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October 19, 1931

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

WILLIAM GREEN

"Some of us have been wondering . . ."

(See NATIONAL AFFAIRS)

Volume XVIII

Number 16

Circulation Office, *350 East 22nd Street, Chicago.* (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) Editorial and Advertising Offices, *205 East 42nd Street, New York.*

GROUNDWORK

"Mankind passes from the old to the new on a human bridge formed by those who labor in the three principal arts—agriculture—manufacture—transportation"

THESE WORDS are carved above the doorway of the Ford Engineering Laboratory. That they are not idle poetry must be plain to all who have driven over the country roads of America. For everywhere swift, economical transportation is freeing the chained energy of the nation as heat releases imprisoned energy.

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The Ford today is as naturally a domestic factor in American private life, and in American business, as the horse was in another generation. The Ford car opens up the country to all! And business of every kind moves at a more productive pace because of it.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

TIME is published weekly by TIME, Inc., at 350 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Ill. Entered as second-class matter January 21, 1928, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3rd, 1879. *Subscription rates:* One year, in the U. S. and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, South America, $5; Canada, $8.00; elsewhere, $6.

MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD

An enlarged reproduction of this photograph, suitable for framing, will be mailed upon request — Oakland Motor Car Company, 204 Oakland Avenue, Pontiac, Michigan

THERE'S NO EFFORT TOO GREAT . . .

It's natural that the father whose name has echoed on hard-fought gridirons should foresee in his son a star far greater than ever he was. And as he patiently strives to guide the youthful skill and power to ways of achievement, you may be sure he will find no effort too great.

It's true in all endeavor that only patient effort wins success. We know it's true at Oakland. Take the Oakland Eight motor for instance. You'll find it has surprising power—simply because we worked three solid years to get the one design we believed to be right.

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LETTERS

Loyal American

Sirs:

Certainly all of the gentlemen and patriots of your editorial staff were out of the office when the half tone of President Hoover sitting in front of the Holtz machine copied from the New York *Daily News* was admitted to your issue of Sept. 28.

How supposedly refined men catering to a refined public could so utterly have forgotten themselves as to do that low down thing I cannot see.

Such disrespect for the highest office of the land and for the gentleman who is so nobly filling it is a direct insult to the office, the man, and to each and every one of us who are your subscribers and readers.

No, I am not a rabid Republican partisan. On the contrary I am a Cleveland-Wilson Democrat, but better than that I am a loyal American! . . .

NEWELL C. KNIGHT

Chicago, Ill.

TIME reprinted the *Daily News*'s composograph of Mahatma Hoover, not as news of the President of the U. S. but as a phenomenon of the U. S. Press.—ED.

Micks, Harps, Turkeys & Potatoes

Sirs:

Your uncouth crack about the little known origins of Irish hurly (TIME, Sept. 28) is most unTIMEworthy. It savors of the they-kept-the-pig-in-the-parlor ditties. It is no more probable that hurly started in a clubbed dispute over a potato than it is that tennis began in a courtier's attempt to ward off with a plate a hot dog bandied at him by an irate Louis the Whosis. Elsewhere you state that hurly is at least a thousand years old and the potato was not known in Europe until the 16th century. If you must link the potato with something you might tie it to the American game la crosse; 'twould be more accurate, less cheaply vaudevillian.

PATRICK O'BRIEN

Jacksonville, Ill.

. . .

Sirs:

I cull the following from your witty and disinterested account of the Irish game of hurling (TIME, Sept. 28).

"Perhaps it [hurling] began when two Irishmen fought with clubs for the possession of a potato and their neighbors took sides. There was hurling in Ireland a thousand years ago and it has been played ever since."

In its eagerness to up-to-datedly emulate mid-Victorian *Punch's* idea of being funny at Irishmen's expense TIME overlooks the fact that there were no potatoes in Ireland—or anywhere else in Europe—a thousand years ago. Will TIME forgive a slightly nauseated Irishman (Mick, Harp, Turkey, Flannel-mouth, if TIME prefers) if a mild passion for truth makes him a bit insensible to fun-loving TIME's preference for what it deems to be humor?

JOHN M. FLYNN

Chicago, Ill.

Farrar's Class

Sirs:

HEY YOU DONT PUT FARRAR [TIME, Oct. 5] IN ANY CLASS BUT NINETEEN EIGHTEEN GREATEST CLASS THAT EVER CAME TO YALE.

CHARLES P. TAFT II

Cincinnati, Ohio

To Yale's Greatest Class apology for misappropriating its Publisher John Farrar. But he took his degree with the Class of 1919 after a year away at war.—ED.

Monsters

Sirs:

For goodness sake don't go to aping *Outlook* in putting absurd and outlandish caricatures on your outside cover. The cover on your Oct. 5 issue is revolting.

F. GENTRY HARRIS

Spartanburg, S. C.

. . .

Sirs:

Was it for lack of space that TIME's sport's writer omitted the name and poundage of this monster?

Name: Harry A. Rohwer
Age: 23
Weight: 787 lb.
Place: Los Angeles

According to TIME, Oct. 5, footnote p. 23 ". . . Heaviest monster in history was Daniel Lambert who weighed 739 lb. . . ."

Monster Rohwer, I take it, then, is heavier by 48 lb.

JOSEPH BACHHAUSEN

South Bend, Ind.

Acme-P. & A.

"HAPPY HIGH" ROHWER & BRIDE
Age: 23. Weight: 787 lb. Place: Los Angeles.

Monster Rohwer, trade-named "Happy High," last month married one Mereida Caswell (*see cut*).—ED.

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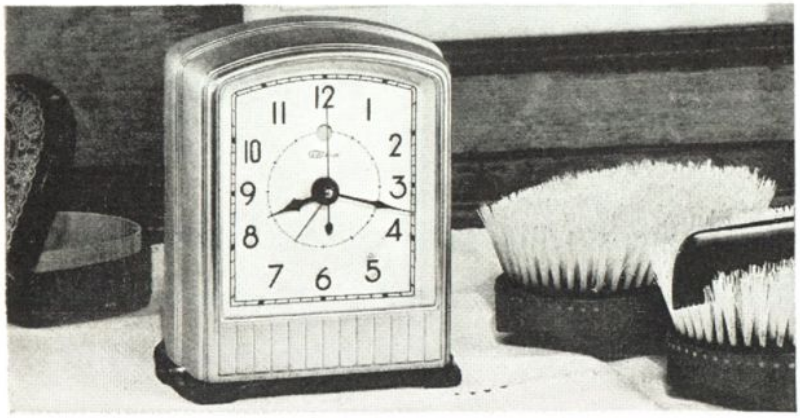

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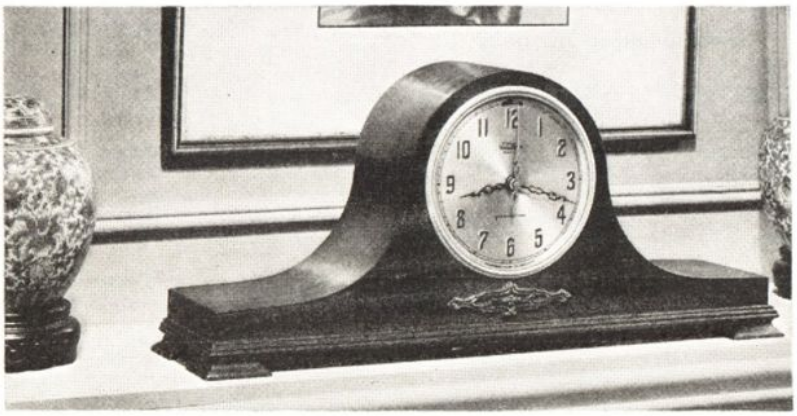

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Sell for Van Tassel

Sirs:

. . . Not to take one leaf from the hard-won laurels of me-old-friend-and-pal Chet Van Tassel, he was never the Editor of *Harper's Bazaar*. Nor was it under his business managership that it *became* a "valuable property." Chester hoed and planted and weeded and brought it to bud but succeeding Business Manager Eugene Forker, now publisher of the New York *American*, was the force that actually brought things about for the further successful succession of Business Manager Fredric Drake, now at it at the old stand and popularly known as The Right Man in The Right Place.

The Editor, during those trying seven years of Van Tassel to Forker to Drake during which *Harper's Bazaar* became a valuable property, was the now noted observer, successful Adman and happy TIME reader.

HENRY BLACKMAN SELL

New York City

Editor Burton's Credit

Sirs:

On p. 24 TIME, Sept. 21, you give practically all the credit for the improvement in *Physical Culture* to Mr. Oursler. I do not think you are either right or fair in that. The marvelous change in the magazine during Mr. Burton's one-year editorship speaks for itself. And as editor of *McCall's* some years ago, he made just as great an improvement in *McCall's*. You cannot credit Mr. Oursler with that, can you? Please, TIME, "Honor to whom honor is due."

KAREN LODGE

Los Angeles, Calif.

Sinkurea Jidai

Sirs:

I note in your last issue that I have been taken to a sanatorium for observation as a result of a nervous breakdown (TIME, Sept. 28).

You publish lots of gossip, and I suppose you cannot be expected to spend much time finding out whether it is true or not. A reporter for a Los Angeles newspaper called up my wife and said he understood I was suffering from a nervous breakdown. My wife replied that it was absolutely untrue, that I was going to a hospital to have my physician seek the cause of a feverish condition. Nevertheless, the story went out all over the country that I was suffering from a nervous breakdown. Apparently a man in America is absolutely defenseless against newspaper rascality of this sort.

Since you want all the gossip, I will tell you that the condition was what our grandmothers used to call a "cold on the kidneys," although the doctors have a fancy name for it now. I am home again and all right, and will continue to worry you with novels of which you strongly disapprove. They do not make much of a hit with New York intellectuals, it appears, but they have changed the mentality of a whole new generation of the students of China, Japan, India and Russia. Has any of your collectors of gossip told you that the present literary period in Japan is known as *Sinkurea Jidai* which means "the Sinclair era"?

New York is a small village.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Pasadena, Calif.

TIME felicitates Author Sinclair on his return to health, gladly prints this correction of his reported ailment.—ED.

Bowdoin's Gibson

Sirs:

In your Sept. 21 issue, under Business & Finance, I read your article on Harvey Dow Gibson with a great deal of interest.

I notice in your articles that generally when a man is a Harvard or Yale man or a graduate of some of the other large universities you mention the fact. Why wait for an obituary notice to let the world know that Mr. Gibson is a Bowdoin alumnus?

LUTHER DANA

Westbrook, Me.

Trapped Miner

Sirs:

TIMESters will be interested to hear of the outcome in the case reported in the current is-

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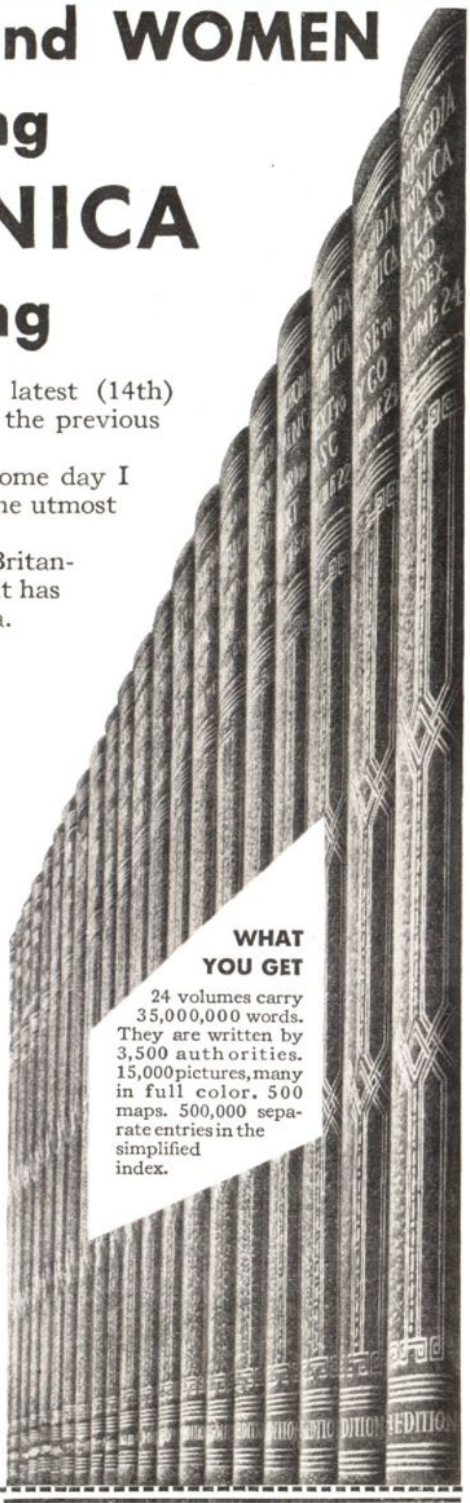

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sue of TIME: a miner trapped in the mine eight or ten miles from Montgomery, W. Va., and emergency amputation of the right arm, bravely and successfully performed under adverse conditions by Dr. W. B. Davis (TIME, Sept. 28). The left arm was fractured in the slate fall.

This morning I am informed by our orthopedic surgeon that the convalescence thus far has been satisfactory and that the prognosis is good.

C. L. WOODBRIDGE, M. D.
Montgomery Clinic
Montgomery, W. Va.

Maidofallworks

Sirs:

Every inventor feels he has invented everything, but even after discounting this professional weakness, I was surprised to read about the claviphone in your columns (TIME, Sept. 14).

Some time ago, a celebrated German pianist visited my house and laboratories at Gloucester, Mass. He saw and heard the Piraphon, my child, then some years old. He called it "maidofallworks" in German, and it was. The "Pi" for piano, "ra" for radio, and "phon" for phonograph were embodied in a single instrument which had been carefully studied by the Aeolian Company of New York. In this instrument, a common radio tube amplifier builds up radio, phonograph, and piano tone, making a baby grand sound like a concert grand and producing radio tone, which through the piano acoustics are far superior to any boxed radios. The combination is my dream of the instrument of tomorrow, and I am happy that Bechstein has the vision to promote it.

I am also equally happy that the U. S. Patent Office has granted me some basic claims on the invention.

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, JR.
Gloucester, Mass.

In the *Manchester Guardian* lately appeared the following:

Seated one day at the organ,
I was feeling excessively cross,
As grim as a grisly old Gorgon
And generally quite at a loss;
So, seeking to make my horizon
Less damnably dismal and blue,
I pushed every knob I set eyes on
To see what that organ could do.

At first I secured a loud-speaker
Which bellowed and blustered away,
And then, as its volume grew weaker,
A gramophone started to play;
A spinet I found I could wangle,
And then I perceived I had hatched
A really magnificent mangle
With vacuum cleaner attached.

A harp, a trombone, and a mincer
In rapid succession were seen;
There followed a washer and rinser,
A loom and an adding machine;
But a twist from the knob that was neater
Than any I'd hitherto tried,
Delivered a slap-up two seater
In which I went forth for a ride.—ED.

TIME
The Weekly Newsmagazine
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Editor: Henry R. Luce.
Managing Editor: John S. Martin.
Associates: John Shaw Billings, Laird S. Goldsborough, Myron Weiss. *Weekly Contributors:* Elizabeth Armstrong, Carlton J. Balliett Jr., Noel F. Busch, Washington Dodge II, Mary Fraser, Albert L. Furth, Allen Grover, David W. Hulburd Jr., E. D. Kennedy, Peter Mathews, T. S. Matthews, Frank Norris, Francis deN. Schroeder, Cecilia A. Schwind, Fred Smith, Charles Wertenbaker, S. J. Woolf.

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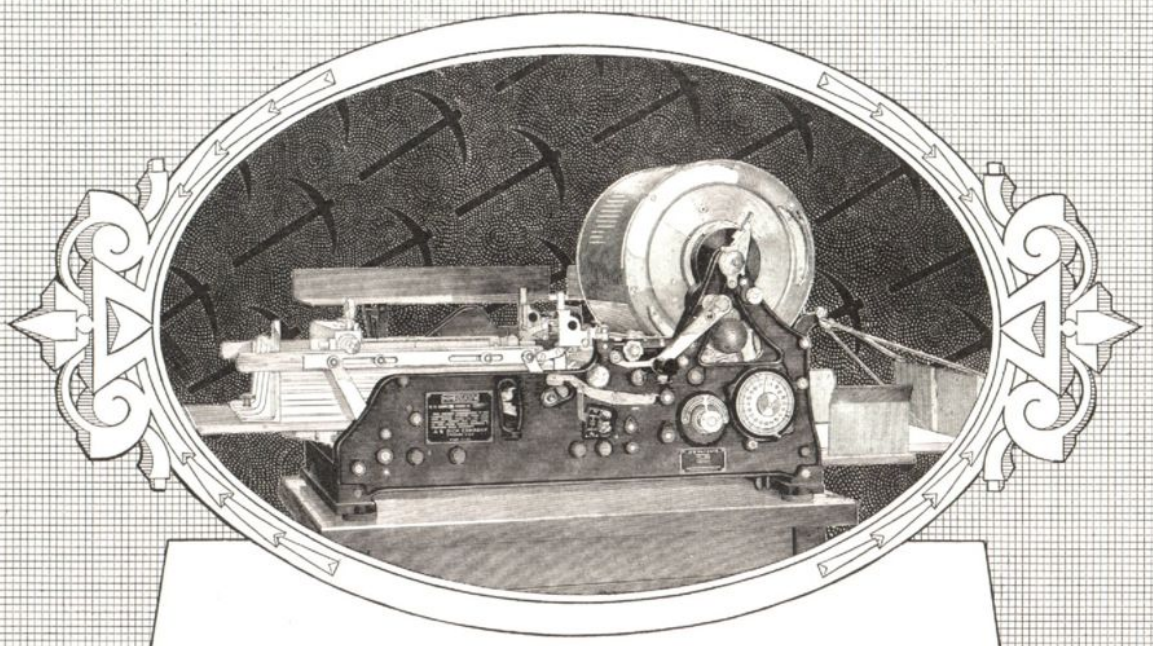

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TIME

Vol. XVIII, No. 16 — *The Weekly Newsmagazine* — October 19, 1931

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Busy

Nobody in the District of Columbia was busier than President Hoover last week. Returning from the World Series baseball game at Philadelphia, he announced that he had summoned a Congressional caucus (see col. 3). On Tuesday he held a Cabinet meeting all morning, prepared a draft of his Super Plan (see p. 13) which he read to his visitors at 9 p. m. The meeting adjourned at midnight. Next afternoon President Hoover held another long conference with builders, financiers, real estate men—notably Clarence Dillon of the Manhattan brokerage firm of Dillon, Read & Co. and President William Aiken Starrett of Starrett Corp. Purpose: to devise some means of liquidating badly deflated real estate mortgages throughout the land.

From the first, President Hoover has realized that a one-year War debt moratorium would be insufficient to get Germany's economy straightened out. He also knows that the European man-in-the-street regarded his moratorium as the first step toward cancelling War debts to the U. S. Such a move has the backing of bankers like Chase National's Albert Wiggin because if foreign governments have to repay their War loans to the U. S., banks like the Chase will have to wait a long time to collect *their* foreign loans. But Senators like William Edgar Borah of Idaho and Joseph Taylor Robinson of Arkansas were quick to catch up the President when they thought they detected a cancellationist note in his Super Plan as read to them at the caucus. Therefore surprise was occasioned last week when the White House announced that when the year's moratorium in intergovernmental debts expires, the United States will not insist that European payments be resumed, except on the basis of the capacity of the debtor nations to pay. In return, the U. S. will expect thumping decreases in armaments from favored nations.

One nation which sees eye-to-eye with the President in the matter of arms reduction is Italy, which likes to rattle the sword but really cannot afford the martial trappings of a Great Power. Foreign Minister Dino Grandi of Italy last week accepted the invitation of Secretary Stimson to go to the White House on Nov. 14 to discuss the world's economic plight. His visit will follow that of Premier Pierre Laval of France, who was to sail for the U. S. Oct. 16. Already on their way to the U. S. were Deputy-Governor Charles Farnier of the Bank of France and Director Robert Lacour-Gayet to "study President Hoover's financial proposals" and generally pave the way for Premier Laval.

¶ Last week President Hoover: sent greetings to the 20th annual National Safety Congress at Chicago; spoke over the radio to the International Association of Chiefs of Police at St. Petersburg, Fla.; received a petition pleading for disarmament from a delegation of the Women's International League for Peace & Freedom, headed by Jane Addams of Chicago's charitarian Hull House; received and was photographed with a delegation of the National Council of Catholic Women; agreed to open the 10th Olympic Games at Los Angeles, July 30, which he may take in his stride while campaigning in the West for a second term; sent greetings to President Chiang Kai-shek of Republican China on the latter's 20th birthday; sat long with his Cabinet discussing Japan's inroads upon Chinese terrain (see p. 18).

¶ Last week the nation's Press was embroiled in a controversy as to whether or not President Hoover had been booed by rooters at the Philadelphia World Series baseball game. Sports Editors Paul Gallico of the New York *Daily News* and Joe Williams of the *World Telegram* reported booing. The Associated Press heard none. Consensus was that on the entry and exit of President Hoover, respectful folk in the grandstand near him cheered, folk in the bleachers, farther away, jeered.

¶ Departing possibly for the last time this year for his Rapidan camp, the President took with him some of his closest friends: Mark Sullivan, his favorite Washington correspondent; Associate Justice & Mrs. Harlan Fiske Stone; Dr. & Mrs. Vernon Kellogg.

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THE CONGRESS

Coalition Caucus

There are more ways of choking a dog than by feeding him hot butter. There are more ways of getting some of the benefits of an extra session of Congress, President Hoover has found, than by calling an extra session. Last summer, when he felt that a one-year moratorium and suspension of interest payments on War debts must be announced, the President invented the "Congressional conference." He telephoned and telegraphed every member, talked with a few important ones. Within 24 hours he had sufficient support to announce his plan (TIME, June 29). The business world was saved the worry of a special session; the Government was spared expense. Last week, in effect, President Hoover called another special session.

On Tuesday at noon he announced: "The purpose of my conference with the members of Congress tonight is to advance a national unity in the setting up of constructive forces now working in the Depression." Day before, President Hoover had telegraphed 32 Democratic and Republican Senators and Representatives—all the important men of either house, including members of the Banking & Currency Committees—to meet him at the White House at 9 o'clock Tuesday evening. The President urged secrecy, offered to put a plane at anyone's disposal.

But the only man to ride in one to Washington was grizzled old Representative John Nance ("Jack") Garner, Democratic floor leader who will be Mr. Speaker if the House falls into the hands of his party. Grumbling a little, he climbed over the olive-colored side of an Army ship at Uvalde, Tex. When the white-haired Texan climbed out stiffly at Bolling Field he remarked: "It didn't bother me even if it was the first time I was in one of the dang things. As soon as I got used to the noise it sang me to sleep." Fumbling in his pockets he found that his devout wife had armed him with a Bible text: *"The spirit of the Lord watches over you and keeps you in perfect safety."* Then he went over to the dismantled office of his old friend and political enemy, the late Speaker Nicholas Longworth of Ohio. He took one look at the room where he may sit after Dec. 7, remarked that it did not look the same "with Nick gone," put on his dinner coat and a taffy-colored fedora hat, went to the White House. At this point neither he nor anyone save the President, his Cabinet and sub-Cabinet knew what was in the wind.

A crowd of newshawks and photographers jammed the White House portico.

National Affairs—(Continued)

Secretary Mellon rolled up in his all-aluminum limousine, obligingly doffed a neat bowler to cameramen. Tousled Senator Borah barged through without giving anyone a chance to take his picture. Senator Watson of Indiana, always hearty with newsmen, arrived 20 min. early "to persuade the President to change his mind and give out an official statement at the conclusion of this conference." Undersecretary of the Treasury Ogden Livingston Mills came early to do the same.

Everyone was shown into the intimate Lincoln Study, second floor back, whence Father Abraham, in *his* crisis, watched the enemy flag fluttering across the Potomac at Arlington Heights. Flanked by the Three M's—Governor Eugene Meyer Jr. of the Federal Reserve Board, who was director of War Finance Corp. and to whom hurried calls to the White House were not new, and Secretary Mellon and Undersecretary Mills—President Hoover sat at a small desk. In front of him were 36 comfortable chairs. In the chairs were seated his "little Congress," actually a coalition caucus, since those members of the Opposition were present who could carry out a joint program in Congress if they wanted to. The President arose and read to them his Super Plan for restoring U. S. business confidence (see p. 13).

President Hoover soon found that he had not only brought the leaders of Congress into the Lincoln Study but considerable Congressional atmosphere. First to hop to his feet with an objection during the recitation of the domestic fiscal program was small Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, Wilson's Secretary of the Treasury and a framer of the Federal Reserve Act. In the matter of broadening the basis of discountable paper through the Federal Reserve to thaw frozen assets which are causing distress, particularly in Western banks, Senator Glass reminded one & all that such a plan was now under consideration by the Senate Committee on Banking & Currency, warned against public expectation of too great a broadening, assured his listeners that he would vigorously protect the Federal Reserve in Congress. Messrs. Mellon and Mills tried to soothe his apprehension.

Later on, some members of the conference thought they heard the President committing the gathering to an extension of the moratorium and cancellation of War debts (see p. 9). "The way that reads," interjected Jack Garner, "seems to me to mean cancellation of debts and I'm opposed to it."

Chairman Borah of the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee thought likewise. So the part of the message which spoke of what the President would discuss with Premier Pierre Laval of France when he comes to Washington next week was changed materially.

The meeting adjourned near midnight. At 12:40 a. m. the triumphant President put his Super Plan, with assurance of Congressional backing, in the hands of the Press, as Senator Watson and Undersecretary Mills had urged. Chuckled Jack Garner: "The Democrats are helping the President write his message to Congress."

LABOR

Taxation v. *Strikes*

(*See front cover*)

It is apocryphal to represent the U. S. Labor front as a bristling grey sky-line of elevators, tanks, derricks, combines and converters before which stand 32,000,000 men and women with sickles, trowels, wrenches and hammers in their hands. The effective strength of U. S. Labor lies not within the horny hands of the inarticulate mass of workers, but in the heads of the 4,000,000 who are organized into trade unions.* And the 4,000,000 are by no means marshalled into a solid line.

The extreme Left of the organized phalanx is held by the Industrial Workers of the World ("Wobblies") whose unclassified membership slugged and dynamited its way to notoriety before the War but is now practically defunct with a claimed strength of 68,000. A little closer to the centre the line is occupied by the Trade Union Unity League, commanded by William Zebulon Foster, No. 1 U. S. Communist. Liveliest unit in this organization is the National Miners Union which was active in the coal fields of the Pittsburgh area last spring (TIME, July 6). The T. U. U. L. claims 100,000 members, although it is estimated only 7,000 of them actually pay dues.

Well to the Right of the centre lies the numerical strength of U. S. organized Labor. Here are deployed the independent Amalgamated Clothing Workers. They have 100,000 members, two banks (resources: $16,000,000), a co-operative housing program in New York City. They form the strongest clothing workers union in the country. Next come the Big Four Railroad Brotherhoods—engineers, firemen, trainmen, conductors. In the past five years their enrollment has declined from 500,000 to 410,000 because of economies the carriers have effected in personnel. The Brotherhoods mortally hate & fear Moscow. They operate banks (not very successfully), distribute insurance benefits, behave conservatively.

Vastly overshadowing Brotherhoods, Communists and Wobblies stands the great pyramid of the American Federation of Labor. At the base of the pyramid is a membership of 2,889,550 represented by 29,574 local unions, 804 city centrals, 49 State branches, 4 departments. Almost at the top of the pyramid is the all-powerful Executive Council: secretary, treasurer, eight vice presidents. On top of the pyramid sits President William Green. Although all other labor organizations rush to deny it, his voice, when it does speak, is the Voice of U. S. Labor.

Convention. There are in the land between 5,000,000 and 7,000,000 people out of work. Three weeks ago that large part of Labor which works in steel, copper and textile mills received substantial wage reductions (TIME, Oct. 5). All last fortnight the movement continued, employers explaining that there must be less pay or no work at all. With the nation's banks and the world's economy at a crisis (see p. 13 and p. 15), Labor was expected to accept its share of the general misfortune in a peaceful spirit. For the most part it did so accept, but most of the workers thus far affected by the scaling down were non-union workers. The country observed closely as the 51st annual A. F. of L. convention sat down at Vancouver, B. C. last week to consider its third frugal winter.

Six-Hour Day. Many of the resolutions which were thrown into the convention hopper were perfunctory: a proposal that Congress immediately authorize the expenditure of $5,000,000,000 for public works; denunciation of the practice of "throwing men over 45 on the industrial scrap heap"; a petition to Mayor James John ("Jimmy") Walker of New York to give his firemen an eight-hour day. But others were more significant, indicated that Labor might be getting its back up. Harshly condemned for "inhuman working conditions" and referred to as "a $700,000,000 outrage" was Six Companies, Inc., builder of the Hoover Dam where twelve workers collapsed and died in the Nevada heat last summer (TIME, Aug. 24). And although the convention, encouraged by Senator James John ("Puddler Jim") Davis of Pennsylvania, longtime (1921–30) Secretary of Labor, turned its back on a Federal Dole, one Labor measure advocated by the delegates seemed certain of gaining the ear of Congress this winter. The 21 railroad unions (including the unaffiliated Brotherhoods), whose industry has laid off 250,000 men in a year, demanded a six-hour day to bring men back to work. President Green assured the movement of the Federation's "full political and economic strength." With that strength the transportation unions got the Adamson Act and the eight-hour day in 1916.

Voice of Labor. When President Green, Labor's diplomat, a pillar of Baptist conservatism, addressed the convention, Labor's hackles were indeed rising. In a preliminary meeting the Voice of Labor had assumed a surprisingly threatening tone: "Some of us have been 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. . . . We will be in favor of having the United States Government take it away through taxation and distribute it to the masses."

President Green spoke as no high Federation official has spoken since the rough-&-ready pre-War days of the organization. "The right to work is a sacred right that every government, no matter what it's for, must guarantee if it is to endure. What shall we say of a system that relegates men at the prime of life to the human scrap heap and that knows no remedy for the situation other than a reduction in the standard of living? *I warn the people who are exploiting the workers that they can only drive them so far before they will turn on them and destroy them!* They are taking no account of the

*Only 12½% of U. S. wage earners are organized. In Germany the proportion is 35%, in Great Britain 37½%, in Australia 52%.

National Affairs—(Continued)

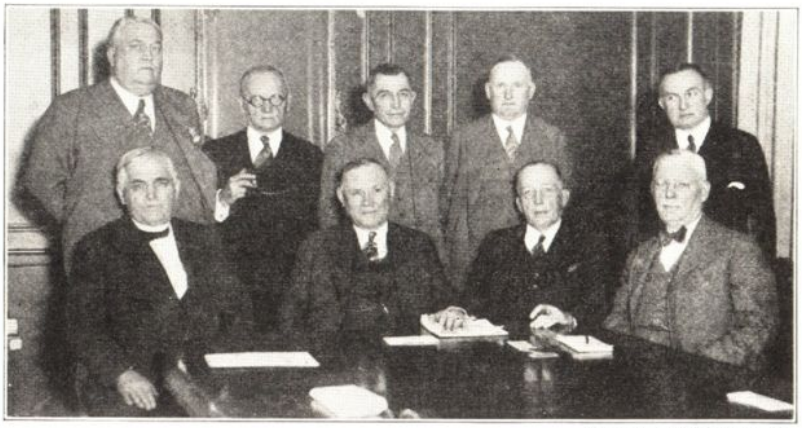
history of nations in which *governments have been overturned. Revolutions grow out of the depths of hunger!"*

Dwindling Labor. Labor's critics, among them J. B. S. Hardman in last week's *New Republic*, paint a sorry picture of U. S. organized Labor, particularly of the A. F. of L. whose membership dwindled 71,000 in the past year alone because of unemployment. Urban U. S. citizens get the notion that every worker in the country has a union card. That is because city dwellers who are annoyed by having to pay plasterers $15.40 a day, come chiefly in contact with building tradesmen whose ranks show an optimistic gain of 461,000 in the past ten years. Over the same period, unionized printers and bookbinders increased 54,000, clothing workers 119,000, musicians 89,000. These are isolated instances and do not amount to much when it is considered that the unionized strength of steelworkers has melted to insignificance, that from 1920 to 1930 textile workers lost 70,000 members, the International Association of Machinists lost 252,000 and so on down the line. Coal miners were organized 37% in 1910, 21% in 1930. Why the decline in unionization?

During the War the A. F. of L.'s membership doubled to its highest peak (4,078,740). President Samuel Gompers was taken abroad to be presented to George V of England and to sit (unofficially) at the Peace Conference. In the light of subsequent developments, his critics feel that he might have shaped U. S. Labor into a great political and economic power by taking advantage of stressful times instead of trading a great opportunity for a slightly fatter pay envelope.

After the War the A. F. of L.'s power, the seat of which had been moved to a handsome Doric building on Washington's Massachusetts Avenue, dwindled. The Federation became more & more respectable. Its leaders had tasted national and international power, had associated as equals with the bigwigs of finance and politics. They decided to form banks which could lend money to fair employers, withholding it from concerns which favored the open shop. If Capital had to be fought, it would be fought with Capitalistic weapons. First labor organization to founder in this foreign field was the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers which sank $20,000,000 of its hundred-million resources in Florida's swamps in 1926. Total resources of the 22 Labor banks showed a decrease even in the boom years of 1928–29.

Labor's Gompers remained at heart a piece-work cigar maker to the end. As industry grew more specialized, Gompers merely grew older, stodgier. He refused to see that it does not take years of apprenticeship to teach a man to screw two nuts on a Ford chassis as it passes him in straight-line production. So the A. F. of L.'s membership continues to be a die-hard association of specialist craftsmen, for which industry has less & less use. On his death bed Gompers petulantly directed his membership to support the Presidential candidacy of the late Robert Marion La Follette, thus disregarding the non-partisan pledge of the Federation's first constitution. Samuel Gompers did not even get his own candidate into the A. F. of L.'s presidency. Instead it fell into the hands of an idealist.



Underwood & Underwood

A. F. OF L.'s EXECUTIVE COUNCIL*

From their loyalty, their flaccidity.

William Green. The Gompers candidate was Red-baiting Matthew Woll, "the crown prince," head of the Photo-Engravers Union, who has a flair for speech-making. The day after Gompers was in his grave the Executive Council, from which and to which all Federation power flows, met behind closed doors. John Llewellyn Lewis, whose United Mine Workers swing the heaviest vote in Federation affairs (400,000, although their depleted ranks have but 156,978 dues-paying members) dominated the proceedings. Mr. Lewis, his squat face as knotty and uncompromising as a chestnut, did not want the presidency for himself, apparently preferring to run the bulkiest A. F. of L. union while having his own man in the presidency. Deviously he edged William Green, then United Mine Workers' secretary-treasurer, into the seat Gompers had left. In the face of bitter opposition John Lewis has adamantly clung to the miners' leadership. Last year Alexander Howatt, Illinois leader, led the insurgents away from the fold. But Lewis never loses a fight within his organization. He went to law, badgered and enjoined the Illinois rebels back in line. Last week instead of appearing in Vancouver he bobbed up unexpectedly at a grievance meeting in Wilkes-Barre, Pa. where there is a strike at the Glen Alden collieries.

If Miner Lewis expected William Green to be a yes-man he was mistaken. Mr. Green, 58, was also a miner. He has an ugly scar extending from his right nostril across his cheek as a reminder of his youth in the pits. The reason that Mr. Green was soon able to run the Federation with a free hand is that there is a profound organization loyalty among the Executive Council. Most disputes are settled by compromise which perhaps accounts for many of the Federation's flaccid actions: its failure thoroughly to support last winter's Danville (Va.) textile strike through which it might have penetrated the union-resisting South (TIME, Jan. 12); its reluctance to agree on a candidate for Secretary of Labor last year, forcing President Hoover to appoint Brotherhoodman William Nuckles Doak (TIME, Dec. 8); its inability to organize the automotive industry.

President Green, however, has shown ability in ordering the Federation's internal affairs. And no man rides horse against the dragons of Red propaganda more surely than he. Born at Coshocton, Ohio, his father was an Englishman. From his mother, a Welshwoman, he got brown eyes. At 19 he was elected secretary of the local union, eight years later becoming subdistrict president of the United Mine Workers. He joined the Baptist Church and the Elks and Odd Fellows, got his neighbors to send him to the Ohio Senate in 1911, where he became Democratic floor leader and president *pro tem*. In 1913 he was elected secretary & treasurer of the United Mine Workers.

