local manufacture. Said a cordial shop clerk last week: "You can't get any better whiskey than this [King George] whiskey. The man that made this whiskey has been making whiskey ever since Prohibition."

Last week's quotations at a cordial shop near fashionable Sutton Place: *Gin*—Grade A, \$2. Grade B, \$1.75. Grade C, \$1.25. *Rye*—William Penn \$2.50 (pt.), Silver Dollar \$3 (pt.), Overholt \$4 (pt.), Butterham & Worth \$4.50 (pt.). *Scotch*—Ambassador \$2.50 (pt.), King George \$2.50 (pt.), Johnnie Walker \$4.75 (qt.), King George \$4.75 (qt.). *Port*—\$2.25 per quart. *Sherry*—\$2.25 per quart. *Grain Alcohol*—\$9 per gallon. *Imported Cordials*—\$4.50 per bottle. *Beer*—\$9 per case of 24 pints.

RACES

Browns

That the dark tenth of the U. S. population should no longer be called Negroes, but Browns, is the thesis of a study published last week by President Edwin Rogers Embree of the Julius Rosenwald Fund.* From 1919 when John Smith

bought "twenty Negars" and thus introduced slavery to Anglo-Saxon America, until 1868 when the U. S. formally forbade slave importations, the Negroes came from diverse African stocks. From the



EDWIN ROGERS EMBREE

... thinks what Jefferson did will be forgotten.

beginning, the African races in America married among themselves and with Indians, and practically from the beginning acquired white blood.

Comments Mr. Embree: "No special odium was attached to the begetting of mulatto children in slave days. It was regarded almost as a matter of course. Thomas Jefferson was reported, when President, to have regretted that certain of his own children were estopped from voting because of the conditions imposed by their maternity. When a yellow girl, reputed to be the daughter of President Tyler and living in his entourage in the White House, eloped with a white man and in punishment was sold 'down the river,' the matter was so ordinary as to cause only a piquant wave of gossip in Washington society. What was customary, in this regard, of those in high places was true to a greater degree of the generality of slave owners."

Result is a mélange of black and white, dashed with red. The U. S. Census counts 20% of Negroes as mulattoes. Private sociological estimates put the mulatto percentage at 80%. Mr. Embree believes that "well above half of the Negroes in America have some white or Indian blood." For a half century Negroes and mulattoes have been marrying mainly among their own color "and so distributing the primary blood mixtures more and more evenly throughout the new race." Hence, "even if there is no more infusion of white blood, a few more generations of mingling among the Negroes themselves will bring about so general a distribution of inheritance strains that it is likely that every Negro in America will have some white blood and most of them some Indian ancestry." Already they show traits "as

uniform as any typical race of mixed ancestry, such for instance as the Japanese or the Anglo-Saxons."

Mr. Embree's Browns are still mostly peasants and servants on Southern farms or laborers in Northern factories. But sufficient have risen into the arts, professions and commerce for him to predict their pervasion of the U. S. scene and despite much turmoil, which he considers not altogether valueless for U. S. culture, their passive acceptance by the general population.

Helping to speed the Browns on their ascent are the Rockefeller, Rosenwald, Carnegie, Peabody, Slater, Jeanes, Phelps-Stokes, du Pont and Duke philanthropic foundations. Each foundation develops some function of the Browns' well-being. The Julius Rosenwald Foundation, for example, in co-operation with States and counties has established 5,000 primary schools for colored children, at least one in almost every county of 14 Southern States. Negroes gratefully call Mr. Rosenwald, whose mail order catalogs they used before they could use his textbooks, "Cap'n Julius."

Jeffersonian Justice

The quail shooting season in Alabama lasts from Nov. 20 to Feb. 20. Editors and Negroes are shot all year round.

Into Birmingham's Jefferson County jail last week walked an agitated family. One member of it was Nell Williams, daughter of a prominent lawyer. Last summer, she was riding with her sister Augusta and another girl near Birmingham when a Negro jumped on their car's running board, made them drive into the woods, threatened to "get even for what your race has done to mine." He then shot and killed Miss Williams' sister and the other girl (TIME, Aug. 17).

With Miss Williams as she entered the jail were her mother, father and brother Dent, 25. A prudent sheriff searched Dent Williams for weapons and was not surprised to find a revolver. The family was then led into a room where a Negro named Willie Peterson, suspected of the crime, was to be re-identified by Miss Williams. Willie Peterson had been arrested fortnight before when, walking in Birmingham with her brother Dent, Nell Williams had suddenly pointed and screamed, "That's him! That's him!" Brother Dent had covered the Negro with a gun until police came.

Last week, Miss Williams took one look at Negro Peterson and nodded. Suddenly the room was filled with smoke, flame and sound. Dent Williams had whipped out another gun, concealed in the waistband of his trousers, and had done what any other full-blooded young white man in Jefferson County would have done—shot to kill "the black scoundrel." Three slugs took effect, two in the chest, one in the arm. Willie Peterson, dying, was taken away to a hospital where 100 National Guardsmen were subsequently posted to stop further trouble. Dent Williams was arrested, charged with attempting murder, released under \$1,000 bail.

*BROWN AMERICA—Edwin R. Embree—Viking (\$2.50).

National Affairs—(Continued)

LABOR

At Vancouver

Cartoonists often represent Labor as a hulking, slightly stupid man with great biceps and an ominous sledge-hammer in his hand. Viewing the cartoon, one gets the idea that it would be incautious to tread on the man's big toes, extremely imprudent to slap him in the face. He might be sluggish and slow to anger, but if aroused his wrath could be violent. Fortnight ago U. S. Labor, the large part of it that works in steel, copper and textile mills, decidedly had its toes stepped on. After sustaining wage levels through two depressed years while dividends fell and officers' salaries were lopped, employers at last reduced their workers' pay (TIME, Oct. 5). How would the giant with the sledge-hammer take it? Up to last week he had taken it very well. But the nation's attention was still uneasily centred on the giant as the American Federation of Labor prepared for its annual convention at Vancouver, B. C. this week.

While preliminary meetings of the building and metal trades departments got underway, came more bad news. The U. S. Department of Labor at Washington announced a 12.4% increase in industrial unemployment for August as compared with August last year and two more big companies—Republic Steel and M. A. Hanna Co. (coal) of Cleveland—reduced wages.

The metal trades department incorporated a threatening tone in its annual report by urging Federal relief measures for the winter "to prevent cold and hungry workmen from being driven to desperation." The building tradesmen, however, were chiefly concerned with a jurisdictional problem: carpenters in Philadelphia were making employers let them do work which the A. F. of L. Board of Jurisdictional Awards had allotted to the elevator constructors. President Frank Feeney of the elevator constructors' union interrupted the meeting to call his men off their Philadelphia jobs.

When President William Green of the A. F. of L. appeared on the scene, he again struck the threatening note in an address before the preliminary gathering. His words sounded as though lumbering Labor had got its back up. Evidently trying to scare employers out of making further pay cuts, said he:

"Some of us are wondering whether the present industrial order is to be a success or a failure. No social order is secure where wealth flows at such a rate into the hands of the few away from the many. . . . Labor is the source of created wealth and Labor will protest so long as the inequitable distribution of wealth continues. This inequity can be wiped out in two ways, through a distribution in the form of wages and earnings, and through redistribution through the masses by taxation. . . . No man should have the right to hand down his great fortune intact, any more than he should have a right to accumulate such colossal wealth during his lifetime. After a reasonable amount is

left to his heirs. . . . we will be in favor of having the United States Government take it away through taxation and distribute it to the masses."

On the eve of the convention the Executive Council drew up a program favoring: 1) beer as the "spark to lift us out of the depression, as the automobile lifted us out of the hard times of 1921"; 2) a national conference, called by President Hoover, of employers and laborers "to divide all available work among all workers"; 3) immediate inauguration of a five-day working week; 4) maintenance of wages; 5) prohibition of child labor. Labor's Executive Council opposed: 1) compulsory unemployment insurance; 2) a sales tax.

STATES & CITIES

Allman for Alcock

In ten years Chicago has had six new police commissioners. Each change has heralded a fresh campaign to "clean up the city," but Chicago today is as crime-ridden as ever. Last week's news was that Alphonse ("Snorky") Capone had organized the city's saloons into such a perfect chain that he was selling them not only their liquor supplies but everything down to ginger ale and table linen. So Chicagoans were not excited last week when Mayor Anton J. Cermak abruptly ousted Commissioner John Alcock and appointed in his place Captain James P. ("Iron

Cermak took office. Observers said that this period of grace was granted because Alcock refused to take orders from Mayor Thompson after Mayor Cermak was elected and before he took office. That Alcock confidently expected to be ousted sooner or later was suggested by his care not to relinquish his civil service rating as deputy commissioner. He never drew the commissioner's larger salary. Last week he calmly went back to his old job as first deputy commissioner. Back to his old job as lieutenant went Commissioner Alcock's Chief of Detectives John Norton. To succeed him Commissioner Allman named Captain William Shoemaker.

If Chicagoans were blasé about Mayor Cermak's crime drive they at least felt sure they had an honest man at the head of the city's 6,500 policemen. Oldtime newshawks used to say: "If there's an honest cop in this town, it's Allman." Tall, lean, grey, he is 56, has been a policeman 31 years, a captain since 1917. He is called "Iron Man" because of a legend that he never smiles, is an excellent marksman with his pistol. A student of criminology, he is brainer than most policemen. No less honest, if not so brainy, is his chief aide, Captain Shoemaker. Students of Chicago crime predicted that Commissioner Allman would not attempt to eliminate beer saloons, cigar store bookmakers, or other small grafters, but would concentrate on organized crime, make the city safe for the 1933 World's Fair. Commissioner Allman would make no predictions.

CRIME

Spectator

Last month the Press chuckled when Alphonse ("Scarface Al") Capone went to a charity baseball game in Chicago, sat in a front box, shook hands with the players, had his picture taken. For in another front box was sitting Chief Investigator Pat Roche, who had said he was looking for Gangster Capone for a fortnight but could not find him (TIME, Sept. 7).

Last week Gangster Capone, with a bodyguard of eight including "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn, attended the Northwestern-Nebraska football game at Evanston, Ill. This time the players did not greet him. And when the spectators learned of Capone's presence among them they raised a storm of angry booing. "I came to see the game," said Gangster Capone. "I'm going to stick it out."

Northwestern's President Walter Dill Scott asked Chief William O. Freeman of the Evanston police to evict Gangster Capone & party.* Chief Freeman said they had tickets, were committing no offense. He did not see how it could be done. The student booing continued, however, and at the end of the third quarter Capone & henchmen left. A crowd of 400 followed him out. A band of Boy Scouts gambled about him shouting: "Yea, Al!"

*Fortnight ago, Col. Robert Isham Randolph, president of the Chicago Association of Commerce, told Northwestern students: "I could have any man I designated killed for \$200 or \$250. I could have President Scott put on the spot but it would cost a few hundred dollars extra." (TIME, Oct. 5.)



Acme-P. & A.

COMMISSIONER ALLMAN, MAYOR CERMAK

Allman: "I'm not tickled to death."

Man") Allman. Mayor Cermak called his City Council into special session to whip through the appointment, had the new commissioner sworn in immediately, ordered him to crusade at once against organized crime. The new commissioner laconically remarked: "I'm not tickled to death with this job."

Last of loud William Hale Thompson's appointees, retiring Commissioner Alcock held his job for six months after Mayor

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

Mighty Marbles

"Just now the situation of the world gold supply reminds me of the little boy who was such a humdinger at marbles that in a short time he had no one to play with!"

Thus, cheerfully, spoke Board Chairman Albert Henry Wiggin of Chase National Bank, landing in Manhattan last week, home from chairmanning the committee which mapped Europe's immediate fiscal future (*TIME*, Aug. 31). Told that European countries (chiefly France) were withdrawing gold from Manhattan at a rate which reached \$52,000,000 one day last week and has totaled \$275,000,000 since the British pound went off gold, Mr. Wiggin said with emphasis:

"The larger the shipments of gold leaving this country today the better for domestic as well as world finance."

From Basle, Switzerland, sagacious Banker Wiggin, whom all Wall Street respectfully calls "Al," had issued a report that was very embarrassing to President Hoover. Mr. Wiggin and his European colleagues had decided not only that the Hoover one-year moratorium is insufficient but also that high (i. e. Republican) tariffs in the U. S. should come down.

Somehow or other the little boy who is such a humdinger at marbles must let the other little boys have marbles where-with to play, thinks Banker Wiggin. On the defensive last week he snapped: "Normal business conditions will not prevail in the United States until there is purchasing power in Europe." He urged immediate U. S. extension of more credit to European nations, as recommended by his committee.

Intrinsic Sterling. On international exchange the British pound hovered between \$3.85 and \$3.95 last week, ceased its wild gyrations of last fortnight. In the House of Commons tight-lipped Chancellor of the Exchequer Philip Snowden was asked at question hour: "What steps does His Majesty's Government propose to take to prevent foreigners from speculating in sterling exchange?"

Answered Philip the Bold: "It is not desirable to prevent the realization of sterling assets by foreign holders if they decide to do so. Regarding speculation, persons selling sterling well below its intrinsic value would incur serious risks. The remedy will come quickly when they begin to make losses."

More talk if another had uttered them, these Snowden words spread confidence. It was known that the Bank of France, holder of some \$125,000,000 in London, was leaving this asset "frozen" and attempting no withdrawals. This policy, French bankers said, had in turn caused the Bank of France to draw gold from Manhattan until the London situation should clear up.

Britons with their pound off gold and on a paper basis, thrilled by the million at Philip Snowden's solemn assurance that sterling still has an *intrinsic value*. Mr.

Snowden, prowling last week in search of an economy that would not touch the poor, found what he wanted in Britain's diplomatic service, pruned the pay of Ambassadors and Ministers 10%.

Germany Too? Absurd! Rumors were plentiful that Germany might decide to go off gold; but Chancellor Heinrich



WALL STREETER WIGGIN

... was reminded of a humdinger.

Brüning set his pointed jaw, denied the rumors to correspondents, denied them to the German people by radio. "No nation which like ourselves has endured the terrible experience of inflation," said the Chancellor to his microphone, "can endure that in this time of uncertainty and apprehension confidence in the stability of its deposits should be shattered. . . . Rumors that Germany will follow England in this matter are absurd, ABSURD!"

Phenomena. In Hungary typical troubles resulted last week from a stern Government decree barring all exports of gold, barring even the export of Hungarian paper pengoes. Stirred to uncommon zeal by orders from Budapest, customs inspectors at the Hungarian frontier "almost dismantled the Budapest-Vienna Express," according to indignant passengers.

Male travelers were stripped, females prodded and squeezed (the Hungarian Government officially denied that female express passengers were denuded), baggage was minutely ransacked and finally Hungary's vigilant inspectors advanced upon the train itself. Cushions, bedding, even carpets were seized and shaken, mattresses unstitched, lavatories probed. No smuggling whatever was detected.

Swedes amused themselves last week by computing that, unless Sweden returns to the Gold Standard before Nobel Prizes are awarded next December, each prizewinner will find his award reduced in gold value by some \$7,000.

Brokers on the Dole. Central European capitals which kept their stock exchanges closed last week were headed by Berlin.

In Berlin the Governments of Germany and Prussia forbade brokers to meet even informally. Thus left with literally nothing to do and with no idea whatever when the Berlin Bourse will reopen, numerous brokers declared themselves legally "unemployed," applied for dole payments from the Federal and Prussian Governments, received them.

90¢ Dollars. Stubborn British fishermen on the west coast of Vancouver Island refused to believe last week that the pound had fallen, the dollar risen. When U. S. fish-buyers confidently offered less for British fish, the fishermen conferred. After arguing the matter they decided that, since something was evidently wrong somewhere, the only safe course would be to discount the dollar.

Expostulating U. S. buyers were told that their dollars would be accepted as worth 90¢ each. Wrangling only fixed the British fishermen in their decision. Some U. S. buyers, badly needing fish, bought at the fishermen's fantastic rate of exchange, departed muttering.

No less British, no less significant was a leading article in London's *Week End Review*, an orthodox, Conservative paper. Calling on British statesmen to lead the world onto some new standard other than gold, the *Review* declared:

"This would in effect be a new alchemy, changing gold into base metal and leaving it hanging like lead around the necks of the gold-hoarding nations."

Frog-Blooded Execution

Because the New Hebrides are governed jointly by France and Great Britain there is scandal and backbiting about almost everything that British or French officials on the islands do. Last week the trouble was about beheading.

Fourteen Chinese had been arrested for the murder of a French planter. Six were sentenced by a French court to Death. Anxious that the execution should be *comme il faut*, reflecting that the condemned men were Orientals, the French Court sent for an Oriental headsman, obtained after some difficulty a scowling Japanese adept with his great broad blade.

Exactly as though they had been sentenced to Death in China, the six Chinese chained up in front of the French Hospital at Vila had their heads chopped off in the good old Chinese way. From a French standpoint the execution was a triumph. It harmonized with the French Government's traditional policy of observing native customs in French colonies wherever possible. But British residents of Vila were furious.

When a British ship brought news of the "outrage" to Auckland, shocked New Zealand editors roasted the French as a race of cold-blooded, unfeeling frogs.

"I was unfortunate enough to witness the spectacle, which was too barbarous and ghastly to be described," said Second Officer Herbert Mimms. "About 170 people were present, including natives and the entire French population of Vila."

Foreign News—(Continued)

GREAT BRITAIN

"Violence to the Lieges"

John McGovern, a Laborite M. P. who was suspended from the House of Commons in July because he refused to leave the Chamber until forcibly ejected (TIME, July 13), attempted to lead a parade of jobless door-drawers through the streets of Glasgow last week. Police inspectors were waiting for him, told him that he could not march. The crowd of sullen workmen in grimy caps grew & grew. There were angry murmurs. Suddenly riot flared. Mobsters smashed store windows and began looting. Brickbats, cobblestones, beer bottles whanged through the air. Mounted police clattered down the High Street swinging their truncheons. John McGovern was dragged off to jail, charged with "threatening violence to the lieges and committing a breach of the peace."

But Glasgow was not calmed that easily. Looting and rioting continued intermittently for three days. Scotch reporters gloomily wired that a simple impulse to snatch and steal, rather than any motive of politics or protest seemed to inflame the mob. At the Gallowgate, where the famous Battle of the Butts occurred in 1544, heads were bloodied. Scots fought with sticks and bottles while their gude-wives cheered them on from the upper stories, threw down broken furniture, flower pots, and in one case a large tin trunk on the heads of the hard-pressed constabulary. One gigantic battler kept six constables busy sitting on his head, chest, arms and legs in the station house. Mr. McGovern, M. P., limped into police court complaining bitterly that some policeman had given way to his feelings and booted him violently on the fundament, causing a painful bruise at the base of his spine.

Glasgow was not the only scene of disorder: menacing mobs rioted in Dundee, Salford, London.

Hannington. In his little Bloomsbury office last week sat one Wal Hannington, organizer of the National Unemployed Workers' Movement, who claimed credit for fomenting these, the most serious British riots since 1921. Communist Wal Hannington, frank proponent of violence, is a hard-muscled, soft-spoken young man who dresses extremely neatly, wears tortoise shell glasses and serves tea to tea-time visitors. Without hesitation he explained how some of last week's British riots were organized by his scouts (not Boy Scouts) screwing directions on the sidewalks, how the N. U. W. M. fooled the police by starting false mass meetings at the opposite end of towns from the scene of intended ruckus.

London police took Wal Hannington at his word, arrested him for "inciting demonstrations." Quietly a judge clapped him for six months into Wormwood Scrubs Jail. Nervous, the London Press achieved a remarkable conspiracy of silence, omitted all mention of Communist Hannington.

Ramsay & Seaham

Tense and weary one to a m. last week Scot MacDonald boarded *The Flying Scotsman*. As she puffed out of London a dining car steward offered place tickets for lunch and the Prime Minister took one. Snorting swiftly North, the famed express had crossed one-third of England before luncheon bells rang. With scant appetite the leader of the "National Government" forked food mechanically. Into the diner walked a lifelong friend, Arthur Henderson, leader last week of the Labor Party which Mr. MacDonald led a few short weeks ago. The two men neither spoke nor nodded, cut each other dead.

At Durham, famed cathedral town, *The Flying Scotsman* made an unwanted stop. Nearby lies Seaham, the Laborite constituency which Mr. MacDonald still represents in Parliament, though excommunicated from the Party. As everyone knows, Seaham's Laborite Council has demanded that he resign his seat (TIME, Sept. 7). But the Prime Minister returned to sullen Seaham last week, convinced that he could explain and justify his policies, hoping that Seaham would have him for her own again as a Laborite. Repeatedly Scot MacDonald has exclaimed to his new Conservative and Liberal colleagues in the National Government, "If only I had time to talk to the British working man!"

Seaham's working (and jobless) men raised no cheer for the Prime Minister. But a few women shrilled encouragement, heartened him to lift his hat and bow slightly as he entered Seaham Labor Hall. Inside, Seaham's 80 Laborite Committee-men, who always before had received Scot MacDonald standing & cheering, sat expressionless in their 80 chairs.

A great speaker, a mellow and winning orator, James Ramsay MacDonald spoke long and loud.

"I have been a Socialist all my life and I will always remain one!" he was heard to shout. "The national emergency compelled me to take the steps I have taken! . . . If the crisis had not been met, the classes I represent—the Labor classes—would have been the first to suffer!"

Seaham's 80 heard Scot MacDonald to the end. They then voted that the Seaham Labor Party will not ask him to stand again for Seaham, still demands his resignation. Amid more women's cheers, the Prime Minister emerged, rode away from Seaham white-lipped, went to bed in a sleeping car bound for London. On the train, Scot MacDonald perused Scotch papers telling of savage riots by Scotland's working class (see col. 1).

At 6:00 a. m., the train drew into London, but Mr. MacDonald did not awake. No one called him until 7. Swallowing a cup of station tea, he drove to No. 10 Downing Street, put on fresh clothes, drove to Buckingham Palace—the place where Prime Ministers resign.

Perhaps George V cheered up his discouraged subject. On leaving His Majesty, the Prime Minister launched into a new series of high-pressure conferences. David Lloyd George, sick and known to oppose an immediate election, was hunted out by Scot MacDonald in his very bedroom. As

conviction grew that the Prime Minister had made up his mind to an election, something snapped in the Seaham Labor Party machine. Two Laborite groups broke away, wired the occupant of No. 10 Downing St. that he could stand as their candidate.

Meanwhile the 31st annual Conference of the Labor Party opened at Scarborough. "An election is so near," warned Labor Arthur Henderson, "that we must keep our lamps trimmed and almost lighted!"

Few days later Scot MacDonald announced immediate dissolution of Parliament, Britain to vote Oct. 27 in General Election. Defying official Laborites to do their worst, excommunicated Laborite MacDonald swung into the campaign with these fighting words: "I shall remain a Labor member and shall fight as a Labor candidate. I shall use the colors of the Labor Party in whatever constituency I go to."

Most Liberals were expected to fight with the Government, but a bedside bulletin declared that Mr. Lloyd George will lead as many Liberals as he can muster against Mr. MacDonald, thus splitting the Liberal Party wide. Labor will be more or less split as personal friends within the Party swing to "good old Ramsay." Observers saw Britain retaining in effect to a two-party system, all candidates marshalling for or against the National Government.

Victory for the Government should firm the pound, restore confidence in the Empire as a concern with stable management. Victory for the Labor Party decisive enough to put Arthur Henderson in power would launch Britain inevitably on the rocky road to "Socialism in Our Times!" Expert British opinion absorbed by Scot MacDonald in the past three weeks, from everyone who should know, is that the National Government stands to win.

FRANCE

Laval Leaving

Impatient to handshake President Herbert Hoover, Premier Pierre Laval last week shoved aboard two days the sailing date of the French Line ship that will carry him, *S. S. Ile de France*. Promptly in several hundred European hotels other passengers booked on the *Ile de France* seized the usual ink-clogged pens, dipped them furiously into the familiar purple fluid, scratched and splattered torrents of protest.

On second thought, M. Laval saw that even in the name of Goodwill he must not treat tourists two days early from their Paris, must let them have their last rounds of champagne cocktails, buy their last svelte gowns, paste jewels, guaranteed antiques and copies of *My Life & Loves* by Frank Harris. The *Ile de France*, it was hastily announced, will keep to her original sailing date, Oct. 16. President Hoover will wait.

In a suite close to Premier Laval's will sail a handsome Romanov sure to be fêted this winter by smartest U. S. hostesses, H. I. H. Dmitri, Grand Duke of Russia, on his first prospecting visit to the U. S.

Foreign News—(Continued)

Brother of best-selling Grand Duchess (*Education of a Princess*) Marie, tall, fascinating Dmitri, handsome Prince Felix Youssouпов to poison, shoot and drown the notorious "Black Monk" Gregory Efimovitch Rasputin. Hostesses are warned that the question "Do tell us all about it!" instantly freezes Grand Duke Dmitri into hurt hauteur.

