

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine



International

Volume XVIII

PRESIDENT OF CHINA & WIFE

*He threatened to Whomp Japan.
(See FOREIGN NEWS)*

Number 17

Presto, Change!

and this Pocket Pen becomes a Tapered Desk Pen

*all you need is this
attachable taper*

GIVEN FREE

with every Parker Duofold Pen
Purchased before Nov. 16th

Saves you \$5 to \$10

Any Parker Duofold Pocket Pen is like two pens in one—for with this taper you can convert it into a slender tapered Desk Set Pen—without paying a penny more than for an ordinary pen, if you act at once.

Through this special gift offer, to complete a modern Fountain Pen Desk Set, all you need is a Parker ball-and-socket Desk Set Base to hold the pen, at \$2.50 and upwards. No special desk pen required, thus saving you \$5 to \$10.

Twenty-five thousand Parker dealers throughout the United States are giving away one-half million pen tapers, free—hence by buying a Parker Pen now you will have a pocket pen and a desk pen both in one. This gift offer ends Nov. 15—sooner, if all free tapers are gone.

You can have a handsome desk set—now or later—merely by getting the Parker Desk Base to hold your pen. No pen but the Parker gives this double duty without added cost.

By selecting a Parker Duofold you also become possessor of a pen with the miracle Duofold point which writes as easily as you breathe—with Pressureless Touch. Also this balanced, streamlined style—trim and non-bulging in pocket or handbag.

Stop in and see this demonstration at any nearby dealer's before this offer expires.

SPECIAL TO PARKER PEN OWNERS: Dealers will also give you the Taper, FREE, so you can convert the pen you have, if you get a Parker Desk Base.



To Protect Parker Pens
from Inks that Clog and Gum
We Created QUINK
the quick-drying ink
—contains a solvent that keeps
any pen clean

Three years ago we discovered that 69% of the service required by fountain pens was due to inks that clog the feed, gum the point, and rot the ink sac.

For our own protection, in guaranteeing Parker Duofold Pens for life, we decided to create a miracle ink. We made up 1022 formulas before succeeding. The first bottle of Quink cost us \$68,000. You can now buy one like it for 15c—Permanent, all colors or Washable Blue. Not a trace of sediment in a barrel! Ask any dealer, or write for \$40,000-wood bottle, free.



See how handsome are these new Parker Desk Sets in Carrera and other marbles, in Green or White Onyx, in flashing blue glass or dainty enamel ornamented in gold. Some mounted with Bronze statuettes or clocks and other Desk accessories—all with the Parker ball and socket receptacle that holds the Pen or Pencil at hand's reach but out of harm's way. Bases without Pen, \$2.50 to \$2.90.

Take off Pocket Cap—
Put on Taper



Convert for Desk

Take off Taper—
Put on Pocket Cap



Convert for Pocket

Parker Duofold

PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE \$5 \$7 \$10
Other Parker Pens, \$2.75 and \$3.50; Pencils to match them all, \$2.00 to \$5.00

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin. Offices and Subsidiaries: New York, Chicago, Buffalo, Atlanta, Dallas, San Francisco; Toronto, Canada, London, England; Berlin, Germany

To an Executive who has earned \$6,000 a year

ALONG the route of a business career, nearly all men get stalled temporarily at some point.

After going ahead nicely for a few years, passing milestone after milestone of salary increases, they suddenly find themselves "brought up with a short turn."

For most men, this occurs at about the \$100-a-week or the \$6,000-a-year mark.

What is there about round figures like these that baffles good men and stops them from going on and up?

Two types of men can answer that question.

One type might say: "Six thousand a year is my goal. It's a good income—much better than average. I'm satisfied."

The second type will answer: "Two years at the same salary! Me! That will never do. I've run myself out of gas, and now I'm due to get the tank filled. It simply takes *more power* to go on from here."

If you are one of the latter type, this page is addressed to you. What will give you the added power to go forward?

More knowledge? Yes—but not mere *volume* of knowledge. You might easily spend years increasing your store of knowledge, yet not affect your income in the slightest.

What you need is a *definite kind* of knowledge that will help you to meet conditions as they are today. Business today is entirely different from business ten, or even five, years ago. The old rules no longer work.

To progress beyond the \$6,000 mark you *must know the new rules*. No matter what your job, you must have an understanding of the new influences that are at work everywhere. There is a new sales strategy, there are new production methods,

a new export situation, new methods of determining security prices, a wave toward big consolidations—in short, a new era of business.

How can you get this new equipment?