He is a quiet man, stocky, with a bald spot. His home is still in Coshocton. He has one unmarried daughter, four married ones, one son. He is the prime example of Labor Leader, New Style. He has prospered and, until last fortnight, his public utterances have indicated that the Capitalist system seemed a good pragmatic one to him. His son, Harry, is in his junior year at Princeton where he studies seriously, plays a little tennis. He held a polite discussion in the Institute of Politics & Economics last year with young Laurance Rockefeller on Capital & Labor.

Program. After five days last week, William Green's convention recessed. Pending for consideration this week was the program drawn up by the Executive Council, proposing: 1) legalization of 2.75% beer; 2) a national conference of employers and laborers to be called by President Hoover; 3) immediate inaugu-

*Top: Treasurer Martin F. Ryan, Vice Presidents Joseph N. Weber, Arthur O. Wharton, James Wilson, Thomas A. Rickert. Below: Secretary Frank Morrison, President Green, Vice Presidents John Coefield, Frank Duffy. Missing: Vice Presidents Matthew Woll, G. M. Bugniazet.

National Affairs—(Continued)

ration of the five-day week; 4) prohibition of all child labor.

The A. F. of L.'s constitution contains this belligerent sentiment: "A struggle is going on between the oppressors and the oppressed of all countries, a struggle between the Capitalist and the Laborer!" Labor has two means of struggling: 1) strikes; 2) using its political strength to force the enactment of favorable legislation.

Strike news of last week: In Boston 3,000 members of the International Longshoremen's Association walked out. Affiliated with the A. F. of L., they refused to abide by a recent agreement reached between the national organization and employers, demanded a four-hour pay guarantee for Sunday and holiday work, a lighter sling load. For this unauthorized strike, the local union's charter was revoked. At Lawrence, Mass., 23,000 textile workers quit when threatened with a 10% wage cut. Most unusual was the fact that the Communist National Textile Workers and the conservative A. F. of L.'s United Textile Workers joined in concerted action. Lawrence police refused permission for the National unionists to convene on the common, arrested seven agitators. But the United Workers were allowed to convene at will. At Boonton, Dover and Paterson (N. J.), Hampden (Mass.) and Philadelphia, members of the well-organized American Federation of Full-Fashioned Hosiery Workers, A. F. of L. affiliate, struck, but their leaders agreed to accept 35% to 40% reductions in wages in return for a guarantee of the 1929 scale in 1932.

Political portents at Vancouver: President Green made it plain that the Federation will urge the upping of inheritance taxation, possibly the restoration of the gift tax, to redistribute "superfluous wealth." He also plainly indicated that to provide more work he would agitate the six-hour day for workers in the transportation field, an industry in which the Government largely controls working conditions. The Federation has more than one way of gaining the ear of Congress: by workers' petitions, through Labor's Cabinet representative, by the personal lobbying among legislators and high executives of President Green and his Washington staff.

Looking to Vancouver last fortnight, it seemed evident that Labor had decided to lay by its rusty old weapon, the national strike, to use its newer weapons of diplomacy and politics.

CRIME

"Who Wouldn't Be Worried?"

Flashlamps fizzed in Chicago's crowded Federal Court last week. Guards banged shut the doors. Beginning was the decisive battle in the Federal Government's long campaign to put Alphonse ("Scarface" to strangers; "Snorkey" to friends) Capone in prison. For three years the Government had waged its campaign, spent over $195,000 on it. For almost as long Gangster Capone had been trying to sidestep charges that he failed to pay a Federal tax on $1,038,654 income during the years 1924–29. Now Scarface Snorkey was on trial.

The Judge was bushy-browed James Herbert Wilkerson, no friend of Capone. It was he who, two months ago, exposed and repudiated a "deal" between prosecuting and defense attorneys whereby Capone was to plead guilty to tax evasion in return for a recommendation that he be given a light sentence. In court Capone's attorney had asserted that the agreement was approved by Attorney General Mitchell and "an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury." In Washington the Department of Justice had admitted approving this deal, insisted the procedure was customary. Undersecretary of the Treasury Ogden Livingston Mills had denied knowing anything about it. Judge Wilkerson had upset the plans by declaring: "The court will listen to recommendations, but it is utterly impossible to bargain with a Federal court." Then he had allowed frightened Capone to change his plea to not guilty, had sought—and failed—to have a grand jury indict him under the Jones ("5 & 10") Law for violation of the Volstead Act (TIME, Sept. 21 *et ante*). Leaving off his judicial robes, Judge Wilkerson leaned over his desk in a business suit, showed that he took more than a passing interest in the case.

Keystone

COUNSEL AHERN, CLIENT CAPONE, COUNSEL FINK

Mr. Fink: "Oh, my conscience! Nailed to the cross!"

The Defendant was sweating, uncomfortable. For the second time in his life he was uncertain of "beating the rap" (staying out of jail).* If convicted he might be sentenced to 32 years in the penitentiary, fined $80,000. Before him he had the example of his brother Ralph ("Bottles") Capone, who had been sentenced to three years in Leavenworth on a similar charge (but had obtained a stay of mandate until Oct. 20 to file an appeal). Jack Gusick, a Capone lieutenant, had been given five years in prison; other important gangsters were behind the bars. Sighed Scarface Snorkey:

"Who wouldn't be worried?"

The Prosecution was headed by soft-spoken, wild-haired U. S. District Attorney George Emmerson Q (for nothing) Johnson. Field marshal of the Government's forces seeking to break up gang rule by the left-handed method of jailing gangsters for tax evasion, his success would be measured by his ability to dispose of Capone. Frankly disappointed when the "deal" fell through, he was now excited, eager, mysterious. So far he had kept secret the list of his "surprise" witnesses.

The Defense had wanted that list. Long had adroit Lawyer Michael Ahern protected Capone's legal interests, kept him out of serious trouble (TIME, Sept. 21). He, too, had been disappointed when his client had to stand trial. Well he realized that this was his hardest case. To assist him he had owlish Albert Fink, whose jovial voice was frequently heard exclaiming: "Oh, my conscience!" Mr. Ahern was irascible, objected to crowding by

The Press, which was having a field day. Local papers covered the trial from all angles; out-of-town papers sent special writers. Hearstpapers, evidently considering it a better spectacle than the World Series (see p. 22), sent Colyumist Damon Runyon, who began by interviewing Capone in the grandest manner: "I found Al Capone at Colosimo's restaurant. . . ." Other newshawks reported the details of Capone's attire from tie (blue-striped) to fedora (white), noted the fact when he changed his suit (blue to grey). Gaudiest phrase of the trial was coined by the New York *Evening Post's* correspondent, Michael W. Straus, who referred to Cicero's gambling houses as "gold-belching pits of evil." The Press soon became interested in

The Jury: one farmer, two retired mer-

*First time was in 1929 when Capone was tried and convicted in Philadelphia for carrying a pistol. He spent ten months in jail, his only prison term to date. But underworld legend says he went to jail that time on purpose, to avoid being assassinated in Chicago.

National Affairs—(Continued)

chants, a country grocer, two painters, a real estate dealer, an insurance salesman, a clerk, a lubricating engineer, an abstractor, a wood patternmaker out of a job. All were more than 45; all but one were rustic. Mr. Ahern did not like the jury. Judge Wilkerson stated: "Nothing is to be decided except whether this man evaded and attempted to defeat these taxes." He overruled most of Capone's objections, quickly filled the box. Most of the jury immediately began to show signs of sleepiness. The grocer, A. E. Maether of Prairie View, alone was all attention.

For the Prosecution, first star witness was Rev. Henry P. Hoover, Congregationalist minister of Berwyn, Chicago suburb. He knew a good deal about the "gold-belching pits of evil." As a member of the Western Suburban Ministers' Association he took part in a raid in 1925 on a Cicero gambling house. Telling about it, Minister Hoover's eyes flashed, his tight lips bit off his words: "I looked behind the partition and I saw this man [Capone] taking money from the till. He was stuffing it in his pockets. Someone . . . said: 'Who is this man?' and he said: 'Al Brown. Is that good enough for you?' Then Mr. Capone said: 'Why are you fellows always picking on me? . . . Reverend,' he said, 'why can't you and I get together?' I said: 'What do you mean?' He answered: 'If you'll let up on me here in Cicero I will withdraw from Stickney.'"

Scarface Snorkey snorted, as though everybody must know he had never used a two-syllable word where a one-syllable word would do.

Chester Bragg, another raider, said Capone had broken into a place while it was being raided. "I asked him: 'What the hell do you think this is, a party?' and he said: 'I'm the owner of the place.'" Immediately after the raid, Raider Bragg's nose was broken with a blackjack.

The Government, considering Capone's ownership of gambling houses proved, set out to show how he had spent the returns, holding that large expenditures would prove the existence of a taxable income. While Snorkey dug a stubby forefinger into his right ear, letters were read from Lawrence P. Mattingly, Washington income tax attorney retained by Capone in 1930, to show that Capone offered to compromise with the Government and pay a delinquent tax on $226,000 for the years 1926–29. Capone, the letters showed, got one-sixth of the income from his syndicate's operations. As the letters were read over the strenuous objections of Snorkey's attorneys, who maintained a lawyer could not "confess" for his client, Attorney Fink heaved a sigh. "Oh, my conscience!" he sighed. "They've got him nailed to the cross now!"

Witnesses from Florida said Capone had spent $40,000 for his Palm Island home, $100,000 to improve it, swore to a $6,500 meat bill, a $2,085 hotel bill, a $9,000 telephone bill, asserted he distributed $5 tips and spent thousands of dollars on cakes and macaroni. Prize Miami witness was one H. F. Ryder, a garrulous carpenter whose $1,011 bill had been paid by "Mr. Al—Mr. Capone—the gentleman there." Witness Ryder said Capone's friends "gave me a sandwich sometimes," thought "Mr. Al was a mighty fine man," even though he still owed him $125. He told of being paid $250 from "a roll that would choke an ox"—as big as Judge Wilkerson's fist. "There were money wrappers by the handful around the place. All marked $1,000."

Scarface Snorkey had grown glummer & glummer, angrier & angrier. He scowled at Carpenter Ryder, whispered with his lawyers, mopped his brow. The jury had waked up, was following the testimony with wide-eyed interest. Leaving the courtroom one day Snorkey and his bodyguard, Philip D'Andrea, brushed aside Federal Judge Walter C. Lindley to get into an elevator. Two days later D'Andrea was arrested, searched in the corridor by Secret Service men before gaping policemen, charged with carrying a concealed weapon (.38 calibre revolver). D'Andrea showed a badge reading "Deputy Bailiff of the Municipal Court," was told it was no good. Capone rivals began a war of succession, killed one James L. Quigley, minor gangster.

STATES & CITIES

Kings & Queens

In the Autumn, when the harvest is over and the pumpkins are growing ripe, U. S. farmers have time to go to the cities, to make merry and to buy. To lure them many a city holds fairs, carnivals, sporting events; some cities go further, stage elaborate celebrations, make of them affairs of great social significance. Last week two such affairs were held in the chief cities of two great Western States.

Photo by Heyn

KING GEORGE BRANDEIS

. . . feared his stockings would come down.

Ak-Sar-Ben. In Omaha last week was held Nebraska's great State celebration — Ak-Sar-Ben. Nebraska spelled backward, the name has another significance: Syrian *Ak* meaning head-of-the family; Arabic *Sar*, the household; Hebraic *Ben*, brothers. In 1895 Omaha businessmen organized the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben, elected each year a king and queen, crowned them at a large ball.

Under emerald lights in Omaha's Coliseum was held the Coronation Ball, chief social event of the celebration. Crowned 37th King of Ak-Sar-Ben was ruddy, blue-eyed, Austrian-born George Brandeis, president of J. L. Brandeis & Sons, head of Brandeis Investment Co., director of Omaha National Bank. A leader of the Ak-Sar-Ben organization, he is 53 years old, has lived in Omaha 18 years. He wore a Louis XIV costume. His queen was Miss Lida Whitmore, 22-year-old daughter of Jesse Dwight Whitmore, farmer and livestock feeder of Valley, Neb. Nine thousand spectators packed the Coliseum for the "coronation," 1,200 followed the king & queen to the Fontenelle Hotel where they sat on red satin thrones, ate a supper served on gold, danced one dance together. Said the queen: "I am having a delightful time." The king: "I was worried for fear those long stockings might come down."

The Veiled Prophet. In St. Louis last week, red, orange & blue buntings draped six miles of streets. Nineteen ornate floats passed through depicting "The Romance of Trade & Industry." In the most ornate of all sat the 52nd Veiled Prophet with his queen. Led by a platoon of mounted police the parade moved slowly, impressively, lit by the flare of torches. Next night in St. Louis' Coliseum the Veiled Prophet crowned Miss Ann Chittenden Ferris Queen of Love & Beauty. She is the daughter of President Henry T. Ferris of National Bank Co. of St. Louis. To her was given St. Louis' highest social honor. The identity of the Veiled Prophet remained traditionally secret. Up & down the brilliantly lit hall promenaded the Prophet and his court, then drove through pouring rain to the Hotel Jefferson for a supper & dance. Visitors to St. Louis last week had not only the Veiled Prophet's celebration to witness, but could also attend the dairy & horse shows, could watch the St. Louis Cardinals win the World's baseball championship (see p. 22).

BANKS

At Mr. Mellon's

A Saturday afternoon tennis party was in full swing at Banker Harvey Dow Gibson's home near the Creek Club in Locust Valley, L. I. Mr. Gibson was wanted on the telephone. When he returned to his guests he looked thoughtful. It had been Secretary Mellon, asking Banker Gibson to be in Washington the next day.

Secretary Mellon had been making other calls and on Sunday afternoon a powerful group of New York bankers assembled in Mr. Mellon's apartment at No. 1785 Massachusetts Ave. Governor George Leslie Harrison of the New York Federal

National Affairs—(Continued)

Reserve Bank was there. So were Thomas William Lamont (J. P. Morgan & Co.), Albert Henry Wiggin (Chase National), William C. Potter (Guaranty Trust), Charles Edwin Mitchell (National City), George Whitney (J. P. Morgan & Co.). The rich paintings (Rubens, Rembrandt, Reynolds) on the walls may have held their attention for a moment, but an air of tension and expectancy forbade anything except the business on hand. The bankers waited for one man who was speeding toward them from his camp on the Rapidan. President Hoover, discarding all precedent, entered the apartment shortly after his return to Washington. He soon laid before them a Hoover Super Plan to restore business confidence in the U. S.

Two steps were planned: 1) The quick creation of a privately operated company (National Credit Corporation) which would restore faith in the banks. 2) The passage of new laws through the next Congress which would prevent such a crisis in future.

The first move would stop people from withdrawing money from banks, stop banks from selling bonds to raise cash and so bring the bond market out of chaos. The second move would unlimber the Federal Reserve System so that it could itself perform the work undertaken by National Credit Corp.

Prelude. In early September the President began to be disturbed about U. S. banks. Comptroller of the Currency John William Pole reported a huge increase in the amount of currency in circulation.

Coming at a time of Depression, with little fall activity, such a thing could have only one meaning: hoarding of gold by the citizenry and by the banks. Federal Reserve figures for the week ended Oct. 7 showed $5,431,000,000 in circulation. That was an increase of $185,000,000 for the week, $944,000,000 for the year. Authorities said somewhere between $800,000,000 and $1,000,000,000 were being hoarded in socks, boxes, vaults and in banks.

The U. S. had lost $485,000,000 in gold since a few days before England dropped the gold standard. Some $525,000,000 had left through shipment or "earmarking," against imports of $40,000,000. Squarely facing the Comptroller was another mighty figure: over $1,000,000,000 tied up in closed banks. Gold exports could be stopped by raising the rediscount rate, the money in suspended banks might eventually be retrieved in part but hoarding by the people was a psychological matter, a mob spirit, dangerous, unreasoning.

Why Did They Hoard? The average man withdraws his money from a bank in gold or gold notes ("Seepage of deposits," President Hoover called it) for just one reason: he is afraid the bank will fail and his money will be lost.

The rich man hoards because in times of a currency panic the machinery of trade stops, and he can pick up bargains in stocks, bonds, real estate from panic-ridden unfortunates who will sell anything to get the precious metal.

Such obvious loss of confidence literally forces banks to hoard also. Fearing a run by its doubting depositors it must be fortified by an abnormally large amount of cash in its vaults. To do so they take their eligible paper to the Federal Reserve Bank in their district, rediscount it. If pressed, they must sell their secondary reserve of bonds and stocks in the open market, probably at a loss. Cash on hand in banks is sterile, earning nothing, doing good to no one, a tribute to fear.

Philadelphia. Bank failures began in the U. S. on a big scale in the fall of 1930, in agricultural sections which had suffered from low commodity prices and drought. Then came the dramatic and shocking collapse of Bank of United States in New York City (TIME, Dec. 22), tying up some $160,000,000. Warning had come in November with the collapse of Caldwell & Co., followed by a string of banks in Tennessee and Kentucky. Failures became more common, whole areas were affected. In August every large bank but one was closed in Toledo and wholesale failures followed throughout Ohio. As September wore on all banking eyes turned to Philadelphia. The situation there had been delicate ever since last December when the $45,000,000-in-deposits Bankers Trust closed its doors. By last week 39 other Philadelphia banks had failed, some $105,000,000 of the peoples' money had disappeared.

The rising tide of fear provoked runs on such old, conservative institutions as Philadelphia Savings Bank, Germantown Savings Bank. Every institution in the city was calling in its resources as fast as possible. A committee of 22 prominent men published an appeal in the newspapers pleading with the people to have faith in their banks. Among the appeal's signers were: Thomas Sovereign Gates, president of University of Pennsylvania; Dennis Cardinal Dougherty; Samuel Matthews Vauclain of Baldwin Locomotive; General William Wallace Atterbury of Pennsylvania R. R.; Cyrus Herman Kotzschmar Curtis; Mayor Harry Mackey.

On the same afternoon that Secretary Mellon was on the wire to New York the Philadelphia Clearing House denounced "pernicious hoarding," issued instructions to its members not to permit withdrawal of time deposits except on 30-days notice. All savings banks did the same. Philadelphia's plight was the immediate cause for the conference at Secretary Mellon's.

National Credit Corp. Not till late Tuesday did Wall Street hear of the impending "Little Congress" meeting that night (see p. 9). The President needed assurance of political as well as banking co-operation before he told the country his plan. When he secured this shortly after midnight Tuesday, the National Credit Corp. had assumed definite form and the public was appraised of a 500-million-dollar fund (later enlarged to a billion) to function as a stepping stone between the slough of the ordinary bank and the lofty security of the Federal Reserve. National Credit Corp. was quickly formed under the laws of Delaware with a capital structure of twelve shares of $100 par value stock. Twelve men were to direct it, one from each of the Federal Reserve Districts. Each would buy one share of the common stock, have one vote. Then the Corporation was authorized to issue up to $1,000,000,000 of debentures at par, and all banks in the country were requested to subscribe to the debentures in an amount up to 2 percent of their deposits. Before Wednesday morning dawned, New York banks, who hold $7,500,000,000 of the country's total $51,000,000,000 bank deposits, had spoken boldly through their Clearing House. They would take, they said, $150,000,000 of the debentures.

Chicago, the next biggest banking centre, was not heard from until Saturday. When Chicago's adherence was announced, Mortimer Norton Buckner, newly made president of the New York Clearing House and Chairman of the Organizing Committee of National Credit Corp. said the initial amount pledged was around $840,000,000.

Thawing Out. With this money in its till, National Credit Corp. will lend money to banks on securities which are not acceptable for loans at the Federal Reserve. Instead of having to sell these securities in the demoralized bond and stock market, banks can turn to National Credit Corp. and get a fair loan on them, thus unthawing frozen assets.

Reception. The plan's success depended on country-wide acceptance; small outlying banks had to be brought in as well as the huge city institutions. With this in mind the hoorahs of Wall Street were carefully hushed so that small-towners could be heard giving thanks, cheering.

Abroad the reaction was less favorable. In England, Lombard Streeters referred to the plan as "a damp squib." Sir Walter Layton, Bank of England's representative on the Wiggin Committee, said it was "controlled inflation." In Paris the criticism was sharper, the eventual reaction on the Bourse violent. The third bank failure in Paris in ten days was announced, that of Banque Syndicale.

Unlimbering. The second phase of President Hoover's plan—unlimbering the Federal Reserve System—called for another fund, of from $500,000,000 to $1,000,000,000 of *Government* money. This would resolve within the Reserve System, assisting closed banks to repay their depositors. Farmers were handed a sprig of hope in the suggestion that the Government be authorized to buy more stock in the Federal Land Banks.

Lastly, the President said it was his purpose to discuss with Premier Laval of France "the question of such further arrangements as are imperative during the period of the depression in respect to inter-governmental debts."

A. B. A. While these stirring developments riveted all attention on Washington, the American Bankers Association was holding its 57th annual convention in Atlantic City. The bankers met in two open sessions, nominated new officers, drew up some resolutions, elected the new officers (Harry J. Haas of First National Bank, Philadelphia, president) and quietly returned to their homes to find out what had happened.

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

Dollars Attacked

When the pound sterling went off gold (TIME, Sept. 28), burly, beer-bibbing Viscount Rothermere had a GREAT IDEA. He started no insidious whispering campaign to shake world confidence in the U. S. dollar and force it off gold, for Viscount Rothermere is blatant, blunt. Mornings his GREAT IDEA was shrieked by his *Daily Mail* (circulation 1,872,418: world's largest). Evenings his Britainwide chain of provincial papers did not hint but yelled that the dollar is unsafe. In Rothermere papers the financial page, the featured news page and the editorial page all carried staccato attacks on the dollar last week, hammered and re-hammered day after day. Typical Rothermere scarelines:

BRING YOUR MONEY BACK TO BRITAIN

"Advices from America indicate a serious state of affairs. . . . *This therefore appears a favorable moment to sell dollar securities and bring back the money to this country.* . . . In existing world conditions, this is the safest place for the Englishman to keep his money."

Next day:

SELL DOLLAR AND FRANC SECURITIES

"Don't be trapped. Bring back your money now. . . . When the break on Wall Street comes the reaction may be far-reaching."

Next day:

WILL GERMANY ABANDON GOLD BASIS?

"Who will be left on the gold standard? . . . Rumors are rife in the city and banks and foreign exchange dealers are being bombarded with questions regarding this country and that. . . . *Those with money abroad should . . . bring it home before it is too late. . . . Do it now."*

Next day:

STERLING RALLIES AFTER EARLY FALL

"The recovery was attributed to American selling of dollars."

Next day:

MORE FOREIGN BANKING TROUBLES

BRING BACK YOUR MONEY

"We are fortunate in our big banks. The rest of the world must envy us, particularly Americans."

Next day:

OUR TREASURY BONDS ARE ATTRACTIVE

"Who will go off the gold standard next? . . . *The American banking position shows no sign of improvement.* . . . Bring back your money. No matter where it is, it is safer at home."

"Sound British Hearts." There being only 42,000,000 people in all Great Britain, Rothermere mass suggestion at the rate of 5,000,000 papers daily could not fail to have some effect. London-New York cables were busier than usual. Many a British investor sold his U. S. securities last week, received U. S. gold-secured dollars and exchanged these into paper pounds sterling "which are based," the *Daily Mail* explained, on "more than gold bars," namely "on the sound hearts of the British."

In Britain, many a moneyed U. S. visitor reads the sizzling Rothermere *Daily Mail* out of sheer incapacity to read the King's English in the tranquil London *Times*. Neither the *Times* (Independent), the *Daily Herald* (Laborite) the *Star* (Liberal) nor the *Morning Post* (Conservative) attacked or aspersed the U. S. dollar last week. But from London many a U. S. visitor cabled anxious questions to his U. S. broker, banker or friends. In Washington these questions were answered officially. Asked to comment on rumors that the U. S. might abandon the gold

ROTHERMERE
"DON'T BE TRAPPED"

standard, Treasury officials said: "Ridiculous!," indicated that the U. S. holds 44% of the world's monetary gold.

Grotesque Fact. The only actual run-on-the-dollar was not by Britons last week but by Poles.

Poles have lived and suffered through two tragic inflation periods: that of the old Polish mark in 1923 and that of the new Polish zloty in 1925, the zloty being later stabilized (1927). Poles, deeming dollars the world's safest currency, have bought, and they held last week, some $50,000,000 in safety deposit boxes, socks, tin boxes and stuffed into mattresses. But Poles are excitable. When first repercussions of the Rothermere anti-dollar campaign reached Poland last week, the Pole-in-the-street panicked.

Abruptly Warsaw banks were mobbed by widows, orphans and thrifty Poles generally, all brandishing dollars. What they wanted was something safer. What is safer? Forgetful that the zloty had crashed six years ago, the dollar-brandishers begged the banks to sell them zlotys.

Polish bankers saw that Opportunity had knocked, welcomed the panic, took in dollars and poured out zlotys with alacrity, pocketing the usual exchange commission. Soon they could even charge a premium for zloty, charged it. For $1 the banks paid at first 8.90 zlotys, later only 8.82.

GREAT BRITAIN

General Election

"My lords and members of the House of Commons . . . in bidding you farewell, I earnestly commend you to the merciful protection and guidance of Almighty God."

Thus from the Throne spoke George V last week, prorogued Parliament, plunged his realm into what Laborite William Graham called "one of the most savage elections of modern times."

In his high silk hat, in his bankerish tailcoat, Labor Party Leader Arthur Henderson looks neither savage nor Socialist. But savage to British bankers seemed the election manifesto which mild "Uncle Arthur" was forced (by radical elements now ascendant in the Labor Party) to issue last week. Supposing that Labor wins the election, Leader Henderson, paunchy & bankerish, stands grotesquely pledged to fulfill as Prime Minister his new manifesto's savage terms. Excerpts:

"A decisive opportunity has been given to the nation to reconstruct the foundations of its life. The capitalist system has broken down even in those countries where its authority was thought to be most secure. . . . We must plan our civilization or perish. The Labor Party recognizes that the present situation calls for bold and rapid action. The decay of the capitalist civilization brooks no delay. . . .

"The country's banking and credit system can no longer be left in private hands. It must be brought directly under national ownership and control. The Labor Party is further convinced of the need to form a national investment board with statutory powers for the control of domestic and foreign investments. . . .

"The Labor Party . . . believes general acceptance of President Hoover's moratorium on War debts permits reconsideration of the whole question. It seeks immediate reopening of negotiations between the signatories of the Young Plan and the United States with a view to attaining conditions in which inter-Allied war debts and reparations may be canceled. . . .

"The Labor Party urges definite planning of industry and trade so as to produce the highest standard of life for the nation. As a first step it proposes to reorganize the most important basic industries—power, transport, iron and steel—as public services owned and controlled in the national interest. . . .

"Labor in power will remove the unjustified restrictions upon trades union activity introduced by the Tory Government in 1927. . . . The party pledges itself to reverse immediately the harsh policy of the National [MacDonald] Government in reducing unemployment benefits [the dole]."

Foreign News—(Continued)

Worried Emperor, Simple Arithmetic. Thus the party that once was James Ramsay MacDonald's pledged itself last week: 1) to nationalize the business of British bankers; 2) to wring cancellation of War Debts & Reparations from President Hoover;* 3) to reorganize British industry *à la Russe* under an X-Year Plan; 4) to restore to British unions the right to organize another British General Strike (TIME, May 10 to 24, 1926); 5) to increase British dole payments (British unemployed added up to an official all-time record total of 2,825,772 last week, almost 10% of the electorate).

Plainly it was no wonder that George V tried, as Britons learned he did, to dissuade Prime Minister MacDonald up to the very last moment from advising (i. e. forcing) His Majesty to prorogue Parliament and throw Britain's political future into the General Election pot.

Equally plainly, Scot MacDonald and the Conservative Party (bulwark of his National Government) believed last week that the risk of social upheaval is offset if not canceled by a strong probability that the Labor Party cannot win. In 1929 the Labor Party, led by Mr. MacDonald with a united front, polled 8,416,557 votes, the Conservatives 8,669,469, the Liberals 5,260,050.

Today Mr. MacDonald, having split the Labor Party, has the solid support of all Conservatives, numerous Liberals (for he has also split that party), and finally will swing many Labor votes to a new party which he organized last week, the National Labor Party. By extremely simple arithmetic British vote dopesters could figure Scot MacDonald triumphantly returning to Parliament supported by Conservatives, split-Liberals and National Laborites who had polled together a total of from 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 ballots. But voters have a habit of fooling dopesters. Example: the last German election was called in hopes of obtaining a stable Government majority, resulted in the Hitler landslide and no stable majority (TIME, Sept. 22), thus causing President von Hindenburg to decree the Brüning Dictatorship.

Lone Star Ramsay. Characteristically the Prime Minister, Scottish individualist, did not choose last week to form a "national political headquarters" for unified command and election strategy. Conservatives had urged at the very least a "national platform"; but Scot MacDonald left his Conservative and Liberal friends to fight their battles (and his) in informal unity. His own job, as he conceived it, was to get his National Labor Party going, put some 50 candidates in the field, campaign as a National Laborite for re-election in Seaham, his old constituency (TIME, Oct. 12).

To Seaham hurried Eldest Daughter Ishbel MacDonald, no candidate herself, to organize her father's campaign in advance of his arrival. On his 65th birthday the tall, tired, silver-haired Scot breakfasted at No. 10 Downing Street, then dashed to Seaham, began the bitterest campaign of his life. "Blackleg!", a few hostile Laborites shouted at him (equivalent to U. S. union men crying "Scab!").

"Shadow Cabinet." Left to cook up their own campaign, Conservative M. P.'s staged a cheery London rally at which Party Leader Stanley Baldwin received back into his "Shadow Cabinet" (board of

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MACDONALD & HENDERSON

Their split caused chaos.

strategy) obstreperous Winston Churchill. Stanley broke with "Winnie" over Conservative policy respecting India (TIME, Feb. 9); but with battles to be fought phlegmatic Stanley seemed overjoyed to have pugnacious Winnie back at his right hand. Son Randolph Churchill, Hearst reporter,* reported favorably. Manifestoed bumbling Mr. Baldwin, "I believe a great part will be played by those I am proud to lead." Cautiously Leader Baldwin pledged the Conservative Party to reduce imports and increase exports, adding this daring (for him) statement: "In my view a tariff is the quickest and most effective weapon . . . to reduce imports."

Once before Leader Baldwin went to the polls with a tariff platform, sustained heavy losses (TIME, Dec. 17, 1924), but Conservative Churchill and the entire fighting wing of the party are convinced that British voters (traditionally free traders) see tariffs today as the only cure for depression.

"Most Wanton Election!" David Lloyd George, nominal Leader of the Liberal Party from which so many Liberals have split off, stormed from his sickbed last week: "This election is the most wanton and unpatriotic into which this country has ever been plunged!" (i. e. Scot MacDonald has broken and ruined the Welshman's party).

Some thirty Liberal M. P.'s led by Sir John Simon founded the National Liberal Party last week "to give firm support to the Prime Minister as head of the National Government and for the purpose of fighting in a general election." Major Gwilym Lloyd George, M. P. (loyal son) promptly resigned his minor post in the Government (Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade) in protest. Miss Megan Lloyd George M. P. (loyal daughter) began her campaign for re-election with this shrill cry: "I shall fight on as a Liberal—under the same leader—Lloyd George!" Invalid Lloyd George himself called Labor Leader Henderson to his bedside at Churt. They talked for an hour, presumably about joining forces, have long been expected to do so.

Oliver Baldwin, M. P. (disloyal Red son of Conservative Leader Stanley Baldwin) onetime Laborite, onetime Mosleyite, announced that he will not stand for re-election, denounced Labor Leader Arthur Henderson as "a Kerensky," explained morosely: "I must have Lenin."

No Lenin is prankish Sir Oswald Mosley, rich playboy politico. Deserted by Oliver Baldwin and by his wife (Lady Cynthia Mosley M. P. excused herself from seeking re-election "on account of poor health"), Sir Oswald put 18 queer candidates, mostly athletes, in the field. His star candidate: "Kid" Lewis, whilom English middleweight champion, a pugilist of no political experience who will contest Whitechapel where he lives, is popular with the rabble.

"You Working Class Wives!" In Britain's conglomerate, crazyquilt campaign last week certain statements by James Ramsay MacDonald struck the strongest keynotes, fired popular imagination.

"You trade unionists, you working class wives!," throbbed the voice of the Prime Minister over the radio, "if you only could appreciate how the struggle in which we are engaged is *your* struggle, your feet would be swift in bringing you to the folds to support the National Government. . . .

"Your duty is plain—the nation first!"

Boom After Byng

Having served the British police to the best of his ability, His Lordship Viscount Byng of Vimy published a report a month and a half ago that crimes of violence were increasing alarmingly, and retired (TIME, Oct. 5). Last week Scotland Yard had a new police chief. Following the British tradition, the appointment was given to a man who had no previous police experience whatever, Hugh Montague, Baron Trenchard.

Lord Trenchard does know all about airplanes. He was until last week Marshal of the Royal Air Force. In 1912 he taught himself to fly within a week. During the War he organized and commanded the secret air squadrons whose mission was to wreak frightfulness on German cities in retaliation for Zeppelin raids over Britain,

*Conviction spread in Washington last week that the Hoover Administration had at last decided War Debts and Reparations must be scaled down, on a bargain basis of disarmament first (see p. 11).

*Recently hired by Publisher Hearst, Reporter Randolph strolled into the Hearst London Office, drawled, "I shall want a secretary and a typist," learned that reporters secretary themselves and type their own.

Foreign News—(Continued)

a dangerous duty little reported in the British Press. In the army leather-lunged Lord Trenchard was known as "Boom," because of his reputed ability to turn an entire brigade into a column of fours without the aid of a megaphone or relayed commands. Last week Lord Boom, successor to Lord Byng, spared the ears of the Press by saying nothing at all, sailed for Canada on a business trip. He is expected to take up his duties at Scotland Yard Nov. 1.

Glasgow's Gift

A platoon of police bravely withstood a brick-&-umbrella charge from rioters behind the British Museum last week.

In Manchester an angry mob, tired of hurling rocks, took a leaf from the Book of Gandhi. Having rioted for the better part of an hour they squatted in the road, blocked traffic. Unlike orthodox Hindu passive resisters they were not trained to withstand baton blows. After one police charge, Manchester's unemployed began to riot again.

Glasgow, which had a stomach full of rioting fortnight ago, was quiet last week. An emollient was provided by the late Sir Thomas Lipton. In the U. S. canny Sir Thomas always stressed his Irish parentage. In his will he remembered his Scotch birth. To hospitals, infirmaries, old men's and women's homes in Glasgow went the bulk of his estate, estimated at some $3,910,000. For the immediate relief of poor mothers and their children in Glasgow went an additional $312,000. Sir Thomas was buried in Glasgow last week, beside his parents in the cemetery known as the Southern Necropolis. Hundreds of humble citizens marched past his coffin and admired the floral offerings. The chancel of grimy St. George's Church was bright as a newly opened Greek restaurant with anchors, shamrocks, lifebuoys, Irish harps and a large model of *S. S. Leviathan* on which Sir Thomas had traveled so often, in roses, lilies and chrysanthemums. Chief mourners were Sir Thomas's two faithful Singhalese servants, whose names he always insisted were John and Shamrock.

GERMANY

Old Paul & Young Adolf

Rheumy old Paul von Hindenburg moves slowly but with exceeding thoroughness. Last week he did what the head of almost any other state would have done months ago. He had a personal interview with the Leader of the Opposition. All the years that the Austrian-born opportunist Adolf Hitler has been gaining political power in Germany, President von Hindenburg had never even seen him. Last week Hitler was summoned to the Presidential Palace on the Wilhelmstrasse. Tactfully changing his brown shirt for a long dark overcoat and a derby hat, Fascist Adolf arrived, his smudge of a mustache twitching like a rabbit's nose with excitement. For once untroubled by the police, Hitlerites gathered in the street, shouting *"Heil! Heil!* Germany Awake!" as their leader appeared. No sooner had Herr Hitler disappeared through the doors than Dr. Josef Goebbels, who had nothing whatever to do with the interview beyond the fact that he is one of the leaders of the Hitlerites in the Reichstag (when the Reichstag is sitting) drove up & down the street in an open car bowing right and left to the crowds.