Buzzing about the French Premier as he prepared to sail was Belgian Foreign Minister Paul Hymans. He was said to be urging M. Laval to listen sympathetically when Mr. Hoover asks France to join in a worldwide economy program of lessened armaments. This, from the French point of view, is a "sacrifice of security" which few Frenchmen are prepared to make. But Belgium, less militaristic than France, is anxious to economize on cannon.

As part of his preparations M. Laval decided to sound out the British Government. He invited to Paris the great Lord Reading, special Envoy to the U. S. in 1917, today British Foreign Secretary. London papers pictured Lord Reading as about to make two points to M. Laval: 1) that Britain stands with the U. S. in favor of armament cuts; 2) that Britain still urgently desires the International Fiscal Conference proposed some time ago by Philip Snowden, hopes that M. Laval will discuss it with Mr. Hoover.

Naturally France and the U. S. are both reluctant to enter a conference which Britain is urging chiefly with hopes of strengthening her pound and drawing more French and U. S. gold into world circulation. But Whitehall and Threadneedle Street seemed to think last week that progress can be made by urging the conference as a *sine qua non* without which general prosperity simply cannot be restored. Such a conference would doubtless decide that War Debts and Reparations should be cancelled (a view most "international" U. S. bankers already hold—see p. 16); might also decide that the Gold Standard is inadequate to back world credit needs (an alternative being bi-metalism) and might finally pave the way, according to opinion heard in London last week, for some sort of broad agreement by the Great Powers to restrain overproduction and "rationalize" world trade.

ITALY

Grandpapa

Birth of a son in Shanghai last week to Edda, Countess Ciano (née Mussolini) made *Il Duce* for the first time a grandparent. Parent Count Ciano is the Italian consul at Shanghai. In Rome last week virile, vigorous Grandpa Mussolini:

Stopped speculation for the decline on Italian exchanges by a decree empowering the Ministry of Finance to seize profiteering bear traders, send them either to jail or to hard labor on Lipari Island.

Boosted for Britain, with whom his relations are close & friendly, by stating:

"It is certain that with what others owe her and her great foreign investments scattered all over the world, England has

enough to call herself safe. . . . Sterling is more likely to hold its own and return to normal than many other things in this depressed world."

Liquidated the last remnant of the Vatican 2. Fascism quarrel of last June by ruling that members of the Fascist Party



Acme-P. & A.

MUSSOLINI

He praised the pound.

may again belong to the Catholic clubs *Azione Cattolica* and vice versa.

Spurred Italy's rapidly expanding merchant marine by inducing all the larger Italian lines to merge last week into a new operating trust, the Lloyd Orientale.

The mammoth merged fleet includes 107 ships, notably the *Augustus* and *Roma* (N. G. L.), the *Saturnia* and *Vulcania* (Cosulich), the *Conte Grande* and *Conte Biancamano* (Lloyd Sabaud). Rumor named Count Costanzo Ciano, Minister of Communications and father-in-law of Daughter Edda, as the destined board chairman of Lloyd Orientale, thus making Italy's entire merchant marine a Mussolini-Ciano family affair.

Expanded plans for the 10th anniversary (next year) of Fascism's March on Rome to include "the greatest assemblage of armed forces that the Eternal City has seen for two millenniums!" Grandiose, this expansion took place at a session of the Fascist Grand Council in that intoxicating chamber at the Palazzo Venezia, Grandpa Mussolini's "World Map Room."

SPAIN

Votes for Women

Stubbornly, insistently President Alcalá Zamora of newly Republican Spain has pressed Pope Pius XI to withdraw Spain's die-hard Royalist Primate, Pedro Cardinal Segura y Saenz, Archbishop of Toledo (Time, June 29). In Vatican City last week this long, silent diplomatic struggle ended with a decorous item in *Osservatore Romano*, Papal daily:

"His Most Reverend Eminence, Cardinal Segura, has remitted into the hands of the Holy Father free renunciation of the Archbishop's See at Toledo. His Holiness has accepted it, expressing appreciation for the noble gesture the Cardinal has made with true generosity and supernatural spirit."

Expelled from Spain by the military last summer, Cardinal Segura watched from a French monastery near the Spanish frontier last week while Madrid legislators passed a bill strongly opposed by His Eminence. This law, which the Spanish National Assembly passed 160 to 121, granted suffrage at last to Spanish females aged 23 or more.

Never before has a Latin nation put ballots into the hands of its women. France and Italy being no exceptions to this Latin rule. In Spain there are some 5,000,000 male voters. Last week's law added 5,000,000 females.

Debate in the National Assembly just before the bill passed was exciting. "Do not forget," shrieked *Sufragette* Senorita Clara Campoamor, "that you are all the sons of women! We are all equal by nature! The Spanish woman awaits her redemption by the Republic!"

Spain's Minister of Prisons, British-blooded Senorita Victoria Kent, leading Spanish feminist, opposed the law: "Spanish women are not prepared for the ballot yet!"

Somewhat stealthily, as the vote neared, several Deputies stole out. Not one of these craven abstainers was bald. Bald Deputies, Madrid noticed, voted almost without exception for votes-for-women. Very young Deputies, dandies with sleek black sideburns, vainly voted in the negative.

Five Bells

In the past two months Speaker Julian Besteiro of Spain's hectic National Assembly (see above) has smashed four Speaker's bells. Last week he smashed his fifth, probably an all-time parliamentary record.

His method: when most violent bell-swinging fails to bring Spanish Deputies to order, Speaker Besteiro pounds until his desk is deeply dented, his bell completely shattered.

In thrifty France the Speaker's bell is anchored pendulum-wise to a firm support. When its ringing proves futile, the Speaker puts on his slightly conical French silk hat, stalks from the Chamber or Senate, automatically suspends the session by this gesture.

CHILE

Sand in the Streets

To repudiate payment of most of Chile's foreign obligations and to "bust" the Guggenheim-controlled *Cosach* (nitrate trust) was the campaign pledge last week of two out of Chile's three leading candidates for the Presidency.

The third candidate won. Guggenheims, foreign bond-holders and all U. S. citizens with Chilean interests breathed easier.

Foreign News—(Continued)

Even amid frenzied electoral strife last week, the Chilean Government lent friendly ears to U. S. Ambassador William Smith Culbertson. While the welkin rang with anti-U. S. slogans, he signed with Chilean Foreign Minister Luis Izquierdo an agreement, retroactive to May 22 last, which lowers Chilean tariffs clapped on imports from the U. S. at that time, means that Chile grants the U. S. "most favored nation status."

Juan Esteben Montero, winning candidate and President-elect, had more than the sunshine of U. S. favor to help him win. A Conservative, a former University professor who had played no part in politics until the fall of Dictator Carlos Ibanez seven weeks ago, he was the official candidate of the Government party; and, although Chileans cast the votes, it is the Government that counts the ballots. Moreover Candidate Montero had the picturesque support of nearly 50,000 *guasos* (cowboys) in flopping ponchos and silver spurs who rode in from the country districts, threatening destruction to anyone who should oppose him.

The opposing candidates were Arturo Alessandri, a former President of Chile and Manuel Hidalgo, Communist. Chilean hard times were expected to bring Communist Hidalgo many votes, but his rumored connection with the ineffectual Chilean naval mutiny lost him much popular sympathy. Candidate Alessandri had put through (when President) Chile's broad labor laws, workmen flocked to him.

Election day was not dull. Expecting trouble, workmen early spread yellow sand over Santiago streets so that charging cavalry should not slip. The Government mobilized the full force of 18,000 mounted gendarmes and sent them picking their way over the sand about as heavily armored as any policeman could be: a long lance in one hand, a sabre at the saddle bow, a rifle across the back, a pistol on the hip.

JAPAN-CHINA

"Secessionist Movements"

(See front cover)

Japan, having promised the League of Nations to withdraw from Manchuria (China's northern granary), withdrew a few more soldiers last week, but irate Chinese were not appeased.

General Honjo, commander of the Japanese forces in Manchuria, stroked his silky white mustache, stated that "military occupation" of Mukden by Japanese troops was at an end. His soldiers were staying on, he explained, merely to protect Japanese lives and property.

Chinese noticed that Japanese soldiers also "protected" the silver reserve of the Manchurian treasury at Mukden. Fifty vaults containing the reserves of the leading provincial banks of Manchuria remained under Japanese seal and guard. Because the Mukden branch of Manhattan's National City Bank had fat silver deposits in the sealed Chinese banks and wanted to withdraw same last week, Branch Manager Lamont M. Cochran re-

quested of the Japanese authorities that they permit Mukden's banks to open. He was ignored.

Meanwhile officials of Mukden's Chinese Provincial Government had fled in headlong fear. (No. 1 Committeeman: Mr. Quan Shin-kai, once chief secretary to



GENERAL HONJO

... "protected" everything, including Mukden's silver.

the late, barbaric War Lord Chang Tso-lin.) They were replaced by an unsavory group of Chinese calling themselves the Peoples Preservation Committee who seemed disposed to declare the secession of Manchuria from the rest of China. Other secessionist movements were reported (by the Japanese press) in such leading Manchurian cities as Harbin and Kirin. Finally in Tokyo suave General Jiro Minaami, Japanese War Minister credited with secretly ordering the whirlwind Japanese occupation of Manchuria (TIME, Sept. 28), appeared before the Japanese Cabinet last week with a sheaf of telegrams in his small, hard fist. Addressed to General Minami, the Chinese citizens of Harbin had just plumped enthusiastically for secession of Manchuria from China, arraying themselves for this purpose under Chinese General Chang Ching-hui.

Japan Does a Roosevelt? In China proper last week secessionist news from Manchuria was branded as a mess of Japanese lies. Convalescent but still typhoid-feverish, Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, recently forced out of Mukden by General Honjo, declared from his Peiping hospital pallet, "China will never recognize a secessionist regime set up in Manchuria clearly under Japanese influence!"

In Nanking, Canton, Shanghai, passionately indignant Chinese likened Manchuria to Panama. When President Theodore Roosevelt wanted a strip of Colombian territory which spanned the Isthmus of Panama, they recalled, a secessionist movement conveniently arose. Panama broke away from Colombia. Promptly

recognized as a new and sovereign state by President Roosevelt, she promptly permitted the U. S. to build the Panama Canal. Should Manchuria secede from China, what is to prevent Independent Manchuria from later merging with Japan? Full of suspicion, Chinese patriots scanned Japan for a Roosevelt. Is he Baron Kijuro Shidehara, famed Japanese Foreign Minister?

The Baron is short, thickset, determined. Keen eyes peer from behind heavy round spectacles. His broad stubby mustache, his quick big-toothed smile are more than vaguely Rooseveltian. Years ago as a Japanese diplomat Baron Shidehara knew the Rough Rider President, recalls him warmly as "my friend." Asked recently point blank, "Has anyone ever told you that you look like Roosevelt?" Japan's Foreign Minister replied with crisp satisfaction. "Yes, someone told me that in Washington on my first visit."

Famed as a man of peace because he forced Japanese ratification last year of the London Naval Treaty despite terrific opposition, Baron Shidehara kept the cables to Washington busy last week, finally obtained from Secretary Stimson what amounted to a *carte blanche* for the Japanese activities in Manchuria—activities which the Chinese Government denounced in their cables to Washington last week as "free acts of war... still being committed by Japanese troops."

As Foreign Minister, Baron Shidehara whitewashed as best he could the indiscreet gloating of Japan's War Minister at "secession movements" in Manchuria. He despatched to the Chinese Government and to the world press a note in which he said: "The Japanese Government has prohibited all its nationals from assisting independence movements and is confident that no Japanese is taking part in these movements."

Observers noted that Japan's Shidehara had thus completely boxed the diplomatic compass, done all an able diplomat could to create an odor of sanctity, yet had left Japan free to take full advantage of whatever situation her militarists are able to develop in Manchuria.

Crescent's Tip. Petite Masi-ko, Baroness Shidehara is an Iwasaki, daughter of Japan's No. 2 house of merchant princes (Mitsubishi), the famed Mitsuie being No. 1. When she married Diplomat Shidehara he was no baron though he belonged to a Samurai (feudal sword bearer) family. In the past 30 years he has held diplomatic posts almost everywhere, but got his real leg up to greatness as Chief of the Telegraph Section of the Foreign Office, a key post because the holder has access to all Foreign Office codes & secrets, and secrets play a major role in the devious statecraft of Japan.

While Ambassador to the U. S. (1919-22) Samurai Shidehara was made a Baron (1920) by the Son of Heaven who thus equipped him with sufficient social prestige to represent Japan fittingly at the Washington Conference (1921-22). Since then he has been several times Foreign Minister, served as Acting Premier (TIME,

Foreign News—(Continued)

Nov. 24) when his old friend and classmate at the Tokyo Imperial University, Premier Yuko Hamaguchi ("The Lion") was skewered by a would-be assassin's dagger and lingered on to die last month.

Today Baron & Baroness Shidehara delight chiefly in their smart sons, Michitaro (29), Shigeo (26), and in their unassuming, rock-gardened week-end home at Kamakura on the eastern tip of crescent-shaped Sagami Bay. On the western tip, thrillingly visible to the loyal Shideharas, is the summer home of the sublime Emperor Hirohito, 125th descendant of the Sun Goddess.

Chinese Unite? As they always do when menaced by Japan, China's weak and wrangling factional governments tried last week to unite. Only last spring the Canton Government was reviving "Nanking's roccoco facade" while the Nanking Government denounced Canton. Foreign Minister Eugene Chen as a Bolshevik Red. Both charges were at least half truths, but last week Canton and Nanking found it possible to exchange envoys and draft a secret program for concerted action (TIME, June 29).

Strongest were rumors that Pinko Mr. Chen may emerge as Foreign Minister of the projected coalition. He has been much at Moscow, would give Chinese policy a sharp twist.

Chinatown's Lee. Unlucky Dr. C. T. Wang who was beaten, stabbed and mauled by patriotic students (TIME, Oct. 5), because as Nanking's Foreign Minister "his policy toward Japan was not positive enough," recovered partly from his wounds last week. Thrice stabbed, he worried most about his badly beaten knees. Doctors said that if he walks again he will probably limp. Temporarily Dr. Wang was replaced in Nanking's Cabinet by a Chinese born in Manhattan's famed Chinatown, ascetic, erudite Professor Frank W. Lee.

Neither ascetic nor erudite was Professor Lee's father, sinister "Old Tom" Lee, chief on Leong Tongssan and redoubtable "Mayor of Chinatown." Old Tom's wife was white. He shielded her and little Frank whom she reared an upright Baptist. Opium dens, eerie tunnels under Mott Street and stranglings in the dark are no childhood memories of Professor Lee, whose features and color resemble his mother's.

In 1906, aged 22, he went to teach in China under Y. M. C. A. auspices, became attached to the late great Dr. Sun and in 1927 turned up in Washington where he persuaded President Calvin Coolidge to recognize Nanking as the Government of all China.

Safety Valves. To keep super-patriotic students out of mischief, Nanking President Chiang Kai-shek organized "student battalions" last week, ostensibly for war with Japan. But numerous students were too canny to join, doubted the President's will to war. Three thousand students, most of them with little or no money, massed in Nanking, vowed that they would stay there (and perhaps starve) until the Government takes steps to avenge "China's honor."

Hearing that another entire trainload of students were about to leave Shanghai, President Chiang wired orders that the train must not leave, whereat the students threatened to wreck the station. After furious wrangling Shanghai railroad officials pretended to yield. Students cheered as their train chuffed out of

5:30 p. m. Out ripped Admiralty orders. By 6:30 p. m. the Japanese destroyers *Himoki* and *Momo* were streaking for Shanghai, chief Chinese port. At dawn two more Japanese destroyers followed.

Manchu Sued

Nine years is a long time to be the concubine of any man, especially of the deposed Emperor of China, weak-eyed and sapless Mr. Henry Pu Yi. Last week pretty Shu Fei, that Imperial concubine known euphemistically as "The Empress of the Eastern Court," was the sensation of all China. She had run away from Mr. Pu. She had hired lawyers. Termining her concubinage "marriage" she presumptuously sued for a "divorce."

Japan subsidizes spidery-limbed Mr. Pu, provides him with a life of modest splendor in the Japanese quarter of Tientsin, holds him up her sleeve as a possible puppet emperor whom she might place on the throne of any part of China which might secede (see p. 19) and prefer a monarchy to a republic. Last week aggrieved Concubine Shu Fei told what life is like at Mr. Pu's queer court.

"The imperial eunuchs have most avaricious habits," she complained. "They were to blame for most of my misfortunes and their intrigues never cease. I am 25 years old and so is my husband, but in nine years he never consummated our marriage. He kept me locked up and the first wife treated me as an intruder."

Chinese lawyers seemed agreed last week that Concubine Shu Fei can establish her "wife" status under the new Chinese Legal Code (TIME, July 27) and obtain a "divorce," if she can prove the neglect and mistreatment she alleges. Her cause célèbre made other Chinese concubines prick up their ears, made Chinese husbands cogitate.

A sister of Concubine Shu Fei aided her suit last week, kept her comfortably at a good Peiping hotel. But most reprovingly her brother, Wen Chi, wrote:

"My sister, you are too thoughtless. You must realize you can never dare to face your ancestors in the world to come if you carry through this action."

"Our family has been enjoying the generosity and kindness of the Manchu royal family for over 200 years, and our ancestors for four generations have received the highest royal decorations. The former Emperor has never ill-treated you, and even if he did, you should endure it, for it is your fate, which should be endured until death if necessary to reciprocate all the generosity bestowed upon our family by the Manchu rulers."

"Do you not remember that at the time the Emperor was forced out of the Forbidden City, you carried a knife under your sleeve, ready to commit suicide should any mishap occur to the Emperor or yourself? What a holy and divine spirit was that, and how you have changed now into a different person!"

"Take my advice, my sister, and go back to the Emperor to beg his forgiveness for your lack of common sense. If you do not, you must surely die of shame and be reviled by all right-thinking persons."



Underwood & Underwood

HENRY PU YI & WIFE No. 1

Wife No. 2 complained of non-consummation, avaricious eunuchs.

(See col. 3)

Shanghai station, raged when it was shunted onto a side-track at Chin-kiang, 50 miles from Nanking, and left there by an engine which absconded before the students could lynch the fireman and engineer.

Philanthropic U. S. citizens who contribute to Yenching University at Peiping were relieved when President Dr. John Leighton Stuart cabled last week that his Chinese students are ignoring the militarist demonstrations of other Chinese students and continue to study.

Protective Expeditions. Actual battling in China was confined last week to skirmishes in Manchuria between Chinese troops (Japanese called them "bandits") and Japanese "protective expeditions."

Chinese, protesting the Japanese military occupation, shot down a Japanese plane. In rebuttal Japanese planes dropped 60 bombs on the Chinese barracks at Paishan-Chengtse, killed some 200 soldiers.

At 6 p. m. the Japanese Admiralty received a news flash from Shanghai that a Chinese mob had "brutally beaten" two Japanese women on Yangtzepoo Road at

A R T

Billy Orps

After long illness, Death came to Sir William Orpen last week. Britain and the world lost a great painter.

Sir William Orpen, K. B. E., R. A. was born in Stillorgan, County Dublin, 52 years ago. He was an incredible little man who looked like a Gaelic gnome, used to smoke 70 cigars a day, eat four meals, sleep twelve hours and walk 15 miles. To an enormous circle of acquaintances he was known quite simply as Billy Orps. His career started in 1890 when he won a £20 scholarship at the age of 12 and began to study painting at the Dublin Metropolitan School of Art. He went to London and studied at the Slade School when that dusty institute contained such promising pupils as Augustus John, Sir John Lavery, William Rothenstein. Billy Orps did not have to wait long for recognition. His

soul revolted frequently at painting the smug faces of Success. He never lost his fondness for Gypsies and the color of the West of Ireland. He made brilliant little landscapes. He would sneak away from his job at the Versailles Peace Conference to paint the honey-bearded chef of the Hotel Chatham in Paris. He told President Wilson, General Pershing, Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson what he thought of them and earned the subsidiary nickname of "The Wasp." When he could not stand the idea of drawing another frock coat, he would paint himself again, accenting his pixie face, dressing himself in outlandish costumes. There exist striking self-portraits of Billy Orps in a succession of funny hats, in racing silks as a jockey, as a major in his muffler and trench helmet, as a wildfowler, as a painter with a dust-cloth wrapped round his head, in his bathrobe.

Though he was never slovenly in his drawing he was artist enough to let his style change with the changes in modern life. In May he sent to the Royal Academy a highly formalized picture of Christ's entry into Jerusalem. The British press received it with the angry snorts generally reserved for the *opera* of Sculptor Jacob Epstein. Apparently it meant a great deal to Billy Orps. His health broke down, he spent most of the summer in a nursing home. Recently he was discharged and attempted to get on with his painting. Last week came the final relapse.



Acme-P. & A.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, K. B. E., R. A.

To the smug faces of Success he preferred his own.

humor, the firmness of his line, above all his brilliant use of color attracted international attention.

Very soon he had more portrait commissions than he could handle. Tycoons besieged his studio. One New York gallery offered him \$5,000,000 to come to New York and do a series of 100 portraits. Billy Orps turned it down. He had all the portraits he could possibly do right in London at \$10,000 apiece. Otto Hermann Kahn, Andrew William Mellon, William Wallace Atterbury are among the U. S. businessmen who traveled to London to be limned by the little Irishman. During the War, British authorities pinned the gold crowns of a major on his shoulders, clapped a tin helmet on his head and sent him to the front to do sketches of the troops and large oil portraits of the generals. It was this series of War pictures that won him his knighthood in 1918.

But beside the successful portrait painter there was another Billy Orpen. His

master, Otto sold the tickets, Charles wrote the mouth-filling polysyllabic advertisements. John, who used to play the bass viol and drive the lead wagon over dusty prairie roads, became the router, the greatest transportation expert in the circus business. He lost his brothers and his mustache. He absorbed Barnum & Bailey and in time every important circus in the U. S. so that today every trained lion in the country must jump through hoops when John Ringling cracks the whip. And he has assembled the largest private art collection in the U. S. with the exception of William Randolph Hearst's.

Mr. John, as the tent shows call him, first showed an interest in art about 30 years ago when he went to Europe to find new artists to draw circus posters. His interest is genuine; he picks out most of his purchases himself. Mr. John is still enough of a circus man to like his pictures big. He has the largest private collection of Rubens in the world. The pink stucco, palladian-arched John & Mable Ringling



Acme-P. & A.

JOHN RINGLING

... still likes his pictures big.

Museum contains about 20 galleries and features mountainous bronze reproductions of Michaelangelo's David and the Father Nile and Father Tiber from the Vatican Gardens. It is useless to show him modern pictures, but dealers have discovered that if they have nothing large, a religious subject is often a temptation.

Ten years ago he decided to build a museum for his collection. The pink Venetian palace in Sarasota was the result; the museum idea expanded into the art school and junior college. Mr. John imported a faculty (largely from the Grand Central Art Galleries of New York) headed by Dr. Spivey, president of Southern College, Lakeland, Fla., and built dormitories for men and women, and a dining hall. First student to register was one Frank Norman of Minden, La. Student Norman explained last week that the reason he has chosen the Ringling School of Art to complete his education was that he knew and admired certain members of the faculty, Professor Vernon Kimbrough and a Mr. Looney.

Ringling Day

There are a Ringling Boulevard and a Main Ringling Boulevard, Ringling Causeway, Ringling Island and Ringling Trust & Savings Bank, but the town is still called Sarasota, Fla. The bank and all the shops were closed last week to honor the latest benefaction of Sarasota's first citizen: the opening of the Junior College and School of Art of the John & Mable Ringling Museum of Art. Senator Duncan Upshaw Fletcher and Congressman Herbert Jackson Drane were there to make speeches. Bishop John Monroe Moore gave the benediction of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. His moonlike face wreathed in smiles, John Ringling himself was there to turn the buildings over to their new director, Dr. Ludd Myrl Spivey.

Two generations of U. S. boys have gazed at the profiles of the five Ringling Brothers and their imposing mustaches pasted on the cow barns of the nation. As a matter of fact there were not five brothers, but seven: Al, Gus, Otto, Alf T., Charles E., John and Henry and their names were not Ringling but Ringeling. "Ringling" was a newspaper misprint which they decided not to correct.

The Ringeling brothers spent their childhood in Baraboo, Wis. and Baraboo remained the winter quarters of their circuses for many years. All seven brothers were in the business but the five that adorned the posters were the partners. At an early family conference it was decided that Brothers Gus and Henry had better just work on a salary. Al was the ring-

R E L I G I O N

"Now Winter Approaches . . ."

To the great chorus of exhortation for unemployment relief throughout the world was last week added the voice of His Holiness Pope Pius XI. Without preliminary notice *L'Osservatore Romano* published an apostolic letter, *Nova Insuper* (New Things Are Upon Us).

Excerpts:

"A new plague menaces—indeed already afflicts—a great portion of the flock entrusted to our care, striking more clearly the weaker though the more strongly loved—the children; the humble and those with less money—the workers and the proletariat. We refer to the grave pecuniary embarrassment, the financial crisis which . . . is bringing unemployment to every land. . . . Now Winter approaches and with it the long succession of suffering and privation which that season brings, especially to the poor and to the helpless young. Most serious of all, however, is that steady aggravation of the plague of unemployment to which we have made reference. The want of so many families and of their children, if not provided for, threatens to push them (which may God avert), to the point of exasperation."