Many men in precisely this situation are finding the answer to their prob-

Department of Commerce; DAVID SARNOFF, President, Radio Corporation of America. And many others.

Can any ambitious man fail to get something of value from contact with minds like these? Here are a few examples, selected from many hundreds, showing how this organized knowledge is translated into added earning power:

- CASE 1. Works Engineer, salary \$6,000; now Vice-President and General Manager, salary \$18,000.
- CASE 2. Local Manager at \$5,200; now Regional Manager, salary \$15,000.
- CASE 3. Production Manager, salary \$6,000; now President, salary \$21,600.

We invite you to send for the facts

The facts are contained in a booklet entitled "What an Executive Should Know."

It should be read by every man who is near that hazardous stage where men either stop or go on up, according to their own decisions.

This booklet is well worth half an hour of your time. Many men have said that in 30 minutes it gave them a clearer picture of their business future than they ever had before. It discusses *your* next five years in business clearly and helpfully. It contains the condensed results of 20 years' experience in helping men to forge ahead financially. It is interesting from the first page to the last.

This booklet costs nothing. Send for it.

WARNING
The next 5 years offer more opportunity for profit—and more danger—than any similar period in a generation

lems in the Alexander Hamilton Institute's new Course and Service. This Course, new from start to finish—so new, in fact, that the latter part is barely off the press—is abreast of modern business down to its final detail.

In order to make the Course as sound as it is up-to-date, we have enlisted today's foremost leaders in many fields of business as contributors. Among them are:

ALFRED P. SLOAN, Jr., President, General Motors Corp.; FREDERICK H. ECKER, President, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company; HON. WILL H. HAYS, President, Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America; DR. JULIUS KLEIN, The Assistant Secretary, U. S.

To the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 540 Astor Place, New York City. (In Canada, address Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Building, Toronto.)

Send me "What an Executive Should Know," which I may keep without charge.

NAME _____

BUSINESS _____

ADDRESS _____

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POSITION _____



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...freshness
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TABLEAU by Johnston is a totally new idea in candy packaging! Wherever you live, you now can buy candy from a famous maker—and be sure of perfect, glowing freshness every time!

The package is smart, sparkling, modern. A package you can give with pride... but amazingly unostentatiously. And there's an assortment for every taste and purse!

For gifts, for personal enjoyment, why risk inferior candies ever?... now that Johnston offers freshness you can see.

Johnston's

"My 3 Nicest Parties" is a fascinating booklet compiled by the Johnston Party Bureau, for women who like to entertain charmingly. The booklet is free—write for it.

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON CO.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

3-10-26

Please send me free booklet "My 3 Nicest Parties."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Hoover & Garfield

Sirs:

I quote you from the irrepressible Walter Winchell's column of Sept. 30:

"There's Hoover, for instance. . . . He's a colossus at heart. . . . During his talk to the Legion in Detroit he never credited Garfield with a nod or bow. . . . and Mr. H. practically used word for word of Garfield's plea to the G. A. R. Vets of 50 years ago—when he discussed pensions. . . ."

It would be extremely interesting to American Legion and other veterans if the above statement were confirmed by Time with attendant circumstances as to place, etc.

HUGH T. A. JOHNSTON

Brown & Lynch Post No. 9
American Legion
Easton, Pa.

President Garfield, in office from March 4, 1881, to July 2, 1881 when he was shot, never made a speech of any sort to the G. A. R. While campaigning in 1880, he made a "Boys in Blue Speech," an "Army of Cumberland Speech," a "Reunion with His Old Regiment" and "Inauguration of Soldiers and Sailors Monument" (Painesville, Ohio). In none of these speeches is there any resemblance however remote to President Hoover's Detroit speech to the American Legion.—Ed.

Preserved Fish

Sirs:

In Oct. 12 TIME I see tale of two banks and one Preserved Fish who was President of Bank of America in 1812. My great-grandfather was Preserved Fish originally from Vermont. My great-grandfather was Leonard Fish, his son.

I am wondering if you could give me any information in regard to the above. I have been a subscriber to TIME for some years and consider I have read all that is necessary after reading each copy.

FRED E. KERRY

Bangor, N. Y.

President Preserved Fish (1766-1846) of Bank of America was born in Portsmouth, R. L., son of Blacksmith Preserved Fish, whose father was another Preserved Fish, whose father's name was Thomas.