Not exactly pleasant for Chancellor Heinrich Brüning, protégé of von Hindenburg, was this conference of Old Paul and

HJALMAR SCHACHT

"Nothing is needed but character, self-confidence and trust in God!"

Young Adolf. After all the Imperial German flag, still used by the Hitlerites, is the flag under which Fieldmarshal von Hindenburg fought. National Socialist votes helped to elect him President; and handsome Adolf stands today for Nationalism. Was a new protégé Chancellor in the making? Was Hindenburg becoming convinced that Hitler as Chancellor would stop playing wild man, settle down and rule well?

Certainly Protégé Chancellor Brüning had troubles enough last week. Mounting opposition from moderate Reichstag Deputies (tired of his Dictatorship) had to be crushed. Ruthlessly the Chancellor cut out of his Cabinet several old friends, notably moderate Foreign Minister Dr. Julius Curtius whose portfolio Dr. Brüning took himself, then revamped his whole Cabinet on strictly dictatorial lines. Martinet General Wilhelm Groener he retained as Minister of War, gave him also the Ministry of Interior, thus concentrating in one man complete control of the Army *and* of all German municipal police. The new cabinet:

Chancellor and Foreign Minister—Heinrich Brüning
Minister of War and Minister of Interior—General Wilhelm Groener
Finance—Hermann Dietrich
Food & Agriculture—Martin Schiele
Posts & Telegraphs—George Schätzel
Transportation—Gottfried Treviranus
Justice—Curt Joël

National Opposition. With the Reichstag about to convene this week, Fascist Hitler, fresh from his conference with President von Hindenburg, set out by motor for a monster Brown Shirt rally at Bad Harzburg. With him in his thundering Mercedes-Benz bounced Dr. Alfred Hugenberg, "Hearst of Germany," "the little man in blue" who leads a right faction of 41 Reichstag Deputies. Herr Hitler leads 107. Also represented at Bad Harzburg, where Hitler drums rumbled and Hitler songs rang through the leafy forest, was the Peasant's League of 19 Deputies. After Divine guidance had been invoked by a Lutheran pastor and a Catholic priest, the assembled factions pledged to stand together in the Reichstag as "The National Opposition."

Eight months ago Hitler Deputies marched out of the Reichstag in protest at the Brüning Dictatorship (TIME, Feb. 23), have stayed out ever since. Last week Handsome Adolf, wearing like a halo what Germans called the "Hindenburg stamp," seemed ready to play the Reichstag game again according to the rules. Sensation of the meeting was a speech by politically ambitious ex-Governor of the Reichsbank Dr. Hjalmar Schacht who roared: "Our financial position always was far more unfavorable than the public was told, and it is so today!!"

Charging that both Reichsbank Governor Hans Luther and Finance Minister Dietrich are deceiving the World with what amounts to false balance sheets, Dr. Schacht called for a return to the spirit of Friederich the Great: "Nothing is needed but character, self-confidence and trust in God!"

Next day numerous Berlin editors clamored for Dr. Schacht's arrest "for high treason to the Reich." Finance Minister Dietrich denounced the Schacht speech as "intolerable and untrue from A to Z." True or false, it increased the chance that Chancellor Brüning's Cabinet might fall when the Reichstag opened. Berlin betting odds were even.

Saxon Experiment

"Make the unemployed earn their Dole!" clamored Saxon conservatives last Spring, forced the Saxon Government of Premier Schieck into a significant experiment. Results were made known at Dresden last week.

The Experiment. A call for Saxons to work in "labor platoons" was sounded by the Government. The work offered, it was clearly stated, would be hard, manual. Dikes would be built along two small Saxon rivers whose chronic tendency is to overflow. No labor-saving devices would be used, labor being the project's main object. Each platoonsman would receive a wage of 50 pfennigs (12¢) per day, could eat as much as he liked thrice daily, must sleep in labor platoon barracks, seeing his family only on week-ends.

The Result. Five thousand Saxon jobless promptly volunteered. Many were of the class called "loafers on the Dole" (an

Foreign News—(Continued)

average German dole-drawer draws two marks [48¢] per day). Others were too young to draw dole payments, or disqualified. Out of all the clamoring 5,000 volunteers (many white-collar men and former clerks) the Government selected 120 Saxons for its experimental platoons, sent them to dig wet mud.

The Results. All summer Saxony's toiling 120 have marched out to her dikes each day in squads. Sometimes waist deep in water, they have driven piles with heavy mallets, carted sand and stones in awkward wooden trays. Cost to the Saxon Government has worked out at 3 marks per day. Of this, 50 pfennigs represents the man's wage, plus 2 marks 50 pfennigs for his food. As former Saxon army barracks were used, and as the 120 washed their own bedding, the cost of lodging them was figured as *nil*.

The Conclusions. Moneyed Saxons called labor platoons a success last week, rejoiced at getting some work done by men who would otherwise have squandered their Dole in idleness.

Saxon Laborites drew different conclusions: 1) The experiment has proved that thousands of unemployed are not "loafers on the dole" but men pitifully eager to do hardest work for lowest pay; 2) The fact that 120 men eating food bought wholesale and cooked in bulk ate 2 marks 50 pfennigs worth of food per day suggests that this is the minimum cost of adequately feeding adult males. How then can a Saxon on the dole, who only gets two marks per day, adequately feed and lodge himself?

Denouncing work under labor platoon conditions as "State slavery," Saxon Labor leaders demanded last week either "work at honest pay or an increase in the Dole!"

AUSTRIA

Economy

The Republic of Austria should have had a Presidential election by popular vote last week. In 1929 the Constitution was amended to compel the election of the President by the people instead of by Parliament. Last week, almost at the last moment, it was decided that a popular election would be too expensive (estimated cost: $560,000). The Constitution was re-amended. Parliament met and re-elected (at practically no expense) President Wilhelm Miklas for another four years.

SPAIN

The President: "I Resign!"

In the midst of a session last week of Spain's National Assembly, the honor of Provisional President Niceto Alcala Zamora went off half-cocked, left Spain for one hour with no Chief Executive.

President Alcala Zamora had been arguing from the Government Bench for modification of a bill to expropriate the estates of Spanish grandees and landed gentry. He urged the committee drafting the bill to "move not too fast," hinted that their direction was already too radical. Suddenly Senor Jiminez Asua, Socialist Committee Chairman, blazed:

"The President is nullifying this committee's work by attacking its resolutions from the government bench!"

President Alcala Zamora bounced from his bench, shirt cuffs waving, sparse hair flying.

"This is the end!" he cried, "Not only are the Socialists opposed to my Government, but my personal honor has been assailed. I resign!"

Pandemonium. Amid cheers and jeers members of the Cabinet clustered round resigned President Alcala Zamora, arguing, pleading, coaxing him to reconsider. Alcala Zamora refused to budge so long as the insult to his honor stood. For 63 minutes Spain was without a President. Finally Insultor Jiminez was persuaded to resign his committee chairmanship. Mollified, Senor Alcala Zamora withdrew his Presidential resignation, gingerly sat down on the Government bench again.

"I wish to resign," said he, "but the difficulty of forming a new Government makes it imperative for me to continue indefinitely. However, the hour has arrived when you gentlemen must begin to consider my successor."

Honor satisfied and the Government preserved, the National Assembly succeeded in drafting the expropriation bill the next day. Moderate President Alcala Zamora had his way. Grandees were cheered to discover that, as drafted last week, the expropriation law does not provide for confiscation of estates, provides that payment must be made for estates expropriated.

JAPAN-CHINA

"War!"

Nobody must suppose, correspondents were told by Secretary of State Henry Lewis Stimson, that President Hoover was taking sides when he sent the following cable last week:

"His Excellency, Chiang Chung-cheng.*
"President of the National Government of the Republic of China, Nanking.

"I extend to you and your fellow-countrymen my sincere felicitations on this [20th] anniversary of the proclamation of the Republic of China.

HERBERT HOOVER"

Matter of fact, Statesman Stimson was so upset about China & Japan and whether they were resorting to war as an instrument of national policy or just fighting, that he did not go out to lunch. Beaming Negroes brought steaming trays. Without leaving his desk, the Secretary munched with his advisers, including U. S. Ambassador to Japan William Cameron Forbes, in Washington on vacation. Alarmingly the New York *Herald Tribune*, chief Administration newsorgan, reported: "The situation in Manchuria holds the major attention of the State Department. . . . Open warfare between China and Japan would present a more delicate international problem for this country than the World War. Ultimate involving of the United States to some degree would be difficult to avoid."

"I cannot give out what I have done or what we are now doing," said Statesman Stimson later, "but the State Department is working hard."

Said an unnamed official of the Japanese Government in Tokyo, quoted by Hearst Correspondent James Young: "The world is unable to bend Japan's head to China. Such attempts will have serious consequences."

"Nanking is Incapable." Count Yasuya Uchida, president of the Japanese-owned & policed South Manchuria Railway which is the steel core of all the trouble (see map), told correspondents last week with brutal candor exactly what Japan's military leaders in Manchuria have done and propose to do.

"I do not think," purred His Excellency, "that Chang Hsueh-liang [the Chinese governor of Manchuria ousted by Japanese troops] will return to Mukden."

"And," continued Count Uchida, making his big point, "since the Chinese Government at Nanking is incapable of negotiating a settlement, Japan must negotiate with the new Manchurian administrations when they are soundly established."

Some reasons why Count Uchida thought that Marshal Chang will not return from Peiping (where he lay sick) to Mukden.

◖ Japanese armored trains ripped up in 26 places railway lines connecting Peiping with Manchuria.

◖ Japanese bombing planes let go with terrific moral & material effect on the barracks of Chinese soldiers at Chinchow, the base to which these remnants of Marshal Chang's Manchurian Army had retreated from Mukden.

◖ Japanese scout planes for the first time flew south of Manchuria into China proper, soared near Peiping and Tientsin where Japan keeps a puppet "Chinese Emperor" (see p. 19).

◖ Japanese destroyers and river gunboats appeared in all Chinese parts of any consequence, both coastal and interior (see map). Two hundred Japanese Marines were landed to join those already "protecting" the Japanese quarter of Shanghai.

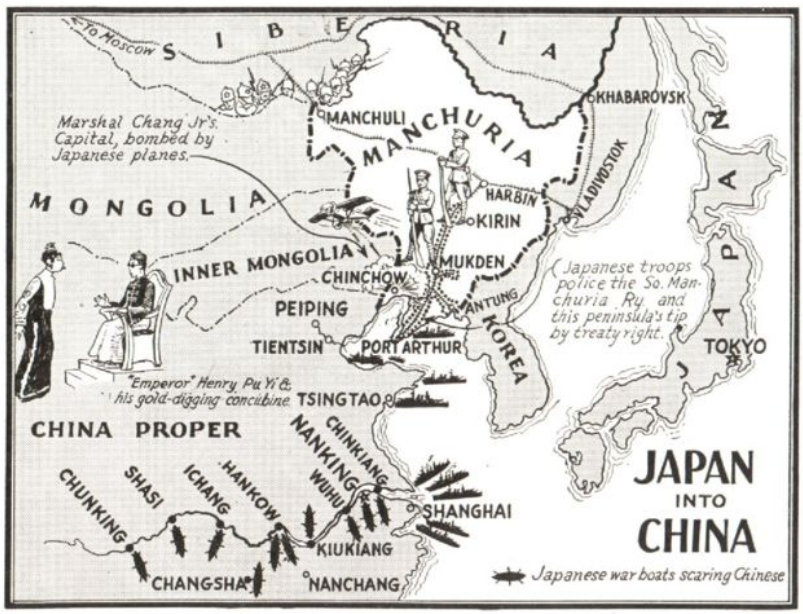
"Until Chinese Explode?" In Tokyo last week Japanese officials kept on saying that the Sublime Emperor, the Cabinet and War Minister Minami had not ordered the shooting and bombing which General Honjo and his Japanese troops continued to perpetrate in Manchuria "on their own responsibility."

This pretense grew too thin even for the London *Times*, traditionally friendly to Japan. "Granted that the Japanese troops in Mukden exceeded instructions," rumbled London's old Thunderer, "are they to continue to exceed them without any effective check from Tokyo until the Chinese surrender or explode?"

To keep his people from exploding, Chinese President Chiang Kai-shek labored day & night, and with success. No

*The "ceremonial name" of President Chiang Kai-shek meaning "Centre of Righteousness."

Foreign News—(Continued)



Japanese subject was lynched last week anywhere in territory controlled by the Nanking Government. In the International Settlement of Shanghai (which has its own police) one Japanese riding in a ricksha was knocked out of it by Chinese mobsters who later knocked in the fronts of two Chinese tobacco shops selling Japanese cigarets.

Three times Chinese mobs were dispersed in the International Settlement before they could do more than stick up anti-Japanese posters. Correspondents reported that Japanese Marines behaved in the Settlement with "swaggering arrogance."

"Premeditated, Unprovoked, Ruthless." In four notes (not one of which was answered) the Chinese Government besought the Japanese Government last week to announce when Japanese troops will be withdrawn from Manchuria. Tokyo branded these Chinese notes "ultimatums." Japanese Foreign Minister Baron Shidehara filled the diplomatic welkin with notes and explanations repeating his familiar points: 1) Japan again demanded that the Chinese Government (although cut off by Japanese bombing from Manchuria) should put an instant stop to anti-Japanese propaganda in Manchuria and to boycotting by Chinese of Japanese goods in Manchuria and elsewhere in China; 2) the Baron repeated (TIME, Oct. 12) that Japanese troops were only "protecting" Japanese lives and property.

Reaching Moscow from Peiping and Mukden over the Trans-Siberian Railway last week, Upton Close, modern Oriental historian, told the New York *Times* correspondent: "Foreigners in Mukden agree that the Japanese attack [TIME, Sept. 28 *et seq.*] was premeditated, unprovoked and carried out with extreme ruthlessness for the purpose of striking terror among Chinese forces everywhere. . . . The Japanese intend to colonize Manchuria and Inner Mongolia by means of puppet governments of servile Chinese. . . . Mukden was almost a dead city when I left. The Japanese had closed the banks and Northwestern University, and huge numbers of the Chinese population had fled."

In the Premises. "The Japanese have put themselves in the wrong," summed up the London *Times* last week. Could and would anyone right this wrong? Statesman Stimson and President Hoover passed the job on to the Council of the League of Nations. In a note to League Secretary Sir Eric Drummond, Statesman Stimson hailed the League's "permanent and already tested machinery for handling such issues." He declared: "It is most desirable that the League in no way relax its vigilance and in no way fail to assert all the pressure and authority within its competence towards regulating the action of China and Japan in the premises."

Sir Eric had already caused the League Council Chamber to be aired and dusted. Statesman Briand and other Councilmen hurried to Geneva, prepared to talk about regulating armed men in the premises of Manchuria 10,000 mi. away.

To the Last Degree. Fearful lest the League Council again dodge the China-Japanese issue as they did fortnight ago, Chinese President Chiang Kai-shek called his Cabinet Ministers to a solemn meeting at which prayers were said, then fervently exclaimed:

"I hereby declare that the National Government's patience has been tested to the last degree! China respects the League Covenant and the Kellogg Pact, but if the League and Kellogg signatories fail to fulfill their solemnly undertaken obligations China will not hesitate to make the supreme sacrifice—bankrupt the country for half a century and go to war to uphold the sanctity of international agreements and safeguard the peace of the world."

Gold-Digging Justified

China's deposed Emperor, weak-eyed, spidery-limbed Mr. Henry Pu Yi, was not compelled last week to recognize famed Concubine Shu Fei as his "wife" or to answer her suit for "divorce" (TIME, Oct. 12).

A quick settlement out of court ended what Chinese feminists had hoped would be a lengthy, thrilling and most educational *cause célèbre*, opening the eyes of humble Chinese concubines to their wife-rights under China's new Legal Code (TIME, July 27). The settlement:

Concubine Shu Fei drops the question of her status, abates her demand for consummation (of her marriage or concubinage, whichever it is).

Mr. Henry Pu Yi agrees to provide her permanently with separate maintenance in her own house—an unprecedented concession from a Manchu, electrifying to all Chinese husbands. Deeply shocked, one conservative Peiping paper branded "this renegade concubine" as "no better than what is called in the United States 'gold-digger.'"

Though she had won so much, Concubine Shu Fei still smarted last week under the rebukes of her brother. He, a confirmed bootlicker of Manchus, had reminded her by letter that the duty of an Imperial concubine is, of course, to commit suicide rather than displease her lord. Conscious of this moral duty, Shu Fei cried last week, "But I had *planned* to kill myself, I swear it!"

In a letter to her sister (who has kept Shu Fei at a good Peiping hotel and paid her lawyers), China's Imperial Gold Digger justified herself thus:

"Dearest Sister:

"I was terrified when the Emperor sent a eunuch to me, saying that I had spit and cursed in his presence, and must acknowledge my guilt in writing. I sent back word apologizing and begging imperial forgiveness.

"But the Emperor would not forgive me and my position was impossible. I would be more than ever at the mercy of eunuchs, who had abused me for nine years. So I decided to commit suicide.

"But you, my beloved sister, came to see me just in time to save me from self-destruction. You pointed out the way out of my difficulties. I owe to you my life.

"Shu Fei"

Japanese may place Mr. Henry Pu Yi on the Throne of Manchuria, if the Japanese succeed in inducing Manchuria to secede from China (see p. 18). But the Japanese Government will have no official part in doings so highhanded. In Tokyo last week a Government spokesman told Japanese reporters that Imperial Henry is "in danger of being kidnapped [from his home in the Japanese concession at Tientsin] by Chinese who are resolved to make him Emperor of Manchuria."

Next day the number of Japanese guarding China's ex-Emperor was ostentatiously doubled. Thus the Japanese Government, whatever happens, had established its alibi.

ART

30th Carnegie

It is possible to have a profound knowledge of literature and never leave your bedroom. To speak authoritatively about painting you must travel. To appreciate El Greco alone a critic must have visited galleries in London, Dresden, Madrid, Toledo, New York. This week Pittsburgh, Pa. repeated its annual claim to a place on the art critic's itinerary. The 30th annual International Exhibition of the Carnegie Institute opened. On hand were 496 pictures by 281 artists from 16 countries. Judges were assembled. Prizes were awarded. It was a big affair.

A quick walk through the 21 galleries of the exhibition showed reporters two things. From timid beginnings the Carnegie show has now evolved into what is probably the most important showing of modernist pictures in the U. S. The Carnegie International no longer considers itself an agency for the discovery of unknown talent. Director Homer Saint-Gaudens and his associates have decided that there are plenty of other organizations dedicated to that purpose, that their job is to show the citizens of Pittsburgh the work of the best artists that they can assemble. This year in an exhibition of nearly 500 pictures only 30 places were left open for unsolicited works.

Hundreds of U. S. painters strove for the 30 open places. For days the U. S. committee of selection—Artists Randall Davey, Jonas Lie, Eugene Speicher, Ernest Blumenschein, Charles Rosen—sat in a bleak gallery while porters propped up more than 1,000 paintings before them. The 30 that were chosen took their places among the 466 that were invited to be judged by an international committee.

This year the final committee contained no great international figure. Last year Henri Matisse was on the jury and his good friend Pablo Ruiz Picasso won first prize (TIME, Oct. 20, 1930). This year, beside the U. S. members, foreign artists on the jury were the Fascist Painter Cipriano Efisio Oppo, Britain's Paul Nash, France's Henry Eugène Le Sidaner. And for the first time since 1923 first prize went to a U. S. painter. Better, first prize went to one of the 30 unknown who had not been invited. Philadelphia, defeated in the World's Series (see p. 22), consoled itself with a new unknown hero to match St. Louis' Pepper Martin. Franklin C. Watkins of Philadelphia won the first Carnegie prize of $1,500 and also the Albert C. Lehman prize of $2,000 for the best purchasable painting. Hero Watkins' prizewinner was a large oval canvas entitled "Suicide in Costume." It showed the body of a grimacing clown with a smoking revolver clutched in one hand, sprawled over a bed. In manner it was a little reminiscent of the late great George Bellows and Jean Louis Forain.

"SUICIDE IN COSTUME"

. . . beat 495 others by 280 artists from 16 countries.

Almost the only important living British painter not represented at Pittsburgh last week was Augustus John who entered the week's news by finishing, after three years of hastily snatched sittings, a portrait of fox-bearded Governor Montagu Collet Norman of the Bank of England. Between the time the face was sketched in charcoal and the final varnish was applied Governor Norman's beard changed from grey to white.

Suggestion for Mr. Rockefeller

Like 16th Century *conquistadores*, European and U. S. intelligentsia have spent the past two years discovering Mexico. Mexico's modern painters, Mexico's folk arts, Mexico's archeological remains have been the subject of innumerable books and pamphlets, even of flights by Charles Augustus Lindbergh & wife. Latest to join the parade is Dr. Elie Faure, famed French critic, parlor anarchist, author of the most readable if not the most authoritative history of art. Recently he arrived in Los Angeles fresh from a visit to Mexico, on his way to Japan, and delivered an address to the California Art Club which appeared for the first time last week in the pages of *The Art Digest*. Therein he suggested a few things that John D. Rockefeller Jr. might do with his money. Said Critic Faure:

"We are now passing from a period of individual to one of collective expression. . . . Today we are less insistent on playing solo parts, and begin to be content with playing one part in the general orchestra. . . . During my recent sojourn in Mexico I found startling confirmation of my ideas. There as I observed the impressive monuments of Toltec architecture, I stood in the presence of a great collective expression. . . . In this connection I cannot understand why Americans who give millions for the restoration of Versailles, do not spend a few millions for the excavation of the uncounted temples in Central America and for the establishment of museums which might be the greatest in the world.* You have at your gates an Egypt, but 20 times greater. . . ."

PRESS

Lost: 142,000

When the New York *Worlds* were bought by Scripps-Howard, all Manhattan publishers began to scramble for pieces of the late *World* circulation (TIME, March 9 *et seq.*). Last week suggestions of who got what pieces of the *World* pie were found in publishers' statements for the first six-month period since the change, compared with Audit Bureau of Circulations figures for the same period (April-October) of last year. If the *World* pie had been the only source of increased circulation for other papers since last year, the slices went like this:

Morning & Sunday	Pie & Pieces	Present Totals
WORLDS	339,323 PIE	
American	102,297	442,774
Times	39,791	499,937
Herald Tribune	32,565	344,424
Mirror†	84,301	585,502
News	46,424	1,402,259
Lost crumbs	33,945	.....

Evening	Pie & Pieces	Present Totals
WORLD	276,267 PIE	
World-Telegram	176,597	413,178
Journal	16,212	645,366
Post	1,779 Loss	100,833
Sun	5,423 Loss	293,368
Graphic	17,518 Loss	262,721
Lost crumbs	108,178	.....

In all probability the gains of *World-Telegram*, *Times* and *Herald Tribune* were

*Mr. Rockefeller gave $2,600,000 between 1924 and 1927 for the restoration of Versailles, Fontainebleau and Rheims Cathedral.

†Sunday edition scheduled to appear in January

definitely *World* pie pieces. Some of the gains made by Hearst's *American* came from the same source; but much was due to a costly Hearst promotion campaign which should have brought results under any circumstances.

The impressive gain made by the tabloid *Mirror* could hardly be accounted for by former *World* readers. And it is a question whether Hearst's evening *Journal* drew more of its new readers from the late *Evening World* or the vulgar tabloid *Graphic*.

Clear it is, however, that 142,123 circulation was lost in the shuffle—33,945 from the morning & Sunday field, 108,178 from the evening.

Death Business

Every year in the U. S. approximately 1,386,000 persons die; an average of 3,800 every day. To prepare these dead for burial there are 30,000 funeral directors & embalmers. There are 20 embalming colleges, an army of makers & sellers of hearses, caskets, embalming tables, embalming fluids & cosmetics, deodorants, artificial wreaths & grasses, grave markers, white gloves, folding chairs. The past month was an important one for that industry and its press: important for the industry because it witnessed a large number of regional conventions, culminating last week in the Golden Jubilee Convention of the National Funeral Directors' Association in Detroit; important for its press because there was big news to be reported and because of the advent of a new magazine, *Mortuary Digest*, published in Los Angeles by Fred Witman.

Dominance of the mortuary press is disputed by two magazines, *The American Funeral Director* (edited by able Albert R. Kate) and *Casket & Sunnyside* (whose editor Harry J. Daniels died two months ago) each claiming close to 9,000 circulation. Runner-up in size is *Embalmers' Monthly*. Lesser voices are *Undertakers Journal* (Chicago), *Southern Funeral Director* (Atlanta) and *Mortuary Management* (San Francisco). Publisher Witman of the new magazine formerly edited *Mortuary Management*, was looked upon with disfavor as a "radical" by many conservative morticians.

First issue of *Mortuary Digest* was not impressive in appearance—32 pages with scanty advertising & illustration—but it was pungent in its discussion of funeral problems. One of Editor Witman's first editorials pooh-poohed the profession's effort to popularize the term "mortician." Excerpt:

"Why there should be a stink attached to 'undertaker,' I don't know. . . . As long as the public insists on thinking of morticians and funeral directors as 'undertakers,' I feel that the sensible thing . . . is to follow the lines of least resistance, and admit that we are undertakers."

Other editorials: a foreboding of war between undertakers and cemeteries if the latter persist in the alleged practice of urging patrons to pay less for caskets, more for memorials; an argument in favor of high-pressure injection of embalming fluids; an alarmed view of "directories of funeral directors," charging high fees for listing names.

There were articles on funeral prices, cut-rate practices, arrangement of the casket display room so that the prospect will not always select the cheap ones. Only once was the delicate (to the undertaker) subject of cremation mentioned; thus:

"The greatest objection to cremation is the usurpation of the funeral directors' rights by the crematory people. Though they have stoutly maintained that a funeral director cannot profitably own his own retorts, this is not the case. They simply want to cremate so that they can sell the urn and the niche. Funeral directors often take bodies to crematories, and have a devil of a time getting the ashes. The crematory people want to get into the families, and spread the high-power selling racket." Editor Witman's solution: Let the funeral director carry a sideline of urns at a modest price and "sell" a bigger funeral.

Art Streib

FRED WITMAN

"Why a stink to 'undertaker'?"

As in most trade magazines, there is a page in the *Mortuary Digest* reserved for informal shoptalk. It is headed "The Back Room."

Advertisements in the funeral press are quite different from the subtle "institutional" advertisements of casket makers, cemeteries and crematories which appear in popular magazines. Some are outspoken: "This casket will be a wonderful seller. . . ." "The casket of the month—Rustless Zinc." . . . "Nature-Glo—Rivals Cosmetic Effect of Living Blood." . . . "William H. Doty! The Fluid Man." . . .

Also there are classified advertisements. Sample:

FOR SALE: Neon electric crucifix, with case, in good condition; $35 takes it; 150 dozen pall bearers gloves. . . . One new prayer rail with case $55.

Washington Pinsticker

In recent months the monthly *Washingtonian*, which was established about five years ago as an innocuous houseorgan for the Hotel Mayflower (named *The Mayflower's Log*), has been publishing less & less news of Society, more & more pungent comment on politics. Last fortnight *The Washingtonian* definitely abandoned its conservatism, came out as a magazine "which pokes pins into almost everything and everybody in town," began its pinsticking with a cover caricature of a button-nosed Herbert Hoover in red-white-&-blue.

The change in caricature was doubtless more sensational to the magazine's staff than to the Washington public, which is now fairly accustomed to seeing statesmen and politicians baited. However some 2,000 copies of the re-vamped issue were bought in the Capital. Usual sale there is about 1,000. Instigator of the change is *The Washingtonian's* new General Manager Frederick G. Brownell, onetime editor & publisher of Buffalo *Town Tidings*, brother-in-law of Editor Peter Vischer of *Polo*. Mrs. Marion Banister, sister of Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, continues as editrix. Newsmen Robert S. Allen, George Abell and Drew Pearson, reputed co-authors of *Washington Merry-Go-Round*, were reported helping to finance the magazine with their royalties from the book, but that might have been suggested by the fact that Pearson and Abell are announced contributors to the magazine, and that the principal page of chit-chat is headed "Merry-Go-Round."

High points of the current issue: a satirical sketch of Representative Sol Bloom of New York who "allows George [Washington] to share in his publicity stunts" as director of the George Washington Bi-Centennial Commission; an assault upon President Hoover's Unemployment policy as "a food dole substituted for a money dole"; description of Illinois' Governor Louis Lincoln Emmerson's bewilderment when President Hoover curtailed the duck-shooting season: "What do you know about that guy! He must think that ducks vote in Illinois."

Odds, Ends

¶ Grafton Wilcox, onetime Washington correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune* and for five years assistant managing editor, was appointed managing editor to succeed Armstead Richardson Holcombe, resigned.

¶ Dapper Major Frank Earl Mason, recently resigned president of Hearst's International News Service, returned from Europe to become a vice president of National Broadcasting Co.

¶ Subscribers to *Metals & Alloys*, magazine for metallurgical engineers, found the current issue bound within a cover of real aluminum, cold rolled to 2/1,000 in. thickness. The publishers stated that other magazines had appeared with metal foil applied to paper, but never before with a cover of rolled metal. Future issues may be bound in lead, copper, nickel, brass, steel, zinc, molybdenum if manufacturers can be induced to follow the example of Aluminum Co. of America and donate the metal.

¶ Publishers of Chicago's *Jewish Courier* announced a cut in salaries. Editor S. M. Melamed & staff walked out on strike, proceeded to publish their own daily. The real *Courier* suspended publication.

SPORT

Football

For several years it has been increasingly apparent that to cope with the best teams from elsewhere in the country, Yale, Harvard and Princeton, traditional Big Three of college football, needed more stringent coaching, less stringent entrance examinations. The fact that Yale backs no longer need to know their latin conjugations and declensions did not help them much against Georgia last week. Never before beaten three times in a row by any team except Harvard, Yale came out of its Bowl at New Haven beaten for the third time, by a onesided score—26 to 7. Midget Albie Booth (see p. 32) helped make one touchdown in the third quarter, nearly scored another with a 74-yd. run just before the first half ended. But before Midget Booth came on the field, Georgia's huge guard, Red Leathers, had snatched a pass from Taylor, carried it 40 yd. for the first touchdown; and just afterward Georgia's sophomore halfback, Homer Key (distant kin to Mayor James Lee Key of Atlanta), had raced 74 yd., behind fine interference, for the second. Georgia substitutes, who had started the game, went back in the third period. In the last, using the strategy big colleges often use for minor games, the regulars went in again, made two touchdowns more against the tired Yale varsity.

Princeton, beaten by Brown last year and the year before, was beaten by Brown again last week, 19 to 7. Of the Big Three, only Harvard, against comparatively feeble opposition from New Hampshire, won a tame victory 39 to 0.

. . .

In a drizzle that became a downpour at Soldier Field, Chicago, Northwestern and Notre Dame slipped and fumbled to a scoreless tie. The game spoiled the Notre Dame record of 20 victories in a row against the best teams in the U. S., gave Northwestern its first tie against Notre Dame since 1903.

. . .

Washington was struggling for the touchdown that might have tied the score against Oregon when Oregon's substitute end, Bill Bowerman, intercepted a Washington pass, scampered 87 yd. for the touchdown that made the score Oregon 13, Washington 0.

. . .

Unable to make a touchdown against Georgetown in three previous games, N. Y. U. finally got five, kicked goals after four of them, won 34 to 0.

. . .

Army, which last week agreed to play a benefit game against Navy in Manhattan on Dec. 12, began getting ready by drilling through Michigan State, 20 to 7. Navy, in a wobbly game against Maryland, was finally submerged, 6 to 0.

. . .

Long passes gave Stanford two touchdowns in the last period, against Minnesota. Stanford 13, Minnesota 0.

Sharkey *v.* Carnera

For the first three rounds of his often postponed fight with Jack Sharkey, Monster Primo Carnera last week danced about a Brooklyn ring with confident aplomb. He smiled for the benefit of 25,000 spectators, whenever Sharkey's right hand reached up to graze his lantern jaw. In the fourth round Sharkey, outweighed 261 lb. to 202½, thought of an old trick, one which would never have fooled a clever or a more experienced fighter. He hit Carnera twice in the middle. When Carnera dropped his hands to protect his body, Sharkey led for Carnera's jaw, reached it with a right hand punch that caused Monster Carnera to give an astonished grunt and collapse.

When Referee Gunboat Smith had counted six, Carnera started to get up. He then sank back and rested on one knee, finally rose eight seconds after the knock down. Sharkey, maintaining his reputation for hysterical behavior in crucial moments, seized Referee Smith, screeched that he had won the fight by a knock out, then tried to jump out of the ring headfirst. His seconds persuaded him to resume the fight.

International

JAMES J. ("JIMMY") JOHNSTON

Shrewdness amounting to guile.

For the next eleven rounds Sharkey adopted the brilliantly aggressive style which he uses when he is confident of winning, Carnera, devoid of aplomb, countered Sharkey's punches with a dubious, weak-wristed left jab. After the exciting 15th round, in which, again, he was nearly knocked out, Carnera's pleasure in the fact that the fight was over outweighed his disappointment at losing. He shook hands vigorously, consoled his manager, William Duffy, who was recently cataloged as one of Manhattan's six foremost public enemies, with a pat on the shoulder.

Promoter of the Sharkey-Carnera bout was James J. ("Jimmy") Johnston. Because this and his previous prizefight enterprises last summer had established him as a serious rival, Madison Square Garden Corp. last week offered to make Promoter Johnston general manager. Promoter Johnston accepted the offer, planned to take up his new post, at a salary of $25,000 a year, immediately. Observers suspected that he might supply elements of shrewdness amounting almost to guile, a promotorial intuition which Madison Square Garden Corp. has lacked since the death of George L. ("Tex") Rickard. Loquacious Promoter Johnston began his career as a professional boxer, once refused $50 to fight Terence ("Terrible Terry") McGovern. He has since overlooked so few opportunities to profit from pugilism that one of his nicknames, and the one which seems to please him most, is "the Boy Bandit."

World Series

The World Series of 1931 will be remembered for:

¶ The error made by Catcher Wilson of St. Louis in the second game. In the ninth inning, with two men on base, he caught a third strike on the bounce, threw to third base instead of first.

¶ The spitball pitching of St. Louis' ageing Burleigh Grimes who allowed Philadelphia but two hits in the third game, blanked them for eight innings in the seventh.

¶ The pitching of Philadelphia's George Earnshaw who allowed St. Louis two hits in the fourth game.

¶ The error made by Third Baseman Flowers of St. Louis in the sixth game. His wild throw to first base upset young Pitcher Paul Derringer who thereafter walked four batters, forced in two runs.

¶ The extraordinary batting and baserunning of $4,500-per-year Centrefielder John Leonard ("Pepper") Martin of St. Louis who made three hits in the first game; made two hits, stole two bases and scored two runs in the second (TIME, Oct. 12); made two hits in the third; made the only two hits for St. Louis in the fourth; knocked in four runs with three hits, one of them a homerun in the fifth; was passed in the pinches in the sixth but managed to steal a base in the seventh. He tied the World Series record for total number of hits (12). He also made 10 put-outs, no errors in the series.

His room disordered by presents which included a large red pepper, two rifles and a sheaf of telegrams inviting him on deer-hunts for which he had vowed a fondness, Hero Martin was pleased but not abashed by his sudden, immense publicity. Said he: "Every time I swing, the fat part of my bat hits the ball."

St. Louis scouts recalled less glamorous days in the career of Pepper Martin. Son of an Irish father and an English mother, he rode to Greenville, Tex. on a freight car in 1924, got a job playing second base for $150 a month. Bought by the Cardinals for $2,500, he was schooled at Fort Smith, Syracuse, Houston and Rochester, minor league teams maintained by the St. Louis Cardinals as developing ground for young players. Tried as a substitute in 1928, he became a regular when St. Louis traded Centrefielder Taylor Douthit to Cincinnati last summer. Gay, generally grimy, accompanied by a wife who cried whenever he made a hit, hawk-faced Pepper Martin last week seemed highly

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Can BALLOON TIRES *cut* YOUR *trucking costs?*

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That depends on what balloons you buy

Goodyear Truck Balloons first proved their importance to transportation on the fastest runs, the roughest roads, the tough jobs of trucking.

They stood up under speeds that would cause an older type of tire to heat up and blow out.

They reduced tread-wear, punctures, sidewall damage—all the hazards of pay load transportation—and they delivered mileage greater than tires ever gave before.

How can the Goodyear Truck Balloon stand such punishment? In part it's design—in part it's Goodyear Supertwist—in part it's experience—and you get these three only in a Goodyear.