Moved by the "cries of distress" of the children and the "great multitudes of honest, willing workers forced into idleness," His Holiness appealed for a "crusade" that will give assistance "to the body" and likewise "comfort and aid to the soul." Let the clergy act as a point of union for all the charitable bodies of the faithful, "both by preaching and through the Press."

Furthermore, he wrote: "Since the unbridled race for armaments is on the one hand the effect of the rivalry among nations and on the other the cause of the withdrawal of enormous sums from the public wealth, and hence not the smallest of contributors to the current extraordinary crisis, we cannot refrain from renewing on this subject the wise admonitions of our predecessor,* which thus far have not been heeded."

Militia Man

He might go to Hell for it, admitted Major General William Graham Everson, husky, square-jawed Baptist preacher, when he took the job two years ago as Chief of the Militia Bureau of the War Department. But, said he, "I won't be traveling a lonesome road."

Last week Major General Everson had finished up his militia job and the likelihood of his going to Hell was about to be materially reduced. He was resigning his post to take the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Denver. Looking back over his administration of the National Guard, for which the U. S. spends in the neighborhood of \$27,000,000 a year, he wrote: "Never was the National Guard more thoroughly organized, equipped and trained than it is today. Having accomplished the major missions that challenged when this appointment was ac-

cepted, believing it unwise to initiate new and larger military projects during this unusual season of economic readjustment . . . I respectfully tender my resignation."

Born 52 years ago in Ohio, Major General Everson served in the Spanish-American War, was ordained a Baptist minister in 1901, fought on the Italian



Acme-P. & A.

BAPTIST MAJOR-GENERAL EVERSON

. . . turned back from Hell to Denver.

front in the World War, was the American Legion's chaplain in 1923-24. As head of the National Guard, he supervised 51 state and territorial organizations.* During his two years in office, Major General Everson flew more than 100,000 mi. throughout the land, earned the name of Flying Parson. He had held pastorates in Indiana, Massachusetts, Ohio, Kentucky.

At Denver (Concl.)

Rudyard Kipling's God of Things as They are might have beamed kindly approval last week as the Protestant Episcopal Church wound up its 50th triennial General Convention in Denver, Col. (TIME, Sept. 28, Oct. 5). Of the controversial subjects discussed, almost all had been settled by compromise between Liberal and Conservative groups. Exception: present-day politics and economics, which the Bishops denounced vigorously in a pastoral letter addressed to all the Church. It asked that the U. S. reduce its armaments, confer and cooperate with other nations, especially through "existing international agencies" for world peace. Said the letter: "An acquisitive society, as the modern age has been aptly called, stands bewildered in the presence of a crisis precipitated . . . by the competitive, profit-seeking principles upon which, it has hitherto been assumed, general prosperity is based. . . ."

*First to call itself a National Guard was New York's 17th Regiment, now socially distinguished and officially called the 107th infantry.

"We call upon . . . employers . . . to labor for the adoption of a plan or plans which shall co-ordinate production and consumption, insure continuity of employment . . . security of income. . . . The profit-seeking motive must give way to that of service."

Previously, the Convention had adopted the report of the Commission on Industrial Dislocation, Lawlessness & World Peace (TIME, Oct. 5). In addition to an equivocal appraisal of Prohibition, it said: "Side by side with . . . misery and idleness, there are warehouses bursting with goods . . . ; breadlines; . . . jobless men; money in abundance. . . . The conception of society as made up of autonomous independent individuals . . . is as faulty from the point of view of economic realism as it is from the standpoint of Christian idealism. Our traditional philosophy of rugged individualism must be modified. . . ."

Deputy George Woodward Wickersham took strong exception to this conclusion. He called it Soviet. He said: "I think it would be a sad day when the American people abandon the principles on which they have grown to greatness. This is perhaps one of the most important pronouncements that the Church has ever been called upon to make, and I object to being bound by it."

Deputy Rev. John Howard Melish of Brooklyn who helped write the report pointed out that many of its recommendations were quoted from or based on statements of Gerard Swope, Owen D. Young and Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis. Nevertheless, upon Deputy Wickersham's complaint the House of Deputies deleted the House of Bishops' recommendation ("representing the mind of the Church"), said merely that the report was "given careful consideration."

Divorce. Also compromised was the question of remarriage of divorced persons. As drawn up by a joint committee of both houses, the new Canon No. 43 (to take effect next Jan. 1) provides that only the innocent party in a divorce for adultery may be remarried with the full sanction of the Church. All divorced persons may now (in the discretion of the bishop) become church communicants. A handy word, "nullity," provides that divorced persons may apply to the bishop of the diocese or a properly constituted ecclesiastical court to have any previous marriage annulled. Grounds are: consanguinity; lack of free consent; mistaken identity; mental deficiency; insanity; failure of either party to have reached the age of puberty before marriage; impotence; venereal disease; bigamy. Testimony may be advanced which did not appear in the civil divorce suit, and the case may be judged without calling to court the former spouse. Once annulled, a marriage is regarded as having never existed; but the legitimacy of offspring is not affected.

Church opinion was that the new canon is much more liberal than was to be expected. Rev. Guy Emery Shipley, editor of *The Churchman* pointed out that "a liberal bishop will act liberally in its application; a conservative will act conservatively. Liberals are amazed, however, that the present advance has been made."

*Pope Benedict XV, who issued two encyclicals and three messages to warring nations, from 1914 until his death in 1922.

S P O R T

World Series

The suspicion of practical persons that it would be to the interest of the teams to lengthen baseball's World Series so as to increase the gate receipts, is unfounded. Players and managers receive their percentage of the receipts only from the first four contests. Twice in the last five years the series has been decided in four games; since 1926 American League teams (New York Yankees, Philadelphia Athletics) have won 16 out of 19 World Series games. Partly on the strength of these statistics, partly because the Athletics had a supposedly superior pitching staff, partly because the strategies conceived by Philadelphia's 68-year-old manager Cornelius ("Connie Mack") McGillicuddy were expected to prove superior to those of St. Louis' Manager Charles ("Gabby") Street, who celebrated his 49th birthday the day before the first game, bookmakers made the Philadelphia Athletics 2-to-1 favorites to beat the St. Louis Cardinals in the 25th World Series which started in St. Louis last week.

First Game. Connie Mack chose his ablest pitcher, Robert Moses ("Lefty") Grove. Gabby Street started Paul Derringer, the youngest pitcher on the St. Louis team. No pitcher in his first major league season had ever started in a World Series game before. It was a daring move that might have disconcerting effect and, as Grove was likely to win anyway, there was little to be lost in trying it. For two innings, it appeared that the strategy had been brilliant. In the warm, bright afternoon, the crowd that filled Sportsman's Park chortled and cheered; a hog-caller who had begged his way to St. Louis from Arkansas appalled his section of the grandstand by making curious noises. Derringer, whose brother owns a drugstore in West Frankfort, Ill., and who pitched his first professional game at Gary, W. Va. with famed Sheriff William Hatfield for an umpire, struck out four batters in the first two innings. Between times, St. Louis made two runs against Grove.

In the third inning, the Athletics got their first hit, a single by Jimmy Dykes which bounced off the glove of low Third Baseman High. Then Dibble Williams, new Philadelphia shortstop, made a single that sent Dykes to third. Grove struck out and Dykes was thrown out when Bishop hit a weak grounder. The next man up, George ("Mule") Haas, knocked a double into left field that scored one run and left two on base. Young Paul Derringer mopped his face with a handkerchief. The stands were so quiet that when a man in the grandstand coughed, the Philadelphia coach at first base looked up at the sound. Pitcher Derringer walked the next two batters, forcing in another run. The batter who followed them, Jimmy Foxx, sent a single into dead center field that scored two runs. It was the hit that won the game, making Simmons' home-run, with a man on base in the seventh inning, superfluous. For the next six innings, Grove let St. Louis hit, but not in the pinches; the score at the end was Philadelphia 6, St. Louis 2.

Said Derringer: "Why, I can't see how they won. . . . You can't tell me that a guy who looks bad on four or five pitched balls of the same type, pitched to the same spot, isn't lucky when he socks the same kind of ball into the bleachers. . . . If Gabby starts me again, I'll lick 'em."

Said Gabby Street: "We lost because we couldn't get that third hit. . . . We had



Acme-P. & A.

JOHN ("PEPPER") MARTIN

Astrologers might say I-told-you-so.

that game in the old bag three times. . . . That kid Derringer pitched great ball. . . ."

Said Connie Mack: "You know, Grove is a much smarter pitcher than he was two years ago."

Second Game. In order to be in full view of his players, whose moves he directs by waving at them with a score-card, Connie Mack was last week compelled to sit on a bench placed at the edge of the field behind first base, where he was also in full view of the crowd. The crowd at St. Louis chuckled when they saw him making motions at Philadelphia's Right-fielder Miller who, apparently preoccupied, paid no attention and had to be shouted at by coaches. They chuckled louder when, after Manager Mack had motioned Leftfielder Simmons to play in close, St. Louis' second baseman and captain Frankie Frisch ("the Fordham Flash") made a two-base hit over his head. The game then resolved itself into a pitcher's duel between Philadelphia's right-handed George Earnshaw and St. Louis' left-handed William ("Wild Bill") Hallahan. Hallahan was wild only when expedient—as in the case of Williams whom he walked in the fifth inning for the purpose of making Earnshaw, a weaker batsman, hit into a double play. Earnshaw pitched well but he was harassed by the efforts of John Leonard ("Pepper") Martin, 26-year-old St. Louis centerfielder, who made two hits, stole two bases, scored two runs. They were the only runs that had been scored when, in the ninth inning, there occurred an extraordinary, an historic play which

puzzled spectators, irritated the official scorer. It confused even Umpire William ("Bill") Klem who, officiating in his 15th World Series, had given a "perfect" performance in the first game.

Philadelphia was at bat. There were two out, two on base (Foxx & Dykes) and two strikes on the batter, Jim Moore, pinch-hitting for Earnshaw. Hallahan's next pitch was low. Nonetheless, Pinch-hitter Moore swung at the ball and missed it. The ball bounced behind the plate but catcher Wilson caught it. He could and should have ended the game either (since the third strike had been grounded before being caught) by tagging Moore or by throwing to first base. Instead, he threw to third base.

After the game, he explained his action by saying: "As Hallahan pitched, the base-runners took a flying start. I saw that Hallahan's pitch was very low, that it was going to hit the ground before it reached me. I set myself to make a pick-up of the ball and a fast throw to third. It didn't enter my head that Moore would swing at so bad a pitch. I guess I didn't realize that he had actually swung until after the ball fell my hand on its way to third."

Foxx was declared safe at third but the crowd, thinking like most of the players that Moore's strike-out had ended the game, swarmed down on the field. Meanwhile, Eddie Collins, oldtime Athletics second baseman and now able assistant to Connie Mack, ran in from the coaching box and shouted to Moore to run to first. Moore ran to first and was declared safe. After a prolonged protest, which gave the official scorers time to decide that Wilson should be credited with an error for throwing to third base, the game was resumed with the bases full.

The next batter, Bishop, lifted a foul fly behind first base. First Baseman Jim Bottomley of St. Louis who played so badly in last year's World Series that he was nearly traded last spring, caught it by diving head first into a front-row box.

Manager Gabby Street was incoherent with excitement. Shouting to make himself heard in the St. Louis dressing-room where a radio was screeching loudly and other players were thumping the back of Pepper Martin, he cried: "Whew, boy, and how! That was the finest pitched ball game that I have ever seen. . . . But I won't say we will beat them. . . . There are a lot of hits between here and the old back door."

Said Manager Mack: "As the Cardinals played the best ball, they deserved to win. Outside of a mental mistake by Catcher Wilson in the ninth inning, they played very smart ball. . . . The decision to throw bad balls to Williams in the fifth inning was excellent judgment. . . . I presume I may be censured for not putting in a pinch-hitter for Earnshaw. It so happens that Earnshaw is one of our best hitters, particularly good against left-handers. . . ."

Third Game. For a pitcher to expectorate on a baseball to give it an eccentric curve, became illegal in 1920. But to the major league pitchers who had used "spitballs" extensively before they became illegal, permission was given to continue using them. Most spitball pitchers have since retired. This gives the few remain-

ing ones an additional advantage. Their favorite delivery is unfamiliar to opposing batters. One spitball pitcher still practicing is St. Louis' large, 38-year-old Burleigh Grimes, who prefers to grow a beard on days when he expects to "work." When the first ball had been thrown in by President Hoover (and given back to him for a souvenir), bearded Burleigh Grimes began spitting on other balls, curving them so eccentrically that no Philadelphia batter got a hit for the first seven innings.

Meanwhile, St. Louis' spy, impudent Centrefielder Martin, who was bought by St. Louis from a Texas team for \$2,500 in 1928, continued to make himself conspicuous. He had made three hits against Pitcher Grove in the first game. In the second he had stolen two bases, scored the day's only two runs. In the third, Pitcher Grove, with a blistered finger, was wilder than usual and Pepper Martin got two hits more—a single in the second inning, when the Cardinals got two runs; a two-bagger in the fourth, when they got two more. This made him easily the series hero. Astrologers might say I-told-you-so. He was born on a 29th of February.

In the eighth inning, Rightfielder Bing Miller got Philadelphia's first hit and in the ninth, after St. Louis had made still another run, Leftfielder Al Simmons got Philadelphia's second, a homerun with a man on base, which came too late to make much difference in the result—St. Louis 5, Philadelphia 2.

Football

Football practice, at institutions where the game is taken seriously, began as far back as August. Last fortnight a few opening games were decided by scores so one-sided that they should have embarrassed both sides. Princeton's new coach, Al Wittmer, recovered from an appendectomy sufficiently to order five men off the squad for beer-drinking in Trenton, N. J. Last week the season really started. There are few rule changes; the only important one concerns penalties for fouls committed during the try-for-point after touchdown. Hitherto, the point was forfeited for a foul by the attacking team, awarded for a foul by the defending team. Henceforward, distance penalties will be inflicted, half the distance to the goal line in the case of the defending team.

Mrs. Knute Rockne, widow of Notre Dame's famed coach who was killed in an airplane accident in Kansas last March, watched Notre Dame, undefeated since 1928, open the season against Indiana University. Rockne's successor, Heartley ("Hunk") Anderson, used three teams, uncovered a new right-halfback, Joe Sheeketski who ran 70 yd. for the first of the four touchdowns that won for Notre Dame 25 to 0.

With a sophomore halfback, Miller Draudt, who gained four times as much ground as the whole Amherst team, and a half dozen rudimentary power plays, Princeton started the year with an ominous—in view of other seasons—victory over Amherst, 27 to 0.

Seventy-two thousand spectators at

Berkeley, Calif. saw St. Mary's make a touchdown in the first period, another in the third, keep onetime Navy Coach Bill Ingram's University of California team on the defensive between times. St. Mary's 14, California 0.

Fifty thousand spectators at Los Angeles saw the Oregon State Beavers gnawed by Orv Mohler who made one touchdown, trimmed by Gaius Shaver who made three, hammered by Ernie Smith who kicked a field goal, trampled by Southern California's Trojans, 30 to 0.

Harvard's new coach and onetime (1916, 1919) halfback, Eddie Casey, who at a Harvard-Yale dinner once called for a steer so that he could slice himself a raw steak, watched his team reach the 10-yd. line eight times, the goal-line four times against Bates. Harvard 28, Bates 0.

In addition to Midget Albie Booth, who made the longest run of the game, Yale showed three other able backs and a forward-passing attack, designed by new Assistant Coach Benny Friedman, which was a novelty in New Haven football. The University of Maine's team lost the game 19 to 0.

In a forward-passing game, Georgia Tech made two touchdowns in the second half to beat South Carolina 25 to 13.

Ten minutes after they started to play in Evanston, Northwestern had three touchdowns against Nebraska, two by Ernest ("Pug") Rentner, one by Ken Meenan. Nebraska struggled hard for the last three periods, scored in the second. Alphonse ("Scarface") Capone & party, who were booed from the stadium after the third quarter (see p. 15), thus saw all the scoring—Northwestern 19, Nebraska 7.

Who Won

☛ Square-jawed Maureen Orcutt: the Canadian women's golf champion, in which she was defending her title; beating Marjorie Kirkham of Montreal 6 & 4 in the final at Toronto.

☛ Twenty-three-year-old Paul Runyan, golf professional of the Metropolitan Country Club, White Plains, N. Y.: the Metropolitan (New York) Professional Golfers' Championship; beating Gene Sarazen, who had 62 for the last 17 holes, 3 & 1 in the final; at Rockville Center, L. I. four days after he won the Westchester Open.

☛ Jules Ladoumègue, French middle distance runner: a world's record by running a mile in 4 min. 9½ sec.—¼ sec. faster than the record made by Paavo Nurmi in 1923; at Paris.

☛ Long, thin Ellsworth Vines, U. S. tennis singles champion; his 14th tournament this year, beating Frederick Perry of England 6-5, 21-19, 6-0, in the final of the Pacific Coast championship; at San Francisco.

☛ Gay Farm polo team: a game, 6 goals to 1, from the Westwoods, on the Norwood, Mass. field of Ambassador to Japan William Cameron Forbes. Ambassador Forbes, 61, home for vacation, rode Leap Year and Highball in Gay Farm's No. 2 position, made one goal, helped score three others.

PEOPLE

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

In a barn on the estate of Secretary of the Navy **Charles Francis Adams** near the shore at Scituate, Mass. police found 600 cases of liquor valued at \$50,000, arrested three men. Informed of the seizure at the World Series in Philadelphia, which he attended with President & Mrs. Hoover (see p. 23), Secretary Adams smiled. "It is perfectly possible that a cargo of liquor was landed on that rough point," said he.

Stout **Irene Schoellkopf-Carman**, fiftyish, wealthy onetime wife of the late Frank Barrett Carman and of Buffalo's millionaire C. P. Hugo Schoellkopf, was sued for \$100,000 by one Courtland Erwin Konwitsch, 27, handsome life guard at Long Beach, L. I. He claimed she lured him from his job to be her "secretary" at \$5,000 a week, bought him a \$600 wardrobe, a \$3,000 car. Soon her interest waned, her Long Island home was closed to him. He asked 20 weeks pay.

Because her son, T. Suffern ("Tommy") Tailer Jr. prefers to play golf on the Newport Country Club course, **Mrs. T. Suffern Tailer** will abandon (for sale) the famed nine-hole **Ocean Golf Links** at Newport which her late husband had built, and where they gave **Gold Mashie** tournaments.

Said **Bishop William Fletcher McMurry** of Missouri to the clergymen at the Louisville Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Columbia, Ky.: "Golf is for worn-out business men, not for Methodist preachers."

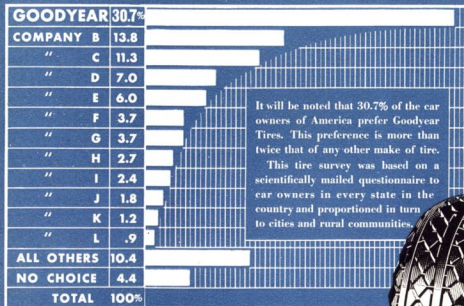
One George E. Thomas of Chicago refuted the story, circulated by women students at Northwestern University, that longtime President **Frances Elizabeth Willard** of the W. C. T. U. had once been caught with a half-burned cigaret (TIME, Oct. 5). Mr. Thomas revealed that a group of workmen on the campus conspired to plant a lighted cigaret in Miss Willard's room as a joke. They drew lots; the task of placing the cigaret fell to Letter Writer Thomas' father, Philip D.

"Times are so serious today that everybody must cheer up his neighbor. So I'll try to do my share," remarked **Professor Albert Einstein** to a Berlin society audience last week. For two hours he entertained with learned explanations of such familiar phenomena as why tea-leaves gather in the centre of the cup, why airplanes fly. "Why does the wind die down at sunset, with the sailor left helpless out in the middle of the water?" said he. "This is a serious matter. I was once left with a young lady alone in a boat until two o'clock in the morning."

(Professor Einstein expects to revisit the physical and astronomical laboratories at Pasadena next month, to avoid "lion hunters.")

WHAT TIRE IS BEST?

*Here's how the car owners of
America voted*



Based
on a
National
Tire
Survey
in 1930
by a
Neutral
Institution

It will be noted that 30.7% of the car owners of America prefer Goodyear Tires. This preference is more than twice that of any other make of tire.

This tire survey was based on a scientifically mailed questionnaire to car owners in every state in the country and proportioned in turn to cities and rural communities.



Why be satisfied with *second-choice*, when the *first-choice* tire costs no more? Ask yourself this question, examine the evidence above, and you will know why it pays you to decide:
"I will buy only THE leading make of tire!"

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOOD YEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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Budweiser

GOING STRONG

IN 1870 — AND EVER SINCE



*To the Gibson Girl of the gay 20's
our table owes a great debt today*

She welcomed the chafing dish fashion, mostly because it displayed her skill and the grace of her hands and arms before admirers and rivals. While indulging her vanity, she unconsciously made popular countless dishes not widely known before — Welsh rarebit, deviled lobster, creamed oysters, Spanish omelet, chicken à la King and many others. • • The chafing dish and BUDWEISER, popularly known in those days as the king of bottled beers, soon became inseparable companions. • • Today — the foods the chafing dish popularized are in greater demand than ever. Today, as in the 20's, nothing makes them more appetizing or heightens their fine flavor better than that mellow old brew — BUDWEISER. Generations of acceptance! • • Whether it be with a ham sandwich, or a full course dinner, BUDWEISER tastes better with food and food tastes better with BUDWEISER.

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

ANHEUSER-BUSCH

ST. LOUIS



*And when you want ginger ale . . . BUSCH EXTRA DRY,
America's finest ginger ale, fits every occasion — in the home, at
the club, for dancing and dining, for old and young of both sexes.*

S C I E N C E

World Citizen

Thomas Alva Edison approached Death's door last week at Llewellyn Park, West Orange, N. J., as another great citizen of that State, Dwight Whitney Morrow, passed suddenly through (see p. 11). All summer he had been failing. At 84 he suffered from diabetes, Bright's disease, uremic poisoning and stomach ulcers. As those ailments of age dragged him down, he repeatedly spurted away from them, repeatedly got back at his work. Last week he became mentally drowsy, sank rapidly. On Monday, his physician could not promise his six children and Mrs. Edison more than two days before a crisis. The Pope twice cabled from Rome to inquire the patient's condition, not because Mr. Edison was a Roman Catholic (his son-in-law John Eyre Sloane is one) but because all men had long honored him as a world citizen.

Edison's heritage was that of Protestant Western Reserve. He professed no religion, avowed himself a Free Thinker. A sardonic writer once pictured Edison at the Gates of Heaven. Said the Scientist to St. Peter: "I gave the world . . . good light, cheap light. Is it my fault they used it to . . . make a cheap bazaar out of every street? . . . I gave them the phonograph, so that every man, woman and child might know the glory of great music. . . . Yet today I am afraid there is less music in the heart and mind of the common man. . . . I gave them the motion picture . . . and millions of minds were . . . trivialized and anesthetized by that endless flicker of . . . vileness. . . ."

But Thomas Alva Edison would never have uttered those words. He did not stand off and criticize the men of his era. He exemplified to the highest degree such U. S. qualities as the following:

Practicality. When as a boy he hawked newspapers and fruit and played with chemicals on a Michigan train, he spilled some burning phosphorus. An irate conductor gave the amateur chemist such a box on both ears that his deafness is partially ascribed to it. Thus he developed an interest in aural matters which eventually led to the telephone, dictograph, phonograph, talking cinema. Hence a slight interest in music: "I think the best music is that which has a tempo which corresponds to half of our heart-beat." For other cultural or even gustatory enjoyments he had no interest because no time. In his later years he lived principally on fruit, tapioca and milk. He once spoke of ". . . philosophy and the rest of that ninny stuff."

When a Congressional committee turned down his vote-recorder because Congressmen preferred the roll-call, he vowed: "I will never invent anything that isn't wanted again." Thus when he came accidentally across wireless waves, he took out a patent but, seeing no use at the time for this "etheric force," forgot it until he sold his right to Marconi in 1903. A need was his cue to start working; as when his friend, Rubberman Harvey Firestone sent to Liberia for materials. Fortwith

Edison started his last experiments: U. S. rubber production from golden rod.

Perseverance. To get a light-filament he carbonized thousands of materials—shreds from a fan, red hair from an assistant's beard, thousands of invention ideas he tried, worked on, cast aside. He said that when an experiment seemed impossible of solution, that was the time to show interest, not discouragement. His was a standard phrase of the era: "Genius is 1% inspiration and 99% perspiration."