After a few years at his father's forge, Preserved Fish III shipped to the Pacific on a whaler, at 21 became its captain. Shrewd, he recognized a fortune lay in selling whale oil, not in getting it. He prospered as a merchant in New Bedford, had a political squabble, sold his property cheap, settled in New York. At the height of his business career he was one of the 28 brokers of the New York Exchange Board which later became the New York Stock Exchange. He controlled a potent shipping firm of Fish & Grinnell which had its beginnings in the attempt of Preserved Fish III to advance his whale oil market. After his resignation from Fish

& Grinnell and a brief retirement from business, he served until his death as President of the Tradesman's Bank. Of other Preserved Fishes TIME has no record, but of a son Leonard, by one of his three marriages, there is no mention in the archives.—Ed.

Abandoning Army Posts

Sirs:

We are interested in knowing whether it is a fact that Congress has the final decision on the abandonment of various posts in the United States or is the War Staff the final authority as we have been led to suppose?

This is due to reading your article of Sept. 12, p. 15 in which it states "Next winter he will have a chance to show his real strength when he tries to get Congress to eliminate two-score obsolete Army posts."

W. C. PEAT

Missoula Chamber of Commerce
Missoula, Mont.

Technical abandonment of an Army post rests with the Chief of Staff and the Secretary of War and the President; actual physical abandonment (of sale of real estate) rests with Congress.—Ed.

Akron to Washington

Sirs:

In your Oct. 5 issue you state in the article on the Akron's first flight that "The radioman flashes to the White House the Akron's first message."

This message was sent to the Navy's temporary station at Akron and from there went via Western Union to Naval Radio Great Lakes. From there it was sent to Washington by radio. A copy of that first message is one of my souvenirs, as I handled the message.

MARION E. PENCE, U.S.N.

Waukegan, Ill.

Real Stuff

Sirs:

Your summaries of the records of Congressmen are so excellent that we are wondering where on earth you get them. You manage to dig up more real stuff than any other source we have seen. It's just the kind of material we need in connection with congressional work.

Would you be good enough to put us in touch with the sources of your information, if you have general sources, so that we may have the benefit of whatever knowledge is already collected?

ROGER N. BALDWIN

American Civil Liberties Union
New York City

TIME's Congressional biographies, which will shortly be resumed in Letters in anticipation of Congress' sitting, are compiled by a researcher specially assigned to the task in Washington. They aim at reproducing Senators and Representatives as their colleagues know them, for the bene-

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ROY E. LARSEN

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Abreast of the times

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Before the new printing went to press, it was found that the manufacturers could make substantial economies this year in the cost of paper and binding materials, provided the new printing equaled the largest single printing the Britannica ever made.

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Thousands who have always wanted the Britannica are now buying it. And we believe this printing—large as it was—will be sold out in a comparatively short time. Frankly, we don't know whether this unusually low price can ever be duplicated again.

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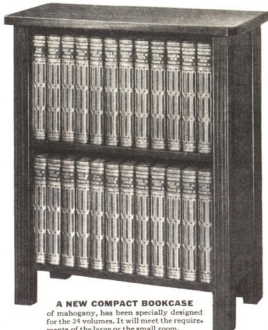
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President, Dartmouth College



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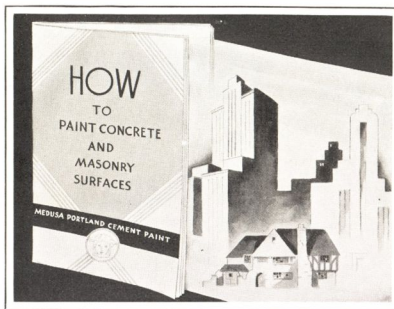
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MEDUSA PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

1002 Engineers Bldg., Dept. A, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: Without obligation please send me a copy of the book "How to Paint Concrete and Masonry Surfaces."

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fit of constituents who see only the campaign posters, hear only the campaign speeches.—Ed.

Curled Hair Cuffs

Sirs:

In the article "Misfortunes of a Monster" which appeared in your issue of Oct. 5, you mention that Primo Carnera's fighting gloves, "specially made for him, are as heavy as those which ordinary heavyweights use for practice." This statement is incorrect, and as official makers of Carnera's boxing equipment, may we supply the right information?

Training gloves for the usual heavyweight weigh 16 oz. Fighting glove weights are regulated by the various state boxing commissions and run between 5 oz. and 8 oz. Hence, it would be illegal for Carnera to use 16-oz. gloves. Though his fighting gloves do require almost twice as much leather and canvas as ordinarily go into gloves, the weight is kept within the required limits by padding the cuffs with a sprinkle of curled hair and filling the rest of the glove with only enough hair to balance the scale at the weight set by the State in which the big fellow is to perform.