Watch your step when you change over to truck balloons. Decide at the start, "I will buy only *THE* leading make of tire."

More tons are hauled on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind—ask any Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station Dealer to show you all the reasons.

ON YOUR NEW TRUCKS SPECIFY GOODYEARS

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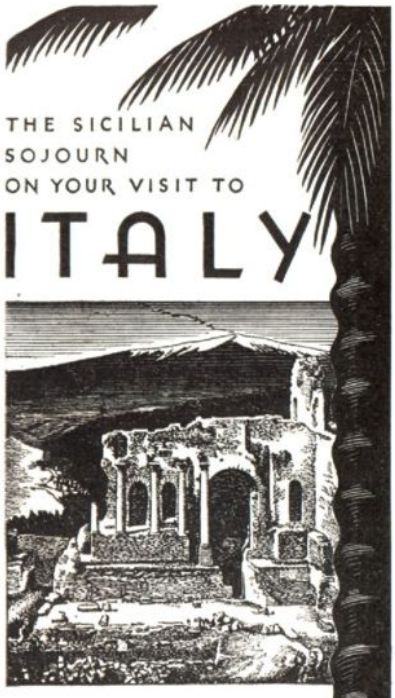

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SICILY! In other days the favorite child of Greece . . . the prize of Carthage . . . the first province Rome ever won. Now the repository of a dozen civilizations . . . and a land of revelation to those who hunger for the story of mankind.

Visit these ageless localities! Taormina . . . to see a sunrise on Etna from the ancient Greek ruin above the town. Syracuse . . . to witness a performance of Aeschylus in the theatre where certain of his plays were first produced. Agrigento . . . to glimpse through an olive grove the loveliest of five Greek temples, high on a forsaken hillside. Palermo . . . Monreale . . . Segesta . . . mere names now, but you will discover what they signify! And forever after, Sicily will possess you.

Let us help you plan an Italian trip with a sojourn in Sicily. This office is operated on a non-commercial basis by the Royal Italian Government, with the sole purpose of aiding visitors, in cooperation with their tourist agents. Detailed advice and recommendations, including hotels, itineraries, routes, localities, etc. Of course the service is gratis. Begin by writing for a large interesting book on Italy.

ITALIAN TOURIST INFORMATION OFFICE

Squibb Building

745 Fifth Avenue, New York City

pleased with himself and the World Series. Interviewed by fuzzy-headed Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, who said he would like to change places with him, Pepper Martin retorted: "O. K. . . . If you'll swap your $50,000 a year for my $4,500."*

When St. Louis won the seventh and deciding game last week, it was the first time a National League team had won the World Series since 1926, when St. Louis beat the New York Yankees. It was a series notable, with the exception of Pepper Martin's exploits, for brilliant pitching rather than sensational batting. When it was over, each of the players on the St. Louis team got $4,484.24. Athletics got $2,989.50 each.

Fourth Game. Having won the first game and lost the second in St. Louis, and lost the third in Philadelphia, Manager Cornelius McGillicuddy ("Connie Mack") of the Philadelphia Athletics was faced with a familiar but difficult problem: who should pitch? As usual, he failed to reveal his solution of the problem till just before the game. Large (6 ft. 4 in.), bland George Livingston Earnshaw then began warming up. A game ahead, Manager Gabby Street could afford to gamble by starting right-handed Sylvester Johnson. He gave Philadelphia a run in the first inning, was replaced in the sixth after Jimmy Foxx had hit a homerun over the left field fence. Only one St. Louis batter managed to hit George Earnshaw—Pepper Martin who got a single in the fifth inning, a two-base hit in the eighth. Philadelphia won, 3 to 0.

Fifth Game. Already the unmistakable hero of the series, Pepper Martin heard himself described by Manager John McGraw of the New York Giants as the "greatest World Series player I ever saw." He was unabashed when Manager Street, moving him from sixth place to fourth in the batting order, made him clean-up man for St. Louis. In the first inning, he hit a sacrifice fly on which High scored. In the sixth, after Captain and Second Baseman Frankie Frisch had made a two-base hit, Pepper Martin smashed a homerun into the left field grandstand. In the eighth he singled, scoring Rightfielder Watkins. He was then, for the first time, put out trying to steal second. Philadelphia made a run in the seventh inning, St. Louis made another run in the ninth and won, 5 to 1.

Sixth Game. At Lancaster, Pa., a tire blew out on an automobile in which three men were driving to St. Louis to see the remainder of the World Series. The automobile swerved across the road, landed on the railroad tracks ahead of the train on which the St. Louis team was returning from Philadelphia. A man in the signal tower saw the wreck, switched the train onto a clear track, then shunted it back without delay or mishap.

A mishap occurred in the fifth inning of the next day's game. First man up for the Athletics, Foxx reached first on a wild throw by substitute Third Baseman Flowers of St. Louis. Miller sacrificed and Paul Derringer, rattled as he had been in the first game, walked Dykes. Williams singled. Grove struck out but Derringer walked Bishop, filling the bases. When the count against Philadelphia's Centrefielder

*Judge Landis' salary is $65,000. Pepper Martin's salary next year will be a news story.

Breakfast

IN BED!

TO BE served breakfast in bed is always rather pleasant. But to lie leisurely abed while one's fellows scurry below in the preparation of one's morning tidbits at *our* hostelry is pure delight. Explaining how it worked would mean showing you dumb-waiters whose sole purpose in life is to whisk your tray from kitchen to bedroom-floor... special ovens on every floor to render your dishes piping hot...and many other whys and wherefores. But to explain such things is to dull somewhat the edge of their luxury. You must come and see... come and taste... come and luxuriate —*economically.*

Our tariff is thrifty— it starts at $4.50!

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Madison Avenue at 45th Street, New York

Edward Clinton Fogg—*Managing Director*

UNITED

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GLORIOUS TONE! AMAZING PRICES! UNPARALLELED VALUES!

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5-TUBE T. R. F. **$36.50**
7-TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE, WITH TONE-CONTROL **$49.95**
9-TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE WITH 4-POINT TONE-CONTROL AND AUTOMATIC VOLUME CONTROL . **$69.50**

Prices complete with Philco Balanced Tubes

No wonder Philco Baby Grands are the world's largest-selling radios!

With 5, 7 and 9 tubes they cover the entire price range of outstanding performance, in compact size.

Tube for tube, and circuit for circuit, they represent the greatest values in radio history.

In the new 5-Tube T. R. F. Baby Grand, you get the very best radio of the type ever built—more tubes — more power — more performance—*and at a price actually less than many 4-tube sets.* In addition, you get exclusive Philco Balanced-Unit construction, Screen Grid power, the new Pentode Power Tube, a genuine Electro-Dynamic Speaker, and a beautiful genuine Mahogany Cabinet.

Just as no 4-tube set can approach the performance of the 5-Tube T. R. F., the 7-Tube Philco Baby Grand gives proportionately greater range to your radio enjoyment, with more tubes, with Tone-Control, and with Superheterodyne, the most highly selective of all circuits.

Still mightier in performance, and by far the greatest of all small radios, the 9-Tube Baby Grand Superheterodyne has in addition Automatic Volume Control which counteracts fading and thereby enables you to enjoy practically any program you want, regardless of whether it is on a nearby or a distant station.

Automatic Volume Control gives full scope and brilliancy to the selectivity of Superheterodyne—to the power of Screen Grid—to 4-Point Tone-Control and to the glorious tone and realism of Balanced-Unit construction. Why be without it, now that Philco's enormous production brings it to you in a set, complete with Philco balanced tubes as low as $69.50?

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Automatic Volume Control is also included in Philco-Transitone Automobile Radio, which gives performance in your motor car like Philco in the home, $99.80, installed complete—$10 extra if car has no aerial.

THE GREATEST MUSICAL BROADCAST OF ALL TIME

The master music of the ages, by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra, broadcast under the sponsorship of Philco, over the entire Columbia Broadcasting System, in seven programs of an hour and three-quarters each, from the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. The next broadcast of this great series, November 21, from 8:15 to 10 P.M., Eastern Standard Time. Tune in, with your family and friends.

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FIVE-TUBE LOWBOY	$49.95
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SEVEN-TUBE LAZYBOY	69.50
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They *Call 'em Frahm's Anti-Rolling Tanks*

PERHAPS you've never noticed those bulges along the sides of the "Famous Four"—

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HAMBURG · ALBERT BALLIN

But you can feel the presence of Frahm's Anti-Rolling Tanks within these bulges—feel 'em by the remarkable steadiness of the ships.

Engineers, who refuse to let Nature alone, have perfected these amazing stabilizers which in test have reduced roll over 68 per cent.

FIRST CLASS FROM $195

So, in addition to especially LOW RATES, and swift, 7-day crossings of luxurious comfort, you have the extra steadiness that spells doubled enjoyment of every day at sea.

Sailing every Wednesday midnight to Cherbourg, Southampton, Hamburg.

Also fine "Cabin" Liners to Ireland, France, Germany—$135 up.

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LOS ANGELES SEATTLE MONTREAL TORONTO
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George ("Mule") Haas was three balls and two strikes, Derringer delivered a pitch that crossed the plate close to Haas's knees. Umpire Richard Nallin called it a ball. After a long protest, in which Pitcher Derringer later declared Umpire Nallin had admitted making a mistake, the game was resumed. Cochrane singled, scoring one run, and Pitcher Derringer then walked Simmons, forcing in another. He was replaced by Sylvester Johnson. In the seventh inning, Leftfielder Hafey of St. Louis dropped a fly, Philadelphia got four runs more. St. Louis got a run in the sixth inning, lost 8 to 1, in the only poorly played game of the Series.

Seventh Game. Not since 1926 had it been necessary to play a seventh game to decide the World Series. By pitching Derringer, Johnson and finally Lindsey and Rhem in the sixth game, Manager Street had his best two pitchers Grimes and Hallahan, ready for the seventh. Connie Mack sent Grove and Earnshaw to take turns in batting practice but when the game began, as everyone had anticipated, Earnshaw was pitching. Martin, who had done nothing the day before, got a base on balls and stole second in the first inning. High and Watkins had singled in the same inning and St. Louis started the game with a two-run lead. In the third, High singled and Watkins hit a homerun into the right field bleachers.

The score was still 4 to 0 against the Athletics in the ninth inning when, with two out and two men on base, Dib Williams, Philadelphia's recruit shortstop, singled and filled the bases. The next batter was Cramer, pinch-hitting for Relief Pitcher Walberg. His hit scored two runs and brought about the last dramatic instant of a dramatic game.*

Pitcher Burleigh Grimes was replaced by William ("Wild Bill") Hallahan. Second Baseman Bishop, first man on the Philadelphia batting order, lifted a high fly toward centre field. As the ball sailed into the air, Pepper Martin began running toward where he thought it would land. If he caught it, the series would be over. If he dropped it, which, under normal circumstances would have been unlikely, two runs might go in to tie the score. Centrefielder Martin, still running, stretched out his left hand. The ball fell into it and stayed there.

Little World Series

The Little World Series, minor league championship of baseball, annually played by the pennant winners of the International League and American Association, is bigger than the Big World Series. It is decided by five games out of nine instead of four games out of seven. In the eighth game of the Little World Series last week, Pitcher Ray Starr of the Rochester (N. Y.) Red Wings struck out nine of the St. Paul Saints, gave only seven hits, won the deciding game for Rochester, now champion for two years in a row, 9 to 3.

*By using a stop-watch in the crucial instants of the third game, able Sportswriter Paul Gallico of the New York *Daily News* discovered that it took Martin 3.9 sec. to reach home from a standing start on third base. Other timings:

Grove's fast ball	.37 sec.
Grimes' slow ball	.67 sec.
Fly to the outfield	5.9 sec.
Successful double play	4.31 sec. or less

"The *Golden Age* never was the Present Age"

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN said that. In his day it was the same as now—people bemoaning the passing of the "good old days."

But some good old traditions that made those days so fine still exist. And we think they're important. We keep up the traditions of hearty hospitality, of courteous service, and of getting your money's worth. When you come to Philadelphia, let us show you at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel.

1200 rooms . . . much larger than average . . . each with bath. Convenient to every part of Philadelphia's business section. Food that cannot be excelled.

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HORACE LELAND WIGGINS, *Managing Director*

UNITED HOTELS

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Even when they can afford a Stutz, nine people out of ten would never think of buying one

▶ their Stutz-owning friends are few and far between

▶ they much prefer to buy the car they meet more frequently

▶ they dislike being different; conventionality means more to them than personality

▶ they'll even sacrifice performance to own the car that's "standard" in their set

▶ the Stutz is not for them.

* * * * *

But for those very few who choose a car for what it does

▶ who know what they want and why they want it

▶ who purchase for themselves and not their friends

▶ who are individualists, in the minority, and proud of it

▶ here is the Stutz story:

Stutz has specialized in original engineering and individual design for twenty years.

▶ Stutz is one of the fastest stock cars in the world.

▶ Stutz is the safest car in the world.

▶ Stutz holds stock car records that have never yet been broken.

▶ Stutz sells more custom-built cars in proportion to its production than any other company (excepting Rolls-Royce and Duesenberg).

▶ Stutz sells more cars in Lake Forest, Illinois, than in Montana and both the Dakotas.

▶ Stutz is now ready with the DV-32—an eight with sixteen-cylinder power and smoothness, without the complications of the extra cylinders—the world's first stock car under $10,000 employing the dual valve, double overhead camshaft principle.

If you're "one out of 10," here's news—the Stutz "Bearcat" returns. It's the DV-32 Sports Roadster, shown above. Guaranteed by affidavit to do at least 100 miles per hour

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Please send me, without charge or obligation, full information regarding the new Stutz DV-32.

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The Coming Season
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A Famous Restaurant

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AMERICA'S FINEST OCEAN-FRONT HOTEL OPENS THANKSGIVING DAY WITH RATE REDUCTIONS IN STEP WITH THE TIMES : : : :

MIAMI BEACH
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Traditional
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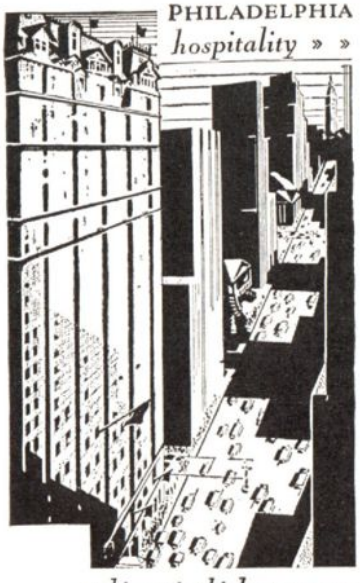

achieves its highest expression at this hotel—famed the world over for comfort, courtesy and cuisine.

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RATES AS LOW AS $4.00 PER DAY

EDUCATION

Daring Daily

Placidity and politeness distinguish most U. S. college newspapers. Mostly they serve merely as bulletins of local events, enlivened only by such glimpses of the outside world as the Harvard *Crimson* offered last week: a boxed, front-paged prediction that the Cardinals would beat the Athletics (see p. 22), signed by one "Hu Flung Huey." A crusading college paper is the *Daily* of the University of Michigan, which with the *Daily* of the University of Minnesota took first place at last year's convention of the National College Press Association. On the Ann Arbor campus, many a scandal has been openly aired. Michigan's President Clarence Cook Little resigned two years ago after a long quarrel with the State

Rentschlers Studio

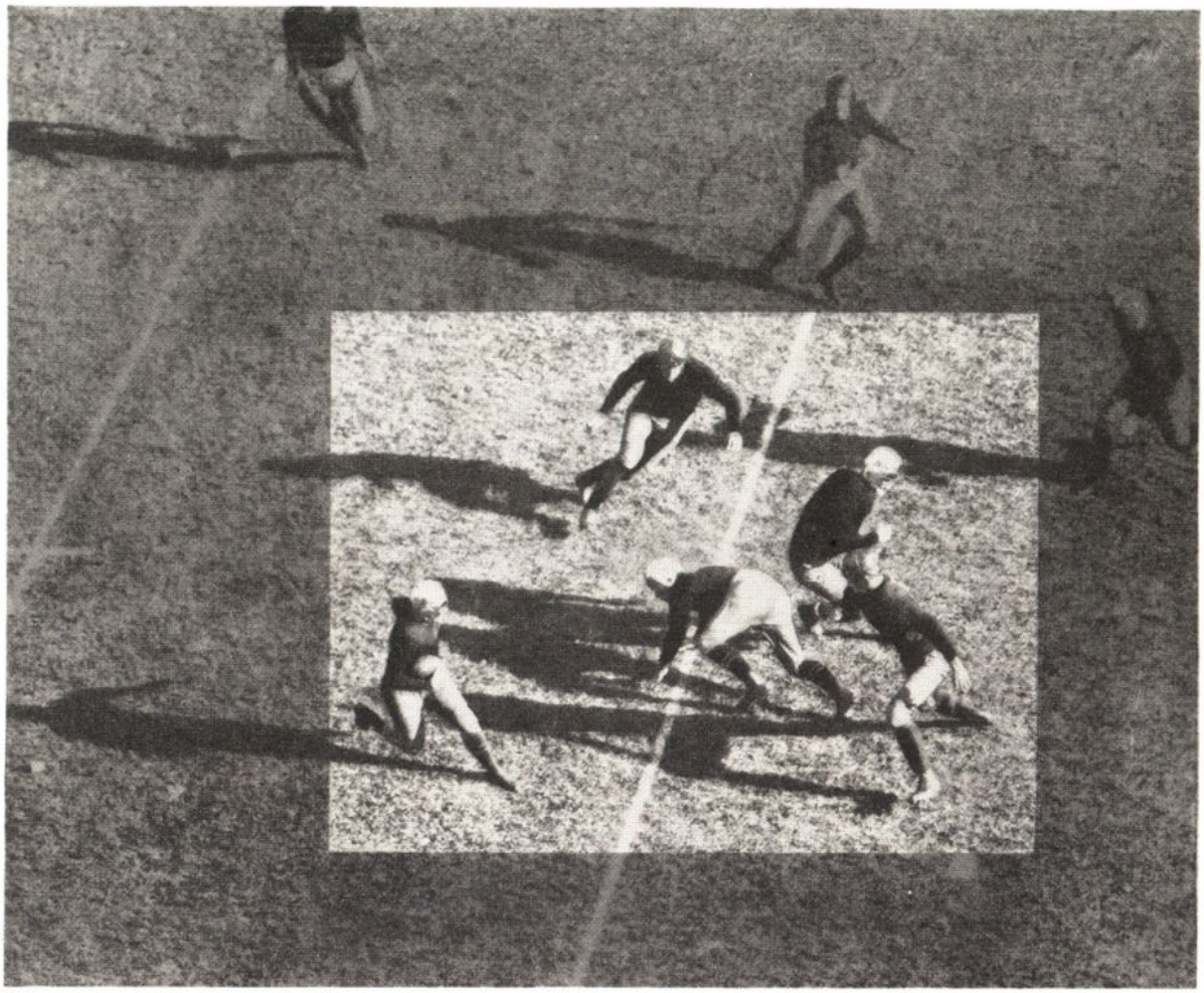
RICHARD LARDNER TOBIN
He would not juggle.

legislature (TIME, Feb. 4, 1929). Last year three students were jailed for 'legging; later, five fraternity houses were raided for liquor by the police, were closed by the University (TIME, Feb. 23). The Michigan *Daily* reported all these events. Last week the *Daily* reported more strife at Michigan.

Managing Editor of the *Daily* this year is tall, dark Richard Lardner Tobin, 21-year-old nephew of Funnyman Ring Lardner. Son of Editor Richard G. Tobin of the *Star* (Niles, Mich.), he has since the age of 10 carried papers, reported, edited, run a press and linotype. He used to play the violin. Also, he played football while at Niles High School, got his nose broken five times.

Under Managing Editor Tobin, the *Daily* last fortnight printed two numbers which raised hue & cry at Michigan. They contained:

1) An attack on the American Legion convention in nearby Detroit (see p. 33). Excerpts: "Alleged college drunks are mere children's parties compared to some of the sights which were witnessed in Detroit. . . . Drunks of various sorts, in various stages of intoxication, littered the



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

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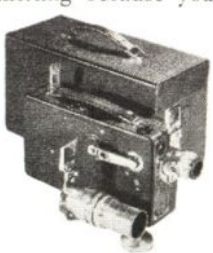
MOMENTS that thrilled you. Plays that brought tens of thousands of spectators to their feet.

Take them home. Life . . . action . . . tense waiting moments . . . the last play . . . the entire living story of the biggest game of the year.

Take them home in a simple Ciné-Kodak . . . a movie record one hundred times more exciting because you have made it yourself.

An interesting Eastman development, the *f*.4.5 Telephoto Lens for Ciné-Kodak K, permits thrilling close-up shots from the stands.



Ciné-Kodak Model K comes in blue, black, gray, or brown leather, with case to match. The price, with *f*.3.5 lens, $110. With *f*.1.9 lens, $150. The 4½-inch *f*.4.5 Telephoto Lens is $60. The 3-inch, $45.

The 4½-inch *f*.4.5 Telephoto Lens makes the image on the film—and on your screen—four and a half times as wide and as high as you'd get with the *f*.1.9 lens.

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

And Ciné-Kodak Super-sensitive Panchromatic Film enables you to get a clear, crisp record of the last scrimmage, in twilight shadows.

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

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• NEW YORKER BONBONETTES...Send $2.15 for 1-lb. package of these delicious new French candies.

HOTEL NEW YORKER

34th Street at 8th Ave., New York

Ralph Hitz, Managing Director

Chicago Office: 77 W. Washington Street, State 5566

streets. . . . Crap games were in progress. . . ."

2) A quotation from a survey in *Campus Comics* (commercial quarterly): "Ann Arbor's standing as a student liquor consuming center . . . is surpassed only by that of the city of New York." Next in standing were ranked the Universities of Nevada and Wisconsin.

3) An announcement that the *Daily* would begin a campaign to boycott freelance taxicab drivers in Ann Arbor who "fleece the students."

4) Allegations of graft in the Department of Buildings & Grounds of the University.

At once Shirley Wheeler Smith, vice president of the University, took action. It had been customary for the University to pay $3,600 for 917 faculty subscriptions. These Vice President Smith withdrew. President Alexander Grant Ruthven called the newspaper "tasteless and objectionable." Retorted Managing Editor Tobin: "The charge of sensationalism . . . we deny. . . . The *Daily* will not juggle news stories. It is our intention to stand by that statement."

Last week met the Board of Control of Student Publications—two deans, two professors, three students. It decided that Vice President Smith had exceeded his authority: the subsidy of the *Daily* was in the hands of the Board of Regents. Also, the *Daily* should maintain "a free press, unhampered by administrative interference." Forthwith from the office of Vice President Smith came word that the faculty subscriptions would be reinstated. The city council of Ann Arbor announced that it had taken cognizance of the *Daily's* war on taxicabs. Meters would be installed. Everyone was happy. Editors of the *Daily* felt they had "won a great victory." Magnanimously they said they would not "rub it into the administration."

Gesture

As a "gesture," to save their parents' money, at the suggestion of their President Harry Augustus Garfield, the 15 fraternities of Williams College voted to abandon autumn houseparties.

Cashless Chicago

Gloomily, bitterly, Chicago's 14,000-odd school teachers saw pass last week a sixth pay-day which brought them no money. Total now owed them in salaries since last April is $17,705,000. Many teachers are in dire penury. Some have taken city scrip, which is accepted at par by some merchants, discounted by others. Usurers loan money on the scrip, charge 3½% a month interest.

Partially arising from the poverty of their teachers is the situation of 15,000 school children who come from destitute families. Year ago, teachers helped pay for many a 10¢ lunch which the schools served to their pupils. Now, the teachers have trouble enough keeping themselves fed. Last fortnight the Chicago *Tribune* discovered that many children are undernourished. They faint in class, become ill, are dull and weak. With a series of throbbing stories, the *Tribune* began a campaign to raise $300,000 for a Hungry School Children Fund.

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Three great, new, turbo-electric liners—sister ships—identical in size, speed and accommodations; built specifically for New York-California service.

13 days—that's all. The fastest time from Coast to Coast.

S. S. CALIFORNIA
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Interesting calls at Havana and Panama Canal (Balboa) with ample time for sightseeing. Accommodations, food and service equal to highest transatlantic standards. Frequent sailings.

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Write for your copy of the above—gratis

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ANIMALS

Owl

A motorcycle policeman of Westchester County, N. Y. was surprised last week to behold an elderly gentleman kneeling in a path through some woods near Scarsdale peering skywards through binoculars. The gentleman explained that he was P. L. Hudson of Brooklyn, ornithologist; that that bird up yonder was an arctic owl in full winter plumage; that winter would come soon now.

Man-Hole

A small rabbit which lives on the Westbury, L. I. estate of Mrs. John S. Phipps was sore disturbed one day last week. It became aware that it was being pursued by a pack of hounds. The hounds were the Aiken Beagles, a well-bred pack of 14

MRS. THOMAS HITCHCOCK
Her beagles found something new.

couple owned and hunted by Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, famed horsewoman and mother of polo-playing Thomas Hitchcock Jr. Behind the hounds rode Mrs. Hitchcock and a granddaughter, eager for a morning's sport.

Presently, the Phipps rabbit became aware that it was no longer being pursued, that the hounds, far behind now, were barking at something else. Had the rabbit been sufficiently curious to double on its tracks and see what had caused the hounds to stop, it would have seen an extraordinary sight. The hounds were baying wildly around a thicket in a clump of woods behind the Phipps polo-field. Into the thicket, to find out what was there, went Mrs. Hitchcock's whip. He caught sight of a man, saw the man disappear into a hole in the ground. Amazed, Mrs. Hitchcock ordered her whip to tell Mrs. Phipps's superintendent; then set off, with her hounds, after the rabbit.

Later, the hole into which the man had disappeared was found to be seven feet deep, furnished with a blanket, pots & pans, straw, a spade. He was persuaded to leave his burrow, where he had lived for almost a month, given a job as a gardener.

WISE... really shrewd ...voyagers plan to sail when the PARIS sails!

THE really clever Transatlantic traveller (if you can get him or her to talk ways and means) scans the sailing list for the next departure of the Paris—then bases dates on that.

There is growing a large "inside-stuff society" of people who regard her as *the* ship: her surprising number of uncommonly large and lovely

STATEROOM 483

(and uncommonly inexpensive) cabins; her sixteen suites with private glass-breakfast-rooms facing the ocean; her restrained-modern decoration; her speed; her solidity; and the friendly, trained civility of her people . . . all these are factors in their choice. Someone has called her "the aristocrat of the sea"—and it's pretty accurate.

Comparisons are odious; to try to tag any French Liner is splitting

SMOKING SALON

hairs. But there is distinction about this princess-royal of the fleet; she offers the traditional French Line luxury, its famous cooking, its gayety and its sense of being constantly-looked-after-and-never-bothered, with a special touch which is apparent to an increasing army of nice people.

Come to Pier 57 and see a friend of yours sail on the Paris. You'll see why. Or better—call the French Line, 19 State Street—or any authorized agent—and set out on a *voyage* that is superlatively *bon*.

French Line

THE PARIS SAILS
December 1 · January 16

THE
SPOON
IS THE
ENEMY
OF THE
HIGH-BALL

No spoon is needed with self-stirring Billy Baxter—when you pour, it stirs—an exclusive feature, caused by the tremendous carbonation.

Billy Baxter Club Soda, Ginger Ale, Sarsaparilla, Lime Soda, all made fine regardless of cost for fine people.

Your dealer will supply you; if not, write us.

Send for booklets Helen D and Florence K—womanlike, they tell all.

THE RED RAVEN CORPORATION
Cheswick, Pa.

THE LUXURY CRUISE
MEDITERRANEAN

PALESTINE—EGYPT
in the entirely modernized
Cruising Steamer
ROTTERDAM
Leaves New York
FEB. 6, 1932
under Holland-America Line's Own management
69 days of delight

Her itinerary for 1932 is Unsurpassed—Madeira, Spain, Gibraltar, Algeria, Tunisia, Naples, Malta, Greece, Turkey, Rhodes, Cyprus, Palestine, The Holy Land, Egypt, Jugoslavia, Venice, Sicily, Monte Carlo, Nice, Southampton, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Rotterdam—EASTER IN ROME.

AMERICAN EXPRESS CO. in charge of shore excursions

For choice accommodations make reservations now.

NEW LOW RATES FROM $900.
Holland-America Line

Passenger Office—21-24 State St., N.Y.C.
Branch Offices and Agents in all principal Cities
Please send me illustrated booklet
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

MILESTONES

Engaged. Albert James ("Albie") Booth Jr., 23, small captain of Yale's football team; and Miss Marion Noble, stenographer with Southern New England Telephone Co. in New Haven, Conn., his friend since school days. The engagement was revealed by Writer Steve Hannagan in *Cosmopolitan*.

Engaged. Adelaide Sims, daughter of Rear Admiral William Sowden Sims of the U. S. Navy, retired; and Robert Francis Fiske, member of the personnel department of Harvard University.

Married. Eleanor Hard, 26, daughter of Washington Correspondent William Hard (Consolidated Press Association), staff worker on FORTUNE; and Gerard Kirsopp Lake, Manhattan textile man, son of Professor Kirsopp Lake (Ecclesiastical History) of Harvard; in Washington. A wedding guest: Mrs. Herbert Hoover. Bride's attendant: Countess Felicia Gizycka, daughter of Editrix Eleanor Medill Patterson of Hearst's Washington *Herald*.

Married. Nelson Trusler Johnson, U. S. Minister to China; and Jane Beck of Cody, Wyo., his lifelong friend, daughter of George T. Beck, onetime Wyoming State Senator and Democratic candidate for Governor; at the U. S. Consulate in Tientsin.

Sued for Divorce. Edward Beale McLean, publisher of the Washington *Post;* by Mrs. Evelyn Lucille Walsh McLean, who last year filed a separation suit, obtaining $7,500 a month alimony, custody of their three children, and a court order restraining Publisher McLean from divorcing her in Mexico (TIME, Nov. 17, 1930, June 22, 1930); in Washington. Her charges: that he lived "for protracted periods" with an unnamed woman; that he drank excessively and caused Mrs. McLean "bodily suffering by beating her and striking her, cursing and calling her vile names." A second suit petitions the District of Columbia Supreme Court to remove Publisher McLean as co-trustee of the estate of his late father, John Roll McLean, which owns the *Post*, the sale of which he prevented last summer (TIME, July 6). Referring to one of her husband's inamoratas, Mrs. McLean contended:

"She has attended with him at least two conferences in the offices of the *Post*. This conduct is so shocking, scandalous and notorious that it creates a demoralized condition among the other officers and employes of the paper and injuriously affects the good-will and good name of the paper itself."

Divorced. Ganna Walska, Polish-born would-be opera singer; by Harold Fowler McCormick, chairman of the executive committee of International Harvester Co.; after a ten-minute hearing; in Chicago. Grounds: desertion. Mme Walska had lived in Chicago rarely since their marriage in 1922, not at all since 1929. Reported property settlement: more than $2,000,000, including one-fourth of Mr. McCormick's holdings in International Harvester Co. From the late Alexander Smith Cochran of Manhattan, her third husband, Mme Walska received $3,000,000 when he died in 1929.

Awarded. To the late Dr. Erik Axel Karlfeldt, Swedish poet, permanent secretary of the Swedish Academy and member of its Nobel Prize Committee on Literature, who died at 66 last April; the Nobel Prize for Literature for 1931. He refused the award in 1921.

Left. To Hope Williams, actress (*Holiday, The New Yorkers*); by Dr. R. Bartow Read, 33-year-old Manhattan physician whom she divorced three years ago and who died in a plane crash last month; his entire estate, "over $10,000" and including "motors, yachts and animals."

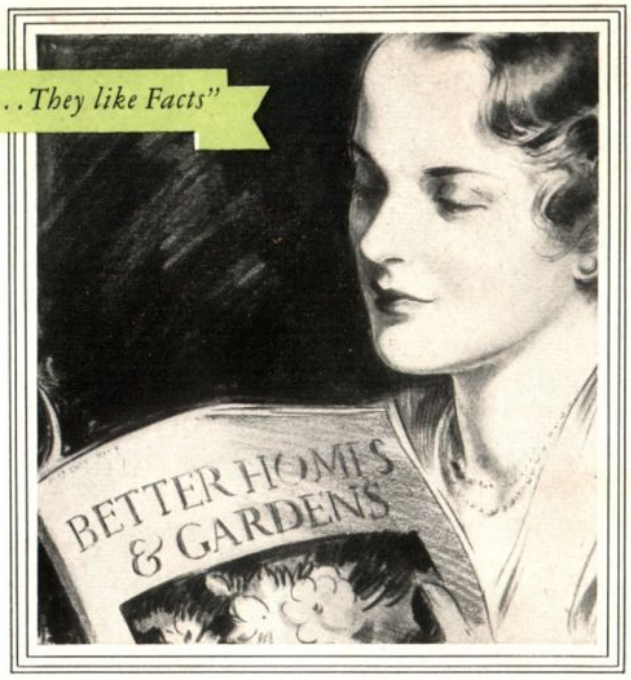
Died. Mrs. Mary Gardiner Dunning Thwing, 56, second wife of President Emeritus Charles Franklin Thwing of Western Reserve University; after an operation; in Cleveland, Ohio. Oldtime suffraget leader, she was the first president of the Women's City Club of Cleveland.

Died. Elmer Henry Maytag, 67, founder with his brother Frederick Louis Maytag of The Maytag Co. (washing-machines); after an automobile accident; in Newton, Iowa.

Died. Daniel Chester French, 81, sculptor, after a lingering illness, at his summer home in Stockbridge, Mass. Born at Exeter, N. H., he was related to Daniel Webster and John Greenleaf Whittier; his father, Henry Flagg French, was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury through the administrations of Hayes, Garfield & Arthur. His first sculptor's scraper was a gift from Louisa May (*Little Women*) Alcott. At the age of 24 he cast his first well-known statue, that of the Minute Man at Concord. President Grant and the Marine Band attended the unveiling. Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered the oration and patriarchal Poets Lowell & Longfellow marched behind the band. Sculptor French postponed his wedding for a day because his hero, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, objected to the short legs of a statue he was working on. Even now modern students have difficulty in differentiating the work of the two men. French's best known, possibly his best works were the two statues of Abraham Lincoln—standing at Lincoln, Neb., sitting at Washington D. C. The latter was carved from 20 blocks of marble, contains 4,360 cu. ft. of art. Other well known works: the statue of John Harvard at Cambridge, Alma Mater at Columbia, the four groups Europe, Asia, Africa, America in front of the New York Customs House.

Died. Edward Carter, 91, founder with his brother of Carter's Ink Co.; in Montreal.

"Women are Realists . . . They like Facts"



Her state of *Mind* has a lot to do with your state of *Business*

. . . and that's NO FICTION *either!*

THE WOMAN who reads Better Homes & Gardens is kept *mentally at home*. She is not transported into a land of make-believe . . . into the realm of romance and illusion. Since her heart is in her home, that home (and all that goes with it) in itself becomes The Great Adventure.

The *home*, inside and out; the *garden;* the physical and mental training of her *children;* the study and serving of *foods* that will keep her husband healthful and efficient, and that will build robust bodies for the little folk in her charge . . . these are more thrilling, more novel and absorbing than the best "best seller."

The editors of this publication have no fault to find with fiction; but they sincerely believe the interests of their readers can best be served by adhering to the *original* editorial program that has made Better Homes & Gardens an outstanding magazine achievement of the past decade.

Here you find no fiction; no fashions; no frills and furbelows of routine magazine-making. Thus, the advertising pages become a *continuation* of the editorial pages rather than a *contradiction*.

Etch this fact in your memory: the woman who reads Better Homes & Gardens is in a serious, shopping state of mind *at the time she's reading*. Hence it is logical that the advertising should attract rather than detract; for the same basic appeal that is reflected in the *advertising* content is reflected in the *editorial* content.

In short, Better Homes & Gardens does *more* than win a welcome for your product in 1,400,000 gardened homes in city, town and suburb. It gives you something that does not show up in the card rate . . . something no other magazine in America can duplicate: a state of reader-mind and reader-mood that makes the reader *twice as receptive* to your advertising message. And—

That's no fiction, either!