Naïveté. First words the first phonograph spoke were:

Mary had a little lamb. Even in old age, his mind seemed as fresh, eager and naïve as that of the 12-year-old lad who had started hustling. He chortled before telling a joke. With innocent seriousness he would enter a public discussion with such pronouncements as "Prohibition is eternally correct." His love of asking questions was fully expressed in the terms of his scholarship examinations to choose youngsters to carry on his work (TIME, Aug. 12, 1929; Aug. 11, 1930).

Parks, Florida. When he sold his stock-ticker for \$42,000 in 1879, he set up a laboratory in Newark. Later, he moved to Menlo Park, N. J., and still later to Llewellyn Park. He also established a winter laboratory at Fort Myers, Fla. In these places he worked on:

Carbon telephone transmitter.

Multiplex telegraphy.

The mimeograph.

Basic principles of radio.

The phonograph.

The dictograph.

Incandescent electric light.

Cinema and talking cinema.

In the production and use of these articles, world investments total more than \$15,000,000,000. They have changed the course of this civilization. The places where they were created are thus historic buildings and Motorman Henry Ford has transported the inventor's oldtime laboratory whole, set it up at Dearborn, Mich. for his Edisonia Museum. Even Mr. Edison's footprints are preserved in the cement approach. In Llewellyn Park, N. J. Edison's busiest factories are. There during Wartime he helped the U. S. develop sound submarine-detectors and chemicals for which the nation had been dependent on Germany.

Jubilee. That the sardonic writer may have been just, though badly characterized, was suggested during the Golden Jubilee of the electric light bulb two years ago. The common man in many a land shut off his electric light and sat quietly in darkness for three minutes to honor Thomas Alva Edison, and doubtless had many a thought for which there had not been time before. When the world's lights, cinemas and roar commenced again, common men displayed their bad taste by effusions which culminated in George Michael Cohan's song which said:

"What a man he is,

What a grand old 'wiz'!"

Mr. Edison loved it all. He said: "I was simply overcome. . . . I moved as if in a dream."



COMMONER, King, or Lord High Executioner—it makes no difference to us! If you're a Commoner, we'll try to make you feel like a King; if you're already a King, we'll try to make you feel like visiting us again. For instance, whether you engage our largest suite or smallest room, we'll undertake to serve your hot dishes *piping hot*. We have dumb-waiters to whisk trays from our kitchen to your floor in jig time . . . special ovens on every floor . . . waiters not at all dumb to serve you right in your room . . . and all through our house a very sincere desire to indulge your lowliest wish in royal fashion. Now may we serve you?

The ROOSEVELT

Madison Avenue at 45th Street, New York
Edward Clinton Fogg—Managing Director





Do you pay too much for your whistles?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN once paid too much for a whistle. He was just a kid. But he went home and wept over the thought of what he could have got for his money.

How many times has that happened to us all? Plenty. But some of us believe in Ben's saying that "it pays to be thrifty." When you come to Philadelphia, let us show you.

You get your money's worth at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel. Rooms much larger than the average, with luxurious beds. Twelve hundred of them, a bath with every one. Convenient to every part of Philadelphia's business section. Food that cannot be excelled. In other words, all that you may want and more than you expect.

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN PHILADELPHIA

CHESTNUT AT NINTH STREET

Horace Leland Wiggins, Managing Director



C I N E M A

The New Pictures

The Road to Singapore (Warner) is an underweight drama of the tropics, showing a cynical but maligned roué (William Powell) gracefully attaching the wife (Doris Kenyon) of a colonial doctor whose headgear alone would almost have been grounds for desertion. Derived from a briefly exhibited drama called *Heat Wave*, the picture shows its hero bearing the white man's burden with superfluous fortitude and increasing its weight by disguising his nobility with sophomoric sarcasm. Touted as a ladies' man because he once acted as co-respondent in divorce proceedings, he is pestered by the habits of an insular country club in the Far East. The males suspect him of a willingness to make free with their wives and daughters, a suspicion which the wives and daughters gleefully share. Finally the hero lives up to his reputation, with the doctor's wife. The inference is that they elope toward Singapore.

When Warner Bros. persuaded three actors* to leave Paramount this year, surprise was voiced in Hollywood. *The Road to Singapore* can best be regarded as a testimonial to the merits of a less acquisitive policy. It is possibly William Powell's worst picture and far below the standard which Warner Bros. have announced their intention to maintain by adopting a smaller and more select production schedule (*TIME*, Sept. 20). Powell, identified with less lush impersonations at Paramount, seems vapid by contrast in this picture although his mannerisms are less noxious than those of Basil Rathbone, who played the rôle on the stage. Doris Kenyon, who is now no older in appearance than when she was an actress in silent cinemas years ago, helps out. But the real trouble lies in a story untrue to everything except a pattern which went out when third-rate writers stopped imitating Kipling. Typical shots: William Powell sneering at a young girl; leering at the doctor with whose wife he plans an escapade.

Devotion (RKO Pathé) is far from being a significant picture nor did it deserve the battery of sky-scraping searchlights which it received at its première in Hollywood. It is, however, a wholly engaging trifle of sentimental comedy, lightened and made to sparkle by the acting of Ann Harding and Leslie Howard, whose slow progress toward cinematic celebrity is a reflection on his employers. The story is a revised version of the Cinderella legend concerning a girl whose parents have overlooked her charms. To attract the attention of a young barrister, the girl is forced to accept employment as nursery governess to his son. Disguised in spectacles, wig, puff-sleeves and a cock-

ney accent, she interrupts the barrister (Leslie Howard) to bring him cups of tea and bouillon. It takes him a long time to penetrate her hoax and when he does so he is nearly deprived of his reward by one of his clients who has been more perceptive. All this is as innocuous as it sounds, but more amusing. Good shots: Leslie Howard going to bed, on orders from his son's nursemaid; Ann Harding having her portrait painted by an artist who knows she is not really a governess and who knows she knows he knows it.

Ann Harding's most impressive qualification as a cinemactress is not her hair, which appears almost ivory-colored in photographs and which she wears in an extraordinary style, but her voice. Its soft, low timbre and sympathetic intonations survive almost perfectly the trying



HOWARD & HARDING

... got a battery of sky-scraping searchlights.

process of mechanical reproduction. Cinemactress Harding is glad she worked as a private secretary in the Manhattan offices of Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. She trained herself to enunciate perfectly so that dictaphone records of letters which she relayed to typists would not, like those of her colleagues, be blurred and unintelligible.

She gave up her job to act with the Provincetown Players. After experience in stock companies, she got the lead rôle in *The Trial of Mary Dugan*. Her first picture, *Paris Bound*, was an immediate, brilliant success. Now she has a \$6,000-a-week contract, is the only cinemactress in Hollywood who has had three of her pictures given what are known as "gala world premières." For her birthday two months ago, her husband, Cinemactor Harry Bannister, gave her a \$35,000 playhouse which contains a gymnasium, tennis court, bowling alley, cinema theatre with 40 seats. In addition to tennis and bowling, Cinemactress Harding likes avocados, Donn Byrne's novels, Persian cats.

*The three were William Powell, Kay Francis (see p. 25) and Ruth Chatterton. Most raucous was Paramount's excitement over losing Miss Chatterton. Warner Bros. were several times rumored to be ready to give her back, but last week Cinemactress Chatterton was busy with her last Paramount picture (*Tonorrow & Tomorrow*), planned to begin work for Warner Bros. on Nov. 1.

Of all things... "Pink Tooth Brush"

and I am only 26!



Ipana tooth paste

IT can happen to you when you're 26, sooner than that, or later. But "pink tooth brush" is *always* just around the corner unless you take the initiative now, and say "No!" to its threats!

If from earliest childhood you daily went in for coarse foods that exercised and stimulated your gums, you would probably never be bothered with "pink" on your tooth brush. But who in these modern days eats anything but *soft* foods? That is why your gums become lazy and inert, and in time so tender that you find your brush "pink" pretty regularly.

"Pink tooth brush," if allowed to go on, can cause you no end of annoyance. In the first place, it often precedes gum troubles such as Vincent's disease and gingivitis and the dread, even though rare, pyorrhea. And in time it may threaten infection at the roots of some of your teeth.

In fact, the only pleasant news in connection with "pink tooth brush" is that it can be prevented or checked.

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. But each time, put a little fresh Ipana on your brush and lightly massage it into those touchy gums of yours.

Ipana has ziralol in it—and the ziralol with massage arouses them from their lethargy, stimulates them to new health and firmness.

You'll like Ipana's fine fresh flavor, and almost at once your teeth will begin to look whiter and more sparkling. It may take a bit longer before your gums show a decided improvement, but within thirty days they *will* show it. And then, just keep on using Ipana with massage, so "pink tooth brush" will *stay* out of your life!



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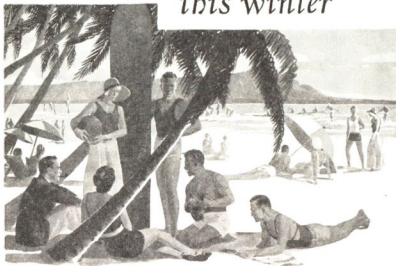
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Coast down the white crest of Waikiki's surf this winter



Waikiki! A soft breeze sways the coco palms above you, and shakes a crimson carpet from the royal flame tree . . . Idly you watch a slim outrigger speed in on a foaming roller. The native beach boys clowning in the water. Those nice looking girls that were on the boat coming over. They're five shades darker now. A great ship noses out to sea . . . to the South Seas? What does it matter? *A don't care laziness steals over you.*

Come this winter! Summer is every month. Winter has always been kapu (taboo). There's so little variation throughout the year that the native language has never found need for a word similar to "weather." Come and enjoy your favorite sport, swimming, fishing, golf, yachting or just loafing, in a magic setting.

An Inexpensive Trip
A round-trip from the Pacific

Coast, including all expense afloat and ashore, can be made for less than \$300. And you can pleasantly crowd Hawaii into a three-week holiday.

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HAWAII



Torch fishermen add color to Hawaii's nights



One of Hawaii's Hulas . . . using the split bamboo

She thinks she would rather write plays than act in them. Her father, Col. George G. Gately, a West Point graduate in 1890, strenuously objected to her stage & cinema career. They were not reconciled until a few months before his death in January.

24 Hours (Paramount). It is a familiar but extraordinary fact that mediocre novels often make the most acceptable plays. Likewise, mediocre novels and plays often make the best cinemas. A fair example is *24 Hours*. Louis Bromfield's book receives substance in the cinema. Its overheated characters, given faces, bodies, legs and voices, cease being utterly unreal and their problems serve some purpose beyond boiling an author's pot.

The outline of the story is garish. It begins when a glum socialite (Clive Brook), consoling himself with liquor for his wife's infidelities, conceives an alliance with a cabaret singer (Miriam Hopkins). The cabaret singer has bad associations. When she sings the blues, she means them. Her husband is a thief. One night the socialite goes home to her apartment. While he is resting in a stupor on her couch her husband creeps into the other room of the apartment and kills her. The socialite is temporarily held for the murder. A finger-print on a whiskey bottle exonerates him. He sails for Europe, reconciled with his wife (Kay Francis) and determined to stop guzzling.

Marion Gering's direction moves the story along fast without hurrying it, borrows the advantages of a close temporal unity without making it seem tricky by overemphasis. Clive Brook, Kay Francis and Miriam Hopkins give well-toned performances. Miriam Hopkins has two torch or porch songs, sings them with the right professional air. Good shot: Clive Brook, preoccupied by his troubles, saying good night to a saloon proprietor. Bad shot: Kay Francis deciding to take what she calls "the thorough-bred way."

Sob Sister (Fox) had a good director, Alfred Santell (*Daddy Long Legs*); a brilliant dialogist, Edwin Burke (*Bad Girl*); two able principals, Linda Watkins, recruit from the Manhattan stage who caused a rumpus among Hollywood press-agents when she failed to be elected a "Wampus Baby Star of 1931," and James Dunn, who gave a fine performance in *Bad Girl*. All of which makes it disappointing that *Sob Sister* emerges as a routine, though fairly lively, drama dedicated to the stale proposition that news-hawks are animated by semi-religious loyalty to their employers.

The girl in the picture insistently scoops another reporter with whom she is in love. He knows her tendencies so well that, when bits of a dead man's diary disappear from his room and re-appear on the front page of a tabloid, he suspects her of stealing them. When murderous kidnappers capture the heroine, the picture blazes into melodrama that does not subside till beves of police have secured her release. The final shot is typical: Linda Watkins excusing herself from the table at which she is lunching with James Dunn in order to telephone an incredibly elliptical summary of her adventures to a re-write man.

HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU

(OF HONOLULU, HAWAII, U.S.A.)

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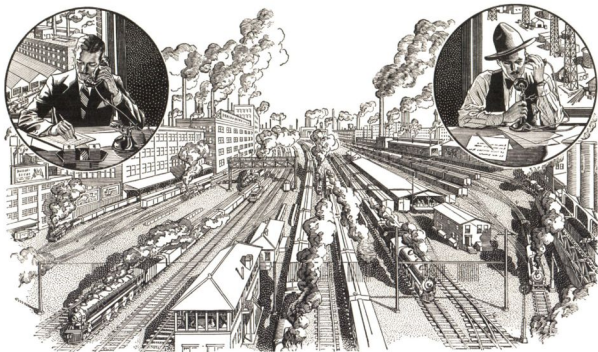
MATSON Line from SAN FRANCISCO	535 Fifth Avenue, New York	140 So. Dearborn Street, Chicago
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The telephone plan also brings this company much new business. In one territory, 103 per cent

increase in the use of the telephone was accompanied by a business increase of 130 per cent. Another division increased its gross business from \$8700 to \$47,000 in five months, largely through use of the telephone.

Telephone costs are low. Typical station-to-station day rates: Buffalo to Syracuse, 75c; Chicago to Minneapolis, \$1.60; Los Angeles to San Francisco, \$2.35; Jacksonville to Cincinnati, \$2.55.

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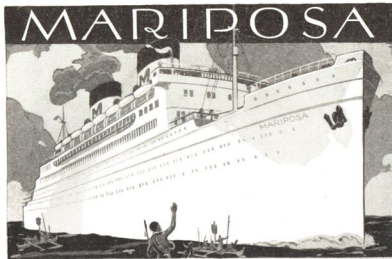
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● A sovereign born to the homage of dipping palms... to a royal domain of emerald isles, coiling through tropical seas!

● Already launched on the Atlantic, the "MARIPOSA" will sail January 16 from New York, beginning there her Coronation Tour... a South Seas and Oriental Cruise. First a touch of old-world charm at Havana... then through the Panama Canal to Los Angeles and San Francisco.

● 14 countries! 19 strange ports! Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji... scattered bits of a mid-ocean paradise; New Zealand and Australia, bright empires of the Southern Cross; primitive New Guinea; the tinkling bells of Bali, spicy Singapore, golden Bangkok, walled-in Manila! Through the boundless glamor and slant-eyed lure of China, at Hongkong, Shanghai and Peiping;... gold leaf shrines of Kobe, Tokyo and Yokohama, with all Japan in the gorgeous beauty of cherry blossom time!

● Ending her cruise on April 28, the "Mariposa" will enter her regular service from San Francisco, and Los Angeles to Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji, New Zealand and Australia.

● Cruising on the "Mariposa" will be exploration de luxe. At once a swift modern galleon and an ocean home of courtly elegance, bearing you on plush and velvet to ports of strange adventure where royal never-to-be-forgotten welcomes await.

● Absorbing details of the "MARIPOSA'S" gala cruise... at any travel agency or our offices.

AERONAUTICS

Samishiro to Wenatchee

When the Pacific Ocean was finally crossed nonstop by an airplane last week, the feat caused barely more excitement than many of the attempts and untoward incidents preceding it. Manhattan evening papers considered it far less important than that day's World Series game. Even the "hardluck flyers," Socialite Hugh Herndon Jr. and oldtime Barnstormer Clyde Pangborn, flyers of two oceans, seemed to sense an anticlimax when they skidded their wheel-less Bellanca monoplane into the airport at Wenatchee, Wash., 41 hr. after taking off from Samishiro Beach, 280 mi. north of Tokyo. Their troubles on the flight had been less than their troubles with the Japanese authorities in Tokyo (TIME, Sept. 28, *et ante*). Yet their flight, 4,500 mi., was one of the greatest long distance flights accomplished. They had crossed the last of the northern oceans.

Soon after they left Samishiro Herndon cut a wire which let the plane's landing gear drop into the sea, reducing the load by 300 lb. and the head resistance by 17%. It meant that wherever they came down they would have to land the plane on its belly.

For the first 1,000 mi. the flyers had good weather. After that, ice began to



Acme-P. & A.

HERNDON & PANGBORN
"Gimme a cigaret!"

form on the wings as they climbed high over cloud banks, making the plane lopy. A painful moment occurred at 3,000 mi. when the engine coughed—until the flyers remembered to switch from an empty gasoline tank to a full one.

At first Herndon & Pangborn intended to fly to Salt Lake City, if possible, for a new distance record. They did fly as far as Spokane but turned back at Wenatchee "because we liked the looks of it better." With Pangborn at the controls they circled the field three times, dumped the last of their gasoline and glided down. The ship landed on its iron belly, slid along in a cloud of dust, tipped up on its

Announcing sensational new RCA Victor Radio-Phonograph

Featuring new record that plays 30 minutes, (about 4 times as long as present type) and SIX other revolutionary developments . . . all at the former price of a radio alone!

1
New 10-tube De Luxe Super-Heterodyne Radio with Pentode Tubes and Automatic Volume Control.

2
New electrically recorded and amplified phonograph music.

3
New automatic record changer—that will play ten records as long as you like.

4
New long-playing records—15 minutes of music on each side, or half hour per record.

5
Marvelous home-recording apparatus with studio-type microphone—so you can make 10-inch records of your own voice.

6
New chromium needles—good for 100 playings—also improve tone.

7
New acoustically balanced cabinet—carefully designed for fine tone effect.

TODAY . . . a glorious new type of home entertainment is here! Today with the new RCA Victor radio-phonograph, you have at your command not only America's \$70,000,000 worth of broadcasting programs—not only a \$500,000 library of the world's finest music—but also—you can now enjoy two and a half hours of record music without touching the instrument.

You can now enjoy a marvelous new type of record that plays 15 minutes on each side—30 minutes in all. A record far more true in reproducing tone.

You can now enjoy a new RADIO—a 10-tube De Luxe Super-Heterodyne—the finest RCA Victor radio ever made. It employs the new RCA Victor Synchronized Tone System, affording radio entertainment heretofore considered impossible.

A new type of record changer is here, too! . . . capable of playing any 10 regular-size records as long as you desire—with no effort on your part.

A new type of phonograph is here with a new method of electrical amplification—almost uncanny in its realistic effect. And all



The New RCA Victor Radio-Phonograph, Model RAE-59, Price \$350

these features come to you in this new instrument for \$350—about half the former price! By all means, hear the new radio-phonograph at your RCA Victor dealer's today . . . hear the new long-playing records . . . and hear the many other new RCA Victor instruments . . . radios from \$37.50 to \$179 complete . . . combinations from \$114 to \$995.

RCA Victor Co., Inc. "RADIO HEADQUARTERS"
Camden, N. J. A Radio Corporation of America Subsidiary



All you do is select the records . . . the mechanism does the rest . . . 40 minutes of music from present type records . . . 2½ hours—almost four times as much—from new long-playing type. Machine also plays individually any record you now own.

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Superb golf... and unexcelled riding present an invigorating complement to the world-renowned baths.

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CHRISTIAN S. ANDERSEN
Managing Director



RIDING GOLF TENNIS

nose. The propeller snapped but the plane settled back with a thud.

As the flyers crawled out of the cockpit they were met by a representative of the Tokyo *Asahi*, waving the \$25,000 prize check for the first Japan-U. S. flight.

Said Herndon: "Gimme a cigaret!"

Ducking

In a thousand newspaper offices the hearts of a thousand editors gave an extra-hard thump one day last week when the wire service tickers gave them the words: "Lindberghs... crash." In a moment it was clear that both Colonel & Mrs. Lindbergh were safe. They had been fished out of the filthy Yangtze River at Hankow by a lifeboat crew from the British aircraft carrier *Hermes*. Still, a crash was a crash and many a page-wide headline shrieked the news that afternoon. Next day it was being called a "ducking."

For three days there were as many different accounts of the episode as there were sources:

1) The Lindberghs had just taken off from the river, were traveling more than 100 m. p. h. (according to "witnesses") when the engine failed. "The plane plunged like a shot into the river" (*United Press*).

2) The Colonel was immersed, but his wife remained high & dry, stepping from airplane to lifeboat. (Hallett Abend of the *New York Times*.)

3) "When the plane touched water after being lowered from the deck of the *Hermes*, the four-knot current swept the plane sidewise and tipped it until one wing went under and the plane tilted to about 90°." Mrs. Lindbergh attempted by pressing a lever to inflate a collapsed rubber life belt she was wearing. The belt failed to inflate and, appearing quite unperturbed, she followed the instructions of Colonel Lindbergh and dove into the water. "... (Consul General Walter Adams to the U. S. State Department.)

4) "After the airplane started taxing we struck a wire or a piece of debris in the river. I lost control of the machine. Anne jumped into the river, and realizing the force of the current, I jumped overboard to assist her. ... We were struggling in the water when a launch ... arrived." (Colonel Lindbergh, via *United Press*.)

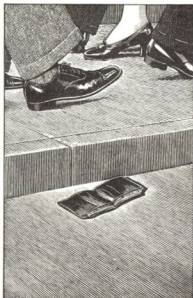
5) As the plane touched the water the current dragged it aft. Colonel Lindbergh promptly opened his engine, causing the plane, which was still held by a cable, to shoot forward. The cable pulled the plane over on its side; the Lindberghs jumped out (*Associated Press*).

Flyers and plane were hauled back aboard the *Hermes* which steamed for Shanghai, where the plane was to be repaired.

On the way a radiogram told the Lindberghs of the sudden death of her father (see p. 11).

Big v. Little

The chief executives of every big air-mail operator in the U. S. met in an Atlantic City hotel room one day last fortnight. When they emerged, the Pioneer Transport Operators' Association had been formed, with membership limited to present holders of mail contracts. As in the



SOMEBODY'S MONEY

A wallet... is it yours? What are the chances of recovery?—Cash is almost impossible to identify—Yet every day thousands of dollars are lost, stolen or destroyed.

And there is no need to lose money. A.B.A. Cheques insure your money against loss, theft or destruction. If you lose them your money will be refunded.

Carry them instead of cash, wherever you go. Get them at your own bank—spend them anywhere.



A.B.A. CHEQUES

CERTIFIED

OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF
AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION



What a difference APPETITE makes!

Ralston Wheat Cereal, now enriched with added vitamin B, actually creates eager appetites

At last the secret of normal hunger has been found! It's vitamin B—the growth-promoting vitamin which scientists have discovered also stimulates appetites. When children do not eat readily—when they are underweight, nervous or irritable—the trouble often may be traced to a deficiency of vitamin B in the diet.

To safeguard against this deficiency, known to exist in most children's diets, Ralston Wheat Cereal has been enriched by adding extra vitamin B. It is now easy to create and maintain normal appetites, by serving Ralston as a regular part of the daily diet.

Don't coax an appetite—create one. If your child does not eat willingly, a few servings of Ralston should make a difference in his appetite. Eaten regularly, it produces a decided eagerness for food. Besides creating a normal appetite, Ralston Wheat Cereal provides all of the elements of whole wheat necessary to maintain health and promote growth.

Ralston Wheat Cereal will benefit every member of your family—adults as well as children. Serve it regularly. Everyone will enjoy the wholesome flavor of this cereal which cooks in five minutes and costs less than one cent a serving.

RALSTON PURINA COMPANY, 100 CHECKERBOARD SQUARE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Does your child's cereal pass this test?

Pour into your hand a little of the wheat cereal your child eats. If it is a complete cereal it will consist of *Brown* particles, which provide building materials for flesh, bones and teeth, *Yellow* particles, rich in the vitamins which promote health and stimulate appetite, *White* particles, which supply warmth and energy. Over-refining or processing removes or destroys some of these health-building properties. To be sure you are getting them all, look for the brown, yellow and white particles. *All three are in Ralston.*





"Whiskers" looks into a Graflex!

IT'S easy to capture the sparkle of an eye—with a Graflex—the simply-operated camera that takes the guesswork out of focusing.

... In the Graflex, you see, right side up, full picture size, every change of expression up to the instant of tripping the shutter.

The CAMERA for Better Pictures

GRAFLEX

FOLMER GRAFLEX CORP. . . . ROCHESTER, N.Y.

FOLMER GRAFLEX CORPORATION, Dept. 112 ROCHESTER, N.Y.
Please send copy of booklet, "Why a Graflex?" . . . concerning the simply-operated camera for superior pictures . . . to name on margin of this page.



DOROTHY JARVIS

WITH the above Graflex photograph of her pet Dorothy Jarvis, of Brookline, Mass., won 1st prize in the Animal Picture Contest conducted by Photo Era Magazine.