Incidentally, in our many years of specializing in boxing equipment, we have not found any other boxer with the proportions and bulk of Carnera.

JULES GOLOMB
Sales Manager

Everlast Sporting Goods Mfg. Co.
New York City

No. 201 to No. 671

Sirs:

"Two years ago, one of the first [cordial and beverage shops] to open was the shop at No. 201 East 44th Street. . . . Last week three 'For Rent' signs were all that remained in that original cordial shop." (TIME, Oct. 12.) But the three "For Rent" signs do not end the story of the much-talked-of bootlegger Mike.

For many months past Mike has conducted his ever growing business . . . at his new cordial shop at No. 671 Lexington Avenue. Neither the law nor depression of present business will down Mike. To go on, Mike desires one better in the smart neighborhood of his new shop all gin has been reduced a quarter a bottle.

Upon placing an order some time ago and demanding prompt delivery service I was told that there were 16 deliveries that evening to be made before mine.

THEODORE WILLIAMS

New York City

Frogs in Texas

Sirs:

I have right recently noticed where some of your subscribers had found that frogs swallow young fowls such as ducks and chickens (TIME, Aug. 31; Oct. 5). I am anxious to add to the scientific knowledge of the world and especially on frogs since they have been experimented with a great deal from the very beginning of time on to now. This causes me to encroach on your "Time" to write and tell you some experience I had with frogs when I was a boy. My father owned an immense dirt tank or pond as you call it in the North. There were frogs of many sizes in this pond and I liked to look at them. One day I began to feed a small frog and he was soon so gentle I could pat him on the back. He was not much larger than a walnut. Then I decided to get a size larger frog and after I gentled him I got a size still larger. I kept on at this until I had 16 and each accurately a size larger. The 16th frog was big as a ham.

I caught rose chafers for my pets. I would always start in by giving my little frog the first bug and then get the next size two bugs and so on up. I had these frogs trained so that when I went to the pond and rang a bell I carried in my pocket they would hop out of the water and arrange themselves according to size. The small frog would always be at the left end of the line and they would be like stair-steps with No. 20 at my right. One morning I failed to find but one rose chaffer. I knew my pets would be disappointed. I rang my bell and they hopped out of the water and arranged themselves. Then I gave the little frog the only bug I had found. The next size frog waited very patiently a few minutes for his bug, then he seemed to become angered and turned

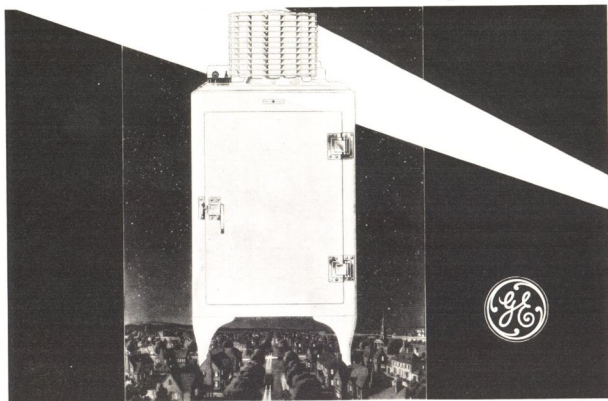
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For fifteen years genius and science worked side by side to produce the General Electric Refrigerator. Six hundred cabinet designs, eighty different types of refrigerating units were built and tested. Out of this vast research came the famous All-Steel cabinet, and the mechanism so trustworthy that it is permanently and hermetically sealed in the steel walls of the Monitor Top. The General Electric never requires attention—not even oiling—and the complete

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"Why I'm going to Southern California this Winter!"



Golf between mountains and the blue Pacific

—a business man explains

"I've worked harder this year than ever before in my life," this man writes, "and I see more hard work ahead. I'm counting on this vacation to put me in shape for it."

"I'm going to stretch out on the beach and let the Southern California sun bake all the worries out... then do it some more on the desert. I'll knock ten strokes off my golf game, and I've got a heavy fishing date in the Catalina channel."

"When I go mountain climbing, my mind won't be on business. I'll be thinking about the horse-race I'll be seeing in Mexico next day. My wife wants to explore the Old Spanish Missions... and modern shops... see Hollywood, palms and orange groves..."

And a lot more. Another strenuous year is coming. There's dollars-and-cents value to you in facing it prepared.