BETTER HOMES & GARDENS

The Gardened Home . . . a Better Market for

BETTER FOODS

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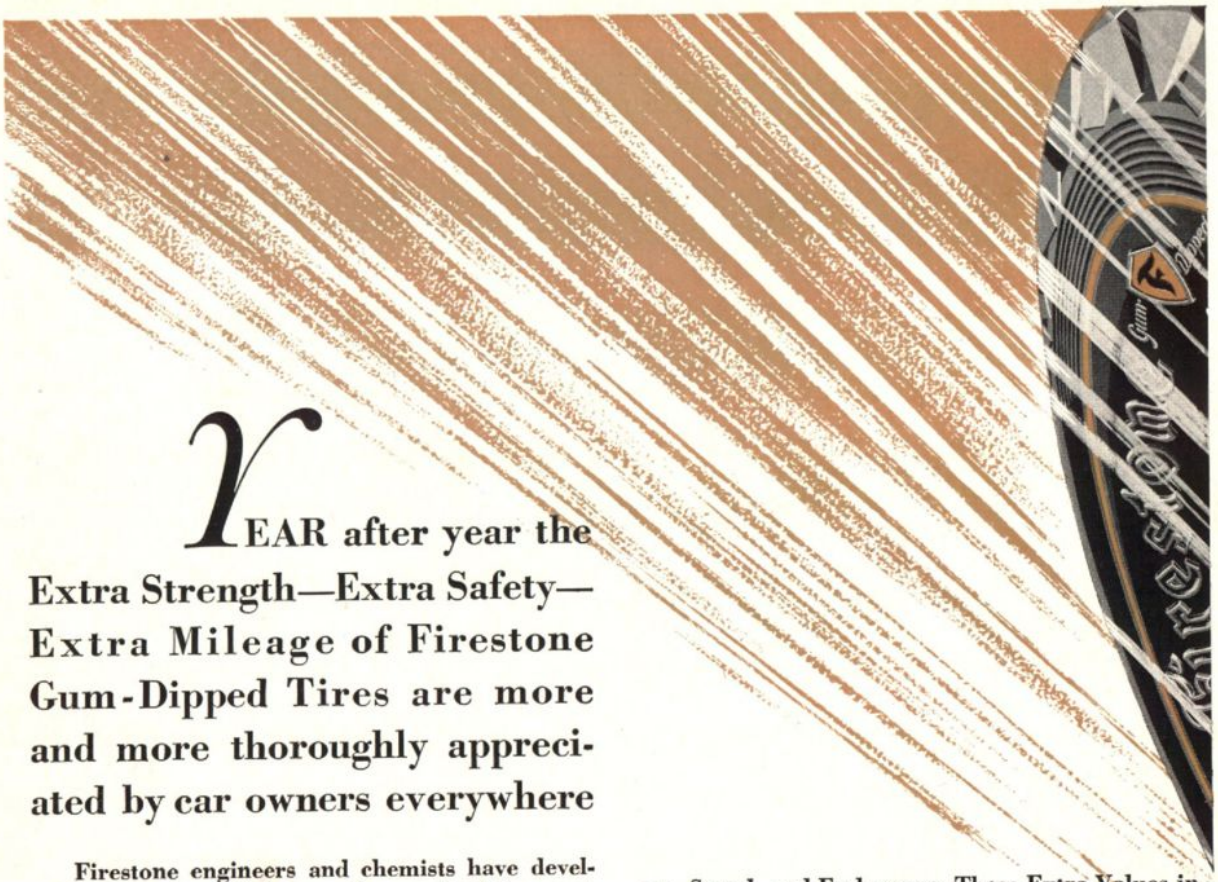
DES MOINES, IOWA



YEAR after year the Extra Strength—Extra Safety—Extra Mileage of Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires are more and more thoroughly appreciated by car owners everywhere

Firestone engineers and chemists have developed these Extra Values as the result of the most gruelling, punishing tire tests in the world.

At Indianapolis, May 30, 1931, forty of the world's most famous and daring race drivers started in the annual 500-mile endurance race, and every driver chose Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloons — every tire was bought and paid for.

During this tortuous grind, these cars traveled 44,921 tire miles, at an average speed of over 90 miles per hour—at times as high as 140—without a blowout, without a puncture.

The pace set by the leaders was so fast and furious that twenty-four of the starters dropped out before the close of the race.

Louis Schneider won the race at a speed of 96.629 miles per hour. This is the twelfth consecutive year that Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires have been on the winning car.

Out of this laboratory of torturing service—under most gruelling conditions—Firestone has developed—for car owners—tires that hold All World Records on Road and Track for Safety, Mileage, Speed, and Endurance. These Extra Values in Firestone Tires are not duplicated anywhere at any price—

Gum-Dipping—The patented processes which penetrates every cord and coats every fibre with pure liquid rubber, guarding against destructive internal friction and heat and giving 58% longer flexing life to every cord—

Double Cord Breaker—which provides two extra plies of cord under the tread, giving 56% stronger bond between tread and cord body and 26% greater protection against punctures and blowouts—

The Non-Skid Tread—is scientifically compounded and designed, with extra thick, tough, safety tread, giving 25% longer non-skid safety and wear—

Which Gives You—25% to 40% longer tire life.

For the most assuring protection for yourself and family, go to the Firestone Service Dealer in your community TODAY—and equip your car with a set of Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloons. The Firestone Dealer will Save You Money and Serve You Better.

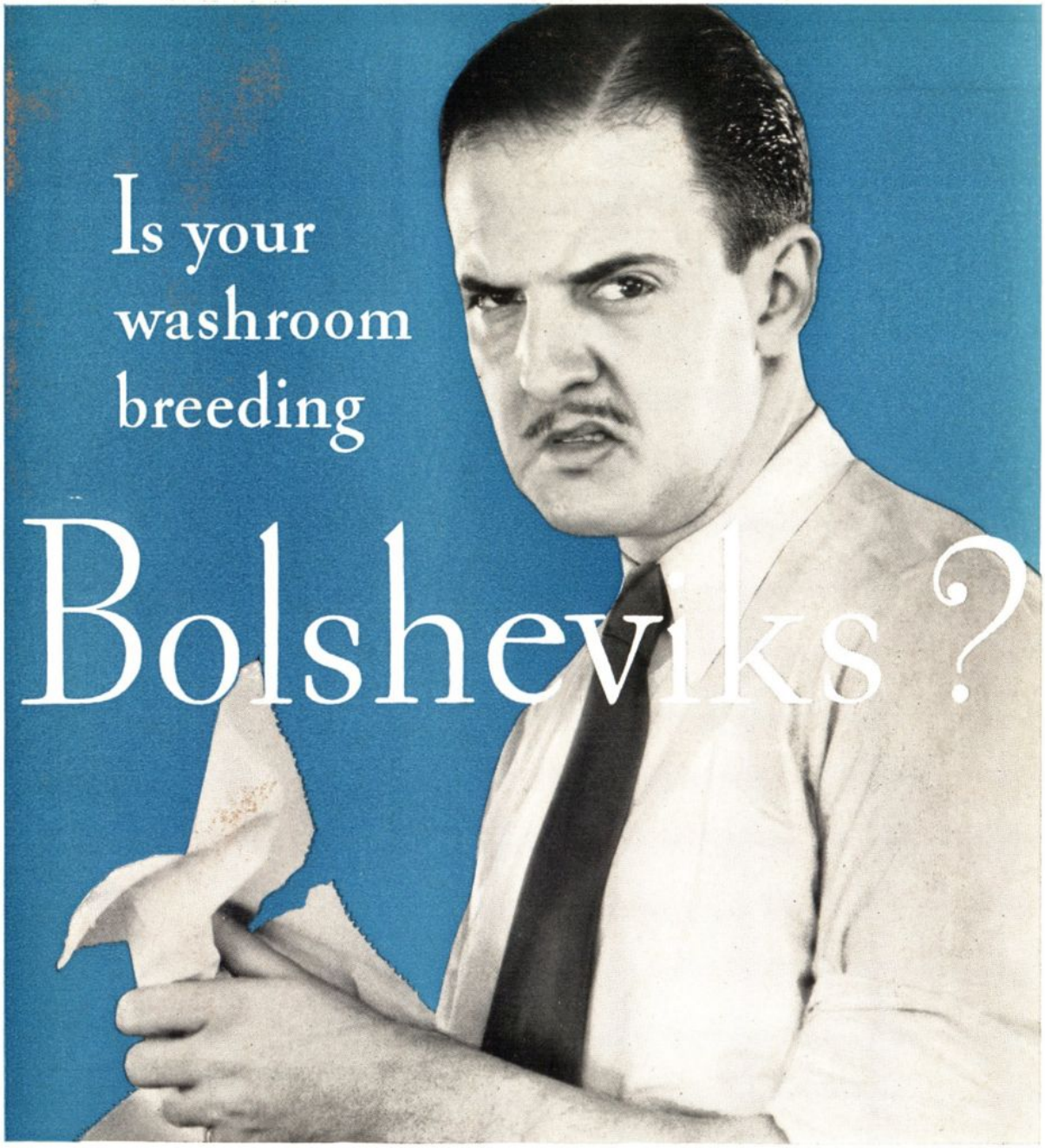
Firestone

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Copyright, 1931. The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

HIGH SPEED
HEAVY DUTY TYPE

The GOLD STANDARD *of* Tire Values



Employees lose respect for a company that fails to provide decent facilities for their comfort

TRY wiping your hands six days a week on harsh, cheap paper towels or awkward, unsanitary roller towels—and maybe you, too, would grumble.

Towel service is just one of those small, but important courtesies—such as proper air and lighting—that help build up the goodwill of your employees.

That's why you'll find clothlike ScotTissue Towels in the washrooms of large, well-run organizations such as R.C.A. Victor Co., Inc., National Lead Co. and Campbell Soup Co.

ScotTissue Towels are made of "thirsty fibre". . . an amazing cellulose product that drinks up moisture 12 times as fast as ordinary paper towels. They feel soft and pliant as a linen towel. Yet they're so strong and tough in texture they won't crumble or go to pieces . . . even when they're wet.

And they cost less, too—because one is enough to dry the hands—instead of three or four.

Write for free trial carton. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pennsylvania.

Thirsty Fibre

ScotTissue Towels - *really* dry!

RELIGION

Key to Hell

Breaths were bated in the South last week. In Atlanta, the Imps of Hell had dug a Pit. Mayor James Lee Key was an Imp. In Nashville, Dr. Edwin Frederick Vogelpohl, member of the church council of the First Lutheran Church, was not only an Imp but the first president of the Imps of Hell, Inc.

After the American Legion convention in Detroit last month (TIME, Sept. 28, Oct. 5), Dr. Clarence True Wilson, goateed

International

DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON

His term of abuse was seized upon.

general secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition & Public Morals, made speeches in St. Joseph and Kansas City, Mo. Said he: "Legion conventions are planned ahead of time as drunken orgies in defiance of the laws the men as soldiers had taken an oath of allegiance to support. . . . The ex-soldier who will [disobey the law], and practically all of them did in Detroit, is a perjured scoundrel who ought not to represent the decency of the flag under which he fought. . . . There was a marked absence of the sober, well-behaved typical American. The other crowd is in power. That is why such numbers of staggering drunks disgraced the uniform and yelled for beer."* Dr. Wilson later said he had been misunderstood. All he meant was that *some* of the Legionaries had "dropped their Americanism, their Christian standards of decency, dropped into French customs and came back to import them into the United States." Nevertheless, officers of the Legion, feeling particularly insulted by the expression "staggering drunks," roared at Dr. Wilson.

Besides attacking the American Legion in Kansas City, Dr. Wilson took pot shots at the late Dwight Whitney Morrow, John Jacob Raskob and Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick. Defending Bishop James Cannon Jr., he said: "He saved $3,000 and placed it in a savings bank where it was drawing 3% interest when Wall Street men of Jewish persuasion argued him into investing it where they said he could get 10%. He was guilty only of being foolish. The attacks on him are sponsored by the imps of Hell."

To Brown Turner, copy-reader on the Nashville *Tennessean*, came an idea. Imps of Hell? It was a good name. With other local Legionaries he formed an organization for "public worship, education and literary undertaking . . . separation of Church and State . . . temperance through the modification of the Volstead Act." He became secretary. Elected president was Lutheran Dr. Vogelpohl, 37, dentist, vice president of the Tennessee Dental Association, onetime commander of Nashville Post No. 5 of the American Legion. Headquarters were set up in the Bennie Dillon Building in Nashville. Welcoming male & female voters, the Imps set out to enroll 2,000 people last week. From 26 cities came requests for permission to open "Pits."

Two persons whose names would give the Imps prominence (perhaps not authority) are Manhattan's Mayor James John Walker and California's Will Rogers. To these went telegrams offering Impship. To a third, Mayor Key of Atlanta, went also a telegram which received a prompt answer: Yes.

Back from junketing with 23 other U. S. mayors in Europe (TIME, May 25, June 8), tall, Lincolnian Mayor Key had found Atlanta greatly upset over his statement that "in the U. S., Prohibition is a failure." Local Prohibition groups were wroth. Rev. Robert Z. Tyler of Grace Methodist Church asked Mayor Key to resign as teacher of the James L. Key Bible Class which he founded nine years ago (TIME, Sept. 28). Vowing that "there are not enough Methodist preachers in the world to bridle me," Mayor Key promptly formed a non-sectarian Bible Class of his own. Last fortnight he smiled his puckery smile, said he was happy in his new freedom "and the fact that we will not be dictated to by any pickle-headed pastor." Also, he was happy when a count was made of Sunday attendances: to his new class had come 1,019 people of all denominations (Jews included), more than twice the number in any other Sunday school class in Atlanta. Prohibition was not discussed in the first meeting. The social service work sponsored by Mayor Key's original class was to be carried on. "Disentangled, free," said he, "we hope to revolutionize the Christian spirit of this town."

Readily agreeing last week to be an Imp of Hell, Mayor Key wrote the Nashville Pit that it was "seizing upon this term of vulgar abuse and wearing it as a badge of honor. The people of the United States have observed with amazement and resentment the abuse and denunciation heaped upon the heads of the American Legion for their patriotic stand upon the Prohibition question. The men who obeyed the call of their country to arms . . . should not have heaped upon their heads the abuse of ecclesiastical and other mountebanks who were skulking in the rear when the time of test and trial came."

*For another account of the Legion's Detroit convention, see p. 28.

Little Church

On a cold day just before Christmas in 1870, two actors went to Rev. William Tufnell Sabine, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Atonement at Madison Avenue & 28th Street in Manhattan. One of them (though Mr. Sabine did not recognize him) was the great Joseph Jefferson, who had been playing *Rip Van Winkle* since 1859 in various versions. He explained that his old friend George Holland had died; this was Mr. Holland's son Edward; they wished to arrange for the funeral. Then he added that Mr. Holland had been a well-known oldtime actor. Mr. Sabine's expression changed. Hesitantly he said that he was sorry, he could bury no actor from the Church of the Atonement.

"Well, sir," said Joe Jefferson, "in this dilemma is there no other church to which you can direct me, from which my friend can be buried?"

"There is a little church around the corner," said Mr. Sabine.

"Then, if this be so," said the actor piously, "God bless 'the little church around the corner!'"

Rector and founder of the Church of the Transfiguration near Fifth Avenue on East 29th Street was Rev. Dr. George Hendric Houghton. Kindly, whitebearded, he was a pronounced Anglo-Catholic, a follower of the Oxford Movement. Only once, in his youth, had he

International

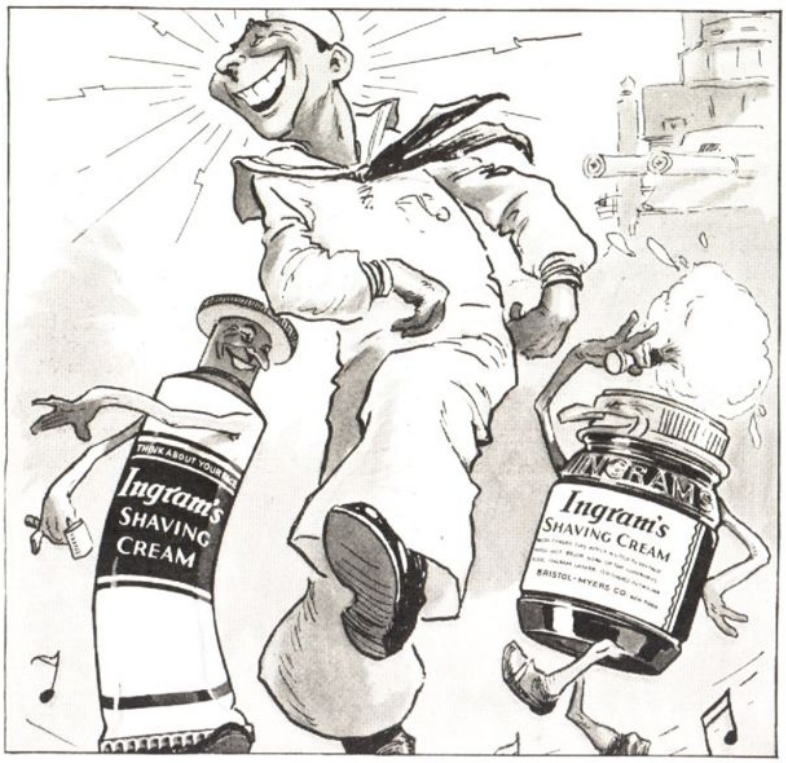
THE LATE GREAT JOSEPH JEFFERSON

His blessing lived.

attended a theatre (to his death he never saw Actor Jefferson on the stage). But he had performed funerals for actors. He agreed readily to do so for Actor Holland. The Press heard of the incident, amplified it. Out of the welter of discussion which ensued throughout the U. S., there emerged the name & fame of The Little Church Around the Corner. To celebrate it and tell its history there was published last fortnight an elegantly bound and

Whiskers Aweigh!

Cool Shaves for All Hands!



THE 2 INGRAM BARBERS • TERRY TUBE OR JERRY JAR

AVAST there! If you'd like to lay a shaving course free of rocks, shoals and perils of the skin, go down to the drug-chandler's and lay in some Ingram's Shaving Cream for your lucky bag!

If you'll try Ingram's just once you'll know a new and breezy kind of shaving! Ingram's is as cool as a north-west breeze, a totally different kind of shaving cream that leaves your face ship-shape and refreshed. For Ingram's is

cool! Cool!! COOL!!!

Ingram's is packed in jars. And it's packed in tubes. Whether you pick the economy of the jar or the convenience of the tube, you can be sure you'll get the same cool, close shave from each!

Say what you will about other shaving creams—say what they will about

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream
IN TUBES OR JARS!

themselves—you'll discover an absolutely new sort of shave when the first fresh dab of Ingram's lathers your cheek!

For Ingram's is different. It's cool because coolness is part and parcel of its secret, exclusive formula. It's smooth because it holds three special ingredients, three elements that tone your skin before, during and after the shave.

Ask your druggist for Ingram's tube or Ingram's jar, whichever you prefer. Or, just fill out the coupon below and mail it in. Then we'll send you ten cool shaves—FREE! Clip the one-way ticket away from burns, nicks and smarts! We want you to try Ingram's—because you'll like it if you do!

10 COOL SHAVES—FREE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. D-1012
110 Washington St.,
New York, N. Y.

I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

printed volume, *Through the Lich-Gate.** Some facts:

¶ Founded in 1848, the church bought property in 1849 which was regarded as too far uptown. But Society moved northward. Theatres were built nearby. Mrs. John Jacob Astor became a communicant of the Church of the Transfiguration, gave a fine pair of gas-brackets. Additions were built on the low, brownstone building; its rambling appearance earned it the name of the Church of the Holy Cucumber Vine.

¶ During the draft riots of 1863, mobs stampeded the streets, hunting Negroes. The Church of the Transfiguration had previously been believed to be an "underground station" for runaway slaves. Dr. Houghton, stanch Abolitionist, hid many Negroes in it during the riots, once stood defiantly at the gate shouting: "You white devils, you! Do you know nothing of the spirit of Christ?" Today in the Church is a memorial to George & Elizabeth Wilson, Negro door-keepers, representing the baptism of the Ethiopian by St. Philip.

¶ The fame of The Little Church Around the Corner as a marrying place and meeting place for theatrical folk grew up under its second rector, Rev. Dr. George Clarke Houghton, nephew of the founder. From 1897 until his death in 1923 he performed some 30,000 marriages. As his successor he chose Rev. Dr. Jackson Harvelle Randolph Ray. Born in Mississippi 45 years ago, Dr. Ray is the seventh son of a seventh son, studied medicine, law, worked for the Brooklyn *Eagle* before he was ordained a priest in 1912. He helped found the Episcopal Actors' Guild, of which George Arliss is president, installed it in a wing of the Church. In its room are old playbills; in the Church, memorials to many an actor. Dr. Ray and his two assistants have performed some 15,000 marriages during his incumbency (total number since the Church was founded; more than 100,000).

¶ Famed brides & bridegrooms: Irene Castle; Actors John E. Hazzard, the late Holbrook Blinn and the late John Drew; Cartoonists Rollin Kirby and James Montgomery Flagg; Grace, daughter of General Cornelius Vanderbilt III; Evangeline Adams; Stephen Butler Leacock; the late Mr. & Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish; Ann Harding. Record year for marriages: 1930 (2,346). Record for one day: 43. Average endurance proportion: 85%.

¶ Famed funerals were those of Actors Edwin Thomas Booth and Maurice Barrymore; Baseball Manager Miller Huggins; Author William Sydney Porter (O. Henry); Thomas Hitchcock, founder of the family's polo-playing tradition.

Palasty to Nunnery

Living and thinking in a pious refuge apart from the world is abhorrent to the tenets of Jewish theology. Judaism is social, believes celibacy to be unnatural and contrary to divine will. Because of this, people were surprised and dubious last week to hear that Irene Palasty, Hungarian Jewish musicomedienne and dancer, had proposed to establish in a quiet Hungarian village a nunnery for 300 Jewesses "who seek refuge from worldly affairs."

*By Ishbel Ross (*Payson:* $7.50).

My Adventures with SOCKS

by PETER B. KYNE

NOTE—*Mr. Kyne, one of America's foremost authors, and Realsilk wearer, was asked to set down his impressions of socks in general and Realsilk socks in particular. His essay, for which he was paid his regular rate, is printed here.*

P & A PHOTOS

WHAT a world of experience I have had with socks. First there were the little white woolen ones designed to discourage my infantile habit of swallowing my foot or striving to draw extra nutriment from my great toe. I tried biting my toe just now and didn't get within a foot of my objective.

Almost before I knew it I was wearing those knee-length, black, heavy, indestructible, ribbed cotton socks, held in place by a circular elastic that ripped asunder at the wrong moment and forced one to go home with one stocking hanging down. Being a country boy I avoided this embarrassment three whole years by going barefoot. Ah, if I could but run barefooted through a meadow after a heavy rain—just once again before I die....

When I came into my first pair of long pants a new era of socks was ushered in.

As I recall these, they were pepper-and-salt, brown or blue; thick cotton, the sort bulldogs like to play tug-o'-war with. Three pairs cost twenty-five cents and had to last me sixty days, if we had no crop failures. After following a plow all day, summer fallowing, these noble socks would compliment their owner and wearer and their manufacturer by standing to attention alongside the bed.

Then came the army sock of 1898-99. I went into a campaign with four pairs; the campaign lasted nine months and for the last five months of that period I discovered that a stout fellow can get along without socks.

Never shall I forget the socks loving hands knitted at home during the Great War and sent to their sons in my command. The sight of a limping soldier caused me to investigate. I discovered loyal sons with number ten socks registered on their clothing card were wearing number fifteen made by ma and the girls; striving to assimilate a great roll of wool under the toes and a bag back of the heel large enough to contain a can of "gold-fish." I commandeered all such socks, including some that were sent me, and gave them to the Red Cross, which sent them over to the starving Armenians. One would think the Turks had done enough to the Armenians!

Once I knew a man who had solved the sock problem. He worked for my father and was always begging for old discarded shirts. I discovered he clipped the tails out of these, tore the cloth into strips and, starting at his great toe, bound his feet up in the fashion of winding a spiral puttee. When he wanted to change his socks he merely unwound the soiled portion.

I must confess that my own sock problem was never solved until late years when I delegated my sock purchases to my wife. It seems that she has discovered a very satisfactory system,* and I find that I'm wearing Realsilk socks. They last longer and fit better and if I forget to manicure the nail of my great toe I find a stouter resistance to that foe of all socks—the toe-nail. I have at last found a good sock that suits me perfectly and hereafter I shall have no false socks upon me.

In No Other Socks At Any Price

1 Six-Ply Toe—instead of four or less—the best wearing toe ever built. (Patent pending.)

2 High-Spliced Heel—two-ply—a wall of protection where the back of the shoe rubs.

3 Double-Layer Sole—two-ply—double wear.

4 More Compact Weave—9% more closely woven—firmer fabric—better appearance.

5 Longer Silk Leg—graduated lengths increase with foot sizes.

6 Double-Thick Garter Bands—made to fit the leg—another feature of comfort and wear.

7 Triple-Fast Hygienic Dyes—fast to light, washing, and perspiration. No color can harm the feet.

Realsilk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, U. S. A. World's largest manufacturers of silk hosiery. Branches in 250 cities.

***The System Mr. Kyne Mentions**

The regular Realsilk Representative calls. He shows a complete line of socks (as well as a complete line of women's hosiery and lingerie). He has full information as to size, color and style. He takes the order. The postman delivers the hosiery. This method of dealing directly with 20,000,000 families enables Realsilk to know more about hosiery and hosiery needs than any other company and has resulted in exclusive hosiery features and greater hosiery value.

REALSILK

THE SOCKS WITH 7 EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

SOLD ONLY IN OFFICE AND HOME

STACY-ADAMS *bench-made* shoes (hand-sewed throughout) find general acceptance as the ultimate in fine footwear. You find them in a number of exclusive stores at $25.00 to $35.00 the pair.

★ ★ ★

EAGERLY SOUGHT . . .
RARELY ATTAINED

STYLE that is correct and authentic . . . fit that insures poise afoot . . . value as represented by finest leathers and expert craftsmanship. These are the things men seek. And these are the things attained at the workbench of Stacy-Adams. As in the Madison illustrated, a shoe embodying all the elements of fine footwear . . . Of the choicest selected kid skin, tan or black, fashioned on an enduring last which grows more popular with every season.

IN standard welt construction, these shoes retail at prices of $12.50 and up.
Stacy-Adams Company, Brockton, Massachusetts

Custom Grade Shoes for Men

STACY ADAMS
★

THE THEATRE

Revivals

The Father. Mad Johan August Strindberg wrote this play about a madman in 1887, partly to attack the growing feminist movement in Sweden, partly to work off some of his hatred of womankind. Revived by Robert Loraine and a company of British actors, it retains all the fury its author put into it 44 years ago, acquires a little more in Mr. Loraine's presentation of the breakdown of a paranoiac mind. Its theme: "Love between the sexes is Strife." Adolph (Robert Loraine), a Swedish scientist, is confronted with the problem of what to do about a servant girl who has been seduced by a soldier. Says the soldier (Barrie Livesay): "How can any man know if he is the father?" This is the germ of the scientist's obsession. His wife (Dorothy Dix) cunningly suggests that he may not be the father of her child, and persistent pondering of this problem drives him mad. He believes all the women of his household are allied against him, even his daughter (Maisie Darrell) and his old nurse (Haidee Wright). By the end of Act I he is rushing out into a blizzard crying: "To hell with all women!" At the end of Act II he hurls a lighted lamp at his wife. The final curtain finds him a gibbering, grinning lunatic bound in a strait-jacket.

Mad, morbid though it may be, *The Father* is an impressive play, intelligently acted. Most Manhattan critics, objecting to Actor Loraine's violent acting, forgot the violence was Playwright Strindberg's. Manhattan playgoers, more impressed, gave the players repeated curtain calls, demanded from tired Mr. Loraine a curtain speech.

The Father lost nothing by the fact that it was preceded by Sir James Mathew Barrie's one-act War morsel, *Barbara's Wedding*.

The Streets of New York, or Poverty Is No Crime. "It is a gloomy moment in history. In France the political cauldron seethes and bubbles with uncertainty. Russia hangs as usual like a cloud dark and silent upon the horizon of Europe; while all the energies, resources and influences of the British Empire are sorely tried, and are yet to be tried more sorely, in coping with the vast and deadly Indian insurrection. . . . Of our own troubles no man can see the end. If we are only to lose money and by painful poverty be taught wisdom, no man need seriously despair."

Thus ran an editorial in *Harper's Weekly* for Oct. 10, 1857. As uncannily close to present economic conditions as the *Harper's* editorial is *The Streets of New York* by Dion Boucicault, which also first saw the light of day in 1857. Revived with a triumphantly light touch by the New York Repertory Company, *The Streets of New York* is many a cut above any theatrical resurrection seen in and about Manhattan for seasons.

First scene is laid in the counting house of Gideon Bloodgood (*hiss!*), a merciless moneychanger who is about to succumb to the panic of 1837. Although not one line of the old script has been changed, Manhattan spectators, aware of last year's Bank of U. S. failure (TIME, Dec. 22, *et seq.*), will believe that a modern interpolation must have been made when the collapse of the "United States Bank"—an institution of President Van Buren's time—is spoken of.

Banker Bloodgood is saved by bilking an aged sea captain, impoverishing the

ROLLO PETERS
. . . *uncovers Banker Bloodgood* (hiss!).

worthy mariner's family. Not until the panic of 1857 and its attendant hard winter do the facts begin to come to light. Through the efforts of Hero Mark Livingstone (Rollo Peters) and the ultimately reformed (sly little Romney Brent), Banker Bloodgood's infamy is finally uncovered. Virtue conquers. Mr. Peters then embraces in matrimony the deceased sea captain's daughter (Dorothy Gish). Oldest play in town, it stands, on its own merit, as the most entertaining.

New Plays in Manhattan

Two Seconds. In the two seconds before his brain is paralyzed in the electric chair Elliott Lester's murderer reviews his life, thereby cutting 58 seconds from the record established by Maxwell Bodenheim in a novel (*Sixty Seconds*) in 1929. Nineteen scenes pass through his mind; at the end of them he is dead. The unfortunate killer is one John Allen (Edward Pawley), steel worker atop a skyscraper. He looks down pityingly on the "flies" beneath. Then he descends, marries a taxi-dancer (Blyth Daly), becomes a fly himself. Up high again, he resents things said about his wife by his good friend Bud Clark (Preston Foster) and in an argument Bud falls to his death. John loses his nerve, cannot climb, lives on money another man gives his wife. Then he wins $262, repays her, kills her to cleanse his soul. As he is on his way up the skyscraper again the Law overtakes him.

Edward Pawley's acting, Cleon Throckmorton's fast-moving sets, Egon Brecher's

West Point, *(extreme left) smart and slender—a new Gruen strap watch, finished in white gold with coin gold decoration and dial to match, $52.50*

Lakehurst, *(left) a trim Gruen wrist watch for young men; finished in white or natural coin gold; leather strap; $47.50*

As trim and spirited as a CRACK CADET

—this new Gruen Watch for young men!

TRIM! Tailored! Good-looking! A movement that ticks with the perfect precision of marching feet on parade. That's the Culver—a new Gruen Watch in the military manner!

This youthful watch is typical of the beauty, the accuracy, and the greater value-per-dollar found in all Gruen Watches. A product of Guild craftsmanship, it is as honestly fine inside as it is beautiful outside.

The Gruen Jeweler in your community can show you the watches illustrated here, and many other beautiful Gruen Watches from **$29.75** representing value far beyond their moderate prices!

Gruen Watch Makers Guild, Time Hill, Cincinnati. Branches in various parts of the world. Largest manufacturers of fine watches exclusively —engaged in the art of fine watchmaking for more than half a century.

CULVER, *a new Gruen wrist-link watch in which the band is an integral part of the watch itself. Finished in white or natural coin gold, $57.50*

Before you buy any *watch, compare it with a* GRUEN!

Weigh these points of VALUE:

1. UNCANNY ACCURACY as proved by official observatory tests, and by actual timekeeping service among thousands of men and women.

2. INNER QUALITY. Fine craftsmanship handed down from the old guild masters. No Gruen Watch therefore, is ever cheapened to meet a price.

3. MODERN BEAUTY, leadership in design since the Guild made the first accurate thin watch for men, and first introduced the wrist watch in America. The beauty of *true* gold—not the flashy hardware metal that masquerades as white gold.

4. HONESTLY PRICED to give you the *greatest watch value your money can buy.*

5. RECOMMENDED BY THE FINER STORES—*professional* jewelers who put quality and honest prices above "get-rich-quick" profits. Their stores are marked by the Gruen Emblem below.

PRECISION
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The Guild mark placed only on watches of higher accuracy, finer quality. For the *finest* of watches, look for the Gruen mark PRECISION on the dial.

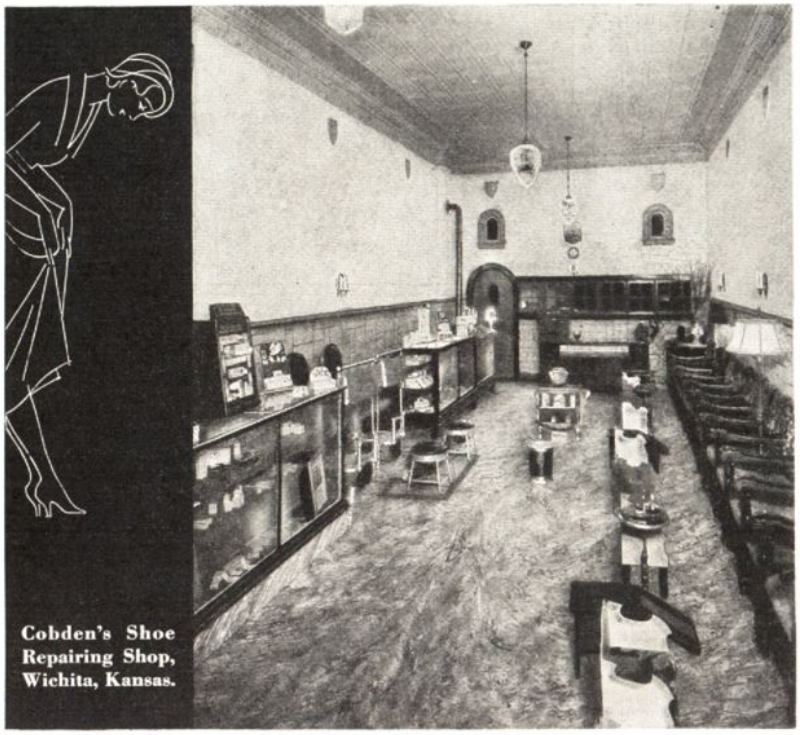
GRUEN WATCHES

Gruen Pentagon VeriThin, *(upper left) "The Croix de Guerre for American Achievement," 17-jewel* PRECISION *movement, $75. Other Gruen pocket watches from $32.50 to $250*

Mayfair, *(upper right) 14-kt. solid white or natural coin gold Gruen, with twisted mesh cord wristlet, 17-jewel baguette movement, $70. Other Gruen Baguettes from $52.50*

Holyoke, *(left) smartly plain wrist watch finished in white gold, with fine engraving extending into matching open link bracelet, 15 jewels, $37.50*

GRUEN GUILD WATCHES



Cobden's Shoe Repairing Shop, Wichita, Kansas.

Keen merchandising where you might least expect it . .

Once just a workshop—but look at the shoe repair store now! Spick and span, modern, distinctive—and, of course, doing bigger business than ever before. That's smart merchandising.

Why do business on cracks and splinters? For every type of business interior, there is an appropriate Sealex Floor that can be laid inexpensively and quickly right over the old shabby floor.

Customer-inviting floors of Sealex Linoleum are not expensive. Yet they're durable and practical. They never have to be scraped or painted. They're easy to keep clean—an occasional waxing makes them look like new.

Sealex Floors installed by authorized contractors of Bonded Floors are backed by a Guaranty Bond. Write our Business Floors Department for further facts.

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wise direction, the novelty of the idea for the stage make *Two Seconds* interesting, sometimes impressive. The electrocution in the prolog gives the subsequent action some of the grim inevitableness of last season's *The Last Mile*.

The Guest Room brings to the stage one of the most consistently detestable females it has ever seen. Charlotte ("Aunt Lottie") Powers (Helen Lowell) is an aging, shapeless creature with tiny bird-like eyes and more nose than chin. She lives in guest rooms, directs households, antagonizes servants, soon becomes mistress of any house in which she lives. Hints that she leave she studiously ignores; when told she *must* go, she breaks down and cries. Mrs. Fairley got rid of her by dying, Mrs. Martin (Beverly Sitgreaves) by leaving, Janet Simms (Joan Kenyon) by foisting her off on an unsuspecting friend, after Aunt Lottie had driven Bill Simms (Otto Hulett) first to South America and then to the Y. M. C. A.