SALES EXECUTIVES

Write for data re:
Business Uses of Graflex

case of the Association of Railway Executives, which is supposed to mould the policies of the rail industry, only the No. 1 man of each member company may represent it in the association.*

Purpose of the organization was vaguely stated; something about "co-operation . . . on matters pertaining to more efficient operation and service." But two obvious reasons for organizing offered themselves: 1) to prepare against threatened attacks upon airmail contracts when Congress convenes; 2) to agree on some attitude toward the proposal that airlines be supervised by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

To head the Pioneers, Harry Ellis Collins resigned his position as executive representative of Curtiss-Wright Corp. on the Pacific Coast and flew last week to Manhattan. Mr. Collins' appointment, sponsored by Curtiss-Wright's potent Chairman of the Executive Committee Clement Melville Keys, was somewhat puzzling to many observers because he is not widely known in the industry, and his experience has not been specially concerned with airmail. He served in the Navy from 1905 to 1929 (chiefly with the bureau of supply & contracts), resigned to go to California for Curtiss-Wright. There he was in charge of the C-W. airports at Glendale, Alameda and San Mateo, and of two flying service bases. Also for a year he was vice president of Maddux Air Lines until it was taken over by T. A. T.

Organization of the Pioneers may have been hastened by the growing clamor of the "independent" airlines—small ones, for the most part, with no mail contracts—for an investigation of Postmaster General Walter Folger Brown's method of awarding contracts to the big companies. The Watres airmail bill, under which contracts are awarded, was frankly designed to "protect the equities of the pioneer operator," a phrase which the independents see interpreted as "them as has, gets." Particularly enraged are they over the practice of granting to a big airmail operator an extension of his contract into territory where a smaller passenger line has been operating in hope of getting the mail some day. A case in point: Robertson Air Lines operates between St. Louis and New Orleans, but the mail was given to American Airways last June as an extension of its Chicago-St. Louis route.

The "independents" organized several months ago, met again recently in Oklahoma City reputedly with the counsel of Senator James A. Reed. Their spokesman in Washington is Pennsylvania's monk-like Representative Clyde Kelly.

Smokescreen

Traffic slowed, necks craned upward one sunny afternoon last week as the airship *Los Angeles*, convoyed by a half-dozen planes, poked her way across mid-Manhattan. Presently the biggest of the planes

*No. 1 men: Philip Johnson of United Air Lines; Frederic Gallup Coburn of United Airways; Clement Melville Keys of Transcontinental & Western; Harris Hanshue of Western Air Express; Capt. Thomas B. Doe of Eastern Air Transport; Edwin G. Thompson of Transamerica Airlines Corp.; Col. L. H. Brittain of Northwest Airways; Alfred Frank of National Parks Airways.

LET IT RAIN!



*Let it rain . . . let it blow . . .
let the seasons come and go
...and storms do their worst!*

HERE is a window which is *proof* against the ravages of time and weather . . . a Casement Window of BRONZE or ALUMINUM . . . watertight, rust-proof, rattle-proof, everlasting! Jackson's "Easy-Clean" Casements, being made of non-corrosive metal, never require painting or any form of protection against the elements and cannot cause disfiguring stains on the walls beneath them.

These modern casements open with ease and precision; may be readily screened; and provide maximum ventilation. When opened, both sides of the window are easily accessible for cleaning and there is a fully concealed operating mechanism which does away with the unsightly protruding hinge common to most casements. Both materials and workmanship make this a window of outstanding beauty . . . distinctive decorative value.

As for economy, these quality Casements cost literally nothing for upkeep, and prices are sufficiently low—due to quantity production of standardized types and sizes—to justify their choice on a strictly competitive dollars-and-sense basis.

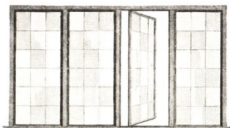
LET IT BLOW!



Illustrated Booklet on request.

JACKSON'S CASEMENT WINDOWS IN ENDURING BRONZE OR ALUMINUM

*New Beauty
Easy to Clean
No Upkeep*



*Rustproof
Weathertight
Economical*

Jackson's Bronze and Aluminum Casements set a new standard of Beauty and offer practical advantages not obtainable with any other type of window.

WM. H. JACKSON COMPANY

FOUNDRIES and FACTORIES: 335 Carroll Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. GALLERIES: New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

✕ ESTABLISHED IN 1827 ✕ OVER 100 YEARS OF SERVICE ✕

Mr. Shaver!



You can learn this from women!

Women know skin care. Many never expose their complexion to soap's irritation—they choose creams instead. If they had to shave, they'd never use your old-fashioned ways!

Now, Mr. Shaver—enjoy modern shaves without soap-lather, brush, rub-ins or after-lotions. The best shaves of your life in half the time, with Frostilla Brushless Shave—a new, velvety-white, skin-conditioning cream! Try it and see.

Send the coupon below for a free travel-size tube. Spread on a thin, economical film. Guide your razor as it glides smoothly, easily, speedily over your whiskers. Once over—that's all—but it's plenty.

You're well shaved—and your face tells a tale that's a treat. No redness or tender spots; no ingrown hairs. You'll say "that's shaving"; you'll never want to go back to old-fashioned, time-wasting, messy ways!

BE MODERN—TRY IT!

- 1 Use the coupon for FREE 10c travel-size tube.
- 2 Buy a tube (5c, 50c or all druggists or direct by mail from the Frostilla Co.) Use often enough to satisfy your curiosity. Then—your money back if you're not 100% pleased.
- 3 If you like it (and you will!) you'll never want your razor again. Send it to us and we'll send to you, free in exchange, a 50c giant tube.



FROSTILLA BRUSHLESS SHAVE

This offer expires Oct. 1932

The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N.Y. (Dept. T10-12)

(In Canada, address 256 Richmond St., W., Toronto)

I'm modern minded. Send me, free, a tube or more of better shaves in your 10c travel-size tube.

Name

Address

City and State

Sales Reps.: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc. N. Y. C. & Toronto

began to fly in a mile-circle around the dirigible, spewing a lengthening white plume of vapor behind her. The trail of smoke dripped downward until it hung like a great white curtain completely concealing the airship. Paramount Sound News men, who staged the stunt, ground their cameras busily. As the *Los Angeles* climbed above the smoke screen and headed for home, the white vapor continued to drift lower and lower until mild panic occurred in the streets. A man riding atop a Fifth Avenue bus began to gasp and cough. He shouted "Sulphur!" and led a stampede of passengers down the stairs. Motorists complained to police that particles of the smoke had burned tiny holes in the tops of their automobiles. Scared pedestrians felt stinging sensations in their faces & hands, found their clothing dotted with acid burns.

The smokescreen was made, as usual, with titanium tetrachloride. It is carried in liquid form, in tanks specially installed in the airplane. When the pilot operates a valve, air is forced into the tank by the speed of the plane in flight, the pressure expelling the $TiCl_4$ through a nozzle at the rear. On contact with the atmosphere, the liquid is changed to a cloud-like vapor. Under "unusual" atmospheric conditions, it is said, the tetrachloride joins with moisture in the air to form hydroscopic smoke particles containing hydrochloric acid which may damage leather or rubber compositions, bright dyes, cloth fabric other than wool. Chemical warfare experts of the Army stated that soldiers habitually handle $TiCl_4$ without injury to hands or uniforms.

415 M. P. H.

Into a gusty sky which experts called "barely safe" for speed flying, Flight Lieut. George H. Stainforth took off from the waters at Calshot one afternoon last week. His purpose: to beat his own record of 379.05 m. p. h. average for the 1.8-mi. speed course, which he made in the Schneider Trophy Races last month (Time, Sept. 21). His spidery seaplane was the same but the engine was new, specially built for this test, with an estimated life of perhaps an hour at top speed when it would develop 2,600 h. p. The fuel, too, was something different: a mixture of refined gasoline, wood alcohol and ethyl.

Lieut. Stainforth dived onto the course, crossed the starting line at about 7 m. per min., 100 ft. above the surface of the water. Five times he flashed back & forth along the straightaway, guiding himself by camera formations, while electric timing cameras caught the picture that was too fleeting for any stopwatch to record accurately. Spectators watched nervously while Lieut. Stainforth made a landing at 100 m. p. h. in a choppy sea. Said he quietly: "I believe I've broken the record." Then he went to officers' mess.

When the timing films had been developed and inspected about 4:30 a. m., officials found the flyer playing "shove ha'penny" in the messroom. They told him his average time was 408.8 m. p. h.; his best lap, 415.2 m. p. h. Said Lieut. Stainforth, "I thought I had done it," and turned back to his game.



Wall Street is Bullish on Sealex!

The hot tip on the street today is—Buy Sealex. Here's the long-side position of a few leaders: 135,000 square feet for J. P. Morgan and Co.—100,000 for Irving Trust Company—100,000 for City Bank—Farmers Trust Company.

But Eastern financiers have no corner on Sealex. In practically any city of any size, an executive can get the identical types of heavy-duty Sealex Floors that have been installed by the acre in downtown New York.

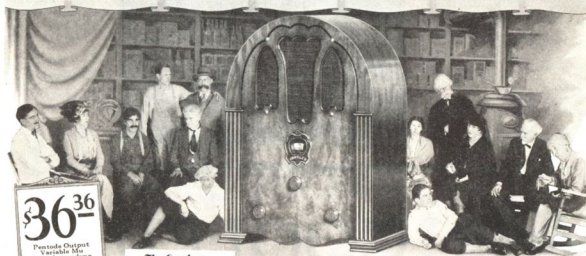
Designed-to-order effects in Sealex Linoleum Floors have also found favor with many high-ranking executives. The little bull rampant is an example of a hand-cut inset for a Sealex Floor. We could just as easily cut out the trade-mark of your firm—or the symbol of your business or profession.

Sealex materials are quiet and comfortable to walk on—increasers of employee efficiency. They're easy to clean and hard to wear out—decreasers of over-head expense. Let us tell you about our Bonded Floors installation service, in which Sealex materials are backed by Guaranty Bonds. Write our Business Floors Department for full information.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.
General Office . . . Kearny, N. J.

SEALEX
LINOLEUM FLOORS

YOU'RE THERE WITH A CROSLEY



\$36³⁶

Pentode Output
Variable Mu
Superheterodyne
Complete
with Tubes

The Crosley LITLIFELLA

The new Crosley LITLIFELLA—a 5-tube table model SUPERHETERODYNE radio receiver incorporating big set features—Pentode Output—Variable Mu—full floating moving coil dynamic speaker—and other Crosley features.

When that happy, everyday, tremendously human group of "REAL POLKA" broadcasts every Monday night over a nationwide N. B. C. network—You're THERE with a Crosley.

CROSLEY sweeps aside all precedent in offering the sensational and utterly amazing Crosley LITLIFELLA, a compact table model Pentode Output, Variable Mu SUPERHETERODYNE, at a price that is almost unbelievably low. Never in the entire history of the radio industry has there been a radio receiver which gives such radio value for the dollar. Some of radio's greatest engineers, artists and technicians have been taxed to the utmost of their ability to produce this sensational, super-performing, extremely low-priced SUPERHETERODYNE which is already causing a furor among radio enthusiasts. Not content to ride along with the easy success of the amazing Crosley LITLIFELLA, and determined to uphold the enviable reputation gained through pro-

ducing sensation after sensation in the radio industry, Crosley has designed and developed the 8-tube, 121 Series, Push-Pull Pentode Output, Variable Mu SUPERHETERODYNE. This marvelous line incorporates all of the most recent radio refinements and is priced sensationally low.

See and hear these entirely new and utterly sensational Crosley values. Enjoy the full, rich Crosby tone—know the thrill of pulling in station after station—with no static—no distortion—no fading. Compare Crosley features with those of other radio receivers, then you'll know that you're getting the greatest radio value per dollar with a Crosley. Send for circular P-10.

The Crosley PLAYBOY

An exquisitely designed all wood table or mantel model, 17" high, 17½" wide, 10½" deep. Front panel in solid imported Oriental wood finished in two-tone effect. The solid side panels and arch top are of high-lighted walnut finish. Concealed Crosley full floating moving coil dynamic speaker. Embodying all the new Crosley features. Never before such sensational radio performance at so low a price.

Complete with 8 Tubes

\$49⁷⁵



The Crosley
CHEERIO

A magnificent cabinet of rare beauty, full forty inches high, housing the new Crosley 8-tube push-pull Pentode, Variable Mu Superheterodyne chassis and newest Crosley full floating moving coil dynamic speaker. All new Crosley features are incorporated.

\$65 Complete
With
8 Tubes



The Crosley
MERRY MAKER

Another forty inch console of unusually attractive design and sound construction housing the new Crosley 8-tube push-pull Pentode, Variable Mu Superheterodyne chassis and the new type Crosley Audition star full floating moving coil dynamic speaker.

\$75 Complete
With
8 Tubes



The Crosley
ANNOUNCER

One of the most beautiful door console models. Stands forty-two inches high. Incorporates the new Crosley 8-tube push-pull Pentode, Variable Mu Superheterodyne chassis and the new type Crosley Audition star full floating moving coil dynamic speaker.

\$85 Complete
With
8 Tubes

Crosley 8-Tube Push-Pull Pentode Output, Variable Mu SUPERHETERODYNE

NOTE THESE CROSLEY FEATURES



**SUPER
HET**



P



Every CROSLEY radio receiver shown here, except The Crosley LITLIFELLA, incorporates the new CROSLEY 8-tube chassis with its unusual features—many exclusive.

The chassis used in every CROSLEY radio receiver shown, employs the well known and thoroughly proved SUPERHETERODYNE circuit.

Two PENTODE tubes, connected in push-pull, in the output stage are an exclusive CROSLEY feature offered in sets at these prices.

Variable Mu tubes in the radio frequency and intermediate frequency stages eliminate the necessity for a local and distance switch.

Variable tone control delivers brilliant, light, mellow or deep reproduction, smoothly graduated and blended to the individual's ear.

Then—Note These CROSLEY Prices

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
POWELL CROSLEY, Jr., President
Home of "The Nation's Station"—WLW
CINCINNATI

(Western prices slightly higher.)

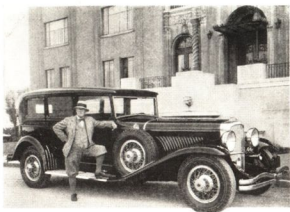
CROSLEY RADIO



The Crosley PLAYTIME

Here it is! A dream come true! A grandfather type A. C. electric half-deck incorporating the new Crosley 8-tube push-pull Pentode, Variable Mu Superheterodyne radio receiver and Crosley Audition star, full floating moving coil dynamic speaker. The same A. C. house current connection operates both clock and radio.

\$95 Complete
With
8 Tubes



Duesenberg equipped with Seiberling Air Cooled Triple Tread Tires for Mr. Ed. C. Garratt of Oakland, California, President, Garratt, Callahan Company of San Francisco, California.

AIR COOLED . . . AIR CUSHIONED

Continuous anti-skid Seiberling Tires

The most important single feature of the Seiberling Triple Tread Tire is that it is **AIR COOLED**.

Practically every other great property contributing to the decided superiority of this remarkable tire is a product of *air cooling*.

For example, the multiple tread of this tire is made possible by *air cooling*. No single-tread, solid-tread construction can be built so thick and rugged without stiffness and internal-

ly generated heat defeating its very thickness.

No single-tread, solid-tread tire can deliver the mileage averaged by Seiberling *air cooled* tires, because heat devitalizes them and actually promotes wear.

Only Seiberling *air cooled* tires can provide *constant anti-skid* safety and traction throughout their entire life, because the same design that effects *air cooling*—develops one tread after another as the tire wears down—

Seiberling

"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.

Whereas even the costliest tires of conventional design have only one anti-skid surface.

Neither can the single-tread, solid-tread tire, however well made, ride so easily, so luxuriously, because they cannot have the Seiberling air cooled tire's *air cushion in the tread*.

Seiberling's scientific *air cooling* of the tread is exclusive—Government-patented. Only Seiberling Tires can be *air-cooled*, and only Seiberling Dealers can supply them.

If you have not yet seen the *air cooled* tire, visit your local independent Seiberling Dealer and have him demonstrate for you, on your own car, the marvelous new tire qualities made possible by *air cooling*. We should like to send you an interesting illustrated booklet which tells in detail the story of this latest, greatest Seiberling contribution to better tire building.

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER CO.

Akron, Ohio, U. S. A.

**TRIPLE
TREAD** *Tires*

T H E T H E A T R E

New Plays in Manhattan

Payment Deferred. William Marble did not know how he was going to make ends meet. He had a job in the foreign exchange department of a London bank and a wife and a daughter. Somehow the yawning abyss of inevitable pauperism which gaped behind his small salary and his household expenses grew wider & wider. Soon one of his creditors would complain to the bank and then nothing would be left for him but the Poor House. Into this unhappy scene, unexpectedly, comes a forgotten nephew from Australia. He is fairly prosperous, alone in the world. When Mr. Marble plunges instantly and shamelessly into discussing money matters with him, the nephew is revolted, tries to flee the house. In desperation Mr. Marble wheedles him into taking a farwell glass of whiskey. Mr. Marble is an amateur photographer and into the whiskey he pours some of the cyanide of potassium which he uses for developing. From that moment doom slowly continues to embrace plump, puffy Mr. Marble.

He speculates with the dead nephew's money, makes a tidy fortune. He can get his scrawny, pitiful wife new clothes. He can school his daughter in Paris. He can buy garish new furniture for his wretched flat. But he can never leave the place. He is shackled to the dread secret that lies buried in the back yard. His money begins to work him ill, embroils in him an unhappy affair with a blackmailing

French dressmaker, runs his daughter away from home to live with a man, sickens his wife. His wife has long guessed and forgiven his crime, but when she finds



CHARLES LAUGHTON

From Chicago gangster to bank clerk.

he has been unfaithful she poisons herself—with cyanide. The attending physician suspects Mr. Marble, points to his eccentric life, his possession of poison, his books

on poison cases. With one great shriek of ironical laughter Mr. Marble discovers that he must go to the gallows for a crime he has not committed.

Grim and sordid though it may be, *Payment Deferred* is the most interesting, most plausible and perfectly fashioned play yet to appear this season. Producer Gilbert Miller has already lined his pockets with the money *Payment Deferred* made in London in the early summer. For the play's success he has chiefly to thank Actor Charles Laughton, Mr. Marble.

Actor Laughton is a roly pudding of a man. He also has a very rare genius for acting. Actor Laughton not only speaks his lines, he thinks them. They can be seen in his puffy eyes before they come from his lips.

Born 32 years ago, son of a provincial hotel-keeper at Scarborough, England, Actor Laughton started miming soon after leaving Stonyhurst College. The last five years have seen his rise to prominence on the British stage in *Alibi*, *Beauty* and, inconspicuously, as the Italo-Chicagoan gang leader in Edgar Wallace's *On The Spot*. He created the rôle of Mr. Marble.

His pert little red-headed wife, Elsa Lanchester, plays the part of his daughter in *Payment Deferred*. He likes to garden, goes about in London with such celebrities as the Sitwells and Victoria Sackville-West. He would like to play *Hamlet*, but being paunchy dreads the line: "O, that this too too solid flesh would melt!"

The House of Connelly. Whenever the Theatre Guild had a play that was too pyrotechnical for the austerity of its mother house, it used to send it over to the Martin Beck Theatre where the Guild's young aspirants disported themselves. For a long time these young people have struggled along, their relation to the Guild never very clearly defined. This summer, however, the Guild acted, formed Group Theatre Inc., the name under which the Martin Beck Theatre will operate henceforth. Members of Group Theatre Inc. have worked all summer without pay to get their repertoire ready. *The House of Connelly*, by Paul Green who won the 1927 Pulitzer Prize for his *In Abraham's Bosom*, is their first piece. It is admirably acted and directed, received a richly deserved 15-min. ovation after the final curtain on the first night.

For a century the broad Connelly acres, located in "a Southern State," have supported a dynasty of stiff-backed, tyrannous "cracker" aristocrats. At last the Connelly blood thins. The scion is frustrated Will (Franchot Tone). In a not always clear study in descending discords, the Connelly clan dissolves, precipitated by Will's determination to marry Patsy Tate (Margaret Barker), a soil-loving tenant's daughter. Will's cavalier uncle commits suicide, his matriarchal mother dies and his decayed sister moves away.

There is not a genuine Southern accent in the cast. Miss Barker is woefully miscast, wearing her peasant's clothes as though they were *pour le sport* from Peck & Peck. But the essence of the play and its exuberantly sincere production go far to negate its shortcomings.

Admirers of Franchot Tone, who have watched his noteworthy parade of repressed characterizations through *Hotel*



The joy of the game, the pleasure of the company, the sparkle of White Rock and the distinctive taste of White Rock Ginger Ale — these make the unbeatable foursome.

You can't "shut down" a family

WHEN orders are scarce and income is scanty, a factory may stop its wheels and close its doors; but with or without work, regardless of income, a family must go on. In hard times and good there are always mouths to feed, bodies to clothe.

When income is cut off, kind-hearted tradespeople, relatives, or friends provide means for obtaining essentials. Bills are accumulated until friends also feel the pinch of circumstances. Finally the breadwinner obtains a job and his creditors who have trusted him expect to be rewarded by immediate payment. They have bills of their own to pay.

The average American family asks nothing but a chance to work its way out of such difficulties.

Household, America's foremost family finance organization, gives families that chance through 147 offices in 89 principal cities. It lends them from \$50 to \$300 when they get back to work, tides them over times of stress, and gives them up to twenty months to repay the loan while they are getting back on their feet.

It is a self-respecting and self-dependent plan that Household offers. Husband and wife may borrow on the securities which are in almost every home. They need no signatures other than their own. The entire transaction is



conducted in businesslike confidence that was appreciated by more than 330,000 families last year.

Conscious of its great responsibility in helping to maintain families as "going concerns," Household makes its charges as low as possible for the retailing of money in small sums. It has voluntarily reduced its rate on loans above \$100 and up to \$300—nearly a third less than the maximum charge allowed by the Small Loan Laws of this state.



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



HOUSEHOLD

FINANCE CORPORATION . . .

Headquarters: Palmolive Building, Chicago, Illinois

... (147 Offices in 89 Principal Cities) . . .

(Consult your telephone directory for the office nearest you) . . .



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

Maintaining American families as going concerns

- One of the nation's major economic problems and a solution are pointed out in this advertisement. It is part of a campaign in leading newspapers to help keep families and factories going. Those interested in further facts about the economic importance of small loans to families are invited to write for information to Dept. T8, Household Finance Corporation, Palmolive Building, Chicago.



Do This When Nerves Won't Let You Sleep

A Drugless Way to Instant Sleep and Brimming Energy Next Day

DO you dread to go to bed at night for fear you'll lie awake and toss? And do you waken hollow-eyed, with jumpy nerves and lack of "pep"?

If so—you'll welcome the news of this simple way to secure instant, *natural* sleep. A way that 20,000 doctors recommend. A way that is as free of drugs as the bread you eat and the milk you drink!

Try it this very night. You'll sink into luxurious sleep almost as soon as you go to bed. In the morning you'll waken clear-eyed—refreshed. And you'll start the day on the crest of a wave—nerves calmer, mind clearer by far.

A delicious food-drink called Ovaltine will do this for you. You simply mix it with warm milk—and drink it before you go to bed. You drop off to sleep in a natural way. And while you sleep, Ovaltine brings you a remarkable health result that benefits you three ways.

Does Three Things

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a natural process—entirely without drugs.

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

Third, it rebuilds worn-out nerve and body cells. In addition to other valuable food elements, Ovaltine contains in concentrated form a natural vital property called "leci-thin," which is the important part of nerve and brain tissue. And these special food properties rebuild nerve, brain and body tissues as you sleep.

During the World War, Ovaltine was used as a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers.

Try It Tonight

Just try Ovaltine tonight. Note how quickly you go to sleep. See how different you feel tomorrow.

Your whole appearance will testify to the result of the restful sleep you've had. And you'll reflect a new and multiplied vitality. Take Ovaltine not only for sleeplessness, but whenever you feel nervous or rundown. Thousands of people, on doctor's advice, also take it as a stomach "conditioner." For Ovaltine, by digesting starches in other foods you have eaten, not only relieves distress but actually helps remove the cause.

This is an important additional reason why Ovaltine helps to put you to sleep at night. For digestive unrest is one of the most common factors in sleeplessness.

Start tonight! You'll be amazed at what it does for you—what a vast improvement it brings in the way you look and feel.

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(Print name and address clearly)

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City _____ State _____ 642
(One package to a person)

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

Universe, Pagan Lady and Green Grow the Lilacs, were annoyed at Manhattan critics who praised him highly but had apparently never seen him work before.

The Good Companions, adapted by Author John Boynton Priestley and Playwright Edward Knoblock from a best-selling novel of two years ago, demonstrates once more that the novel's place is in the study. A rambling tale in the manner called "Dickensy," it tells how Elizabeth Trant, a spinster who has inherited a small legacy, sets out to find adventure, meets a "concert party" troupe of itinerant showpeople. To join the group comes, by chance, Inigo Jollifant, a young schoolmaster with a talent for music, and Jess Oakroyd, an honest Yorkshireman who has grown tired of his shrewish wife and noisy son. Miss Trant finances the troupe, changes its name from "The Dinky Doo's" to "The Good Companions." After many an adventure, the party is disbanded.