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and swallowed my little frog. Then the third frog became impatient and swallowed my second frog. Then the fourth frog swallowed the third frog. This kept on happening until the 19th frog had swallowed the 18th frog. When it got down to the 20th frog he didn't even move, didn't seem to be hungry. I opened his mouth and looked down his throat: he had swallowed a wild goose.

Fitzgerald's Nursery
Stephenville, Tex.

JOE FITZGERALD

On Mesa Top

Sirs:

Last June Dr. Gile and I took a motor trip through the Great Southwest with Mr. & Mrs. Joseph McKibbin of St. Paul.

We went into the interior of the Indian Country and visited the little Hopi villages



LITTLE HOPI

Only a few speak English.

built on top of narrow mesas, accessible only by foot.

The villagers live in a very uncivilized way and only a few of them speak English.

So we were indeed amazed to come upon a little Indian girl reading *TIME*. Mr. McKibbin took my kodak and climbed a ladder to the level above us where the little girl lived, and snapped the enclosed (see cut).

CHARLOTTE KISSEL GILE

New York City

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

(Week & Post-Office)

Editor: Henry R. Luce.

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Associates: John Shaw Billings, Laird S. Goldsborough, Myron Weiss. *Weekly Contributors:* Elizabeth Armstrong, Carlton J. Balliet Jr., Noel F. Busch, Washington Dodge H. Mary Fraser, Albert J. Furth, Allen Grover, David W. Hubbard Jr., E. D. Kennedy, Peter Matthews, T. S. Mathews, Frank Norris, Francis de N. Schroeder, Cecilia A. Schwind, Fred Smith, Charles Wertenbaker, S. J. Woolf.

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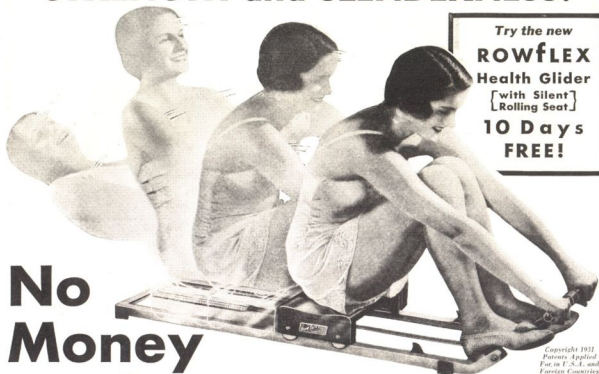
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back, chest, neck. Flexes dormant muscles, peps them up; stimulates circulation, drives out waste products, tones up vital organs! Dissolves harmful fat from abdomen, hips—builds natural corset of muscle to replace sagging muscles! Massages liver, stomach, bowels, kidneys, so they function properly! Just 5 minutes' Rowing daily with Rowflex works wonders with your health, strength and figure!

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Dept. 1510, 1783 East 11th St., Cleveland, Ohio

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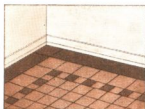
City

Canadian and Foreign prices on request



*New in method
style and mode*

MASONITE *Cushioned* FLOORING OF TEMPERED PRESWOOD



This illustration shows an interesting three-border effect, with smaller squares alternating in light and dark shades.



In this illustration, the reversible shades produce a pleasing effect with smaller squares. Wax or polish Masonite Cushioned Flooring, if you wish. Takes it beautifully.

First in this remarkable Masonite family came Structural Insulation and QuartRboard, next Presdwood, then Tempered Presdwood... and now *Masonite Cushioned Flooring*—both a flooring and a floor covering, and new and modern in method, style and mode.

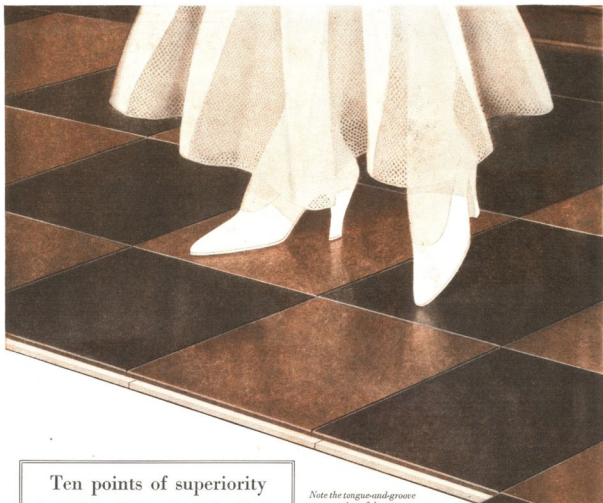
As its name suggests, it has an in-built shock absorber, which eliminates much of the fatigue and discomfort from walking. It is of three-ply construction—outer layers of *durable, wear-resisting* Tempered Presdwood, impervious to moisture and specially toughened by a process similar

to that used in tempering steel; an inner layer, or cushion of QuartRboard to provide resiliency, insulation, sound absorption.