Three acts of Aunt Lottie are too much. Her voice, like the screech of a truck's brakes, has not only the rest of the cast but the entire audience squirming with the desire to get hands on her throat. But no one who has ever possessed an Aunt Lottie will say she is an exaggeration. Able Actress Lowell, with able support, even makes plausible the few moments when she is pitiable. Brisk if undistinguished dialog helps the play; a farcical ending hurts it. It is a fine play for everyone's Aunt Lottie to see.

The Left Bank might have been a good satire if Elmer Rice (*Street Scene*) had not let his characters talk him into taking them too seriously. John Shelby (Horace Braham), a young American writer living in Paris, is always on the point of writing something good; meanwhile he complains bitterly of the hackwork he must do to keep himself and his wife (Katherine Alexander) alive in a third-rate hotel room on the Boulevard Montparnasse and to keep his son in an "advanced" school in England, where he is being "cured" of a mother-fixation. The U. S., he declares, is "a spiritual vacuum, a cultural desert." Claire Shelby wants to go back "where her roots are"; more important, she wants to have her child. To stay in the next room come two old friends, Waldo Lynde (Donald MacDonald) and his promiscuous wife Susie (Millicent Green). Waldo is satisfied with life as a U. S. lawyer, thinks "we must go the way the world is going, not where it came from." Susie seduces John, takes him away to the Riviera; Claire and Waldo, left behind, avoid the inevitable until the simultaneous invasion of Claire's room by an evil-minded sister-in-law (Merle Maddern) and a band of orgiasts. John and Susie return, and after a great deal of discussion the logical procedure suggests itself: Claire and Waldo go away to get Claire's son, Susie leads the unresisting John into the next room.

The Left Bank is saved from banality by fine, quiet performances by Katherine Alexander as Claire and Donald MacDonald as Waldo. For humor the play depends on 1) the pseudo-Gallic antics of the hotel servant (Alfred A. Hesse); 2) inconvenient plumbing; 3) the wallpaper.

DO YOU CHAIN-SMOKE INTO THE "WEE SMA" HOURS?

Keep that Clean Taste with Cooler Smoke!

When home-work keeps you busy far into the night, don't you often light a fresh cigarette on the butt of the old one? There's no better time to try Spud's cooler smoke and cleaner taste... you've earned it! It doesn't matter how long or how concentrated your work-and-smoke session may be... Spuds always leave your mouth moist cool and comfortably clean. Occasional smoker or 2-pack-a-day smoker... you'll find Spud's lusty, cool tobacco flavor keeps you "mouth-happy" and gives you that "grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment." Try Spud and see for yourself.

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THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Nurses and professional women are constant users of Vapex

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YOUR COLD

. . . ASLEEP OR AWAKE

Use Vapex at the first sign of a cold. Breathe away distress in its delightful fragrance.

It's very easy to use. Merely sprinkle a few drops on your handkerchief or pillow.

And it's really the modern way of relieving colds. For Vapex was discovered accidentally when it was found that the vapor from certain chemicals made workers immune to influenza. These same chemicals, greatly concentrated, are in Vapex today.

$1 a bottle of 100 applications. About 1c for many hours relief from your cold. Ask your druggist for V-A-P-E-X.

A few drops on your handkerchief

VAPEX

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Breathe your cold away

If you can't sleep because of a cold, try Vapex on your pillow

Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health

PEOPLE

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

Rear Admiral **Newton Alexander McCully,** U. S. N. retired, and five of the seven Russian orphans whom he adopted and brought to the U. S. ten years ago, were rescued from Chesapeake Bay at midnight by the crew of the *S. S. Verona* which rammed and sank their yacht *Kikachiaka* ("Sea Gull"), a converted submarine-chaser. They were on their way from Annapolis to the Admiral's South Carolina home. The children with the Admiral were: three girls, **Nina,** 15, **Ludmila,** 20, **Tonia,** 13; and two boys, **Feodor,** 14, **Nikolai,** 22. All were quickly picked up except Nina who was found swimming after a half hour's search. Two other adopted daughters are Mrs. William Moritz of New York and Mrs. Alexander Lastchencoff of Detroit. Admiral McCully, a bachelor of independent income, adopted the seven when he was special agent for the Department of State in the south of Russia. He was aided by **Olga Alexandra Krundisheva,** a refugee whom he subsequently (1927) married, brought to the U. S.

Krystone

ADMIRAL MCCULLY & CHILDREN*

Their Sea Gull was rammed in the night.

In the New York *Times* appeared the following advertisement:

ENTERTAINMENT HOSTS, CLUBS, SOCIETIES, desiring distinguished former **American Ambassador** abroad, brilliant, interesting speaker, discuss today's vital international problems communicate representative. X2521 Times Annex.

Investigation revealed the unportfolioed "Ambassador" to be **John Barrett,** Odd Fellow, Knight of Pythias, Rotarian, publicist, onetime U. S. *Minister* to Siam, Argentina, Panama, Colombia, longtime (1907–20) director general of the Pan-American Union, quoter in *Who's Who* of how Theodore Roosevelt praised his work.

The day before her 41st birthday Sister **Aimee Semple McPherson Hutton,** Los Angeles evangelist, and her husband Brother David L. Hutton, 30, 250-lb. dimpled tenor, paused in Manhattan on their way to Boston to conduct a nine-day revival. Sister Aimee was svelte and blonde; on her last visit, newsmen recalled, she was plump and red-haired. Of her husband she said: "The first time I heard David sing was four months ago. He was singing 'Nay, I Will Not Let You Go,' and as I listened I felt myself blush to the roots of my hair. . . ." In Boston Mayor **James M. Curley** pointed out that Texas Guinan had promised to give half the proceeds of *her* show to the unemployed. Sister Aimee agreed to share all takings over & above $2,600 daily rental of Boston Garden, which has a capacity of 22,000. For the first two days attendance averaged about 6,000, collections totaled about $2,200.

Preached famed **Rev. John Haynes Holmes** in Manhattan on **Mahatma Gandhi:** "He has the dignity of a king. . . . Where do people get the idea that he is ugly? . . . His frame is large and his stature is erect and tall."†

Municipal Judge **John Homer Lyle** of Chicago, candidate for the Republican nomination for Mayor last winter, engaged in a street fight with one Emil Domres, contractor, when the latter bumped his automobile into the judge's.

*Tonia, Ludmila, Nikolai.

†Mr. Gandhi, 4 ft. 8 in., 76 lb., is shorter and lighter than a jockey or the coxswain of a crew.

DON'T GAMBLE WITH WEATHER · · · USE EVEREADY PRESTONE

WHY GAMBLE Your Money ON AN ANTI-FREEZE THAT EVAPORATES IN WARM WEATHER?

WINTER WEATHER rarely runs "true to form." It mixes cold snaps and warm spells—unexpected changes that are sure to catch you napping. Trying to outguess the temperature is like playing the races. In the long run you're bound to lose. And if you've paid a bill for a frozen radiator or a cracked engine-block you know the loss can be heavy!

Every year more car owners stop gambling with weather. Instead of taking a chance with makeshift anti-freezes that overheat motors, boil away on warm days and have to be constantly tested and replaced, they use Eveready Prestone once, and forget winter-worry!

Eveready Prestone is the first product scientifically developed for one purpose—to give absolute, all-weather protection to automobile cooling-systems. It has been steadily perfected and improved. It won't leak out of a water-tight system. It won't damage the costly finish of your car. It is odorless. It retards the formation of rust. It won't boil off or evaporate, even at summer temperatures. And it never lets the water freeze in your radiator nor become thick and sticky, however cold the weather.

Don't get the idea that Eveready Prestone is expensive. It actually costs less per season to have this safety and dependability than to gamble with old-fashioned rule-of-thumb mixtures that at best give only imperfect service.

Owners of large fleets of trucks have proved the efficiency and economy of Eveready Prestone over all other products. It has been used by scientific expeditions to defy the bitterest polar temperatures, and is accepted by leading car manufacturers and automotive engineers.

Right now, before freezing weather threatens, go to your dealer or garage-man. Have him clean and tighten the cooling-system, then give you complete, winter-long protection with the new, improved Eveready Prestone that takes the gamble out of cold-weather driving. A single filling and your car is safe for the season!

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
General Offices: New York, N. Y.
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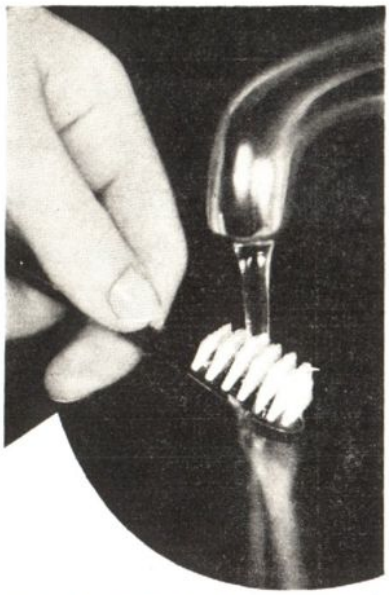
9 POINTS OF SUPERIORITY

1. Gives complete protection.
2. Does not boil off.
3. Positively will not damage cooling-system.
4. Will not heat-up a motor.
5. Circulates freely at the lowest operating temperatures.
6. Will not affect paint, varnish or lacquer finishes.
7. Non-inflammable and odorless.
8. Prevents formation of rust in cooling-system.
9. Economical—one filling lasts all winter.

EVEREADY PRESTONE

NOTE: *When you drain your cooling-system of Eveready Prestone in the spring, put in Eveready* RUSTONE, *for all-summer protection against rust, clogging and overheating. Then your car will always be free of rust.*



BETTER BRISTLES
THAT KEEP THEIR
BETTER SHAPE

Give Tek the most strenuous sort of a workout, morning and night. Even after months of daily brushing and drenching in water it cleans teeth better and vitalizes gums. *Better Shape,* Tek fits even the sharp curve behind your front teeth. *Better Bristles,* Tek removes stains and prevents the accumulation of tartar.

With its *Better Shape* and *Better Bristles* Tek is a Better Value. It costs no more than old-style brushes. Sterilized, Cellophane-sealed, a guaranteed product of the world's largest makers of dental accessories.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Tek

the modern
TOOTH BRUSH

AERONAUTICS

Last Flight

At 3:30 a. m. one day last week Lightkeeper William Faulkner heard a crash far out in Cobequid Bay, Nova Scotia. Then came a noise like an explosion and cries for help. Faulkner ran out to the beach, roused neighboring fishermen. In the darkness they could see nothing; but again came the anguished shouts from the bay. The tide was out. For two miles from the beach stretched a sea of soft red mud on which no man could walk. For two hours the shouts could be heard while the watchers waited for the tide to rise. Just as a boat was floated, the shouts died away. For an hour the rescue party searched the bay, then had to run for shore lest the outrunning tide leave them stranded on the treacherous mud. There was no sign of man or craft. But by that time the boatsmen knew what they were searching for—the ship-to-shore mail plane of the liner *Bremen*. . . .

It was the last flight of the season for the *Bremen* plane and Pilot Fritz Simon & Mechanic Rudolph Wagenknecht would make it remembered through the winter. Their rival brothers, the plane crew of the *Europa,* had made a record last month by landing the mail in New York 28 hr. ahead of the steamer (TIME, Sept. 21). The *Bremen's* mail should be there 30 hr. ahead of time. The catapult on the *Bremen's* sundeck whirred; the plane shot into the sky 1,300 mi. northeast of Ambrose Lightship and flew on into rain, fog & headwind. At dark she alighted for a moment on Glace Bay Harbor to check position with a fishing boat; at 9 p. m. she put down on Sydney Harbor with ten minutes' fuel supply in her tanks; at midnight, refueled, she flew on again in the darkness. . . .

On the third day Pilot Louis Leigh of Maritime Airways Co. of Sydney flew his seaplane low over the muddy waters of Cobequid Bay, sighted the wreckage of the mail plane floating bottom-side-up. On the fifth day he spotted the body of Pilot Simon, red with Cobequid mud. One hand clutched a monocle. There was a fresh cut on the head. Physicians declared that Pilot Simon had died of exposure only a few hours before his body was found.

Iron Pilot

One by one the 18 newsmen and other guests in a Curtiss Condor which flew over Newark Airport one afternoon last week, walked forward to the control compartment to see what was going on. Ordinarily they would have seen a somewhat annoyed pilot working the controls to compensate for the shift of weight caused by their movements. Instead they saw Pilot Ralph G. Lockwood comfortably sitting with legs crossed, hands clasped behind his head. The control stick in front of him moved slightly fore & aft, side-to-side; the rudder pedals budged now and then. The big Condor flew smoothly on, directly over a predetermined spot, taking its directions from a small box under the pilot's seat—the Sperry automatic pilot, a device not unlike the Sperry gyroscope which guides vessels.

The flight was in nowise astonishing.

Based on a new shaving principle

•

SQUIBB Shaving Cream brings a distinctly different luxury to shaving. For it has *double-action, double-comfort.*

1. *All the comfort you've ever found in your usual shave* plus

2. *the extra comfort made possible by a special Squibb ingredient.*

This replaces the vital oils usually removed from the skin by ordinary shaving creams. And really leaves your face feeling like velvet.

Enjoy this new shaving comfort. Ask your druggist for a free sample of Squibb Shaving Cream or send 10 cents for a guest-size tube to E. R. Squibb & Sons, Squibb Building, New York.

SQUIBB
Double-action
SHAVING CREAM

Genuine solid leather and only $7.50

Smart! Handy! No loops, plenty of room. Protects toilet articles.

A great travel kit. Made of choicest, thickest solid leather money can buy, by world's champion saddlemakers. Natural russet color . . . full grain cowhide lined. Special imported clasp. Size 9½" x 4½" x 2¾". Priced $7.50. Name or initials embossed on lid, 25c extra. At all good stores or postpaid direct. Money back guarantee! Hamley & Company, 551 Court Street, Pendleton, Oregon, U. S. A. Be sure the Kit you buy has the Hamley name and cowboy saddle mark on the bottom.

HAMLEY KIT

You pay your telephone—
Why not make it pay you?

Those leisure hours when you have nothing especially to do—why not turn them into profitable, interesting ones?
Our Telephone Bureau has a fascinating, profitable plan for part-time work. Interesting contacts with none of the usual high-pressure soliciting. *Write today to* The Telephone Bureau, Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., Garden City, N. Y.

Army and Navy planes have been experimenting with the "iron pilot" for several years, but this was the first commercial installation. A sharp-eyed reporter for the Baltimore *Sun* found the newly equipped Condor at the Berliner-Joyce aircraft plant, shrewdly wrote that Eastern Air Transport proposed to use it in regular service. The transport company was deeply embarrassed because it had not yet applied to the Department of Commerce for permission to use the robot. To check further gossip and placate the Department, it conducted last week's public flight, stated with great emphasis that it was "preliminary to official flights soon to be made for inspectors of the Department of Commerce."

Although it is often referred to as the "robot pilot," the Sperry device is not supposed to take the place of a plane's crew. The human pilot must take his plane off and land it. But once in the air and on his course he adjusts the automatic device to the proper compass direction, throws in a clutch, turns his attention to weather maps, radio reports. The risk of blind flying is eliminated; the automatic pilot requires no visibility to remain on course and on even keel. Moreover, the device flies a plane more smoothly than a human. At the beginning of a flight a human pilot can make about 50 corrections per minute; after flying for a long period he can make only about 20. The robot never tires, begins correcting a variation the instant it occurs.

Water Out of Fuel

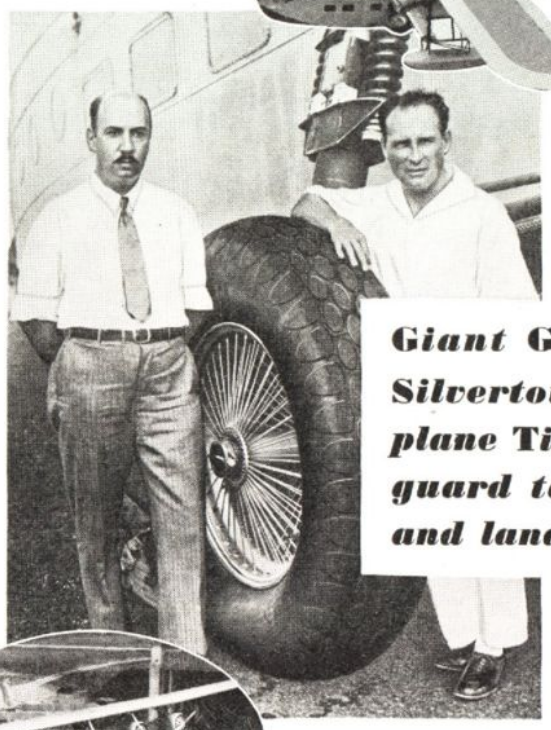
While Tex Rankin was making a new record of 131 consecutive outside loops high above him, Lieut. Alford Joseph Williams went through his upside-down falling-leaf stunt one day last week at the Southern Air Pageant at Charlotte, N. C. Suddenly Lieut. Williams' motor quit. Unable to reach the runway without endangering the crowd, he crashed his plane into an embankment, was not badly hurt. Lieut. Williams' reason for the accident: water in the gasoline.

Because of that ever present hazard, fuel is ordinarily strained into an airplane's tanks through chamois or billiard-table felt, which are impervious to water. The process is slow and not without danger of fire, as the strainer easily becomes clogged with sediment and the funnel full of gasoline is constantly exposed to static electricity. Last week it was disclosed that the Army Air Corps had adopted a filtering device with neither of these bad features, invented by Master Sergeant David Samiran, stationed at Wright Field, Ohio. The invention, known as a *segregator*, is based on the difference in specific gravity between gasoline and water. Water and sediment are diverted through a waste valve. The segregator was patented by Sergeant Samiran, who will be permitted to collect royalties for its commercial application.

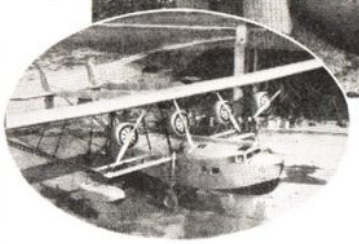
Another device, sold commercially, consists of an arrangement of 200-mesh screens which slow up the flow of fuel just enough to let the water follow its own inclination to separate from the gasoline. Through it, fuel can be poured at the rate of 55 to 60 gal. per min. Chamois or felt will pass fuel only 20–25 gal. per min.

World's Largest Amphibian CHOOSES GOODRICH

View of the 45-passenger Sikorsky on its maiden flight. Note the wheels folded in. This retractable landing gear weighs 1700 pounds—is capable of withstanding 153,000 pounds' impact.



Giant Goodrich Silvertown Airplane Tires safeguard take-offs and landings . . .



Igor Sikorsky, designer, (left) and Capt. Boris Sergiersky, pilot, standing beside one of the amphibian's huge Goodrich Airplane Tires. This tire is almost five feet high, and more than a foot in thickness.

MORE powerful than a locomotive—accommodating forty-five passengers with all the luxury of a palatial hotel—capable of traveling 130 miles per hour! That's aviation's latest marvel—the new Sikorsky Amphibian built for passenger service between Miami and the Canal Zone.

Consider the terrific impact the huge tires pictured above must cushion when this mighty craft makes a take-off or landing. Naturally they're the best tires that engineering skill could devise. Tires capable, by test, of withstanding a blow of more than 80 tons. Tires built by Goodrich.

Goodrich *Low Pressure* Tires are the first choice of airmen the world over. Because they make take-offs and landings *easier* and *safer*—because they can be easily and quickly installed on any plane, with or without brakes, you should insist on Goodrich *Low Pressure* Tires. The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Est. 1870, Akron, Ohio, and Los Angeles, California.

Goodrich
RUBBER FOR AIRPLANES

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MUSIC

Batons Up!

Four backs turned briskly on four smart audiences, four batons tapped attention almost simultaneously and a new U. S. music season last week was fairly under way. Fortnight ago **Detroit** and **San Francisco** stole marches, staged their opening symphony concerts ahead of other cities. Detroit displayed all its old show of affection for Conductor Ossip Gabrilowitsch. San Francisco's concert, under Russian Issai Dobrowen, suffered from the poor acoustics of the Tivoli Opera House (used symphonically for the first time), but there was the added feature of tea served on the stage by the Symphony Association's Women's Auxiliary. The four opening concerts given last week were by the great orchestras in Manhattan, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Boston.

Manhattan paid its first-night court to Erich Kleiber, Berlin conductor who appeared in the U. S. for the first time last year, managed to wear the seven-league boots of Arturo Toscanini without disastrous stumbling. Philharmonic-Symphony subscribers appeared to approve last week the re-engagement which Conductor Kleiber had earned by his painstaking musicianship, his intelligent, energetic sponsoring of new works, his amiable personality. Reconciled now to beginning the season without the great Toscanini, they seemed to take a solid satisfaction in Kleiber's clear, vigorous interpretations, particularly in his reading of a crinkling Suite for Chamber Orchestra written as dinner music by German Georg Philipp Telemann, a prolific contemporary of Bach. Few saw occasion this year (as many did last year) to compare Kleiber with the incomparable Toscanini. Kleiber is big-shouldered, makes militant, jerky gestures where Toscanini is gracefully electric. Kleiber takes gratefully the applause which is chaff to Toscanini, nor was his performance last week so exciting as to detract all attention from the former Anna Case, now the wife of the Philharmonic's chief guarantor, Clarence Hungerford Mackay, or from the new concertmaster, Mishel Piastro, a humpty-dumpty figure, all shirt front, whose violin sounded a full, sensuous tone. Toscanini furnished excitement from Switzerland. He was through with Bayreuth, he cabled. The Wagner sanctuary was for him now nothing but a "banal theatre." Henceforth he would conduct only Manhattan's orchestra.

Philadelphia's first concert is never complete without some stunt by Conductor Leopold Stokowski. Stokowski played superbly four of his own transcriptions from the early classical composers Monteverdi, Lulli, Purcell, Vivaldi. Then, at intermission, he begged his audience to stay and "listen to the birdies." The birdies proved to be two giant oscillators which shrieked and yowled into microphones for the purpose of showing Stokowski how his broadcasts will sound this year coming from a crowded auditorium. Again the Philadelphia (Philco) Storage Battery Co. will sponsor Stokowski's radio-concerts. Other Philadelphia Orchestra conductors will be Toscanini, Bernardino Molinari, Fritz Reiner, Alexander Smallens.

Boston does not believe in guest conductors. To her complete satisfaction King Sergei Koussevitzky opened the home season with a magnificent blend of Bach, Brahms, César Franck, Ravel. Late in October he will take the orchestra on tour to Buffalo, Cincinnati, Detroit, Columbus, Pittsburgh, Ithaca.

Cleveland dressed up to match new Severance Hall, built for the Orchestra and dedicated last winter (TIME, Feb. 16). Conductor Nikolai Sokolov indulged none of his predilections for new, unproven music. For him the occasion deserved Strauss, Franck, Beethoven, Brahms.

Other major orchestras are scheduled to give their first programs this week: The **Chicago** Symphony with Conductor Frederick Stock beginning his 27th season; the **Cincinnati** Symphony with Eugene Goossens beginning his first; the **Seattle** Symphony with Karl Krueger. Next week will begin the **Los Angeles** Philharmonic with Artur Rodzinski, the **Minneapolis** Symphony with Henri Verbrugghen, the **St. Louis** Symphony with Vladimir Golschmann, the **Milwaukee** Philharmonic with Frank Laird Waller. **Rochester, N. Y.** with different guest conductors, **Portland, Ore.** (Willem van Hoogstraten), **Omaha** (Joseph Littau) and **Syracuse** (Vladimir Shavitch) save their openings for November.

Underwood & Underwood

ERICH KLEIBER

To him, applause is not chaff.

News Out of Worcester

Two episodes last week gave the annual music festival of Worcester, Mass. wider publicity than the pedantic excellence of the affair has normally enjoyed during its 72 years. One episode might have been anticipated, for when the name of Percy Aldridge ("Country Gardens") Grainger appears on a program it is more than likely to forecast a performance out of the commonplace. The second episode con-

cerned German Soprano Editha Fleischer, especially imported to be leading soloist in the Festival's lastnight program.

Soprano Fleischer had had a disagreement with Festival Conductor Albert Stoessel at a morning rehearsal. She had objected to the local accompanist provided for her, asked to have summoned from Manhattan little Kurt Ruhrseitz, her coach at the Metropolitan Opera House. Pianist Ruhrseitz arrived but by performance time Soprano Fleischer was missing. Festival directors searched widely for her, finally attributed her disappearance to temperament, proceeded with the concert without her. The directors should have known better. If Soprano Fleischer has flights of "temperament" she never shows them. After the concert she was discovered in her hotel room (she had engaged two rooms, the directors had searched only one), lying on the floor deep in sleep. She said she must have taken two sleeping tablets instead of the prescribed one, in order to have a short nap before the concert. Oversleeping cost her her fee of $1,200.

Percy Grainger has always deplored convention, for himself and for his music. Whenever he appears on the street he invariably attracts attention because he will wear no hat. One day he may tramp with a knapsack on his back into Manhattan to call on his publishers, the next day trundle a wheelbarrow to the railroad station in White Plains, N. Y., carry home his own luggage just for the exercise. He loves primitive people and customs. Rollicking "Country Gardens," like much of his music, is based on a folk tune, an English morris dance. He wrote it when he was a private in the U. S. Army, rated as a second-class musician who played the oboe and the saxophone. He has since seen it overshadow all his other output in popularity, has seen it become the biggest-selling concert piece in the U. S. (nearly 250,000 copies). His wedding, like his soldiering, illustrates his passion for being one with the People. He married Danish Ella Viola Strom in Hollywood Bowl, the orchestra for altar, the great Bowlful of everyday spectators for guests. His gift to the bride was a gift for everyone: A symphonic work, "To a Nordic Princess."

In his music Percy Grainger often foreswears the ordinary Italian markings such as *allegro, legato, pianissimo.* He writes for the People, marks his music accordingly: "fairly slowly flowingly," "slacken lots," "louden lots." Nor does Grainger confine himself to conventional instrumentation. His contribution to last week's Worcester Festival was "Tribute to Foster"* which called for the use of musical glasses and bowls. Only vaudevillians have heretofore played glasses in public. They take glasses of different pitch, tune them further by putting varying amounts of water in them, play them by rubbing a moistened finger around the rims. Earnest Worcester choristers, each with a glass, put on the act last week, rubbed a mellifluous accompaniment to their own singing of a clever elaboration on Stephen Foster's "Doodah."

*Stephen Collins Foster, composer of "My Old Kentucky Home," "Swanee River," "Old Black Joe," "Nelly Bly."

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PROBAK BLADES

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1834—Milo and Sally Crane Jones move from Jonesville, Vermont, and build their Log Cabin with the aid of friendly Sacs; soon after erecting the old wing of the present Farm House.

1845—As the fame of "Aunt Sally" Jones' sausage spreads throughout the territory, "The Green Mountain House" is built in The Fort and the Jones' become purveyors of Farm Delicacies to connoisseurs of that era.

1857—Milo Jones gives a slice of his land to the C. & N. W. Ry.

1865—Chuff-chuffing, wood burning locomotives haul Jones Farm Products to neighboring towns.

1882—Milo Jones' son, Milo Cornelius, conceives the idea of a nation wide sale of Farm Sausage made from his mother's old Vermont recipe.

1887—The old "Cheese Room" is now used for the "Quantity Production" of that day and a patient old farm horse supplies the motive power for grinding the succulent "Pork Roasts" (loins and shoulders).

1900—The business grows—additional buildings are added to the plant and Jones Hickory Smoked Bacon and Hams are produced in the old Farm Smokehouse.

1907—A new brick building is erected across the fields from the old farm house to care for the growing demand.

1931—Abreast of the times, the Jones Dairy Farm, today makes use of modern refrigeration and improved transportation in the daily shipments of Jones Sausage fresh from the farm—Bringing Farm goodness to the City Table.

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C I N E M A

The New Pictures

Monkey Business (Paramount). This picture begins when a first mate on an ocean liner tells the captain that there are four hidden stowaways on board. "How do you know there are four?" asks the captain. "They are singing 'Sweet Adeline,'" says the mate. Routed from the barrels in which they have secreted themselves, the Marx Brothers undertake to distress the other passengers. Harpo, on a kiddy-car, slides about the deck with evil looks for all. He captures and becomes the friend of a frog, which he keeps in his hat. He carries a cane which has a horn at one end, for no reason. Chased by the mate, he dives behind the curtain of a Punch & Judy show and pokes his shaggy head out in expressions of derision and despair. Groucho Marx makes friends with a gangster, throws a revolver into a pail of water. "It was necessary to drown the gat," he says, "but we saved a little gitten." Later he undertakes to discuss Love: "When love goes out the door money flies innuendo."

Chico impersonates a tough Italian. Zeppo makes friends with a pretty girl. Presently the boat docks and the Marx Brothers are faced with the problem of getting off without passports. This they try and fail to do by singing like Maurice Chevalier. Harpo, most furious at having his queer purposes interrupted, leaps on the desk of a passport inspector. Grinning wildly, he tears up thousands of important papers, stamps the pate of the chief passport inspector with a rubber stamp. The Marxes go to a party. They have contracted simultaneous alliances with two rival gangsters aboard ship. At the party, one gangster kidnaps his rival's daughter. She is the girl whom Zeppo admires and when she has been retrieved from a barn, in which Harpo makes advances to a calf, the picture ends.

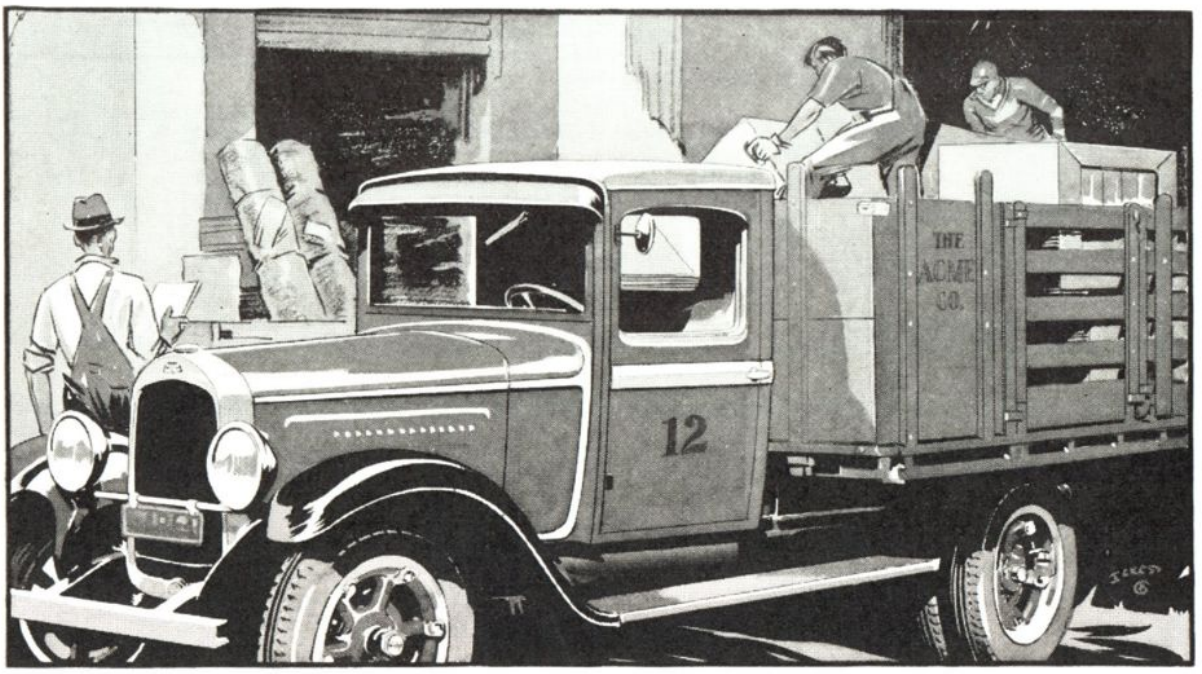
Like other Marx Brothers pictures (*The Cocoanuts, Animal Crackers*), *Monkey Business* makes as little sense as possible. For this and other reasons, admirers of the Marx Brothers will find it marvellously funny. Admirers of Harpo Marx who, when he smiles, looks like a maniacal Charlie Chaplin, will be particularly pleased. He is still the funniest as well as the most versatile Marx. Young Zeppo is more active than usual but he seems a dullard in comparison to his funnier brothers. Zeppo (Herbert) Marx has always been embarrassed by the necessity for playing pallid rôles which cause spectators to say that there are only three and one-half Marx brothers. When the Marx Brothers were playing *Animal Crackers* on the stage, Producer Sam H. Harris said to him: "Can't you get a little more variety into your performance?" Replied Zeppo: "Just how many ways are there of saying yes?"

ZEPPO, HARPO, GROUCHO, CHICO

. . . saved a little gitten.

The Gay Diplomat (RKO Radio) is a routine spy story which contains the one necessary new factor in the spy story formula. This factor consists in having two beautiful women both suspected of being spies. One of them, the heroine (Genevieve Tobin), proves to be innocent. The other (Betty Compson) is trapped by a handsome Rumanian officer (Ivan Lebedeff). The fact that Ivan Lebedeff speaks very poor English has been disguised by setting the action in Rumania which, with Bohemia, is usually selected as the *mise en scène* for cinemas in which the actors are linguistically deficient.

Cinemactor Lebedeff gives a bright-eyed performance as an irresistible ladies' man. It is clear that his employers hope that one day he will be their Valentino. He does his duty as a spy with a maximum of flirtation, gold-buttons, waltzing, suave intimidations and grimaces. His *savoir-faire* is taxed too severely only once—when the heroine, of whom he is enamored, accuses him of being too attentive to another woman, whom he suspects of being the spy he is trying to capture. Richard Boleslavsky's direction is more expert and



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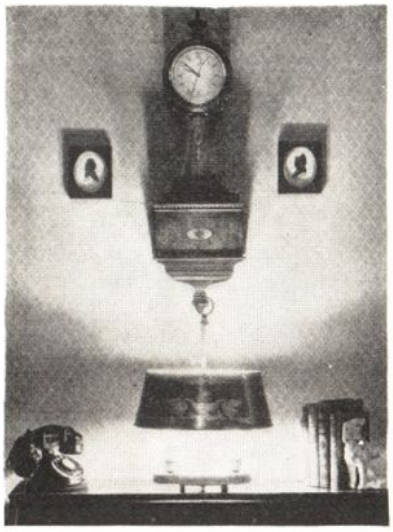

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more original than was required by so commonplace a story but it helps make *The Gay Diplomat* an adequate romantic melodrama. Typical shot: Lebedeff making friends with a Genevieve Tobin by peeking into her handbag.

New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, hero of a book and magazine saga written by George Randolph Chester, has become a classic figure of the stage and cinema. This time, Wallingford is William Haines, who lacks the fat paunch, the long cigar attributed to his hero by Author Chester. His adventures, though new in particulars, are familiar in pattern. It is Jimmy ("Schnozzle") Durante, long-nosed cabaret comedian, who provides the laughable variations.

He is Wallingford's most loyal if not his most able assistant. When Wallingford dupes the leading citizens of a small town into buying stock in what he believes to be a worthless undertaking, Durante is delighted. He prowls about, muttering or screeching words whose meaning pleases him. Defeated in an argument, he scowls and says "I'm silenced." And when Wallingford, to retain the respect of a small-town girl, plans to reimburse his stockholders, Durante is disgusted. "Putty in their hands," he growls, wagging his absurd snout. Wallingford's wildcat holding company is discovered in the end to be a sound investment. Durante is last seen lighting his cigaret with a worthless check and chortling at a chief of police.

Durante's fame as a comedian is due partly to his long nose; partly to a facility in wisecracking which he acquired while assisting in his father's barber shop; and partly to two other comedians, Eddie Jackson and Lou Clayton. With Clayton & Jackson, Durante attracted the attention of Florenz Ziegfeld by wild antics which entertained the patrons of various Manhattan night-clubs and the Palace Theatre (vaudeville). Ziegfeld gave the team a run in *Show Girl* two years ago. Early in his career, Durante had been a night-club entertainer in Harlem, a piano-player in Coney Island where he ballyhooed his own act and described himself as "the great Jimmy Durante." As eccentric off the stage as on it, he likes eating pie-crust so much that he carries it around in his pocket, has a secretary to see that his clothes are buttoned up when he gives a performance, experiences difficulty pronouncing long words. He claims not to understand most criticisms of his work, values them chiefly for their length. Nicknamed "Schnozzle," he has the same nickname in this picture, will be billed as "Schnozzle" Durante wherever the picture plays.