The Good Companions was turned into a play simply by selecting the best scenes—16 of them—and putting them on the stage with over 100 actors. To people who had not read the book, it seemed episodic, sketchy. But sometimes the play catches a cosy, pleasantly pipe-&-ale sort of English atmosphere. There are two fairish songs, "Going Home" and "Tripping Round the Corner," and a series of musical interludes between the fast-moving scenes. It is probably because the piece is advertised as "Dickensy" that most of the players overact atrociously. George Carney, new to Manhattan, is earthy, rugged, appealing as Jess Oakroyd. Valerie Taylor (*Peter Ibbetson*, *Petticoat Influence*) does a good job as gallant, eager Miss Trant. Hugh Sinclair plays Inigo Jollifant languidly in soprano. Sample humor: "Oh, you have a nasty mind; you must be on the Vice Committee." "What? A tee-totaler? He's a newspaper man!" "Get up at six-thirty? Why, there's no such hour!" Oldtime note: false posterior worn by an actress who doubles in two roles.

Nikki was first written by resourceful John Monk Saunders (*Wings*) for *Liberty*, later made into a cinema (*TIME*, Aug. 31). Now the well-picked carcass has been scraped once more to produce something which might be called a musical tragedy. It is a bewildering, sometimes embarrassing, occasionally entertaining piece relating the experiences of a pretty girl (Fay Wray, the author's wife, in her first legitimate appearance) and four neurotic aviators she has picked up in Paris after the War. To convey the impression that they are just too world-weary, Author Saunders has arranged that they reply to all efforts at normal human communication with a stock set of irrelevances: "I'll take vanilla." "It seemed a good idea at the time," and "We're off in a blizzard of horseradish."

In Act II, the Grim Reaper steps up to claim not one but three members of the cast. One is gored by a bull, another is murdered, the third is shot accidentally. The play is temporarily interrupted to permit some more-than-half naked chorus girls to cavort in café and carnival scenes and to introduce one song, "Taking Off," which has a very pleasant swing.

EDUCATION

Whistling Morons

Professor Charles Gray Shaw of New York University last week wrinkled the world's face with doubt of its intelligence and charged newspapers with big telegraph bills. Professor Shaw stated:

"In this age of noise there are still those who pursue the ancient art of whistling. Their life-like tones can't be heard, but they pucker up their lips just the same. They are not trying to create music but to release emotion. They are voicing their low mentality and confessing their sense of defeat."

"We often hear, or used to hear, the expression, 'He whistled to keep his courage up.' That's just it, except that there's more to the crude act of whistling than artificial affirmation of bravery."

"The economic stress of the day, even when we are not as now in the embrace of the bears, is too great for many people. They feel temporary defeat or a total loss."

"... Why do they whistle as so many of them do? They show inferiority and reveal defeat, but they proceed to advertise this by their impromptu music, which invariably is off the key."

"Whistling is an unmistakable sign of the moron. We might call it a part of his 'defense mechanism.' After he has set up his psychological barricade of sullenness, he sounds a note of war in his foolish whistling. He resolves not to care. He's right and the world wrong."

"No great or successful man ever whistles. Can you think of Einstein or Edison or Mussolini tuning up to 'Just One More Chance'? Can you think of President Hoover as whistling? Some of his critics may think that the time has come . . . but the strength of the Hoover mind and will is such that there will be no whistling in the White House."

"No, it's only the inferior and maladjusted individual who ever seeks emotional relief in such a bird-like act as that of whistling."

The worldwide stir that these remarks created was a three-day wonder. Upon looking up Professor Shaw, the impressionable Press found that he was a Professor of Philosophy and 60 years old. Not only that, he was a ninth lineal descendant of John & Priscilla Alden, author of a learned book, *The Road to Culture*, and repeatedly voted by students the most popular man of the N. Y. U. faculty. The only strange thing found in his history was his walking 15 years ago from Philadelphia to Manhattan, 90 mi. in 23 hr. 40 min. Editors telephoned, telegraphed, cabled and radioed last week for information on Professor Shaw's eminent non-whistlers. Pouting Premier Mussolini, dispatches reported, whistles. Whimsical Professor Einstein (see p. 24) whistles. Presidents Hoover and Coolidge have never been observed whistling, but President Roosevelt did. Other famed & able whistlers found last week:

The late Senator Morrow (see p. 11), Colonel Lindbergh, John D. Rockefeller Jr., Henry Ford, Thomas A. Edison (who was dying last week), Senator Borah.

*Fusk & Wagnalls (\$2).

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Richmond, Va. *Stearns, Reebuck & Co.* "Fuel savings in one season with Iron Fireman over oil, \$1152.20."

Chicago. *Quigley Preparatory Seminary*. "Iron Fireman will pay for itself in about 18 months."

Montreal, Canada. *A. C. L'Esle & Company, Ltd.* "The Iron Fireman in our office building is yielding us a

return of 30 per cent on our investment."

St. Louis, Mo. *Busman Mfg. Co.* "Fuel and labor savings in one season with Iron Fireman over hand firing \$768.50."

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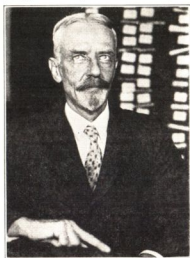
Senator Borah, quizzed at Chicago, growled: "Any man who says all whistlers are morons must be a moron himself. When I feel like whistling, I whistle. But I rarely feel like whistling."

In Manhattan, New York University students shrilled cadenzas outside Professor Shaw's office door. Letters denouncing his statement piled on his desk. Professor Shaw stifled a fit of chuckles and issued another statement: "Whistling from the throat is indicative of the intelligent person, while whistling with the lips is significant of the moron."

More interviews, more press comments, more denunciations.

By this time Professor Shaw could no longer choke down his laughter. Slapping his middle he burst out: "What a comic world!" Then related just how it all had happened:

Last year he had sharing his office two raucous instructors. They whistled incessantly, "and always the same tunes, and



International

PROFESSOR CHARLES GRAY SHAW

"What a comic world!"

always off the key. Remember that—always off the key. It is important."

To order them to be silent was impossible for kindly Professor Shaw. Besides, their reaction might be more strident whistling. He thought of a ruse. For the university daily he wrote an article shaming whistlers in general. But the paper did not print it.

Last week some New York University students who work as "campus" correspondents for the local dailies were bewailing the scantiness of university news. Professor Shaw dug up and gave them his diatribe against whistling.

"I never dreamed such a thing would cause such a stir," roared he last week. "But it's a good thing. It keeps the world from becoming too much upset over such things as the gold standard [see p. 16] and the world series [see p. 23]."

"Cotton Top" Elected

As foretold last fortnight by the Boston Globe (TIME, Sept. 28), 36-year-old Kenneth Ballard ("Cotton Top") Mur-

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dock, associate professor of English and master of Harvard's new Leverett House, was elected last week to be dean of the Faculty of Arts & Sciences of Harvard University. It was also reported, unofficially, that he would be relieved of his teaching duties for the year, save for a little tutorial work. As dean, he will be chief assistant to President Abbott Lawrence Lowell. More & more, as Harvard becomes larger and richer, as President Lowell grows older (he will be 75 in December), are the routine duties of the presidency being passed on to the deanship, a strenuous post which undermined the health of the late Clifford Herschel Moore who held it until his death last August, and of his predecessor, Professor Charles Homer Haskins.

Last spring young Professor Murdock was frequently seen at President Lowell's house when there were potent benefactors and distinguished visitors to be entertained. Many an observer thinks he is the man President Lowell has in mind for his successor. But keen, white-whiskered President Lowell surprised his pressmen last week. Calling them together for his second "interview" in 20 years (he never allows himself to be quoted directly), he took them on a tour of Harvard's seven houses (three new, four remodelled), built with \$15,000,000 of Edward Stephen Harkness's money. He was spry, hopped up stairways two steps at a time. Lovingly he pointed out the features of the House Plan which he (says Harvard legend) wangled from Donor Harkness, who had planned to give only one or two houses, only one or two million dollars. Newshawks quoted an "official spokesman" as saying: "You will notice that these houses are as different as it has been possible to make them. No student, no matter how little attention he has paid to the Volstead Act, should have difficulty in finding his way home to his proper house." Ther President Lowell heard that photographers were waiting for him. Hating them as much as does John Pierpont Morgan and as much as St. Gandhi says he does, he popped out of the way.

That President Lowell loves his House Plan too well to resign in this its first full-fledged year—or even in its second year—was the opinion of many a newshawk. Harvard's next president, whether he be Dean Murdock or any other, might have a long time to wait. Harvardmen recall that last spring, long accustomed to being driven by a chauffeur, President Lowell resumed driving himself, motored down in his Buick sedan to his summer home at Cotuit, Mass. There, says another robust Harvard legend, President Lowell dismayed and shocked an elderly female neighbor several years ago by bathing almost nude in the surf.

Progress

Rhode Island State College at Kingston, R. I. has 612 students and 49 professors. Also, it owns a herd of 40 fine cows. For the last 39 years, professors who wished milk were obliged to go to the cow-barn with a can and cart it home as best they could. Last week it was announced that milk will hereafter be bottled and delivered to faculty members. Cost: 12¢ the quart.

HE DIDN'T TOUCH SECOND-AND LOST THE PENNANT *



a little thing...
BUT IT MADE A BIG DIFFERENCE

*Sept. 23, 1908, Polo Grounds, New York, Giants vs. Cubs. 5th inning, score tied, two out, with Giant runner, McCormick on third and Merkle on first. Birdsell hit safely to center, to bring in what should have been winning run, but Merkle failed to run to second and touch the base. Fans of Cubs called for bull, stepped on second, claiming a force-out of Merkle. Umpires allowed it, leaving score a tie, and called game account darkness. The play-off, Oct. 8th, decided the pennant. Cubs won, 4-2.

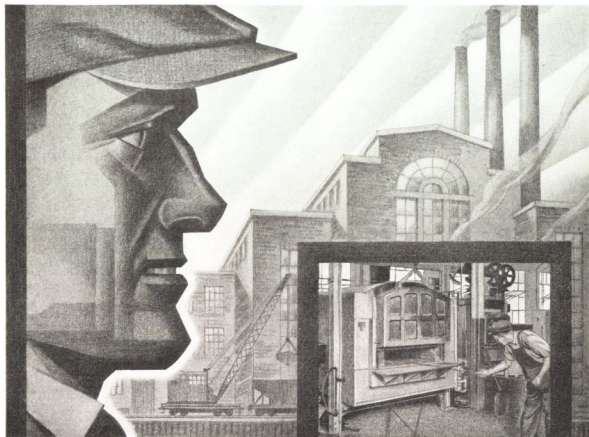
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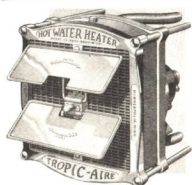
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MILESTONES

Born. To Edda, Countess Ciano (née Mussolini), eldest child of *Il Duce*, and Count Galeazzo Ciano; a son; in Shanghai, China, where the Count is Italian Consul General (see p. 18).

Engaged. John Joseph ("Johnny") Farrell, U. S. Open golf champion 1928; and Catherine Theresa Hush, who played with him in the talking pictures "How To Play Golf."

Married. Richard Washburn Child, author and onetime (1921-24) Ambassador to Italy; and Mrs. Dorothy Gallagher Everson, his former secretary and governess to his daughters. It was Mr. Child's fourth marriage, his bride's second.

Married. Frances Elkington Wood, daughter of President Robert Elkington Wood of Sears, Roebuck & Co.; and Calvin Fentress Jr. of Hubbard Woods, Ill.; by Bishop Ernest Milmore Stires of Long Island, uncle of the bride; at Highland Park, Ill.

Sued. Dorothy Benjamin Caruso (Ingram), widow of Enrico Caruso; by Dorothy Russell Calvit, daughter of the late Actress Lillian Russell Moore. Mrs. Calvit claimed Mrs. Caruso had a \$50,000 diamond & emerald ring of her mother's which the actress entrusted to her husband, the late Alexander Pollock Moore, onetime U. S. Ambassador to Spain. New York State Supreme Court Justice McGeehan instructed Mrs. Caruso to show cause why she should not answer questions concerning the ring.

Birthdays. Paul von Hindenburg, 84; William Wrigley Jr., 70; Oscar (Waldorf) Tschirky, 65; Mahatma Gandhi, 62; Charles ("Gabby") Street, 49; Hugh Herndon, Jr., 27.

Died. Sir William Orpen, 52, famed Irish-born portrait painter; of heart disease; in London (see p. 21).

Died. Colonel Edward Alfred Simmons, 56, publisher & rail expert; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Brooklyn, N. Y. He was president of Simmons-Boardman Publishing Corp. (*Railway Age*, *Airway Age*, *Boiler Maker*) and of American Saw Works, and board chairman of American Machine Tool Co.

Died. Dwight Whitney Morrow, 58, retired Morgan partner, Republican Senator from New Jersey; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Englewood, N. J. (see p. 11).

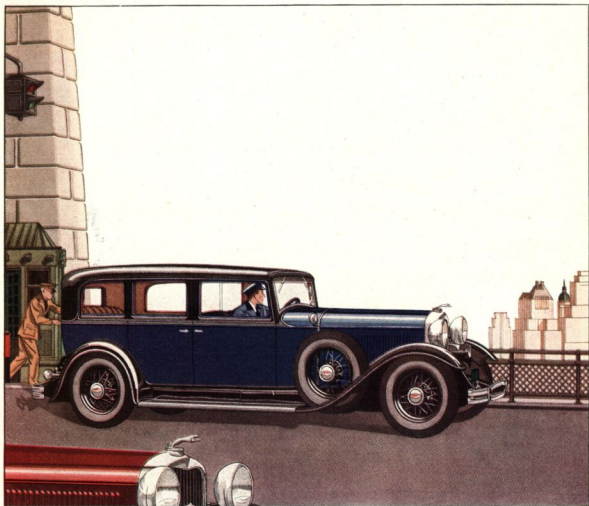
Died. Mrs. Henry Clay Frick, the onetime Adelaide Howard Childs, widow of the late Pittsburgh steel tycoon; after a brief illness; in Prides Crossing, Mass. With her death, the Frick art collection, its \$15,000,000 endowment and the Fifth Avenue mansion in which it is housed pass over to "the use and benefit of all persons."

Died. Mrs. Albert Abraham Michelson, widow of the late great physicist, sister-in-law of Charles Michelson, publicity director of the Democratic National Committee; after an operation; in Washington, D. C.

Died. Don Jaime of Bourbon (Jaime Juan Carlos Alfonso Felipe de Bourbon-Anjou), 61, Carlist pretender to the Spanish throne, cousin of deposed King Alfonso XIII; of a heart attack; in Paris.

Died. Mrs. Annie Fellows Johnston, 68, authoress, after long illness; at Pewee Valley, Ky. Born in Evansville, Ind. she attained fame as the author of the "Little Colonel" books, a series of juvenilia much admired by the girls of the last generation. The heroine, a bright child with golden curls, was the favorite of her old Confederate grandpa, hence her nickname. Mrs. Johnston began writing "Little Colonel" books in 1892, definitely ended the series in 1929. Several years ago she was told that a child had undergone a major operation without anesthetic on being promised a shelf full of "Little Colonel" books. Said Mrs. Johnston: "I feel that my work has been worth while."

Died. Sir Thomas Johnstone Lipton, 81, most famed of British sportsmen, self-made tea tycoon; in his sleep after a ten-day cold; in London. Born in a Glasgow tenement, he went to the U. S. at 15 seeking his fortune, returned when he had saved \$500. He had worked in a grocery shop in New York, saw possibilities in the U. S. way of displaying and selling groceries. His first shop in Glasgow was a success, with Proprietor Lipton behind the counter in white overalls and an apron. From the beginning he believed in advertising, kept his shop lighted at night, distributed handbills. Once in Glasgow he stopped traffic by having a sleek pig parade through the streets bearing signs on its sides, "I am going to Lipton's. The best shop in town for Irish Bacon." He opened shop after shop until he built a chain of some 600. In 1885 he began specializing in tea, developed his own plantations in Ceylon. His interests widened to include candy shops in London, ginger ale plants in Ireland, a slaughter house in Chicago. In 1898 his enterprise was incorporated, his fortune estimated at \$50,000,000. His motto: "Never take a partner." When he was made a baronet in 1902, this changed to "*Labor Omnia Vincit*" ("*Work conquers all*") beneath a coat of arms with a crest showing two arms crossed, the horny hands clutching a sprig of tea plant, a sprig of coffee plant. All his life Sir Thomas loved ships, owned a steam yacht before he was interested in sailing. He first challenged for the America's Cup in 1899 with *Shamrock*, followed in 1901, 1903, 1920, 1930 by successive *Shamrocks*. He never won the Cup. He spent \$10,000,000 on these races, was considering another challenge on behalf of the Royal Yacht Squadron, to which he was at last elected in May.



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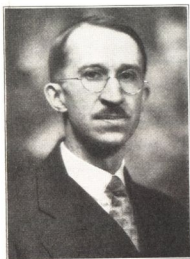
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P R E S S

Modest Attempt

Not very many people ever heard of *The Midland*, a bi-monthly magazine. Since its birth 16 years ago at the University of Iowa its circulation has never exceeded 1,500, has averaged less. But Henry Louis Mencken called it "probably the most important literary magazine ever established in America." Edward J. O'Brien, in his annual collection of *Best Short Stories*, gave *Midland* a higher rating for 16 years than any other U. S. magazine. Last fortnight *Midland* subscribers were told by Founder-Editor John Towner Frederick that, unless enough subscriptions or gifts were pledged for next year, the December issue will be the last of *The Midland*.

Tall, dark-haired Editor Frederick was an undergraduate in 1915 when he established *The Midland* as "a modest attempt



JOHN TOWNER FREDERICK
Rating: high. Funds: low.

to encourage the making of literature in the Middle West." Like all such idealistic enterprises, *The Midland* had a severe struggle for subsistence; like few, it subsisted, probably because it clung to its simple purpose of printing good fiction and good poetry in unostentatious form.

Witter Bynner, Clement Wood, William Ellery Leonard, the late Leonard Cline have contributed to *The Midland*. But the magazine is proudest of its encouragement to unknowns. Ruth Suckow was discovered by *Midland*; so were Edna Bryner, Philip Stevenson, Roger L. Sergel, William March's *The Little Wife*, widely reprinted, appeared first in *The Midland*.

When Editor Frederick became a teacher of English, traveling from one university to another, he and his wife Esther took *The Midland* with them, editing it wherever they were, mailing the material back to Iowa for publication. From 1925 until last year they had as co-editor Frank Luther Mott, now head of Iowa University's School of Journalism, author of *History of American Journalism*. He still serves as book reviewer.

Gold

out of the Air....



A FOUNTAIN PEN MANUFACTURER uses an Airmat Dust Arrester to catch the dust from buffing wheels that polish gold pen points. The filter sheets used in the dust arrester, which cost 4½ cents, are worth \$10.00 each after a few weeks of service, due to the invisible gold dust caught on their surfaces.

Gold out of the air.

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Gold out of the air.

In many manufacturing plants, American Air Filters repay the cost of installation by reclaiming valuable dust from the air. They also save their cost over and over by protecting machinery from abrasive dirt, by reducing production costs, by improving quality, and by eliminating the dangerous dust and epidemic germs that threaten the health and efficiency of employees.

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IN CANADA, MIDWEST CANADA LTD., MONTREAL

Neither editors nor contributors ever received a penny for their work. Advertising in the magazine was negligible. Once in a while the income from subscriptions would meet the cost of printing & mailing, but for most of the 16 years Editor Frederick paid the losses from his own pocket. One particularly heavy deficit he met with the proceeds of a lecture tour. Gifts from subscribers ranged in total from \$50 to \$350 in a year.

Last year, when he was appointed to the faculty of Northwestern University, Editor Frederick took *The Midland* to Chicago. In a tiny office in the Monadnock Building he and his round-faced, bob-haired wife tried to build the magazine into a monthly of larger circulation. The circulation did not come. The deficit

for the year ended Sept. 1 was \$2,040. The Fredricks will meet the debt, as before. But they are not prepared to meet another one next year.

"For People Who Drink"

One of the high spots of the big "welcome home" party given for Cinematress Marion Davies in Los Angeles last fortnight (*TIME*, Oct. 5) was the sudden entrance of a crowd of raucous newsboys. "Extra! Davies Returns!" they yelled, rushing among the guests and passing out copies of a paper.

The paper—a single sheet printed on both sides—looked exactly like William Randolph Hearst's Los Angeles *Examiner*, but it was named *The Front Page*. And in place of the celebrated Hearstpaper

motto: "A Paper For People Who Think," this was "A Paper For People Who Drink." It was all very gay. On the front page were seven little pictures of Miss Davies, one big picture of her in pajamas; and a bigger picture of a group of platter-lipped Ubangi natives with the caption: "Friends Meet Famous Star At Train. . . Davies stepped off the train this morning all aglow with hives." There



Acme-P. & A.

MARION DAVIES & FRIEND

He (in *The Front Page*): "I'm just C'AZY about Europe."

was a burlesque of Arthur Brisbane's "Today" column, called "Doomsday, by Arthur Membrane." Excerpt:

"Miss Marion Davies left New York Friday and arrived at Los Angeles Tuesday morning. It will surprise Miss Davies to learn that a thousand years from now dozens of men now living will be able to leave New York Friday and arrive at Los Angeles Monday night. They will do this through the means of a monster choochoo, which now is just an idea in the minds of engineers."

There was a purported interview with Miss Davies' great & good friend Publisher Hearst, relating that he, too, had just arrived in Los Angeles, with the words: "I'm just C'AZY about Europe." On the back page were eight more little pictures of Miss Davies, and a lengthy column of studio gossip by "Prunella Parsnips," parodying Louella Parsons, Hearst reporter of Hollywood chit-chat.

Publisher Hearst, who was present at Miss Davies' party, had a good laugh with his eldest son George and Publisher George Young of the *Examiner*. So did Mr. Hearst's oldtime secretary Joe Williams and Thomas J. White, general manager of all Hearstpapers, who were there, too. But their smiles must have frozen when, three days later, they discovered that ever since the party the line at the top of the real *Examiner's* cinema page had, by some excruciating oversight, carried the slug: "... A PAPER FOR PEOPLE WHO DRINK."



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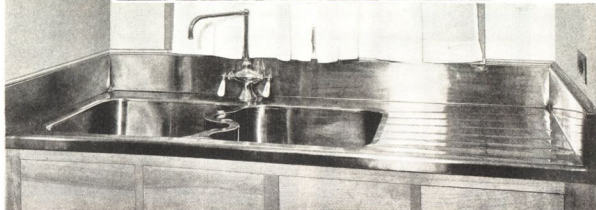
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Restaurants by the dozen are installing Allegheny Metal equipment, so we've made it available for you.

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But why do these food experts want this alloy? The main reason is—it safeguards all the food it touches. It can taint no food . . . no food can stain it.

And many find they can keep it bright as new with just a damp cloth. It's really easier to clean than glass. And that counts for a lot in a big hotel . . . or in your own kitchen when you're tired.

Allegheny Metal is far stronger than mild steel. It has no thin plated sur-

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But how about style? White metal is new for the kitchen. Every day we learn of luxurious homes where Allegheny Metal was specified by learned architects . . . and the cost is low.

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7. Is readily annealed; may be welded and soldered.
8. Is produced in practically all commercial forms.
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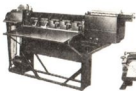
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MUSIC

Prince, Basso & Fiddlers

Quivering with excitement such as he scarcely ever reveals on the concert platform, bald-headed Violinist Mischa Elman wrote a letter last month from St. Jean-de-Luz, France, to his father in Manhattan. Made public last week, the letter told how Violinist Elman had given a



ACHA-P. & A.

FEODOR CHALIAPIN & WIFE

*Everybody behaved just as they felt—
"Za-Za!"*

party for Cinemactor Charles Spencer Chaplin "which will long linger in the memory of those who were there." Cinemactor Chaplin told Edward Prince of Wales "what a wonderful time he had at my house . . . The Prince, who came here for a vacation, and being evidently tired to be constantly with the same group of people, told Chaplin that he would like to spend such an evening with us." Cinemactor Chaplin scuttled off to have tea with large, booming Basso Feodor Chaliapin, who agreed to give a party at his house. Violinists Jacques Thibaud and Elman were "invited, of course, and altogether we were 22 people.

"It was the most informal affair I've ever been to. Everybody did and behaved just as they felt. Thibaud and I played the Double Concerto of Bach again. I'm sure that it was above the Prince's head as he is not at all musical, but he was very enthusiastic. Chaliapin, I must say, made a wonderful host, drinking a toast to each one of his guests, beginning of course with the Prince. The toast was in Russian . . . ended with the two meaningless words, in which everybody joined—'Za-Za!' I talked a good deal to the Prince that evening, telling him all sorts of jokes, which he enjoyed very much. . . . To think that there was the future King of England, sitting in the midst of people who have come from humble origin, even though they have attained the highest in their profession!"