Masonite Cushioned Flooring is *beautiful*, with endless combinations of design and pattern. It is *economical*, in first cost, in application, in long life, in elimination of floor covering.

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

CROSS-SECTION OF MASONITE CUSHIONED FLOORING... OUTER LAYERS OF TEMPERED PRESWOOD... INNER LAYER OF QUARTERBOARD... NOTE REVERSIBLE COLORS AND INTERLOCKING JOINTS

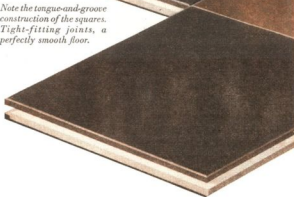


Ten points of superiority

Masonite Cushioned Flooring—the new, all-wood flooring with the in-built shock absorber—offers these advantages:

1. **Appearance**—Beautiful, indeed, these smooth, grainless squares with an endless variety of design.
2. **Durability**—Built to withstand wear and tear; Tempered Presdwood surfaces are an assurance of long service.
3. **Style**—Something entirely new in flooring; modern floors that will appeal to everyone.
4. **Resiliency**—A cushion of shock-absorbing QuartR-board in-built to make walking easy and restful.
5. **Grainless**—An all-wood flooring; yet completely free from splinters; will never split or crack.
6. **Perfect Joints Interlocked**—Tongue-and-groove construction, with special tapering of edges, provides a smooth, snug fit.
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10. **Both a flooring and a floor covering**—All combined into a single unit.

Note the tongue-and-groove construction of the squares. Tight-fitting joints, a perfectly smooth floor.



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Cushioned FLOORING

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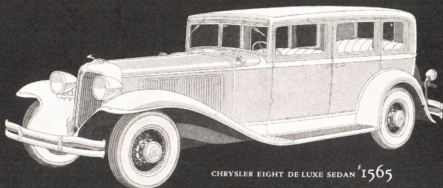
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CHRYSLER

SIXES & EIGHTS



CHRYSLER SIX SEDAN '895



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There's the magnificent Chrysler Imperial Eight—Chrysler's masterpiece. An ultra-fine car of 145-inch wheelbase and 125-horsepower—winner of 12 official A. A. A. Contest Board stock car speed records.

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TIME

Vol. XVIII, No. 17

The Weekly Newsmagazine

October 26, 1931

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Preparations for a Visit

The President prepared last week to clasp hands with Premier Pierre Laval (see p. 18), a gentleman whose strong displeasure he incurred four months ago by asking that France accept at once the Hoover Moratorium (TIME, June 26 et seq.).

Guest Laval has not forgotten. Neither has Host Hoover. Every few days this month the State Department reassured French journalists that in Washington M. Laval would positively be confronted by no cut & dried proposal, by no *fait accompli*. Exquisitely anxious to return this courtesy Premier Laval, aboard the *S. S. Ile de France* last week, declared:

"Any proposals which may be attributed to me are without foundation. In agreement with President Hoover, I will make public the nature and scope of our conversations only after our meetings in Washington."

Despite such elaborate double disclaimers, questions to be discussed by President & Premier undoubtedly included:

1) What steps the French and U. S. Governments will take to keep francs and dollars unshakably on the gold standard. (Frenchmen are stuffing socks with all kinds of gold coins which they bought in bags on the floor of the Paris Bourse last week. This helped to force the Federal Reserve Bank of New York rediscount rate up to 3½% in an effort to check European withdrawals & hoarding of U. S. gold —see p. 43).

2) Mr. Hoover and M. Laval are understood to agree that further fiscal relief must be extended to Germany; but the President is supposed to favor a further moratorium, while the Premier inclines toward a temporary cut of 50% in War Debts.

3) Since fiscal relief to Germany & Europe must be largely at U. S. expense, the President is in a strong position to bargain with M. Laval for French support of drastic Hoover arms limitation proposals at the League's World Conference in Geneva next February.

But radios from the *Ile de France* make clear that Premier Laval will urge the French plan of limiting only armament budgets; whereas the U. S. has always maintained that "Disarmament" or "Limitation" will prove a mockery if it is not based on scrapping actual war boats and guns, limiting actual trained reserves.