Campaign

Theoretically, many persons who were cinemaddicts before the advent of talking pictures have since lost interest in moving pictures. To recapture their attention, and increase cinema attendance all over the U. S., the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America (Tsar Hays's organization) last week considered an unprecedented project: a $500,000 advertising campaign, recommending no particular pictures, all cinemas in general.

MISCELLANY

"TIME *brings all things.*"

Nailmaker

In Newport, Monmouthshire, England, a scratch from her husband's toenail in bed was stated at the inquest to have caused the death of Mrs. Ada Stevens, wife of a nailmaker.

Smoker

In the Jersey City Salvation Army Home John J. Daggett walked in his sleep, walked through a second story window, fell to the ground, awoke. He walked upstairs, reported the accident, lit a cigaret. An ambulance surgeon saw smoke escaping from John Daggett's neck, found his windpipe had been nearly severed. Said Smoker Daggett: "Now that you mention it, I noticed I wasn't getting much out of this cigaret."

Cold

In Philadelphia, summer was gone. A cold wind blew from the river and the streets were damp and cold. Frank Collins, 65, homeless & jobless, buried his fists in his armpits, dug his chin into his collar, walked until he stood before the open door of a garage. Inside it was not cold. He lay down on a running board, went to sleep. A few minutes later the car drove out, drove until Frank Collins tumbled from the running board into the street, where he lay still. A doctor said he had died in his sleep.

Ribs

In San Francisco, Peter Breckenridge fractured several ribs in the following manner: He mounted his mule, set out for a ride. The mule stepped upon a nest of yellow jackets; the yellow jackets began to sting the mule, causing it to kick desperately. One of the kicks came in contact with a guy wire attached to a pole; the force of the kick made the pole fall down. A power wire strung on the pole fell on the mule, electrocuting it instantly; whereupon the mule fell over, landed on its rider, fractured the ribs of Peter Breckenridge.

Left

In Chicago, a thief stole 350 shoes from the automobile of Charles Weiss, shoe salesman. All were for the left foot.

Soldiers

In his Brooklyn home James Dennis Wyber, 14, played soldier, used the roof as a fort, used his room as an arsenal for the storage of a rifle, an airgun, ammunition, a trench helmet, bayonets. One day James Dennis Wyber missed some things, suspected an enemy foraging party. To his roof-fort he climbed, waited until Alexander Annunciato, 9, began to climb to the enemy fortress—a garage roof. Soldier Annunciato got three companions, prepared to take the Wyber fort. Soldier Wyber fired a warning shot, hit Soldier Annunciato in the back, wounded him severely.

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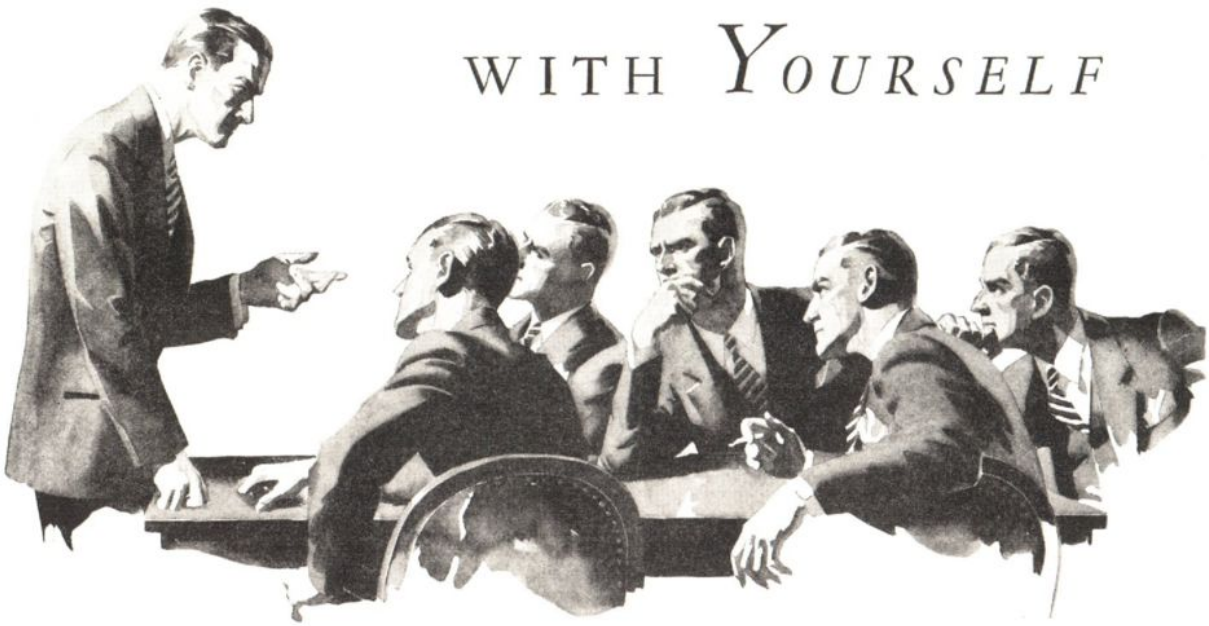

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

Index

The familiar phrase "scraping bottom" was heard whenever businessmen last week stopped discussing the President's credit plan (see p. 13) to talk about trade. Just as a man can cut his diet down only to a certain point, apparently U. S. business had reached the lowest possible level of consumption. While general business held at the same level (68.6% by one index) three big industries showed the following:

Automobile Production in September was estimated last week by National Automobile Chamber of Commerce to have been 142,651 units, 25.6% below August, 37.7% below September 1930. For nine months, production has been 2,196,000 units, or 28% under the same period of last year. October schedules are reported greatly curtailed in most cases.

September production of *pig iron and steel ingots* were both at the lowest monthly level since 1921. Steel production last week however was around 29% of capacity, a slight gain over September's 28.2% average. Unfilled orders of United States Steel Corp. at the end of the month showed a decrease of 24,624 tons and stood at 3,144,833 tons. The industry remains hopeful of: 1) increased building construction if credit facilities become easier; 2) real buying from the railroads after the I. C. C.'s rate decision; 3) bigger demand from the automobile industry in November. A disturbing factor was the new low price for steel scrap registered last week, $8.03 per gross ton against $9 the week before.

Carloadings for the week ended Sept. 26 (reported last week) amounted to 738,029 against 742,628 the week prior. A seasonal rise would have been usual, so adjusted indices of carloadings last week fell again, reached new lows. Complete August operating figures for 171 Class I roads last week showed net operating income (before bond interest) for the eight months of 350 million dollars against 556 millions in the same period last year. This was a 2.14% rate of return on book value. The decline in gross operating revenues was 19% and in operating expenses 17.1%. August alone showed a book value return of only 1.90% against 3.33% in August 1930.

Banks, Third Quarter

Numerous are the means by which a bank gets customers. Proximity, a nice building, friendly vice presidents are customary lures; another lure is an easy loan policy. Few prospective depositors spend as much time looking at a bank's balance sheets as they do investigating a company whose bonds they want to buy. One reason is that the average person can tell nothing from the average bank balance sheet. Another is that a person capable of telling at a glance what a bank's general position is usually realizes that only the people within a bank can tell whether or not it is liquid.

Knowing what percentage of a bank's deposits is in cash and U. S. Government bonds is helpful, can be estimated. So is knowledge of how much the bank has loaned. But no statement reveals the condition of the loans. How much the bank has invested in corporate bonds and stocks is important in gauging its condition, but few balance sheets state whether investments are at cost or market. In Canada the ten big banks publish lengthy, frank statements. A few small U. S. banks have adopted such a policy, but the majority hide their true condition in a conglomerate of massive figures. The Fifth Avenue Bank of New York, old, much patronized by dowagers, is unusually frank. Its statement of resources provides for 21 items and even separates coin from paper money. Yet a sum of ten millions includes all "public securities." How much of the amount is in Governments, how much in less liquid State and Municipals is not revealed.

Last week banks were starting to issue their third-quarter reports. In view of the great silent run upon all U. S. banking (see p. 13), these statements were inspected more closely than ever. Points which many a banker noted included:

Chase National Bank is still the largest although its combined resources of $2,215,122,471.81 are $214,187,744.70 lower than the June figure. The combined resources of *National City Bank* and *Bank of America* (Manhattan) were $2,103,068,276.44, putting *Guaranty Trust Co.* back into third place with its $1,717,584,871.27. Typical of the high degree of liquidity shown by the large Manhattan banks was Guaranty's statement. Cash on hand and due from banks was 350 millions while Government securities were 333 millions. These two items were a good half of the bank's $1,223,000,000 in deposits.

Corn Exchange Bank Trust Co., proud of statements which "anyone can understand," showed $30,900,000 in private securities, also $21,937,000 in bonds and mortgages owned.

Continental Bank & Trust Co., just merged with dubiously liquid *Straus National*, showed cash and Governments of 33 millions against deposits of 44 millions. Its call loans to brokers, long the specialty of this so-called "broker's bank," were ten millions. The statement bore a pledge that the bank would continue its old policy of liquidity.

New York Trust Co. showed cash and Governments equalling 69% of deposits, against 65% three months ago. *Bankers Trust Co.*, an institution said to be highly regarded by Andrew William Mellon, showed little change, remaining around 45%. Its statement was one of the few to declare that securities are carried at the market. *Bank of America* deposits stood at 186 millions against 218 millions in June. *Chemical Bank & Trust Co.*, still known to oldsters as "Old Bullion," showed a ratio of 50% between cash & Governments and total deposits.

First National Bank (New York), the "Baker Bank" earned $21.69 during the quarter against the $25 dividend. This year is the first since 1908 that the Baker Bank has undertaken to pay its dividends itself, without drawing part of them from First Security Co. First Security was the idea of the late George Fisher Baker, made popular the movement for investment affiliates. Eventful in First National's history was an untoward happening last week. Not the strong bank but the not-strong 50-year-old building which housed it (at No. 2 Wall Street) began to crack and topple. George Fisher Baker Jr. supervised a rapid move into National City Bank Building, said First National had no further plans. In 1837, the new bank building of Joseph & Co. collapsed mysteriously, an omen widely discussed when Wall Street was engulfed in a panic only three days later.

Bankers inspected Philadelphia statements with anxiety (see p. 13). The banking situation in that city had become so grave that recently newspapers carried advertisements signed by prominent citizens asking people not to take their money out of banks. *The Philadelphia National*, in business since 1803 and biggest in the city, showed 289 millions in deposits, a drop of 83 millions since June. Lumped in one item of 218 millions were "loans, discounts and other investments." *First National of Philadelphia*, proud holder of National Charter No. 1 (1863), whose directors include Cyrus Hermann Kotzschmar Curtis and new A. B. A. President Harry J. Haas (see p. 13) showed resources of 85 millions against 96 millions three months ago. Still second biggest bank in Philadelphia is the bank with the longest name: *The Pennsylvania Company for Insurances on Lives and Granting Annuities*, chartered in 1812.

In Pittsburgh, *Mellon National Bank* showed $106,560,000 in Government bonds, $39,000,000 in cash and $228,232,000 in deposits. A statement that interested bankers was that of *Atlantic National Bank of Jacksonville*, which has the accounts of 60% of Florida's banks. In detail it explained its assets, showed that its 27 millions in deposits were about 90% covered by Government bonds, cash, acceptances, and readily marketable bonds.

An unusual item on *First National Bank of Boston's* showed "Agreements to Repurchase United States Government Securities . . . $5,300,000." This did not mean the bank was short of bonds, but that it had sold them to another bank agreeing to buy them back, probably within 30 days. The transaction was in the nature of borrowing except that the selling bank receives 100% on the bonds' value, probably paid a lower-than-market interest charge. *Continental Illinois Bank & Trust Co.* (Chicago) printed its imposing list of 49 directors beneath its statement in newspapers. With resources of $1,070,352,028 it is fourth biggest U. S. bank. Once ahead of it, *Bank of America* (California) last week showed resources of $1,017,447,596. Deposits came to $842,000,000 against $962,000,000 at the end of the last quarter. Of total deposits, only $227,294,000 were demand deposits. During the quarter undivided profits increased $802,847.

Although few major banks have changed dividend rates, bank shares have dropped greatly. Chase National at $45 last week yielded 9% on its present dividend. The $1,000 par stock of *San Francisco Bank* however was quoted at a fabulous $12,000 per share. Stock in closely-held *Mellon*

Audit the Past and Budget the Future

More and more, the dividends of success depend on *reliable facts and figures.*

To know the true financial position of a business and, in their true proportion, the elements entering into its operating results, calls for an adequate independent audit embodying proper analysis of income and expenditures. This is fundamental.

Planning, or *budgeting,* is effective only to the extent that management has available the basic data for the purpose. The analysis of facts incident to budgeting, and the frequent comparison of actual operating results with the budget, point out the deficiencies in organization and waste in operations and expenditures. Such analyses and comparisons are chart and compass to progress and success.

"**BUDGET CONTROL,** *What It Does and How to Do It,*" a 40-page booklet issued by Ernst & Ernst, will be mailed by nearest office on request.

ERNST & ERNST

ACCOUNTANTS AND AUDITORS
SYSTEM SERVICE

AKRON, ATLANTA, BALTIMORE, BIRMINGHAM, BOSTON, BUFFALO, CANTON, CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, COLUMBUS, DALLAS, DAVENPORT, DAYTON, DENVER, DETROIT, ERIE, FORT WAYNE, FORT WORTH, GRAND RAPIDS, HARTFORD, HOUSTON, HUNTINGTON, W. VA., INDIANAPOLIS, JACKSON, MISS., KALAMAZOO, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, MIAMI, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, NEW ORLEANS, NEW YORK, OMAHA, PHILADELPHIA, PITTSBURGH, PORTLAND, ME., PROVIDENCE, READING, RICHMOND, ROCHESTER, ST. LOUIS, ST. PAUL, SAN ANTONIO, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE, TAMPA, TOLEDO, TULSA, WASHINGTON, WHEELING, WINSTON-SALEM, YOUNGSTOWN

National was unquoted although its average price is $17,000 a share. San Francisco Bank carried bank buildings & lots, other real estate and pension funds at $1 each although their actual values are one million times $3. Mellon National Bank pays an annual dividend of $200 plus a "Christmas bonus" of $6 a share.

Banker *v.* Ford

Sharp patent lawyers on the lookout for good suits have during recent years found the razor industry an especially pleasing field. But the motor industry, with its many gadgets and "basic principles" always offers opportunities. Big companies are always prepared for the sudden appearance of an angry inventor in search of damages.

Last week such an inventor started suit against Ford Motor Co. The inventor was Arthur L. Banker of Banker Windshield Co. In 1907 he applied for a patent on a clear-vision windshield in which the glass was held by clamps on the ends instead of by the usual cross-bar. Four years later the patent was obtained, manufacturing begun. According to Mr. Banker, Henry Ford came to see the windshield, in 1913, soon used it on his cars. Between 1925 and 1928 (when the Banker patent expired), Inventor Banker claims Mr. Ford caused him $6,000,000 actual damages. As is customary, he sued for three times the amount.

Inventor Banker's company still makes windshields, but mostly for replacements since the newer one-piece windshield is now generally used. He is at present working on non-shatterable glass for doors and windshields. As is true of many a man in the motor industry, Inventor Banker was once a famed bicycle racer. Henry Ford never did like Bankers.

Knockdown

Just as "investment trust buying" was a potent pushup factor in 1929, "investment trust selling" has been a big knockdown factor in many a stock recently. Last week Tri-Continental Corp., investment trust sponsored by J. & W. Seligman & Co., issued its third quarter report—one of the first major trusts to do so. At the same time Selected Industries, Inc., Tri-Continental supervised, published its showing. The investments of Tri-Continental Corp. had, on Sept. 30, a market value of 29 millions against a cost of 51 millions. The common stock had a book value of $2.84 against the $8.70 of June 30.* Stocks sold by the two trusts during the quarter included:

7,000 American Can
7,500 American Telephone
16,100 General Motors
45,400 Chesapeake & Ohio
8,805 Electric Bond & Share
7,200 Air Reduction
14,400 Union Carbide
17,500 United Corp.
8,000 Curtis Publishing
14,724 Studebaker
10,000 Servel
3,700 United States Steel
5,000 Southern Pacific

New purchases by Tri-Continental were confined almost exclusively to bonds and preferred stocks. Sold early in the quarter were the corporation's big foreign investments, largely in Germany.

*A big factor in the sharpness of the decline was "leverage." If an investment trust has, for example, $40,000,000 preferred stock outstanding, 1,000,000 shares of common, and assets of $50,000,000, the common has a book value of $10 a share. If the assets increase 10% to $55,000,000, the book value of the common jumps, by "leverage," 50% to $15. In Wall Street, stocks with large leverage are spoken of as "having a kick to them."

Premature President

It is not unusual for an officer of a company to assure shareholders regarding a future dividend. Usually the assurance turns out to have been well founded, as when last autumn Vice President George A. Ranney of International Harvester Co. said the dividend would be held at $2.50. But sometimes an officer speaks in order to help the price of the stock or before sounding out the directorate. Lately, shareholders have become wary of official

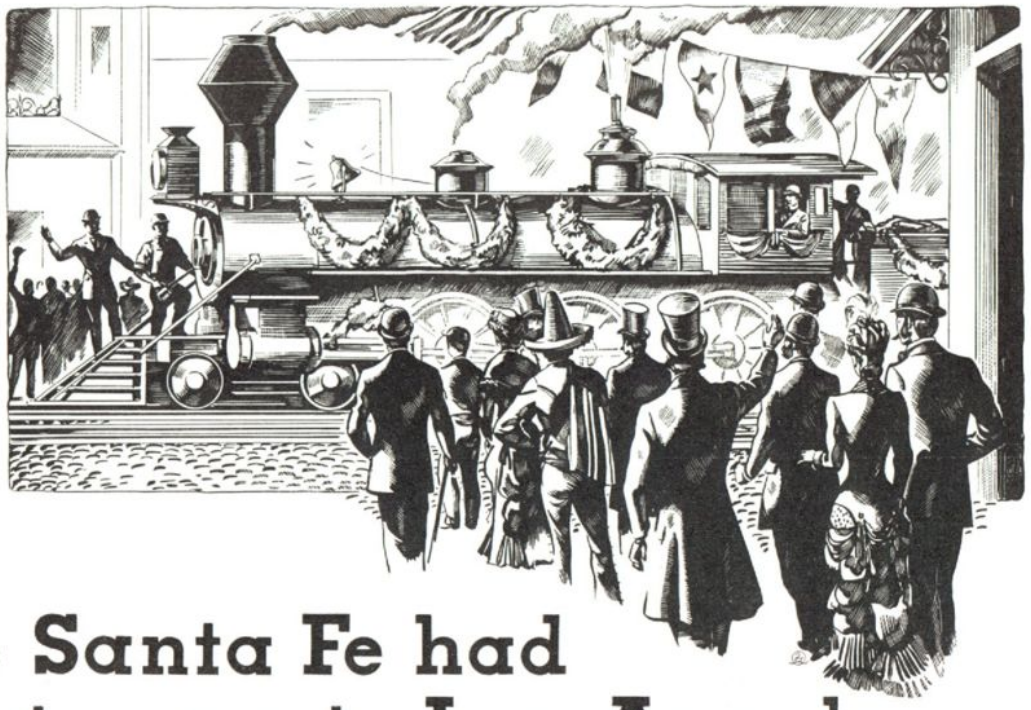
International

SIMON GUGGENHEIM
What he believed did not happen.

statements. Last week their remaining faith received another jolt.

On Sept. 29, fresh from Europe, President Simon Guggenheim of American Smelting & Refining Co. told reporters: "In consideration of the smaller stockholders, corporations should maintain dividends as long as it is possible to do so without the necessity of borrowing. . . . For what better purpose could surpluses be used than in the maintenance of dividends thereby creating goodwill and confidence of stockholders. I have always advocated that policy and believe that the American Smelting & Refining Co. will continue to maintain the dividend now."

Eight days later Smelters shareholders were chagrined to hear that the directors had ordered a 25% reduction in the dividend—from $2 to $1.50 (against $4 early this year). Either upon returning to his office President Guggenheim had seen figures much poorer than he expected, or else the Smelters directorate, ten of whose 25 members are employes of the company, had voted the onetime (1907–13) Colorado Senator down. With a board of directors so favorable to him, it seemed most likely that the former was true, that President Guggenheim had spoken too soon.



The Santa Fe had just come to Los Angeles

There was great celebration in Los Angeles when the first trans-continental Santa Fe train arrived, 47 years ago. Pacific Lighting's history dates back to the year following.

By 1887 Pacific Lighting was delivering service to two thousand customers in Los Angeles. In the whole city there were only ten thousand homes. The next year the company added electricity to its gas service.

From this far-sighted venture in what was destined to become the most rapidly growing section of the United States a great utility system has evolved, serving both gas and electricity in Los Angeles and natural gas in a compact territory embracing eleven Southern California counties. A total of 961,974 customers are served by the companies comprising the Pacific Lighting group.

The position of Pacific Lighting is unusual in several respects.

1—The four associated operating companies serve contiguous territories, without duplication of facilities.

2—Natural gas is obtained from 26 different fields in the close vicinity of the consuming territory and delivered with comparatively short pipe-line transmission.

3—The pipe-lines of all of the companies are completely interconnected for dependable and economical service and to equalize day-to-day fluctuations of demand in various parts of the system.

4—The climate of Southern California favors the use of gas for domestic heating to such an extent that it practically replaces all other fuels. This system delivers 57 per cent of all the gas used in the Pacific Slope states.

5—For the past 38 years the company has paid dividends uninterruptedly.

Pacific Lighting is offering no new securities at the present time. These advertisements are intended to improve the economical marketing of future issues by creating a more general appreciation of the Company's history and development and its balanced system of operation.

Pacific Lighting Corporation unifies the following companies for economy in operation and in the supplying of capital:

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

PACIFIC LIGHTING CORPORATION

433 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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

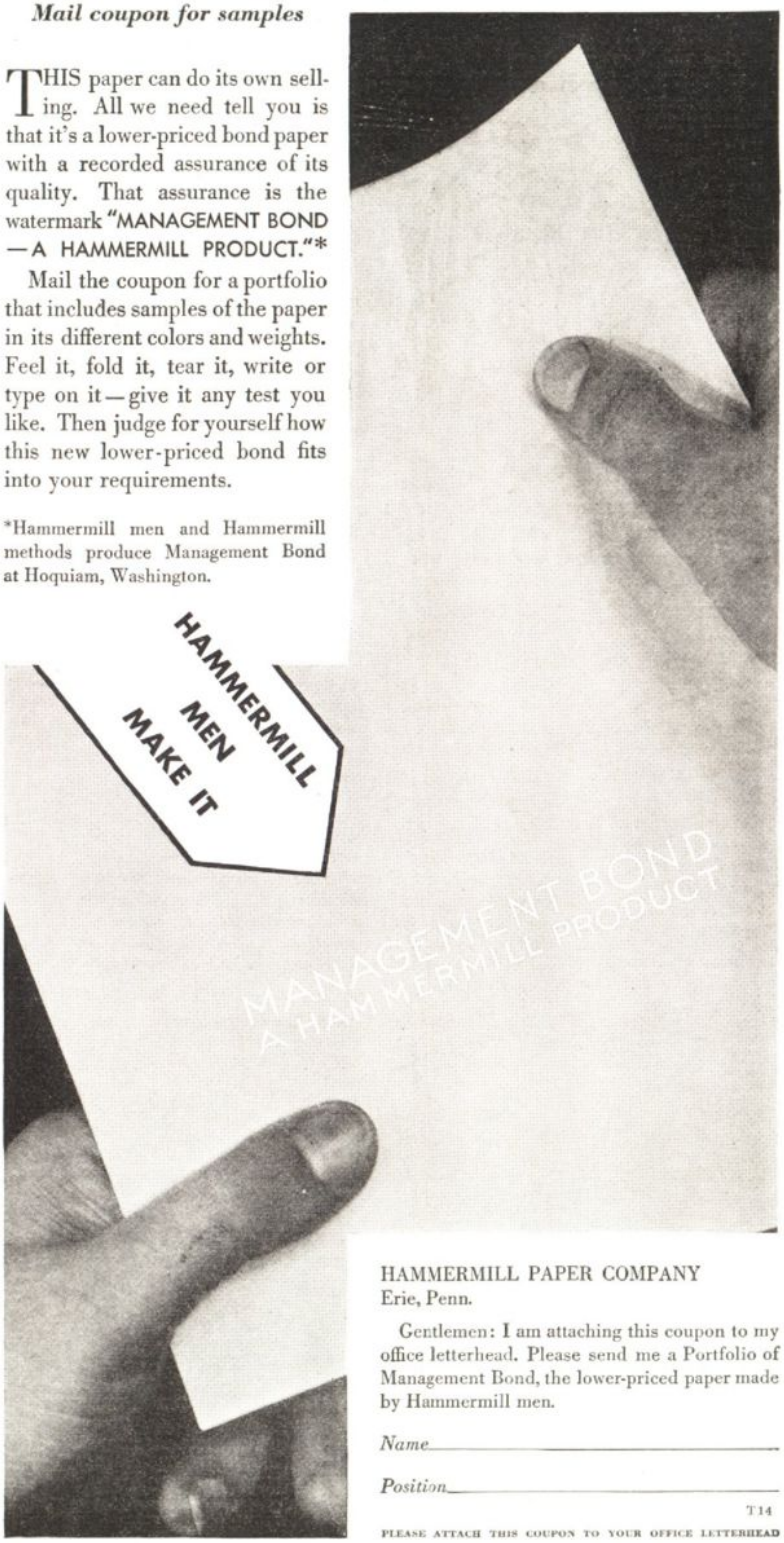
TRY BEFORE YOU BUY . . .

Mail coupon for samples

THIS paper can do its own selling. All we need tell you is that it's a lower-priced bond paper with a recorded assurance of its quality. That assurance is the watermark "MANAGEMENT BOND —A HAMMERMILL PRODUCT."*

Mail the coupon for a portfolio that includes samples of the paper in its different colors and weights. Feel it, fold it, tear it, write or type on it—give it any test you like. Then judge for yourself how this new lower-priced bond fits into your requirements.

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



HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY
Erie, Penn.

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

*Name*_____

*Position*_____

T14

PLEASE ATTACH THIS COUPON TO YOUR OFFICE LETTERHEAD

Shorts Exposed

On the defensive against threats of legislation, last week the New York Stock Exchange placed a further obstacle in the way of bear traders. Although short-sales great & small were being reported to the Exchange daily (TIME, Oct. 12), it was ruled that in addition the specialist handling a "sell order" on the Floor must be informed whether it was a real or a short sale. It soon became known that specialists were giving preference to real sales, were not executing short-sales at prices which threatened to demoralize trading. In addition, every really large short-sale was immediately investigated. Objections heard, in addition to the usual cry of "This is not a free & open market," were: 1) a specialist can now gauge the size of the short interest in a stock, making beartraps likely; 2) lack of a big short interest might prove costly at the end of a fast rally. Strongest defense was that real sellers could get better prices.

Last week's ruling acted as a definite curb to short-selling. The previous rules had had only a slight effect, were apparently made only to obtain data on short-selling, to be of use in the threatened investigations. Further proof of the Exchange's anxiety to create a proper attitude was shown by the decision last week to report volume as total "transactions" instead of the former total "sales." Amused brokers suggested it should have been changed to total "purchases," since even the most ferocious bear cannot sell unless there is a buyer.

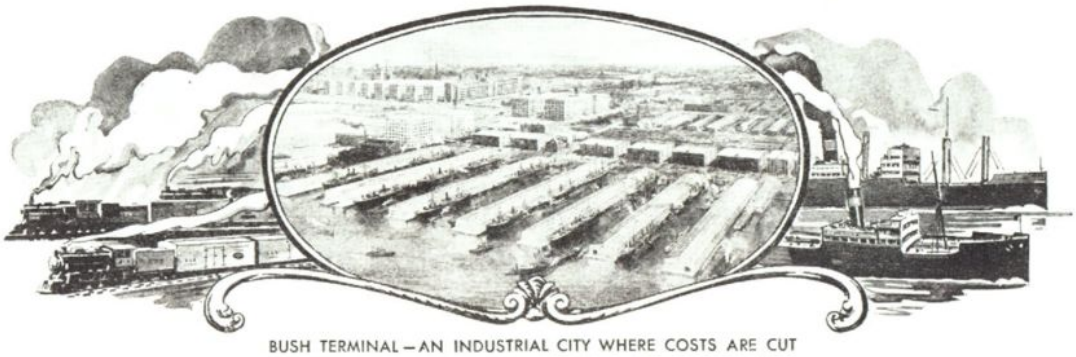
Deathless Duel

Italians fear Il Malocchio, the evil eye. Last week in Providence, R. I., Domenico Di Luglio, 65, seemed to cast an evil eye on Woonsocket Loan & Discount Co. as he strode up and down in front of it for the better part of an hour. Banker Di Luglio, a powerful man who eats more than his doctor advises, likes the red wine too, had just that morning resigned as president of $500,000-in-resources Dante State Bank, giving the position to his son.

At length, stomping in great steps, Banker Di Luglio entered the Woonsocket offices. He went to the desk of Woonsocket President Francesco Galiano, 64, an elegant gentleman who had once been his partner, whose son had married a Di Luglio daughter. Banker Di Luglio had heard that Banker Galiano had said evil things about Dante State Bank. Whipping out a .32-cal. revolver he pulled the trigger four times. The gun did not go off. Banker Galiano grabbed for his own revolver, fired into the wall. Banker Di Luglio grabbed the gun away, bashed elegant Mr. Galiano in the head with it. Mr. Galiano was taken to a hospital. Mr. Di Luglio went to jail where he refused bail, asked permission to stay all night and cool off.

Deals & Developments

Conference in San Francisco. Heads of shipping companies controlling twelve fleets, 181 vessels with 1,500,000 gross tons, last week were holding secret meetings in San Francisco. Present were Capt. Robert Dollar and his son President R. Stanley Dollar of Dollar Lines whose



BUSH TERMINAL—AN INDUSTRIAL CITY WHERE COSTS ARE CUT IN HALF AND EFFICIENCIES MULTIPLY SALES OPPORTUNITIES

How to MAINTAIN PROFITS *in the face of* REDUCED REVENUE

IF profits represent the difference between outgo and income (as they most certainly do), and if it is difficult to increase income (as some people are saying), isn't it obvious that profits may be retained by reducing outgo, particularly when such a reduction brings with it greater efficiency?

If that impresses you as being a radical statement, be all the more eager to challenge it, to make us prove that it *can* be done, to demand evidence that it *has* been done.

You can get profits out of reduced costs by using the facilities of Bush Terminal.

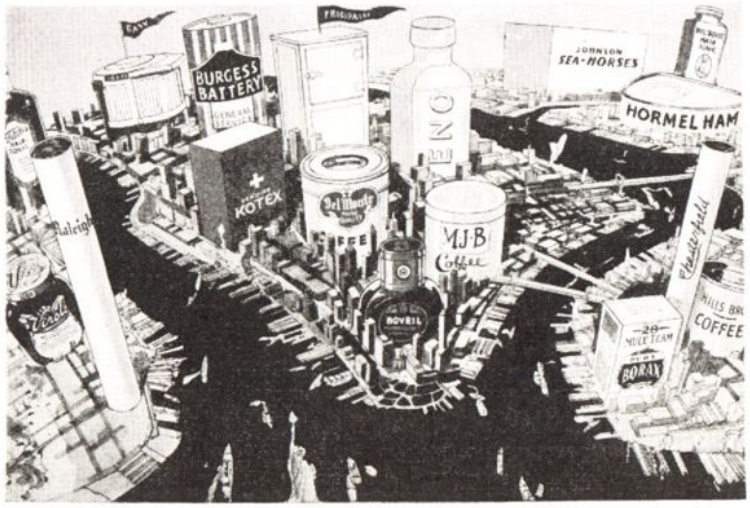
Bush Terminal is not a building . . . but a *city* of buildings that may well be called industrial apartment houses, for they provide economies and conveniences for manufacturing, warehousing and distributing merchandise that are as carefully planned and operated as the economies and conveniences of your dwelling apartment house.

While the first and most spectacular service of Bush Terminal may be to cut your current operating costs, one of its most vital services is to multiply sales expansion opportunities by making elastic production schedules possible, and to provide greater efficiency in production and distribution processes.

Specifically, Bush Terminal offers: eight gigantic piers for ocean and coastwise steamships; concrete and steel fireproof buildings, 100% sprinkled, light, airy; power, light and steam at lower costs; no cartage costs for moving rail freight into or out of terminal (package or carload); connections with most coastwise steamship lines, eliminating all or part of trucking charges to piers; stations of all consolidated car companies; plentiful labor; 5,000 to 100,000 square feet on one floor, reducing space and supervision costs by 35%; insurance rates as low as 8¢ per hundred, effecting vast savings; service by every trunkline railroad entering New York . . . sidings at every door.

● FREE INDUSTRIAL SURVEY

Bush Terminal maintains a staff of industrial engineers who are constantly fitting Bush Terminal facilities to individual and specific needs. Let one of these trained men determine the extent to which you can effect economy and efficiency at Bush Terminal. There is no cost or obligation. Our suggestions are subject to your approval. *Write for descriptive literature* on Manufacture, Warehousing, or Distribution, or set a time when a Bush Terminal expert may interview you.



A few of the many nationally known products that are distributed, manufactured or warehoused at Bush Terminal for the New York market

BUSH TERMINAL COMPANY

Metropolitan facilities for DISTRIBUTION, WAREHOUSING AND MANUFACTURING

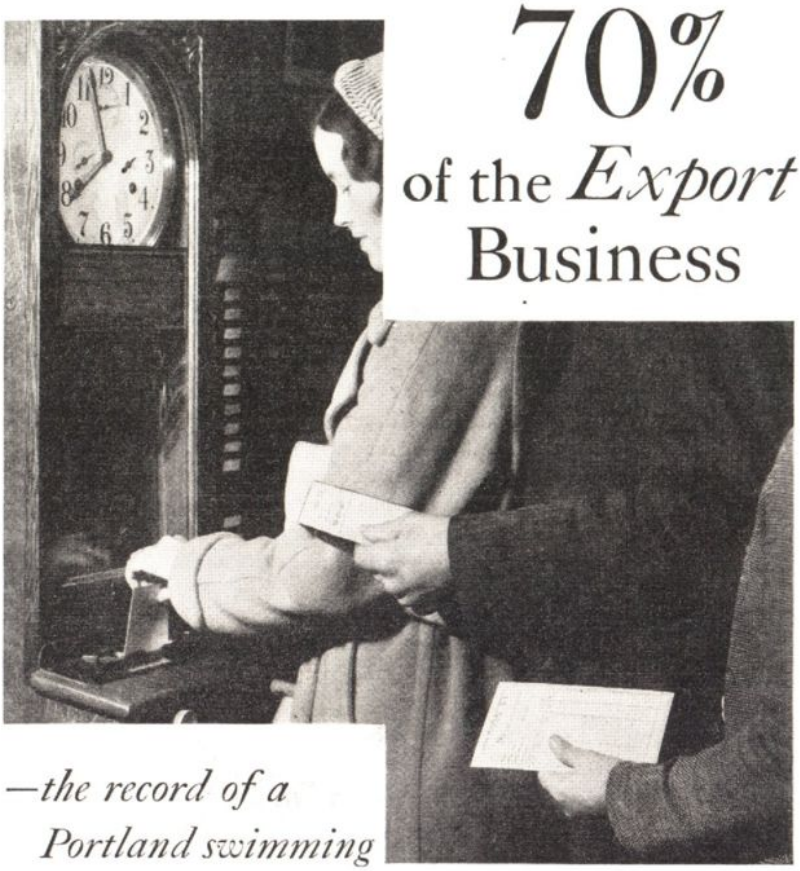
Executive Offices: 100 Broad Street, Dept. E, New York

Piers, Sidings, Warehouses, Truck Depot and Manufacturing Lofts on New York Bay

FOREIGN DISTRIBUTION—BUSH SERVICE CORPORATION

25% of the *Domestic* Business

70% of the *Export* Business



—the record of a Portland swimming suit manufacturing plant....