Next day, wrote Violinist Elman, he met the Prince in a café, was asked to join

him. "The Prince was very amusing . . . trying very hard to persuade me to drink. . . . Finally he said, 'It is very stupid for people to drink a lot: look at me, I drink very little.' . . . He told me to be sure to call him up when I am in London."

Teutonic Katisha

The soprano rôles in Gilbert & Sullivan operettas are most effective when sung by small, arch, comely ladies. The contralto rôles demand singers made up to look stout and ugly. Katisha in *The Mikado*, in particular, should be "a most unattractive old thing, tra la, with a caricature of a face." For this rôle last week the brothers Lee & Jake Shubert signed up oldtime Contralto Ernestine Schumann-Heink, 70. With a company of seasoned Savoyards, the Shuberts' *Mikado* opens Oct. 16 in Wilmington, Del., will play in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and other Eastern cities.

Bagging Schumann-Heink was a new move in a small, unobtrusive Gilbert & Sullivan war which has been flourishing for more than a month. Milton Aborn's Civic Light Opera Company played to full houses all summer in Manhattan (TIME, May 18), then went on the road, leaving in its place a troupe which has been doing fairly well with *The Merry Widow* and *The Chocolate Soldier* (TIME, Sept. 21). Aborn's *Mikado* opened in Boston last month beginning a four-week repertory engagement at the Colonial Theatre. It was booked by the Erlangers. No warm friends of the Erlangers are the Shuberts. They formed a rival company, called it "The Bostonians" after the famed troupe which flourished 25 years ago, opened a week earlier with *The Mikado* in Boston's Lyric Theatre. They threatened to head off the Aborn troupe wherever it should go. But after two weeks the Shubert *Mikado*, lacking patronage, ceased and desisted. The Shuberts had planned other Gilbert & Sullivan works but their troupe, now fortified with a Teutonic Katisha, will now stick to *The Mikado*.

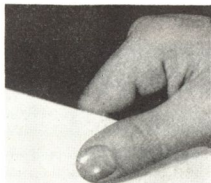
Tragedies

¶ With his \$25,000 Guarmerius violin tucked cosily beneath his arm, Violinist Harry Braun, 22, walked down Manhattan's Fifth Avenue one night last week. Protégé of Banker Otto Hermann Kahn and of Lieut. Governor Herbert H. Lehman of New York, pupil of the late great Leopold Auer, he was given his violin by Philanthropist August Heckscher. He was to play on it at his Carnegie Hall debut in January. As Violinist Braun crossed Fifth Avenue a truck came lumbering along. He dodged. The violin case slithered from under his arm, landed squarely in the truck's path. He waved wildly but there was a crackling and splintering and off went the truck, leaving \$25,000 worth of uselessness on the asphalt.

¶ From the automobile of Composer Roy Harris, 31, were stolen last week in Manhattan a new symphony and a toccata. Police bumbled sympathetically, asked him to describe the music. Said he: "I just put it down as 160 pages of music. What I really tried to do . . . was express the meaning of America."

Part of "the meaning of America" was found in a subway telephone booth.

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J-M Roof Inspection Report

(Actual figures taken from one of many typical cases involving prominent manufacturers)

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OR

1932

Apply new roof

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The Johns-Manville Roof Inspector has been carefully trained. He knows roofs. He immediately recognizes defects or damaged conditions that you or I may not be aware of. Years of experience—in the protection of plant investments, in plant maintenance—are back of him. He is a roof expert.

Why not let the J-M Roofing Expert make a free inspection of your roof? He can show you where any trouble may be starting or where an inexpensive "stitch in time" repair job will save you thousands of dollars later on. He will merely give you facts—you are at liberty to act on his report as you please.

... and they cut next year's overhead \$24,000.00

Johns-Manville offers Life Extension Service for Roofs, with FREE INSPECTION . . .

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A SHORT time ago, Johns-Manville offered prominent organizations a thorough and painstaking inspection of their roofs FREE. Recommendations would cover the essential repairs necessary to prolong the life of the present roof, and wherever possible, to eliminate entirely the oncoming need for a new roof . . . Hundreds accepted.

Inspections were made . . . complete inspections. Every inch of every roof was carefully examined . . . the understructures . . . the flashings . . . the gutters . . . the skylights. Figures were tabulated . . . reports were submitted.

In a large majority of cases, it was found that \$1 spent for minor repairs now would save as much as \$4 on the cost of a new

roof later—savings that ranged from \$10,000 to as high as \$30,000!!!

A prominent manufacturer (name on request) is but one of many examples. As a result of a J-M Roof Inspection, this organization spent approximately \$6,300 for a Johns-Manville Cap Sheet repair job. A new roof, which would have been necessary in less than a year, would have cost approximately \$30,000. A \$24,000 cut in next year's overhead—all the result of one visit to the roof!

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years, with the ever-pressing need to lower costs . . . economize . . . economize . . . and with the supporting evidence of prominent organizations all over the country, certainly this is the time for you, too, to give serious attention to your ROOF.

What is its condition right now? Is it patched? Beginning to go in places? Will it stand up under the bad winter weather just ahead? Against fire hazards? And, if the surface looks all right—can you be sure that the understructure is in good condition? Why not have a check-up?

If roof repairs are necessary, this is the ideal time to have the work done. You not only get it done more cheaply now—you not only make a radical savings as compared with the cost of a new roof later—but you protect your investment, your machinery, your factory, whether it is operating at the moment or not.

Johns-Manville now extends the FREE roof inspection service to every factory, every warehouse, every school, every church—in fact, every building in the country. Ask for a FREE inspection of your roof. Fill in the coupon here. Whether for a smooth-surfaced or a gravel-surfaced roof, Johns-Manville has a repair service to cover it. Johns-Manville, 292 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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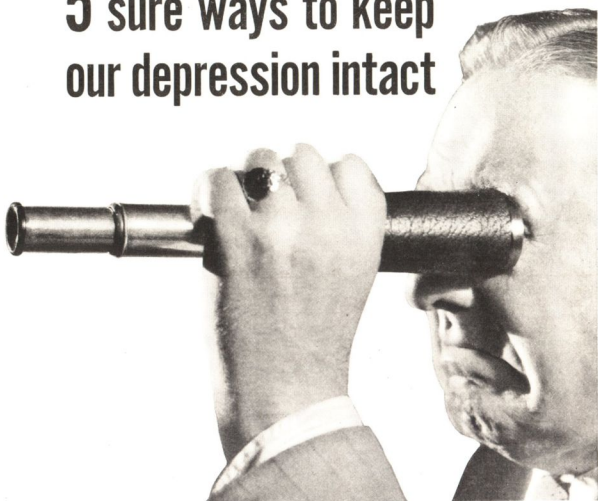
I would like to have my roof inspected free. I understand this puts me under no obligation.

Name

Street

City State

5 sure ways to keep our depression intact



1. Avoid improving package or product. Keep these as they were in 1921. If they helped to extend that depression they will help retain this one. And look at the way free-wheeling helped automobile sales! It's a nuisance to have to explain something new to the public. And there's the bother of writing sales tickets, opening accounts, adding help and getting the money over to the bank.

2. Use insincere advertising. What if superlative statements cannot be proved! Or absurd indorsements! They're easier to write than the interesting truths about a product that might appeal to buyers. Real advertising takes so much digging for facts.

3. Frighten people about competitor's products. All of course, in a Pickwickian sense. Give it time, and this method will cut down sales on any product, and save work for the whole industry. And make advertising a joke with the public, as well.

4. Don't waste time finding out what the consumer thinks and says. It might lead to changes in advertising and selling that would increase sales.

5. Don't take time to talk with an advertising agency that knows how to tip sales curves upward, by putting Wallops* into its clients' advertising.

*"Wallops" is the title of a pamphlet issued recently by McCann-Erickson, showing how certain advertisers have succeeded in putting an extra wallop into their current business operations. Yours for the asking.

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

Bear in the Street

When Lawyer James Watson Gerard, onetime (1913-17) Ambassador to Germany, arrived in Manhattan from Europe last week he was in a critical mood. He said President Hoover should up and say Prohibition is nonsense. He chided Manhattan's bankers for paying more attention to Germany than the U. S. He scolded big corporations for not giving out intelligible statements; he and Mrs. Gerard have some 2,300 shares of General Electric and he defied "any one to tell from the statements of this company what it is doing." Because Mr. Gerard has previously been known as a foe of shortselling, no Wall Street was surprised to read that he added: "I also feel that shortselling here should be curbed immediately."

But this Gerard interview was only a prelude to a week replete with attacks on

Timothy Sullivan who sponsored New York's famed Sullivan Act against concealed weapons.

Interference with shortselling in New York alone might lead to a rapid growth of some interior market. But last week's developments included a resolution against shortselling passed by the Chicago City Council and given to the Governor's Revenue Committee. There was also an acceleration of agitation in Federal Government circles.

Leader of the movement seemed to be James Eli Watson, Republican floor-leader of the Senate, commonly regarded as a spokesman for the Hoover Administration. Last week he said: "It is the belief of many that we shall not recover from our present depression until transactions of this kind [shortselling] are either prohibited or greatly curtailed or properly safeguarded. . . . I have no doubt that one or more resolutions of this kind will be passed [by Congress]." Since President Hoover last week was conferring with many a financial leader, it was felt that Senator Watson knew whereof he spoke.

Heartily in agreement with Senator Watson were Senators of less orthodox views on financial matters. Iowa's Smith Wildman Brookhart exclaimed that he would see to it that interstate transmission of shortsale quotations is prohibited. Apparently he was unaware that the Stock Exchange's machinery does not include anything which tells whether a seller of stock owns it or not.

Other attacks included:

A resolution by United States Chamber of Commerce's directors that shortselling be limited to sellers who deposit a 40% cash margin and show evidence of possessing the rest. This would not materially alter the present situation, for bears must deposit 25% in most houses, present credit credentials before opening an account.

The Scripps-Howard chainpapers, professional crusaders, also took up the battle against bears.

With so much agitation against shortselling it was becoming apparent last week that the New York Stock Exchange would have to make some move itself or else run the risk of very drastic impositions upon it. One fair-sized member firm, Pouch & Co., announced it would no longer lend stocks to bears because, while shortselling helps a normal market, it is "utterly immoral and unwarranted" in a crisis. This attitude was not, however, officially that of the Exchange.

As an opening move in its defense the Stock Exchange last week ordered all members not to use the phrase "bear-raid" unless they could substantiate it. The reason was clear: When a stock tumbles, perhaps on some internal development in the company, brokers often say it was because of a "raid" and increase the feeling against bears. That the move was a little late seemed implied by the lack of differentiation last week between raids and real shortselling when bears were attacked. A raid is definitely aimed to depress a stock through sheer force or by knowledge of stock that will come on the market if

the price can be shoved down a little. A legitimate short sells on values, feels that time and earnings reports will adjust the price downward. The difference is the same as between an operator and an investor.

Another commentator on the situation last week was Yale's Professor Irving Fisher. Said he: "My former master in economics, President [Arthur Twining] Hadley, put it well when he said that speculation of any kind . . . is beneficial when it merely anticipates a rise or fall of prices. For it then mitigates the rise or fall. It is injurious when it manipulates prices against the natural tendency. Manipulation is usually impossible when the supply is large and there is not much overextension of margin buying. Today, however, shortselling . . . is capable of extreme abuse." The goateed professor also made this acute distinction between longbuying and shortselling: "Borrowed money comes out of an almost infinite reservoir, whereas borrowed stock may come from a very small reservoir. . . . It



SENATOR WATSON

Through him bears feared they heard the White House.

methodical bears. A few days later Lawyer Gerard declared that shortselling is illegal because it is gambling, is as bad as setting fire to property. "It is selling something which the seller has not got and which he hopes to buy at a lower price, that lower price being made possible by the mere fact of the sale. . . . The result is that the stock which the small investor bought on margin . . . is actually used as a club against him."

Although Wall Street has pat answers to this attitude, it became apparent last week that more than pat answers may be necessary if anti-bear legislation is to be headed off. The first attack on bears will probably come from the New York Legislature. Through his business associate, Patrick Sullivan, Mr. Gerard last year presented a bill to make it necessary for a broker to obtain the written consent of an owner of stock before it can be loaned to shorts. The bill was shelved but will be aggressively revived this session by Assemblyman Sullivan, nephew of the



ECONOMIST FISHER

. . . made an acute distinction between reservoirs.

is practically impossible for speculators to manipulate the value of money."

So far during the Depression the Stock Exchange has moved against bears by the Questionnaire and the complete ban on shortsales which was imposed for two days when Great Britain suspended gold payments. The Questionnaire was used in the autumn of 1929 to learn the extent and personnel of the "bear party." President Richard Whitney later revealed the short interest was at no time large during the days of great breaks. It was used again last May and members who were too aggressive in their tactics received sharp callings down. The Questionnaire in effect last week revealed every bear, whether he was short 10 shares or 10,000 for one hour or one month. It placed the Exchange in a position to act if it wished to, but did not deter shortselling. Floor traders, however, had practically a "gentlemen's agreement" to refrain from taking short positions.

In few nations nowadays is there a "free and open market." The Berlin Bourse

there they go!



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You can very easily determine the worth of "Vertex" Pockets by sending the coupon below for free trial sample.

CUT HERE

Please send me for trial in my files a free sample of the Bushnell Papered "VERTICAL" File Pocket, as described in Oct. 12, 1931 Time.

Name of Firm

Address

Name and Position of Person Inquiring

Letter Size or Legal Size Desired?

To ALVAH BUSHNELL CO., Dept. N,
13th & Wood Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.

closed from July 13 to Sept. 3, opened with short-selling banned, then closed again. In Great Britain all trades were put on a cash basis which practically eliminated short-selling, as did restrictions imposed on the French and Athenian Bourses. On the Paris Bourse a seller must deposit 40% margin, also 25% of the amount of stock sold, which makes bear activities a rich man's privilege. One of the most dramatic events of the present crisis occurred in Amsterdam on Sept. 21 when, after a terrific slump in prices, all transactions were cancelled, the Exchange closed *in statu quo*. Montreal and Toronto met the British crisis by banning shortsales and establishing "minimum prices" for securities but both last week were open with no restrictions. The Tokyo Exchange has been closing and opening repeatedly during recent weeks. Tokyo stocks broke badly when the shares owned by interests who operate the Exchange collapsed.

Restrictions exist in two important U. S. commodity markets. The New York Cotton Exchange does not permit a fluctuation of more than 200 points per unit (100 bales) in any one day. Since 1925 no single futures account on the Chicago Board of Trade may exceed 5,000,000 bushels at any one time, either long or short. This is a "working agreement" with the U. S. Grain Futures Administration and is strictly enforced, although it does not apply to bona fide hedging. Thus over-extension of a trader on a scale which would hurt all other traders is almost impossible.

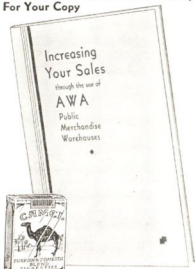
The Market. From a high of 136.93 reached during the jubilant Moratorium Market, the Dow-Jones industrial averages slumped until last week they were at 95.66. The drop was 39.7% from the Moratorium Market's high and represented the greatest downward swing of the Bear market since the 48% shrinkage in October-November 1929. Last month the value of 240 listed stocks dropped \$7,188,000,000 compared to the depression record loss of \$9,514,000,000 in October 1929. One out of four stocks now sells at less than \$6, about half a dozen active ones remain above \$100, none above \$200. The New York *Times's* index of 35 representative stocks last week offered buyers an average yield of 8.85% against 6.15% a month ago and 5.25% a year ago, showing the current nervousness over dividends. Nine months' dividend changes included 684 reductions, 991 omissions against 812 unfavorable actions in the same period last year. In September alone 106 payments were decreased, 125 passed. Although business conditions and forced selling from abroad have been the major factor in the market's performance, these gloomy figures last week spurred bear-hunters to action.

Store War

Ever since 1925, Better Business Bureau of New York has frowned upon R. H. Macy & Co.'s advertising which proclaims the fact that Macy's (biggest department store in the U. S.) undersells its competitors. In 1926 Macy's resigned from the Bureau. The frowning continued.

A famed merchants' war came into the open last year when Gimbel Bros. through

This Book Is FREE! Write Today For Your Copy



Meet Today's Problems by cutting your Distribution Costs

TO INSURE profits nowadays, manufacturers must distribute their merchandise with maximum efficiency and at minimum cost. Many of America's industrial leaders—including the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company—have found that the use of public warehouses improves their distribution and at the same time lowers their cost.

L. F. Owen, Traffic Manager of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, says: "We use AWA Warehouses from coast to coast for the distribution of Camel Cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco, 'The National Joy Smoke'. We have found that by using public warehouses we are able to give our customers quicker service and thereby save considerable time in transportation; and, incidentally, have cut down loss and damage claims to a very low minimum."

No matter what you make or market, AWA warehouses (located in every distribution center of importance, throughout the country) can furnish all necessary facilities and service required for the strategic spot-stock distribution of your raw materials, manufactured articles or service parts.

✓ WRITE FOR FREE BOOK

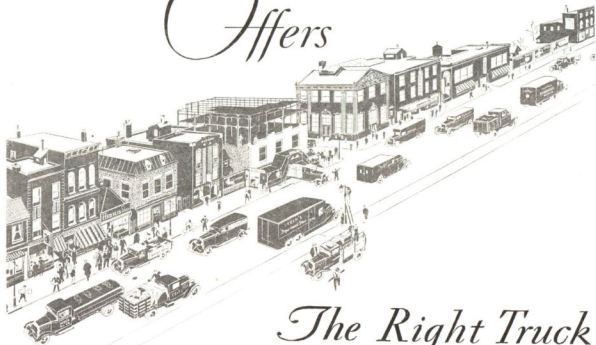
Full details of the AWA Plan of Distribution are described in our 32-page booklet: "Increasing Your Sales Through the Use of AWA Warehouses." Have your secretary write today for your copy.



AMERICAN WAREHOUSEMEN'S ASSOCIATION
1944 Adams-Franklin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK

Offers



The Right Truck for Every Purpose

Now you can get General Motors Trucks to fit every hauling job—to fit your own individual requirements exactly. Consider what this means:

Low prices throughout the line

General Motors Trucks are outstanding values in every size field. The economies achieved—in purchasing—in manufacturing—in distributing—through the Company's affiliation with the General Motors Corporation, are passed along to the user in lowered prices.

Built by an organization manufacturing commercial vehicles exclusively

General Motors Trucks are designed from radiator to rear axle by engineers who specialize in trucks. They are produced in a modern plant that builds commercial vehicles exclusively. They are sold by truck dealers, serviced by an exclusive truck-service organization.

A complete new 1½-2 ton line

The new 6-cylinder, 60-horsepower, 1½ to 2 ton General Motors Truck, at \$595 for the 131-inch chassis, suggests General Motors Truck values in every field. Standard bodies, of every needed type, are available for this chassis. Dual rear-wheel equipment, and a 157-inch chassis, are optional at correspondingly low prices.

All General Motors Truck models are available in a wide variety of wheelbases, gear ratios, body styles, and tire equipment. The purchase of any model may be financed, at the lowest rates available anywhere, through the Yellow Manufacturing Acceptance Corporation. Chassis prices f. o. b. Pontiac.

LIGHT	MEDIUM	HEAVY
½-ton to 2-ton	2½-ton to 4-ton	5-ton to 7½-ton
\$595 to \$745	\$1360 to \$1990	\$2565 to \$5285

SUPER-HEAVY
8-ton to 15-ton, \$5600 and up

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY
PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

(A subsidiary of Yellow Truck and Coach Manufacturing Company)

DESIGNED, BUILT, SOLD, SERVICED BY AN EXCLUSIVE COMMERCIAL-VEHICLE ORGANIZATION

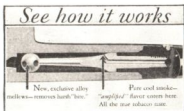
NOW EVERY MAN CAN SMOKE A PIPE



Drinkless KAYWOODIE

**mellows your smoke...
no other pipe does it**

Completely different from any other pipe, past or present. New, exclusive alloy now cools your smoke, removes harsh "bite." And amplifies the true tobacco flavor. *This great discovery does to your pipe-smoke what the modern refrigerator does to your food.* Years of work in our own laboratory and tests by a great University made it possible. Beware of imitations, all genuine pipes stamped "Drinkless." Above, No. 24, Ambra bit and Synchro-stem \$3.50. Thorn \$4.



And for cigarette smokers: New Tobacco Yello holder

© 1931, KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, Inc., EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

large advertisements, attacked the veracity of any statement about their being undersold. Last week a similar war flared up. Macy's advertisements bore the footnote: "It is Macy's policy to endeavor to undersell, by at least 6%, the marked prices of all its competitors who do not sell exclusively for cash. We are not inflexible. Others may, on occasion, sell merchandise at prices lower than we do. But only until we find it out."

In retaliation both Wanamaker's and Loeser's (Brooklyn) published full-page advertisements containing a letter from Better Business Bureau of New York City condemning advertisements which claim a store is underselling competitors. Said the B. B. B.: "They are an open attack on the integrity of advertising . . . are unsound business . . . inimical to the public interest . . . ruthless and predatory."

Tale of Two Banks

In 1811 Congress failed to renew the charter of Manhattan's original (and real) Bank of the United States. Encouraged by the withdrawal of Government competition, powerful men in Manhattan contemplated founding new banks. In 1812 two were launched. One was Bank of America, whose first president was Oliver Wolcott, onetime (1795-1800) Secretary of the Treasury. Its capital was \$6,000,000, its office on the corner of Wall & William Streets. The other was National City Bank, started with \$800,000 in capital.

Ten years after it was founded, Bank of America moved to Greenwich Village because of the yellow fever raging in the Wall Street district. It soon moved back to its old site and has been there ever since. In 1908 National City Bank moved to the corner diagonally opposite Bank of America. The years saw a great change in the destinies of these two banks. National City grew and merged and grew until it became, for a period, biggest bank in the world. Its capital today is \$110,000,000. Although many famed tycoons have been executives of Bank of America, including Preserved Fish who became director in 1812, it fell behind National City in size and prestige. In 1928 it was believed that Nathan Jonas of Manufacturers Trust and his brother, Ralph, were negotiating for control of the institution. Unexpected was the announcement that Amadeo Peter Giannini of California had grabbed large blocks of the stock. With these opening wedges, Banker Giannini was able to place control of the bank in Transamerica by 1930.

This year has not been kind to Bank of America. Last spring there were heavy withdrawals from the bank. As soon as Transamerica announced it planned to withdraw from banking except as an investor, Wall Street guessed that Bank of America would merge soon. With a feeling of relief it learned last week that National City will acquire its neighbor through an exchange of stock.

Transamerica's 63% holdings in Bank of America will be transformed into an 8.7% interest in National City by the deal. At present dividend rates, it would receive \$2,224,000 a year in dividends from the National City stock against the \$1,853,000 paid formerly by Bank of America. Its

Must the ADVERTISER Hold the Bag in face of declining prices?

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 3,009,000 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

59% 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 96% 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

COMMODITY prices have dropped 30 per cent. You get somewhere around that much less for what you sell.

Must you pay as much as you did before for what you buy?

Of course, many magazines have justified their failure to follow the price trend by making expensive editorial improvements. And the justification may be sound.

But Liberty's cost has declined 35 per cent since 1926 — and beginning January 2nd, 1932, Liberty will spend over a quarter-million dollars more a year in the interests of a more attractive magazine.

A Timely Move

At the peak of a circulation success unequalled in publishing annals, Liberty was acquired last April by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated.

The first announcement was that the winning editorial formula of dramatic, newsy, concise material by famous authors and artists would be retained. And even stepped up to the tune of \$100,000 more a year. But the second announcement betokened a move that would have striking interest for advertisers.

Paper and printing were to be radically improved.

Now, two distinct steps in this direction have already been taken. And recently the third was indicated by press dispatches telling of the largest quality paper order ever placed by a single magazine. Involving an expenditure of \$160,000 more, a year.

This latest advantage will be apparent in the issue of January 2nd, 1932.

What Advertisers Get

This season advertisers everywhere are putting Liberty on their desks for consideration.

They are finding that their dollar buys:

Liberty 565 families
Average of 3 other Weeklies . . . 377 families
Average of 2 Monthlies . . . 391 families
Average of 4 Women's
Magazines 286 families

Faced with the problem of matching Post-Depression profits with Post-Depression advertising value, they find that the Liberty dollar gives them:

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

What They Are Doing

That advertisers welcome the opportunity of enjoying for themselves the increased value that they have already passed on to the consumer may be seen from this statement: Within 60 days of the announcement of new management, 92 advertisers and 58 agencies had placed \$1,521,677 in new Liberty orders.

And from the rate at which new orders arrive as the main list-making season approaches, it would seem that fewer and fewer advertisers are going to be content to hold the bag so long as this major medium offers them a way out.

Write without obligation for booklet: "To every man with \$1 to spend in advertising," Liberty Magazine, 27-42 Graybar Building, New York City.