4) On the theoretical side (which Latins love, Anglo-Saxons dislike) looms the French thesis of "No Disarmament without Security," meaning that if a nation limits its arms all nations signatory to the

Kellogg (or some other) Pact should agree to aid that nation if it be attacked. An agreement in this sense would be called by M. Laval "implementing the Peace Pact." He is said to have dropped the original French plea for armed aid to the nation attacked, now urges economic boycott of the aggressor.

5) Finally President & Premier are expected to stand shoulder to shoulder against British efforts to promote a world conference for the distribution of gold to consider such expedients as bi-metalism. M. Laval, thrifty butcher's son, is congenitally opposed to mixing silver with gold, likes his gold straight. President Hoover, onetime mining engineer, feels the same way.

Over a network of 150 radio stations, last week President Hoover opened a five-week campaign to gather funds into the nation's community chests, to keep some 6,000,000 jobless from starving this winter. Said he: "No Governmental action, no economic doctrine, no economic plan or project can replace that God-imposed responsibility of the individual man and woman to their neighbors."

Last week President Hoover drove to Annapolis, Md. to board the *U. S. S. Arkansas* which would take him, via Fortress Monroe, to the sesquicentennial celebration of the American victory (thanks to France) at Yorktown. Mayor Walter E. Quenstedt of Annapolis hospitably went out to the city limits to greet the President. Through some slip up in arrangements, the President's entourage flashed heedlessly by, leaving Mayor Quenstedt & party stranded on the side of the road like a band of hitch-hikers. The Mayor rode angrily back to town, wrote a letter

to the White House demanding an explanation.

At Yorktown—where were gathered Marshal Henri Pétain of France, General Pershing, Governors and representatives of the 13 original States, widows of three U. S. Presidents, the great-great-nephew of Lord Cornwallis—President Hoover said: "No American can review this vast pageant of progress without confidence and faith, without courage, strength and resolution for the future."

White House visitors of the week included: Secretary of the Navy Adams who told the President he had not found a way to cut the Navy's budget the desired \$61,000,000, was told he must; André Citroën (Ford of France) to pay respects (see p. 48); Commander-in-Chief Harold D. Dwyer of the Veterans of Foreign Wars to serve notice that his organization would continue to agitate an immediate cash settlement of the Bonus.

STATES & CITIES

Scandals of New York (Cont'd)

Corruption in the government of New York City is widespread. This corruption could not exist on so large a scale if the sinister forces who are profiting by it were not afforded protection. Their identity must be established.

Thus, last month, did Samuel Seabury, counsel for the Republican-controlled legislative committee which has been investigating the Democratic municipal government for the past six months, state the purpose of his inquiry. Last week Inquisitor Seabury had established the identity of several persons who had profited by conditions within Tammany Hall, had also established the extent of their profits.

Digging into the bank accounts of minor city officials Inquisitor Seabury made public the following list of deposits since 1924:

Sheriff Thomas M. Farley	\$360,660.34
Under Sheriff Peter J. Curran	\$622,311.00
Assistant Deputy Sheriff	
Joseph Flaherty	\$260,803.00
City Clerk Michael J. Cruise	\$217,246.91
King's County Register	
James McQuade	\$510,597.35
City Court Clerk Harry C. Perry	\$135,061.50

Largest salary earned by any of these men was that of Sheriff Farley—\$15,000 per year for the two years he has been sheriff. Realists realized that the officials did not profit much personally, that their mysterious incomes were simply collections for the Tammany campaign chest, party graft, not individual.

Burly Sheriff Farley, openly called "grafter" by Inquisitor Seabury, admitted he had spent \$14,000 bailing out 30 pris-

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National Affairs—(Continued)



Thompson Photos

COMMITTEE OF 100'S COW

Her udders led to Tammany.

oners arrested in a raid on his political club, but denied knowing any of them, denied that "Baldy" Froelich or any of the other professional gamblers arrested there were actually gambling. He said they were busy packing 30,000 baseballs & bats, 5,000 skipping ropes and some May poles for the club's outing. His \$360,660 bank deposits, he said, were made from "money I had saved." Most of it was kept in a tin box in a big safe in his home. The Sheriff insisted the box never contained more than \$50,000, which was deposited and withdrawn over & over. Inquisitor Seabury called that a "revolving process"; Sheriff Farley called it "put it in & take it out."