TWENTY YEARS AGO two names appeared on the payroll. Today it numbers over 700. The value of the output totals 25% of the domestic and 70% of the export swimming suit business of the nation.

The Oregon woolen industry is now developed to a point where it piles up payroll upon payroll. Six Oregon knitting mills and eight textile mills yearly turn out $16,000,000 worth of handsome suitings, coatings, blankets, smart knit costumes and swimming suits.

Five factors contribute to their success

Proximity to one of the world's largest wool supplies. Ideal climate. Low electric power rates—.8065% of the gross annual sales is the average cost. High efficiency of Portland's industrial population. Lastly, basic rail and water rates to national and world markets.

If you have something to sell, consider the needs of this market where $16,000,000 worth of woolen goods is produced yearly. Here is concentrated wealth easily accessible through *The* JOURNAL. It offers you the greatest daily circulation in Portland and its immediate trading area—plus the largest state circulation of all Portland papers.

The JOURNAL
Afternoon Sunday
PORTLAND, OREGON

entrance into intercoastal shipping caused friction which reached its height when the Dollars began to bid for U. S. Lines (TIME, Aug. 24). Present too were Kermit Roosevelt and John M. Franklin, representing Roosevelt-International Mercantile Marine Lines. Apparently with much to say to the shipping men, but with nothing to say to the Press, rich & potent Banker Herbert Fleishhacker weighed each proposal.

Although at first tales were circulated that a merger of all the lines involved was planned, no such announcement was made. Shipping men believed that the U. S. Shipping Board had ordered the Dollar and Roosevelt interests to reach a quick agreement on their bidding for U. S. Lines, that a pact was being made which would provide for harmony in rates and sailings, end the discord between the shippers of the Atlantic and Pacific. Significant was the absence of Paul Wadsworth Chapman of U. S. Lines, apparently no longer a principal figure in the U. S. merchant marine.

Wolf Sentenced. Ten sentences of from one to ten years each, to run consecutively, were the punishment given last week to Walter E. Wolf, embezzler of $3,666,929 from Continental Illinois Bank & Trust Co.—biggest crime of its nature in U. S. history (TIME, Sept. 4). Although Criminal Wolf had a conference with Chief Justice Harry M. Fisher before the trial and quoted the Bible glibly, he was accorded no leniency because during his twelve years of theft he made no attempt to confess until he thought auditors were tracking him down. Chicagoans, pleased by the unexpected swiftness of Justice, continued to pun about "keeping the Wolf from the door."

5c-to-$1 Schulte. Creditors of bankrupt Schulte-United 5¢ to $1 Stores, Inc. and its subsidiaries (Schulte-United, Inc. and Miller's Inc.) last week accepted David Albert Schulte's $3,965,000 offer for the three companies. Schulte-United 5-cent to $1 Stores, Inc. was originally formed with $35,000,000 capital.

Personnel

Last week the following were news:

Dr. Attilio H. Giannini, brother of *Amadeo Peter Giannini,* was appointed chairman of the executive committee of **Bank of America, N. T. & S. A.** (California). Chairman of Bank of America, N. A. (Manhattan), Dr. Giannini is also vice president of **Transamerica Corp.** He resigned his directorship in the holding company recently (TIME, Oct. 5) when it was decided that executives of controlled banks should not be on the Transamerica board as well.

Mortimer Norton Buckner, chairman of **New York Trust Co.** succeeded *Jackson Eli Reynolds,* president of **First National Bank** as president of **New York Clearing House Association** (see p. 13).

Charles L. Woody Jr. was reinstated as a member of the **New York Stock Exchange.** He was suspended June 19, 1930 when his firm, **Woody & Co.,** found itself insolvent because of the transactions of Partner Woody's Partner-brother-in-law *Harold* ("*Night*") *Ryder.* Creditors of Woody & Co. whose claims were more than $1,000 each received 45¢ on the dollar, those with smaller claims, 50¢.

"Shop around"...You won't find a BIGGER steel desk VALUE!

NEW YORKER, *made for moderns! It's a desk for shops and showrooms, for down-to-the-minute offices. (And it's priced to today's budgets!)*

SHOP around! Compare! We hope you'll do just that before you buy the New Yorker!

Compare its appearance! Alert modern lines, rich African mahogany grain, glowing black Artolin top.

And its convenience! Roomy drawers, well planned files, space to hide light and phone wires.

Compare its construction! The fire-resisting protection of enduring steel, the quiet gliding drawers, snug-fitting partitions.

And compare . . . its PRICE. There isn't a desk to touch it. No other that so nobly wears a democratic price tag!

And while you're seeing the New Yorker, take a look at its conservative companions . . . the stately William Penn, the graceful Mount Vernon. They all rate private offices . . . they're all priced impressively low.

Desks for Every Purpose! Art Metal makes a style to fit any job in your office. All-steel . . . ageless . . . fire-resisting. And we should like to send you—FREE—"Individuality in Desk Design," with pictures, descriptions, and a color scheme chart to help you find the right desk-in-color. Please write for it! Art Metal Construction Company, Jamestown, N. Y. Branches and agencies in 500 cities.

Art Metal

STEEL OFFICE EQUIPMENT

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

fast TRANSFER *Safe* STORAGE

Concrete warehouses, fireproof

An Ideal Layout . . . modern facilities . . . newer shipping practices make Galveston the Southwestern Port

Ship via Galveston. An on-the-sea harbor where vessels enter and leave with dispatch! Short hauls . . . one switch from rail yards to wharf. Minimum car and ship detention. Steamship agencies have regular berths, cargoes are assembled freely and without delay. Shipside warehouse storage area exceeds 5,000,000 square feet.

More than a century of shipping experience, 77 years of central control! All activities are co-ordinated for efficient port operation — one supervision, one billing. Every facility for handling shipments with speed and economy. Ships to all the world, express-like coastwise service, five trunk line railroads covering the Southwest. Mail the coupon today for additional facts.

Port of GALVESTON

Consider Galveston as a base for manufacturing or distributing.

EXECUTIVES: TEAR OUT THIS COUPON

The Galveston Wharf Company,
Galveston, Texas.
Gentlemen: Please enter my name (without obligation) for a free subscription to "Shippers' Digest," giving sailing schedules, etc.

Business_____

Name_____ Street_____ City_____ State_____

MEDICINE

Measured Madness

Once a person is committed to an insane asylum, his chances of getting out are small. The more he insists that he is sane, the more suspicion he attracts to himself. The struggle to convince can arouse actual dementia.* There are no precise gauges of mental normality.

Last week, however, Dr. Harriet Babcock was perfecting such a gauge at the Manhattan State Hospital. Primarily she intended to grade the progressive mental deterioration of paretics. Converse result was to mark the clearing up of all befuddled minds. Vocabularies provided her with a clue.

Words are among the first things an individual learns and among the last he forgets. Each year that one goes to school, from kindergarten to college, he acquires new sets of words. These sets are measurements of his intelligence, or his "vocabulary age." To get norms by which to gauge the demented, Dr. Babcock tested nurses, doctors, Harvard students, maids, clerks and others rated non-psychotic as samples of the run of mankind.

Then she gave them 30 tests of their mental nimbleness, including:

"What is your name?"
"Count backward from 20 to 1."
"Repeat: 6915847392."
"Repeat backward: 9562731647."
"Pronounce: Methodist Episcopal."
"Repeat: Nice kitty."

The only normal people whose mental nimbleness rated even with their intelligence were those of "vocabulary ages" 13, 14 and 15. In mental quickness younger minds averaged higher than their schooling; older minds, less high. Nonetheless, they provided standards by which to judge the demented.

Dr. Babcock used the same tests on inmates of state hospitals, found that most were psychotic, were getting worse. However, some showed improvement to such extent that, with other factors considered, they were paroled to guardians.

One inmate proved Dr. Babcock's method conclusively. His "vocabulary age" was 8, his intelligence test 9.40. His mind was superior to his education. Investigation showed that he was not demented. He was sent home.

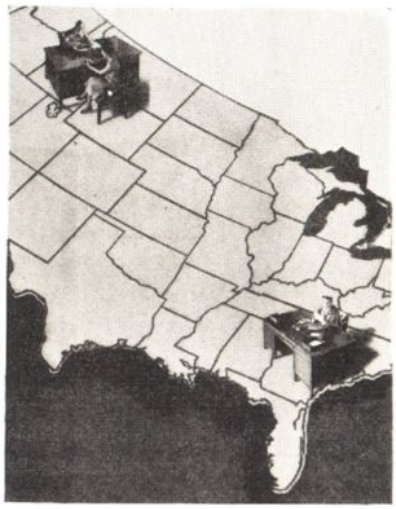
When Dr. Babcock, a pretty, smartly dressed Rhode Island woman who earned A.B., M.A. and Ph.D. degrees after her husband died, refines her tests to the perfection she seeks, they may be useful, said she last week, to define the brink between madness and mere befuddlement.

5c Whiskey

The professor of clinical medicine at the University of Kansas, a Dry State's main university, is Dr. Logan Clendening. Dr. Clendening is also a fellow of the American College of Physicians and a writer on medicine for newspapers. These facts gave piquancy and currency to his paraphrase last week of the late genial

*See, *inter alia*, Clifford Whittingham Beers's *A Mind That Found Itself* (TIME, May 19, 1930).

...and the Customer was miles away..



TWO men separated by a continent. Neither one knew the other. Their faces were strange, but their signatures were familiar. There was a feeling of friendship . . of confidence existing between them . . and profitable business flowed over these many miles by mail.

Such is the role that Artesian Bond No. 1 U. S. Business Paper is playing in modern selling. It is representing vigorous, progressive organizations . . Companies that are accurate in their sales plans to the point of choosing the one sheet of business paper that will serve them best at the least possible cost . . Artesian Bond.

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ARTESIAN BOND

Vice President Thomas Marshall's mot: "What this country needs is a good 5¢ cigar." Said Professor Clendening, visiting in Manhattan: "What this country needs is a good 5¢ drink of whiskey."

U. S. doctors, as a body, want modification of the Volstead Act (TIME, Oct. 12), chiefly because they want no Governmental restrictions on their professional conduct. They disagree radically, however, on the merits of alcohol as a drug or tonic. Few alcohol proponents are as "sick and tired of all the bunk" on the subject as is Professor Clendening who wants to be quoted "freely as saying that the best inherent qualities in any alcoholic drink are in whiskey."

According to him: "Whiskey stimulates the flow of gastric juices, it takes the edge off mental worries; it is a panacea which, if used in moderation, the human race cannot well get on without. It is far more efficacious than wine or beer; and, what's

Strauss Peyton

LOGAN CLENDENING

"Whiskey . . . is a panacea."

more, there's no use talking about wine or beer as far as this country is concerned. The Anglo-Saxon race is not a wine-drinking race and never will be. Legalize wine and beer and you will have a nation of staggering dyspeptics, all afflicted with cirrhosis of the liver. Legalize whiskey, make it easy to obtain, and you will have a temperate nation and a civilized one. That may sound like plain speaking, but it's the truth."

Before the War and Prohibition, only the cheapest and rawest of whiskey could be bought for a nickel a drink. It was freshly distilled, acrid grain alcohol, diluted with water and colored with caramel. It contained poisonous fusel oils, seared the stomach, appealed only to the poorest of dipsomaniacs.

Hairs

Gorillas are often less hairy than men, Professor Adolph Hans Schultz of Johns Hopkins reported last week. By personal count he found that men averaged 312 hairs on each square centimeter of scalp, 9 per sq. cm. of chest; gorillas 4.5 of chest, 307 of scalp. This indicated that clothes have not marred the human pelt.

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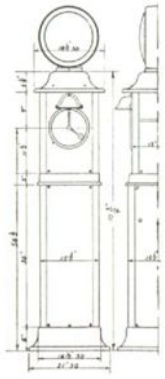

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SCIENCE

Stereoscopy

At last month's meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science (TIME, Oct. 5), Dr. Robert T. A. Innes, astronomer, indicated that he has been able to produce stereoscopic effects on the cinema screen. Last week the foremost U. S. authority on the subject, Dr. Herbert Eugene Ives of Bell Telephone Laboratories, showed the Society of Motion Picture Engineers at Swampscott, Mass. why stereoscopic cinemas were yet impossible in practice.

When a person looks at something, he really sees two different views. The right eye does not see exactly what the left eye sees, and *vice versa*. The brain combines the two scenes into a composite. Thus a person sees objects in relief, in the round.

The old-fashioned stereoscope does what the living eyes do. A camera with two lenses makes two slightly different pictures. The pictures are carefully mounted side by side on a card which is placed before a pair of lenses fixed on a frame. The left lens shows only the left picture to the left eye; the right lens only the right picture to the right eye. The brain combines the pictures as solid effects.

The cinema can do the same. But the difficulties of serving large audiences make the showing impractical.

Already tried out with little satisfaction have been:

1) Showing the left and right pictures simultaneously or alternately. A person by straining his attention can learn to focus each eye on the proper view. Or, if he sits at a certain focal distance and angle from the screen, he can look through a stereoscope. Or he can hold a mechanical pair of lorgnettes before his eyes. The lorgnettes, which John Bellamy Taylor of General Electric used over 20 years ago, have shutters which rapidly and alternately blink the view of each eye. Viewing devices with special lenses, mirrors or prisms also permit stereoscopic effects. But each person in the audience must have a special pair for his seat.

2) Another method is to make one stereoscope view through a green filter, the other through a red filter. On the screen the two pictures overlap as one confused scene when looked at with the unhelped eyes. But spectacles with one red glass or celluloid lens, and the other of green, resolve the confusion, give the impression of a picture in grey and white. This method has been tried out in theatres. It is clumsy.

3) Still another method is to take the separate views through light-polarizing camera lenses, throwing the combined scene on a special, non-diffusing screen, and viewing it with special glasses. This method too is impractical.

Dr. Ives has worked out the problems of another method, which requires no special glasses or effort for the observer. He calls it "parallax panoramagram." An object is photographed from many points of view through a grating. The grating deflects and breaks up the image on the negative. The positive print is a blur unless viewed through a grating the duplicate of the camera's. Still pictures made and scanned this way are brilliantly realistic.

Moving pictures may be made through a similar screen. But the cameras must be run much faster than they now are. There must be many cameras focused on the same scene, and many projecting machines throwing the images on the screen. Screens must contain minute ridged reflecting and refracting elements of "extreme optical perfection," so that every person in the audience may see every aspect of the picture. Projection lenses must be of "extraordinary defining power." The films must run through the projectors with microscopic precision. Finally, if all the mechanical requirements are accomplished, there remains one more obstacle. No photographic chemicals are yet known which will register pictures as swiftly as Dr. Ives's parallax panoramagram method requires.

Dickey's Dudes

Dr. Herbert Spencer Dickey was back in Manhattan last week from his discovery of the Orinoco's headwaters (TIME, Sept. 28 *et ante*). Each day he went to his office in the Explorers Club to work on a tart book for which fellow explorers, lounging in the club's red chairs, may denounce him. To be published this winter, the book is a denunciation of expeditions, particularly those to South America. Dr. Dickey considers the aims of most expeditions falsely pretentious, insincere. Men go on most of them really for sport, not for science. Their scientific results are in few cases worth the money spent.

Keystone

HERBERT SPENCER DICKEY

For him in wild country, men of culture.

Dr. Dickey, certain of his own scientific security, decided last week to make his next expedition primarily and frankly a sporting matter. There are *de luxe* steamship cruises, "dude" ranches. His next trip will be a "dude" expedition. Twelve men will go with him from Ecuador across the Andes and down the Ama-

zon to the Atlantic this winter. Each man will pay $5,000. That will cover all his expenses and equipment except clothing, cigarets and liquor. He will have a personal Indian valet; will get travel, Inca exploration, fishing, hunting, mountain-climbing, a four-month vacation. No women, not even Mrs. Dickey will go along. On the last Orinoco trip Dr. Dickey, 25 years a physician in the tropics, told her not to eat native raw vegetables unless she first washed them with permanganate of potash. She disobeyed, caught amebic dysentery.

Strict stipulation for membership in the "dude" expedition: "Guests must be healthy and they must be men of breeding and education. This will make them congenial. Men of culture are the easiest to get along with in wild country."

Infra-Red

In the wide spectrum of electromagnetic waves—from the very short, very rapid cosmic rays (.000,000,000,004 cm.)* to the comparatively long, slow radio waves (2,500,000 cm.)†—only a small section is perceptible to unaided human senses. That section contains light rays and heat rays, and the intermediate infra-red rays which are neither light nor heat, yet are of the nature of both. Scientists are gradually learning how to put the infra-red rays to work. Doctors use them to create artificial fevers. Practical physicists used them otherwise last week.

In the auditorium of the Eastman Kodak Research Laboratories at Rochester, N. Y. four dozen industrialists and research engineers sat in pitch blackness. They were on tour of various industrial research laboratories and had stopped at George Eastman's kodak plant for Dr. Charles Edward Kenneth Mees to take their pictures in the dark. The room they posed in was flooded with infra-red light from an air-tight, light-tight cabinet. A camera was loaded with a proper plate. The camera clicked a one-second exposure. The lights went on. While the businessmen blinked their eyes and chatted, photographers developed the plate, made prints. Fifteen minutes later the businessmen could see themselves as no man had ever seen them, the way they looked in the dark. Practical uses of the infra-red camera might be to photograph burglars or other wild animals.

Another demonstration of infra-red use occurred last week on the roof of England's Croydon Airdrome control tower. There Paul Humphrey MacNeil of Huntington, L. I. showed his infra-red sextant. Navigators locate their position at sea or in the air by determining how high the sun is above the horizon. They "shoot the sun" through the eye-piece of a sextant. If the day is cloudy, they cannot see the sun, although they may know its approximate location. The MacNeil sextant is connected with an amplifier sensitive to the sun's infra-red rays. Those rays go through clouds. All an uncertain navigator need do is to sweep the sun-obscuring cloud with the eye-piece of this special sextant until the amplifier gives the greatest response to the sun's invisible presence.

*Written more briefly, 4×10^{-12} cm.
†More briefly, 2.5×10^{6} cm.

THE NEWSMAGAZINE IDEA

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"THEY tell me there's five or six million of us—out of jobs.

"I know that's not your fault, any more than it is mine.

"But that doesn't change the fact that some of us right now are in a pretty tough spot—with families to worry about—and a workless winter ahead.

"Understand, we're not begging. We'd rather have a job than anything else you can give us.

"We're not scared, either. If you think the good old U. S. A. is in a bad way more than temporarily, just try to figure out some other place you'd rather be.

"But, until times do loosen up, we've got to have a little help.

"So I'm asking *you* to give us a lift, just as I would give one to you if I stood in your shoes and you in mine.

"Now don't send me any money—that isn't the idea. Don't even send any to the Committee which signs this appeal.

"The best way to help us is to give as generously as you can to your *local* welfare and charity organizations, your community chest or your emergency relief committee—if you have one.

"That's my story, the rest is up to you.

"I'll see it through—if *you* will!"

—Unemployed, 1931

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BOOKS

G. B. S. & E. T.

ELLEN TERRY AND BERNARD SHAW, A CORRESPONDENCE—*Putnam* ($5).

George Bernard Shaw is old now (75) and Ellen Terry is dead (since 1928); but they were young once. These letters, a record of an amazingly tender affair of the heart, bear witness to their protracted youth. Published not only with Shaw's permission but with his connivance, the book has a foreword by Shaw, numerous explanatory notes. The story the letters tell was a queer affair.

When Shaw was 36 and a music critic in London, Ellen Alicia Terry, 44, was Britain's No. 1 Actress, playing in the company of Britain's No. 1 Actor, Henry

Underwood & Underwood

ELLEN ALICIA TERRY

Shaw: "She never was old to me."

Irving. Actress Terry first indirectly wrote to Critic Shaw about the musical prospects of a protégé of hers. The correspondence continued, grew more & more intimate, but Bernard and Ellen did not meet for eight years. By that time Shaw had married and the romantic bloom had apparently withered. They did not see much of each other afterwards, though Ellen Terry later played the lead in one of Shaw's plays (*Captain Brassbound's Conversion*). Says Shaw: "She was always a little shy in speaking to me; for talking, hampered by material circumstances, is awkward and unsatisfactory after the perfect freedom of writing between people who *can* write."

This paper love-affair was the symbol of a sincere affection, but the endearments they used might be misconstrued. Shaw says both exaggerated—he from ingrained Irish chivalry, she from stage convention. He called her "dearest and beautifullest," "dearest love"; she called him "sweetheart," "my beautiful," tried to get him to call her "Nellen," but he wouldn't. Once Shaw wrote to her: "Dearest Love: send me one throb of your heart whilst it is still tender with illness. It will be hard again on Monday; so be quick, quick, quick." Once Ellen Terry wrote to him: "Dear fellow, Good-bye. On each of your fingers, good-bye, and on the end of your little nose, good-bye." As their intimacy progressed they wondered how and when they would meet. They had seen each other in public, at a distance. They just missed meeting several times: once when Ellen Terry knew Shaw was at a conference with Henry Irving she decided to walk in on them, got as far as the door, lost her nerve and went away. When they finally did meet it was under the stage at a play of Shaw's; apparently it was not a very satisfactory encounter.

In his capacity as interfering person and amateur solicitor Shaw wrote Ellen Terry reams of good advice, never tired of trying to persuade her to forsake Shakespeare and Henry Irving (who, Shaw thought, was wasting her talents) and cast in her lot with a really good playwright, one George Bernard Shaw. But she stuck to Irving about as long as he needed her. Shaw admired her loyalty, never ceased to upbraid her wrong-headedness. Loud in his Brobdingnagian denunciations of Henry Irving, Shaw did not resent the fact that Ellen Terry had "many enduring friendships, some transient fancies, and five domestic partnerships of which two were not legalized."

Ellen Terry's letters to Shaw, hardly ever as long, as funny, as well-turned as his, are surprisingly human, touchingly wise. They serve as an excellent foil to the Shavian epistolary brilliance. And she brought out in the "inhuman" Shaw a side his readers and audiences have not often seen, a side of him which was uppermost when he wrote this last tribute to her memory: "She became a legend in her old age; but of that I have nothing to say; for we did not meet, and, except for a few broken letters, did not write; and she never was old to me. Let those who may complain that it was all on paper remember that only on paper has humanity yet achieved glory, beauty, truth, knowledge, virtue, and abiding love."

One of Those Lamps

THE WAVES — Virginia Woolf — *Harcourt, Brace* ($2.50).

Like all professions, literature is roomy at the top. To that top few women have aspired; fewer still in their own lifetime have arrived. This generation has had its fair share of authoresses who were first-class writers: the late Elinor Wylie and Amy Lowell, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Willa Cather, Colette, Virginia Woolf. Of this little list Virginia Woolf stands pre-eminent. Never a popular writer, always dangerously clever, she writes not as one enameling teacups but as one embroidering a theme; her theme is life.

The Waves, most ambitious, least teacuppy of Virginia Woolf's books, like most of her books is startlingly original in method. As a kind of prolog you are treated to a description of dawn over the English coast; this scene comes in again a little later, when the sun has risen—and so on, till night has fallen again. The story proper is written entirely in direct discourse which is really soliloquy, shading sometimes into a kind of ghostly dialog. Except for the inevitable "said Bernard" 's and "said Louis" 's there is not a word in it outside quotation marks. This may sound like boring reading, but Authoress Woolf knows her job: it is not boring. Into her soliloquies she has put everything you need to know about the characters; as you get used to this artfully artificial method you cease to notice its strangeness.

Six children, three boys and three girls, apparently not related (Authoress Woolf never makes this clear), live in a house on the coast. They are all about the same age, all do the same lessons together under the severe eye of the governess. They go away to school, for the first time the boys & girls separate. But now you begin to recognize them as individuals. Bernard is

ADELINE VIRGINIA WOOLF

. . . beggars and duchesses, snowflakes and dolphins.

happy-go-lucky, lovable; Louis is cold, snobbish, ashamed of his Australian accent; Neville is shyly passionate. Jinny is an attractive little animal; Susan fierce, proud; Rhoda is ungainly, helpless, doomed to hopelessness. After school Bernard and Neville go to the University; Louis's fortunes need him in business. Jinny takes to London society like a duck to water; Rhoda hates it; Susan goes home to be a country girl. As the sun climbs through the heavens they all get older, see each other on rarer and rarer occasions. Susan marries, so does Bernard; Jinny is having too good a time, Neville is too homosexual; Louis and Rhoda are lovers for a while. When you hear Bernard's final speech they are all well along in middle-age; Rhoda has killed herself; the sun has set.

The effect of *The Waves* is less like that of a novel than of an epic; the plane in which the whole narration moves is more like poetry than prose. To this effect the artificial method of the story, in which the characters are like heralds speaking, contributes perhaps as much as the cunningly-contrived sentences. Authoress Woolf does not write the kind of phrases that can be skipped: in *The*

Waves hides many a half-submerged treasure which a skimming reader might miss. Now & then you strike pure poetry: ". . . like one of those lamps that turn on slabs of racing water at midnight in the Atlantic, when perhaps only a spray of seaweed pricks the surface, or suddenly the waves gape and up shoulders a monster."

The Author. When Adeline Virginia Stephen was born in London in 1882, daughter to once-famed Sir Leslie Stephen, literary critic and free-thinker, she was related to half the most scholarly families in England (some of them: Darwins, Symondses, Stracheys). When she grew up to be a tall, pale, Burne-Jonesy young lady, she and her sister Vanessa lived together in Bloomsbury. Around them soon collected the nucleus of the "Bloomsbury Group" of writers (Clive Bell, Leonard Woolf, E. M. Forster, Lytton Strachey). In 1912 Virginia Stephen married Leonard Woolf; together they founded the Hogarth Press. Critics soon became respectfully aware of Virginia Woolf. Said they: ". . . Liveliest imagination and most delicate style of her time. . . . Everything excites her, beggars and duchesses, snowflakes and dolphins. . . ." Passionately intelligent, with a long, drooping, intellectual face, large, heavy-lidded, straining eyes, Virginia Woolf looks as if she were peering out from a borderland where great wits remember their kinship to madness. Other books: *The Voyage Out, Night and Day, Monday or Tuesday, Mrs. Dalloway, To the Lighthouse, Orlando, The Common Reader, A Room of One's Own.*

Short Faulkners

THESE THIRTEEN—William Faulkner—*Cape & Smith* ($2.50).*

Sensation of the year in U. S. fiction has certainly been Author William Faulkner. His nightmare novel *Sanctuary* (TIME, Feb. 16) sent many a critical wig flying on the green, many a reader hurrying to get Faulkner's earlier books (*Soldier's Pay, Mosquitoes, Sartoris, The Sound and the Fury, As I Lay Dying*). Of these 13 short stories (his first collection) some are new; none will much help or hurt his still controversial reputation. Some of the plots:

A reckless Southerner turned British airman fights a picayune guerilla warfare with his superior officer for the favors of a *cocotte*. He comes out ahead, then a *Teube* gets him.

A wandering file of soldiers plunge through a shallow crater, find themselves in a chalk cavern surrounded by Senegalese skeletons, long dead by gas.

The tough cook of a freighter goes nearly crazy when his pearly-eyed protégé gives him the slip in Naples and succeeds in losing his innocence.

Faulkner's severest critics have never denied his ability to write; his blindest praisers have never asserted his optimism. This is the way he writes about writing: "And so, being momentary, it can be preserved and prolonged only on paper; a picture, a few written words that any match, a minute and harmless flame that any child can engender, can obliterate in an instant. A one-inch sliver of sulphur-tipped wood is longer than memory or grief: a flame no larger than a sixpence is fiercer than courage or despair."

*Published Sept. 21.

Werewolf

THE WOLF IN THE GARDEN—Alfred H. Bill—*Longmans* ($2).*

The little Hudson River town of "New Dortrecht," in the year 1792, was a peaceful & pleasant community until the arrival of the French *emigré* M. de Saint Loup, with his great wolfhound De Retz. Then in rapid succession came six terrible killings, tales of a giant timber wolf no dog would face. Young Robert Farrier disliked the Frenchman from the first, hated him when he turned out to be a rival for Felicity's fair hand. Felicity preferred Robert but her uncle was in trouble with the banks; Saint Loup's timely money bought her. Hate sharpened Robert's wits, but he was too much the child of 18th Century enlightenment to put two & two together till the shrewd old Rector, whose hobby was lycanthropy, added them for him. In time's nick they settled the werewolf's fate.

Author Bill has enjoyed writing for years, but kept his amateur standing longer than he liked. Never a denizen of Grub Street, he now enjoys his professionalism even more. *The Wolf in the Garden,* a frank thriller, is written with greater care, more distinction than writers on such subjects usually have at their disposal. Other books: *Alas, Poor Yorick!, The Red Prior's Legacy.*

Gold-Digger's Progress

RED-HEADED WOMAN—Katharine Brush—*Farrar & Rinehart* ($2).†

When Gulliver on his travels encountered the Yahoos, he thought the red-headed females the worst of the lot. *Gulliver's Travels,* most savage of satires, could never have appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post.* A few years ago, neither could *Red-Headed Woman.* But Authoress Brush's Yahoo has little in common with the Swift Yahoos except a coldly salacious temperament which Authoress Brush does not dwell on.

Lillian came from the wrong side of the tracks in a small Ohio town. She was pretty, she was scheming, her ambition was inordinate. Though she liked a good time she was careful about it. When she got the job of stenographer to the town's most eligible young man she felt her foot was on the ladder. It was. Before Bill knew what was happening to him Lillian had him in a shrewdly compromising mess, his adored young wife had divorced him, and in a daze he had married Lillian. In the uneven battle that followed between Lillian and local society both sides scored some notable victories; at times, in spite of everything, your sympathies are with the outrageous red-head. When Lillian saw she was making no headway, like a good general she changed her tactics, wheedled her way to Manhattan and went after a real millionaire. She got him. By the time you take leave of her you have the feeling there will be others later but that, like the Northwest Mounted Police, she will always get her man.

*Published Sept. 16.
†Published Oct. 3.

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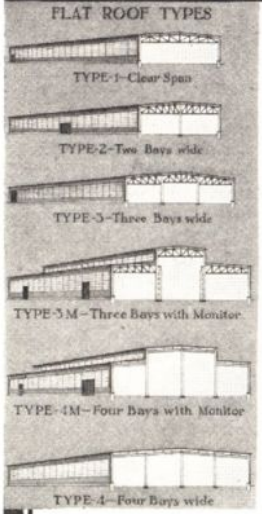

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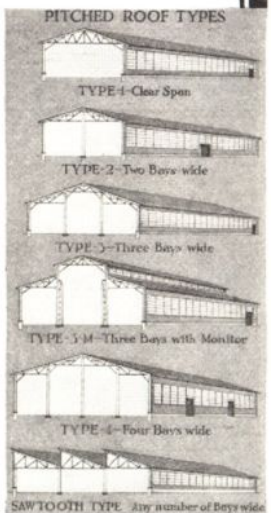

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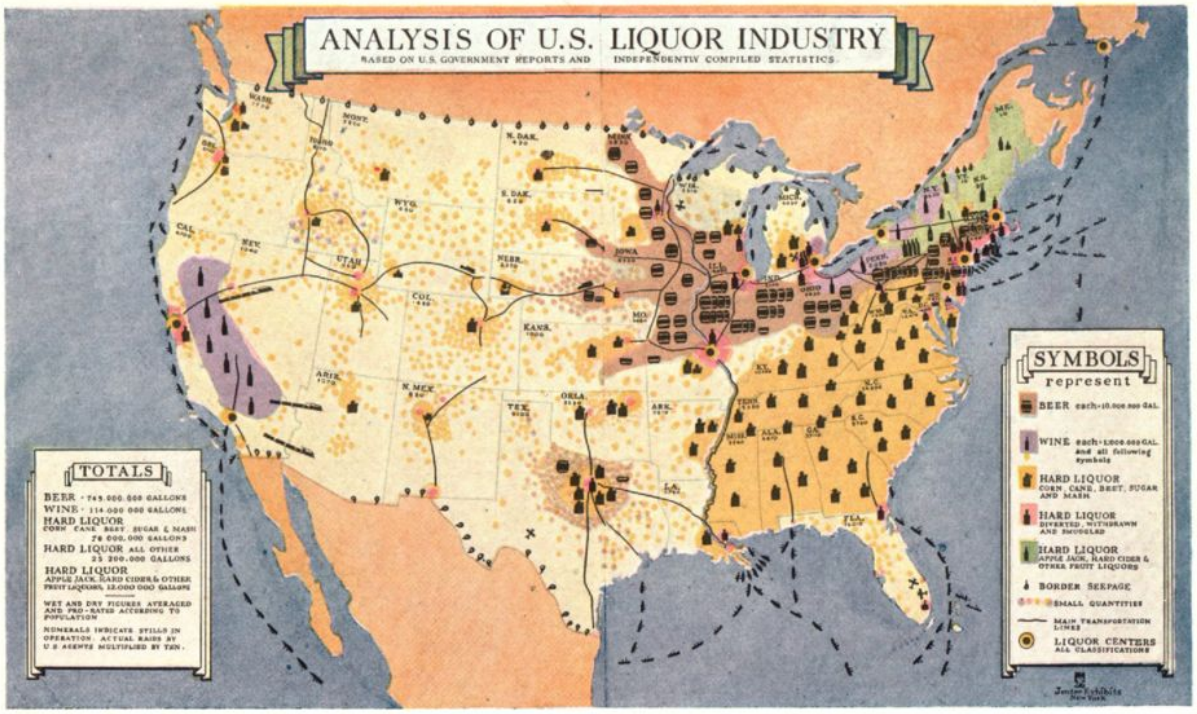

THE liquor business is big business and follows essentially the distribution methods of any big business. It boasts a normal alignment of national operators, middlemen, and retailers; uses railroads, fleets of trucks, steamers, barges, airplanes, *et al.*

The secrecy with which its operations are carried on is not such as would seem out of place in, say, the chemical industry, where armed guards patrol locked factory gates; or in the factory of any canny manufacturer who sets his dials to read in error and so deceive competitors' spies as to the temperature of his annealing. (Nor is the industry unique in arranging its profits in the interests of a reduced income tax.)

It has its own form of tariff, our paternal government doing its best to keep out foreign competition—using methods which succeed, tariff-like, not in prohibiting importation but in making it inconvenient and too expensive for mass profits. In fact, the first lesson a student of the liquor industry must learn concerns this very normalcy.

Only in the fiction of the Sunday Supplement is the business of supplying the U. S. A. with alcoholic beverages any more glamorous or romantic than the business of supplying it with canned peaches or cellophane or steel. . . .

Thus FORTUNE begins its dispassionate survey of the U. S. liquor industry. FORTUNE then analyzes the four chief aspects of 1931 liquor: importation, of which the volume is small; rural bootlegging (preferred method of the South and West, where corn liquor is often collected on regular routes much like milk routes, and taken to town for marketing) which has saved whole counties from bankruptcy and starvation; the small city business, happily adjusted to local demand and taste; and the over-dramatized, big-time city business.

Next FORTUNE analyzes the production and distribution of the different beverages: wine, which travels, concentrated legally, by rail; alcohol; hard liquor from corn, cane, beet sugar, apple; and the four varieties of beer.

FORTUNE then discusses the total volume of the industry which ranks, in finances invested and in volume of goods produced and consumed, with other great industries . . . and should, rationally, be considered as one.

Finally FORTUNE analyzes the liquor industry geographically, tells how Maryland is the quality liquor state; how Kansas, though righteous, has bad taste in liquor; how Colorado drinks beet sugar alcohol and only Denver cares about labels. From government and independent statistics, FORTUNE has compiled its chart of liquor consumption and production shown above.

The story of the 1931 U. S. liquor industry is, like all FORTUNE stories, a story worth telling, worth knowing.

Fortune

TIME, Inc., Publishers

205 East 42nd Street, New York

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Jean Harlow

Jean Harlow first set the screen ablaze in **"Hell's Angels,"** the great air film, and she almost stole the show from a fleet of fifty planes. See her **"Goldie,"** a **Fox** film, and **Columbia's "Platinum Blonde."**

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★Is Miss Harlow's Statement Paid For?
You may be interested in knowing that not one cent was paid to Miss Harlow to make the above statement. Miss Harlow has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 2 years. We hope the publicity herewith given will be as beneficial to her and to Fox and Columbia, her producers, as her endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to us.