AMONG ADVERTISERS NOW APPEARING IN LIBERTY

American Safety Razor Corp.	Edyl Gasoline Corp.	Philip Morris & Co.
American Tel. & Tel. Co.	Florida Citrus Exchange	Northwestern Yeast Co.
American Tobacco Co.	General Motors Corp.	Norwich Pharmaceutical Co.
Axtun-Fisher Tobacco Co.	Gillette Safety Razor Co.	Parker Pen Co.
B. V. D. Co.	Alexander Hamilton Institute	Pepsodent Co.
Barclay Co.	Hewes & Potter	Pompeian Co., Inc.
Bauer & Black	Hinze Ambrosia, Inc.	R. C. A. Victor Corp.
Beech-Nut Packing Co.	Chas. E. Hires Co.	R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Borden Co.	Houligan, Inc.	A. G. Spalding & Bros.
Bristol Myers Co.	Indian Refining Co.	Staten, Inc.
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Co.	International Mercantile Marine	A. Stein & Co.
Chestermouth Mfg. Co.	Jantzen Knitting Mills	Texas Co.
Chi., Mil., St. Paul & Pac. R.R.	Johnson & Johnson	Vapo-Cresoleum Co.
Chrysler Motors Corp.	Kellogg Co.	Yellow-T Company, Inc.
Clart-Peabody & Co.	Kellogg Co.	Wander Co.
Coca-Cola Co.	Kress & Owen Co.	G. Washington Coffee Co.
Columbia Pictures Corp.	Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.	J. E. Waterman Co.
Crosby Radio Corp.	Larus & Bros. Co.	R. L. Watkins Co.
R. B. Davis Co.	Lever Bros. Co.	Western Casket Co.
Jos. Dixon Crucible Co.	Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.	R. F. Young Co.
Encyclopedia Britannica, Inc.	Mennen Co.	Zonite Products Corp.

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

National City holdings will be the largest single block, amounting at current values to \$14 on each of Transamerica's 24,605,700 shares. Stockholders in Bank of America will retain their proportionate share-for-share interest in Bancamerica-Blair Corp., investment affiliate. The book value of these shares is estimated at \$7. On Oct. 2 the Clearing House reported Bank of America had net deposits of \$164,305,000 against National City's \$1,252,351,000; the total of \$1,416,656,000 compares to Chase's \$1,410,159,000 on that date, showing National City back in second place, whence Guaranty Trust dislodged it in March.

The deal was a purchase, not a merger. The famed old name of Bank of America will pass out of Manhattan banking. There will be no major change in National City's personnel as a result of the deal. Still chairman will be Charles Edwin Mitchell, once loudest of bulls, now very silent about everything. President will still be Canadian-born Gordon Sohn Rentschler, 45. President Rentschler's most important contact with National City came after the War. His firm had sold much sugar mill machinery to Cuba where National City had large interests. He was consulted by the bank on practical problems, made a director in 1923. Two years later he became a vice president and President Mitchell's No. 1 assistant, succeeding him in 1929. With National City's present trend apparently toward greater concentration on commercial banking, President Rentschler is becoming more & more dominant in the bank's activities.

Lesser Merger. Definite plans were under discussion last week for absorption of Liberty National Bank & Trust Co. by Hibernia Trust Co. Both are in Manhattan. Liberty was founded in 1923 by Wil-



International

GORDON SOHN RENTSCHLER

... moved within \$3,000,000 of Biggest.

liam Crapo Durant who later sold out to Herbert J. Yates & associates. They control the bank through Setay (Yates backwards) Co. Inc. These banks merged would have resources of \$46,500,000.

Personnel

Last week the following were news:

Luis Toro, president of **Porto Rican-American Tobacco Co.**, since it was founded in 1899, resigned, also resigned as chairman of the company's two big subsidiaries, **Congress Cigar Co. Inc.** and **Walt & Bond, Inc.** President **James M. Porter** of Congress was made president of Porto Rican, President **William E. Waterman** of Walt & Bond was made chairman of Porto Rican—a new office. **Porto Rican** makes **Ricor**, **La Restina**, **Portina**, **El Toro** and other cigars, also **El Toro Cigarettes** which are mostly sold in **Porto Rico**. Congress makes **La Palina Cigars**; Walt & Bond makes **Blackstones**.

Ernest Elmo Calkins, 63, famed advertising expert, retired as president of **Calkins & Holden, Inc.** "because I have become so deaf that I cannot properly perform the duties of an advertising agent, the most important of which is contact with clients." Mr. Calkins won the Edward Bok gold medal in 1925 for distinguished personal service in advertising "in recognition of his pioneering efforts in raising the standards both of the planning and execution of advertising." His book, **Consumer Engineering: A New Technique for Property**, will be published this autumn and in future he will devote more time to writing. "Advertising has by no means seen its zenith or done its best work," he said last week. "It will be more scientific in the future. . . . All wealth comes from dollars in motion. The only known way to set dollars in motion is by advertising. . . . These are the same people who were enthusiastic customers two years ago. They still must live. We got them to buy with advertising when money was plentiful. Do we expect them to buy without advertising when money is scarce?"

Colonel Fred Glover, president of **Timken-Detroit Axle Co.**, will be president of **Timken Silent Automatic Co.**, to be formed by a merger of the former company with **Silent Automatic Corp.**, big maker of oilburners, whose president, **Walter F. Tant**, will have a large financial interest in the new company, help in sales policies. **Timken-Detroit Co.** was a subsidiary of **Timken-Detroit Axle Co.** which has no corporate relationship to the roller bearing company.

Deals & Developments

Fox Leases. Spyros Skouras and his brother George built up a chain of motion picture houses in the Middle West, sold them to Warner Bros., but kept some theatres in & around St. Louis. Last January the Brothers Skouras resigned from Warner Bros., began building up a new chain. At the start of last week they had 26. At the end of last week they had 73. The 47 new theatres were rented from Fox Theatres Corp. on 26-year contracts, consist of all Fox's Manhattan-Brooklyn-Long Island chain except for the de luxe houses. Fox had tried previously to sell the chain to Radio-Keith-Orpheum, then to Paramount-Public.

Last week Fox Film Corp. reported net income for the first half of 1931 at \$120,152 against \$6,785,897 in the same period of last year.

Internationally—

SOLD QUOTED
ADVERTISED



MILLIONS of Corporate Trust Shares are held by investors in all parts of the United States and in many foreign countries. Quotations appear daily in leading newspapers throughout the United States. Semi-annual distributions under these shares are made by established paying agents (banks) in forty American cities and at numerous points in Europe. Coupons may, however, be collected through any bank or banker.



This is one of a group of investment trusts sponsored by
ADMINISTRATIVE AND RESEARCH CORPORATION
120 WALL STREET NEW YORK

CORPORATE

TRUST SHARES

THIS INSURANCE DOESN'T COST A CENT

Yet it may save you
thousands of dollars

"FUGITIVE" RECORDS have no place in business. Yet contracts . . . business agreements . . . wills . . . checks . . . are often unknowingly signed with ink which even a few drops of water will wash away.

Glasses of water get spilled . . . windows are left open . . . fires break out (vaults that are fireproof often provide no protection against water damage).

Today most executives use fountain pens. "Fountain pen ink" must be supplied them. Many such inks are washable . . . "fugitive" inks.

Now Carter offers a strictly permanent ink that yet flows freely, evenly, through the most delicately adjusted fountain pen. The name of this ink is Ryto.

. . . .

RYTO writes a deep blue. Gradually turns to an imperishable black. Water can't wash it out. Time can't fade it. Flows evenly whether you use a steel pen or a fountain pen. Keeps its brilliant initial blue indefinitely in the ink bottle, inkwell, or fountain pen . . . won't "go watery."

Here's an Interesting Fact . . .

There are two kinds of ink. One is a dissolved dye—which redissolves when water touches it. This kind of ink washes off easily.

The other kind is a colorless liquid to which dye has been added so you can see what you're writing. This liquid penetrates the fibres of the paper—"rivets" itself in . . . gradually turns black . . . makes a mark as permanent as the paper.

There's a place for each kind of ink . . . Carter makes both. But signing important business records in washable ink needlessly risks losses of thousands of dollars.

For Exacting Tastes

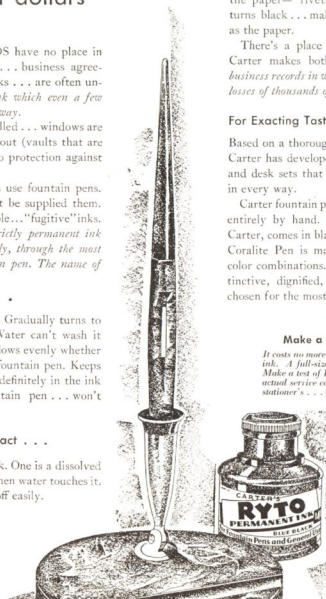
Based on a thorough study of writing habits, Carter has developed a line of fountain pens and desk sets that you will find outstanding in every way.

Carter fountain pens are made and adjusted entirely by hand. Pearltext—exclusive with Carter, comes in black, white and colors. The Coralite Pen is made in black and various color combinations. Carter desk stands, distinctive, dignified, and strongly made, are chosen for the most finely appointed desks.

. . . .

Make a practical test of Ryto

It costs no more to use Ryto than to use ordinary ink. A full-sized, two-ounce bottle is only 10¢. Make a test of Ryto in your organization under actual service conditions. You can get it at any stationer's . . . or send 10¢ and we will mail you the bottle illustrated, packed in its colorful carton. The Carter's Ink Company, Dept. T-10, Boston, Massachusetts.



THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY



Your hand is steadier with a COLT

THE Colt Super .38 Automatic Pistol, shown above, is "flying companion" of every Transcontinental and Western Airways pilot. Colts are selected for this important service because, on the "Lindbergh Line" none but the safest and most dependable equipment will do. The Colt Super .38, built on the same frame as the famous Government Model .45 Automatic, enjoys the endorsement of fire arms experts because, like every Colt Revolver and Automatic Pistol, each piece of material and step of manufacture must pass most rigid tests and inspections that 95 years of precision craftsmanship can devise. The Colt Super .38 with the .38 Colt automatic cartridge (muzzle velocity 1180 feet per second) is the most powerful shooting of all Colt arms. Like the Colt .45 Automatic it has both the Colt Automatic Grip Safety and Colt Manual Slide Lock—effective protection against accidental discharge.

Write for
Catalog No. 25
showing
all models

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.

FIRE ARMS DIVISION
HARTFORD, CONN., U. S. A.

Phil. B. Belmont Co., Pacific Coast Representative, 731 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.



...The ARM of LAW and ORDER

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

OF TIME, The Weekly Newsman, published weekly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1931.
State of New York.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Henry B. Luce, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of TIME, The Weekly Newsman, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 4113, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Trust Inc., 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Henry B. Luce, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, John J. Martin, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Henry B. Luce, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.;
2. That the owner is: It owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, its name and address, as well as those of each individual owner, must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated association, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given. TIME, Inc., 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.; Robert A. Chambers, 60 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.; Harry P. Davison, Jr., 23 Wall St., New York, N. Y.; General Publishing Corporation, (Henry B. Luce, Ltd. Here) 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.; William V. Griffin, 20 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Crowell Hadden III, Trustee, Estate of Britton Hadden, 89 Wall St., New York, N. Y.; Edith H. Harkness, 4 East 53rd Street, New York, N. Y.; Robert L. Harkness, 424 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Leslie H. Ingham, Navy Bldg., Washington, D. C.; Robert L. Johnson, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.; Roy E. Larsen, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.; William Lloyd-Smith, 61 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.; John R. Martin, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Samuel W. Meek, Jr., 61 Broadway, New York, N. Y.;
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in case where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, it being also stated that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and that affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) HENRY B. LUCE, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1931.

(Seal) Fred Luce.

(My commission expires March 30, 1932.)

CASH for Your Spare Time

SELL MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS

Commission and Bonus

Write to

JOHN SARGENT—TIME, Inc., 350 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill.

Bad Bridge Bonds. Knight, Dysart & Gamble, St. Louis investment banking house, was sued last week by two clients who had purchased from them \$38,700 of New Orleans-Pontchartrain Bridge Co. debenture bonds. The bonds defaulted in 1929, the company is now in receivership. The two plaintiffs, both laundrymen of St. Louis, said their life savings had been swept away. The suit against the bankers was based on charges of fraud. The laundrymen claimed the bankers had represented the bridge company as owning a franchise which protected it from competition for 20 years. Actually when the bonds were being sold the Louisiana State Legislature had already passed bills providing for two free bridges a few miles away. These were pet projects of mercenary Huey Pierce Long, Governor of Louisiana and Senator-elect, who also fostered the public ferries which have added to the bridge company's troubles.

Attorneys for the plaintiffs said they expected other suits to be filed by St. Louis investors who bought in all some \$1,000,000 of the debenture and first mortgage bonds. Partners of Knight, Dysart & Gamble include Harry F. Knight and his son Harry Hall Knight, original backers of Lindbergh's flight to Paris in 1927.

Rail Plan Filed. Last January President Hoover acted as spokesman for the four great eastern trunk lines (*New York Central, Pennsylvania, Chesapeake & Ohio, Baltimore & Ohio*). He announced that they had agreed on a consolidation plan after ten years of bitter fighting (*TIME*, Jan. 12). Last week, after many rumors in the intervening months of insuperable obstacles, the four roads filed their plan with the I. C. C. It was the same plan that was proposed last January except that definite agreements had been reached on delicate points before left high in air. Important were:

- 1) Chesapeake & Ohio will be granted use of tracks into Pennsylvania Terminal in New York City.
- 2) Baltimore & Ohio is to get Western Maryland, which the I. C. C. has ordered should be surrendered by B. & O.
- 3) Chesapeake & Ohio is to acquire Bessemer & Lake Erie from U. S. Steel Corp. and Lehigh from Pennsylvania.
- 4) The Virginian is to be owned jointly by Pennsylvania and Chesapeake & Ohio, but New York Central is to have joint rates and through routes over it.

Greatest hindrance to the plan was known to be Pennsylvania's request for trackage rights over the Nickel Plate along Lake Erie. Although this is a C. & O. road New York Central was unwilling to grant such a privilege to its powerful rival. In the plan filed with the Commission last week no mention was made of this embarrassing point and opinion was that it had been tacitly ignored for the moment by Pennsylvania in return for silence on New York Central's part on other points.

Its sponsors claimed the plan created four systems as nearly balanced as to size, mileage, earning power as possible. All details of subsidiary acquisition were left to be decided later and the Commission was asked to scrap its own five-system plan proposed in 1929.

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The design and construction of a Research Laboratory Building at the Bayway Refinery of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is one of a great variety of our current projects. These include office buildings, industrial steam stations, factories, laboratories, pipe-line work, hydro-electric and steam developments as well as reports and appraisals. Coal, oil, copper, utility, and manufacturing concerns of wide diversity are included in the list.

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LETTERS

(Continued from p. 8.)

tops, as told in *TIME*, Sept. 21, have nothing on Negroes living on either bank of the muddy Roanoke River in North Carolina.

A story is told that before the Civil War, a Negro slave won his freedom and that of his family by foretelling the season for heavy freshets which destroyed all cotton and corn crops along the river, by observing the way certain species of wasps known as dirt-doubers built their nests under the river banks in the early spring.

Should the wasps build their nests low and close to the water, there would be no freshets that summer. Contrary to the Bermuda spiler, should the nest be built high, then look out for freshets.

W. G. COX

Burlington, N. C.

Drexel Hillster

Sirs:

... Some weeks ago I noted but did not read very carefully a full column or more about an unheeded of Chicago publication—the *Chicagoan*. Why? Who on earth is interested in every town's local booster sheet? One will admit that Chicago is a big town—that's the word—big, noisy, but in no sense interesting. What Chicago reads, wears, thinks has not the least interest for anyone but inmates of that town so why clutter your valuable space with so much of that sort of thing? Why not *The Baltimorean* or some other?

One other—a week or so ago was a column or more about a group of morons in Los Angeles—I think it was called the Terrible Somebodies or the Horrible Somebodies* and it was illustrated. What town ever did not have its local cut-ups but why waste your time on them? Space in *TIME* is too valuable. . . .

E. H. SCOTT

Drexel Hill, Pa.

Let Drexel Hillster Scott be more tolerant. *TIME* the national newsmagazine will continue to bring all things from all cities.—Ed.

League Dues

Sirs:

An indication of how League-of-Nations-conscious *TIME*'s readers would be furnished by the number of letters you receive re your statement in the Sept. 21 issue, p. 16 that the "distinction of membership costs . . . \$450,000 a year (Britain, France and other great powers).". Of course, you do not quite say that Britain and France pay the same, but most readers would probably draw that conclusion. Accuracy has been sacrificed to concision. Great Britain's 103 units has amounted to \$450,000, or thereabout, annually, but frugal France contributes only 79 units, as does Germany, while other great powers, Japan and Italy, give but 60 units each. Moreover, Great Britain's contribution is entirely distinct from that of Canada and the other dominions. . . . It should also be noted that the total expense of the League of Nations (International Labor Organization and Permanent Court of International Justice included) from its beginning to the present time is but little more than the cost of one battleship.

HOWARD WHITE

Oxford, Ohio

The number of "units" each nation contributes as League dues is determined by the League Assembly from the budget estimate of the State in question. This year 986 units figured out at an average of \$5,003.70 each, to a total of \$5,821,048.54. Great Britain's contribution is distinct from the Dominions. Some dues for 1931:

State	Number of Units	Total Amount
Britain	105	\$622,282.67
France	79	\$466,630.95
Germany	79	\$476,804.68
Japan	60	\$352,065.32
Italy	60	\$353,543.79

—Ed.

*Horrible Hemingways was the name.—Ed.



Back-seat blues ..now ended



The players seem a mile away—you can't hear or see a thing—you're always a play or two behind in knowing "Who has the ball?"

"What down is it?" "Did they complete the pass?" Pretty blue for a football fan!

But it is all different in the stadium equipped with Western Electric Public Address System. There you can easily follow the game. An announcer gives a play by play description, which carries to all parts of the crowd.

This amplifying apparatus is a product of telephone making. It grew out of the same experience which pioneered equipment for radio broadcasting, for aviation communication, for talking pictures. It is still another example of Western Electric's leadership in sound.

Western Electric

*Makers of your Bell telephone and leaders
in the development of sound transmission*



The Western Electric Public Address System is
distributed by Graybar Electric Company.

"AND HE LEARNED ABOUT PAPER FROM HER"



JUST as a housewife is fussy about her household tools, so your secretary is fussy about her commercial tools—and the greatest of these is paper! Give her Sea Foam Bond—and get results—not alibis!

Sea Foam Bond takes 14 carbon copies, if she uses thin carbon paper, as easily, legibly and as sharply cut as 4! It doesn't slip or slide in the machine. It stands up straight and uncured in the files—but requires minimum space. It takes erasures as ducks take to water—pen, pencil, ink or typewriter. It has seven attractive colors—one to identify each department—if you like.

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"TIME brings all things."

Storage

In England's *New Statesman & Nation*, Scientist Louis Herrman revived and elaborated Author Herbert George Wells's plan for carrying jobless workmen through periods of depression by mildly refrigerating them, hibernating them until society again needs them. The method: Cool the body to about 75° F. Then it would shiver, warm & wake itself up, according to Scientist Herrman. Insulin would inhibit the shivering but cause convulsions. Cooling to 70° would stop the convulsions. Corollaries of the plan: "Hibernation might be prescribed as a perfect cure for a nervous breakdown or any form of neurasthenia. Social historians in their prime might be preserved for a couple of generations to describe to their descendants at first hand the manners of a by-gone period. Politicians out of office might sleep until their party came once more into power."

Dumbell

In London, F. Dumbell Elliott announced he would retire as Scotland Yard's traffic chief after 29 years of brilliant, efficient service.

Water

Near Wenatchee, Wash., Walter Griffith's truck, loaded with watermelons, skidded from the road, burst into flames. Quick-witted Walter Griffith grabbed his watermelons, threw them against the truck with might & main. The 23rd watermelon put out the fire.

Actress

In Westmont, N. J., Miss Grace Bowen, 25, New York actress, sat in the illegally parked automobile of her sister Mrs. Worthington Pfeiffer. Along came a policeman and handed Miss Bowen a summons. Miss Bowen tore up the summons, threw the pieces in the policeman's face, then slapped it. Over the head of a second policeman she broke a picture frame. The constable she bit. Her fine: \$10.

Passerby

Near Pomona, Calif., Carl J. Baker's truck overturned, he was pinned beneath it. Inquired a passerby: "Can't you get out?" "No," said Carl J. Baker, "my back is sprained." The passerby leaned down, removed \$95 from Carl J. Baker's pockets, put it in his own, passed on.

Sloppy

In the Norfolk, Va. *Ledger-Dispatch* appeared the following advertisement: BARTENDER—Experienced old-time bartender wanted for new saloon: must have pleasing personality and be six feet tall, weigh two hundred pounds. Apply after 2 p.m., Sloppy Joe's Saloon, 121 Granby street.

Smileys

In New Canaan, Conn., Paul Smiley smilingly told his 6-year-old son he could not ride a tricycle without license plates. Not long afterward Paul Smiley was arrested for driving his car without license

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plates. Paul Smilesky rushed home, found the plates on his son's tricycle.

Swiderski

In Monroe, Mich., Vincent Swiderski lost his parrot. Six years later he thought he saw his parrot on Mrs. Chermock's porch. Mrs. Chermock denied it was his. In court the parrot took the witness stand, called by name the three children of Vincent Swiderski: Gladys, Leo, Joe. The Swiderskis got the parrot.

Corner

In Pueblo, Col., Gerald Hines told his wife to meet him on a street corner. Gerald Hines went to a corner and waited. His wife did not come. Gerald Hines got madder & madder, so mad that he smashed his fist through a store window. Gerald Hines was taken to a hospital. His wife continued to wait at another corner, the one he had said.

Moneybag

In Mexico City, neighbors of Leonardo Uribe were impressed when every night he carried home a bulging moneybag of 1,000-peso capacity. One night thieves halted Leonardo Uribe, seized his moneybag, opened it, found inside two old boots. The thieves fell upon Leonardo Uribe, beat him to death.

Tow

In Ventura, Calif., arrived an automobilist & family, asked H. A. Johnson, local Red Cross official, for gasoline money. Inquisitive Red Crossman Johnson lifted the engine hood of the automobile, found beneath it no motor. The automobilist explained that he had been towed all the way from New Hampshire. His method: in each town he would stop a motorist, tell him his car was broken down, ask for a tow to the next town where a relative would pay for repairs. Mr. Johnson withheld Red Cross aid. The motorless automobilist immediately got a tow to Santa Barbara.

Shrewd

In New York, Isidore Pasternack, 20, student of the College of the City of New York, and his good friend Samuel W. Greenstein, 19, both Communists, thought of a shrewd way to make money. They bought 35c novelties from Amtorg Trading Corp., sent them to relatives of persons recently dead, sent with them C. O. D. bills for \$5. Many relatives, thinking they had been ordered by the persons who had died, paid. Others did not, had Messrs. Pasternack & Greenstein arrested instead. Their sentence: three months, to be suspended as long as they attend no Communist meetings, wave no red flags.

Yard

In a house in Elizabeth, N. J., lived Mrs. Tessie Penal and her nine children, Mrs. Fanny Evans and her six children. All 15 children played, squabbled, fought in one yard. One day Mrs. Evans had Mrs. Penal arrested. She told a judge Mrs. Penal had attacked her with a stick in a dispute over rights to the yard. The judge ordered them both to move.

★ "SERVING THE EMPIRE OF THE WEST" ★

NEVADA STRIKES A NEW BONANZA



Nevada sees in the great Hoover Dam a new bonanza promising a new and stable prosperity. Excepting for slow but deliberate advancement in agriculture and animal husbandry, the state up to the present has been dependent upon the vicissitudes of her mines. During three-quarters of a century her course has lead across long valleys of depression, with occasional ascents to peaks of mining prosperity.

Now all this is changing. The Hoover Dam will provide 300,000 acre feet of water for Nevada soil—amazingly fertile under irrigation. Residents of the state optimistically view a new economic structure based upon stable agriculture and industry to replace the glittering but short-lived eras of the Comstock, Tonopah and Goldfield booms. They point to \$65,878,000 to be expended on development work throughout the state.

In the next decade \$60,000,000 will be spent in railroad developments

and improvements; \$2,000,000 on power projects, municipal water supply systems and reclamation work; \$3,375,000 on highways in 1931. The national government has appropriated \$500,000 for additional construction at the newly-completed munitions depot at Hawthorne and the erection of a Veterans' Hospital costing \$650,000 is contemplated.

Normally the population of Nevada increases 17%, the number of farms 15% in a decade. With greater utilization of cheap hydro-electric power, opportunities are seen for development of manufacturing industries in addition to the basics of agriculture, cattle raising and mining—all stimulated by the \$150,000,000 Hoover Dam to be completed in seven years.

★ ★ ★

In all of its activities, Nevada is linked closely with the Port of San Francisco, where the Crocker institutions provide broad, regional banking facilities extending throughout the Empire of the West.

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