Register McQuade said he had got his money from friends, spent it taking care of "34 McQuades," all dependent on him. Clerk Perry explained that some of his deposits represented "loans" from a subordinate, Edward P. Sherry. Inquisitor Seabury said he had evidence that the "loans" were in payment for political favors. Clerk Cruise said \$1,000 of his deposits were given him by the treasurer of his club for charity. He could not recall where the rest came from. "Big-Hearted Joe" Flaherty said his brother owned a "restaurant." The others were vague.

Following Inquisitor Seabury's revelations the City Affairs Committee began consideration of a move to oust Messrs. Farley, Cruise, McQuade and Perry. Federal income tax authorities began investigating the more than \$1,800,000 deposits of five of the six officials. They found that Under Sheriff Curran had filed returns since 1925, but did not reveal how much tax he had paid. They revealed that one of the officials had offered to pay up his back taxes if promised that he would not be prosecuted.

Meanwhile Investigator Seabury had turned his attention to Mayor Walker's missing business agent, Russell T. Sherwood, and found that he had conducted transactions in about 20 bank and brokerage houses, totalling more than a million

dollars. Once an accountant in Mayor Walker's old law firm, Agent Sherwood became the Mayor's confidential agent, disappeared in August when Seabury agents were after him. He was found in Atlantic City. Inquisitor Seabury heard that the Mayor left a banquet in Berlin to talk on the radio telephone to Atlantic City at this time. Soon afterward Agent Sherwood disappeared again. Inquisitor Seabury charged that Tammany Hall was obstructing his investigation, that Mayor Walker "has kept his business agent out of the committee's jurisdiction."

The Mayor: "Nothing to say."

At this point Agent Sherwood was located in the Ritz Hotel in Mexico City. To reporters he said: "I have not a single word to say regarding anything published in New York regarding me." He threatened to leave Mexico City and go into hiding again, said he would refuse to accept a subpoena.

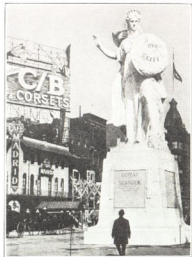
With little chance of bringing Agent Sherwood back where he could ask questions, Inquisitor Seabury prepared to call before him a onetime Tammany leader—George Washington Olvany. The committee has had Boss Olvany's personal bank accounts for several months, but Boss Olvany has insisted that his law firm's books were confidential. Lawyer Olvany explained his sudden resignation as Tammany leader on grounds of ill health, but not even Tammanyites deny that if any Tammany boss ever made money for himself out of his Tammany connection, Boss Olvany did.

Ratification Party. Last week in its bright new hall Tammany staged a rally to ratify its candidates for the November election. Speaker Alfred Emanuel Smith denounced Governor Roosevelt's pet reforestation program. He was roundly cheered. Republican observers found it easy to guess why the loudest cheers had come from Listeners Farley, Perry, Cruise and McQuade. Ex-Governor Smith had not previously been much exercised about reforestation. His speech sounded like

an oblique notice to Governor Roosevelt that he was lined up on Tammany's side and that Tammany was tired of being pestered by investigations.

Political Significance. In 1909, one of the many other times when Tammany Hall was in really bad odor, a group of public-spirited men formed a Committee of 100 headed by Norman Hapgood, Joseph M. Price and Dr. Henry Moscovitz (husband of "Al" Smith's efficient adviser and chief propagandist). Wealthy contributors to the committee were headed by Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller and Fulton Cutting, with \$20,000 each. A fusion of Republicans and independents put candidates in the field, carried on an intensive campaign, chief feature of which was the erection of a huge papier-mâché cow at campaign headquarters. Before the cow was a trough, from which the cow ate taxpayers' money. Attached to the udders were rubber tubes through which was pumped "graft milk" to be drunk by Tammany. Tammany countered by erecting in Times Square a heroic female figure with a shield labelled "Our City" and the legend "Defeat of Slander" on the base. Also it persuaded brilliant, satiric William J. Gaynor to be the Tammany candidate. He defeated Fusionist Otto T. Bannard, though the Fusionists did elect George McAneny Borough President of Manhattan, Alfred Steers Borough President of Brooklyn, and young John Purroy Mitchel president of Manhattan's Board of Aldermen. Four years later John Purroy Mitchel was elected Mayor on another Fusion ticket.

Next month will be elected a borough president, many aldermen and assemblymen. In the five boroughs of New York City 1,350,000 voters have registered, an unusually large number for an off-year. But both Republicans and Democrats knew that the large figure was due to Tammany organization, not to civic indignation.



Thompson Photos

TAMMANY'S STATUE

Her shield was raised against Carnegie, Rockefeller, Cutting.

National Affairs—(Continued)

Who's Huey Now?

"If I am elected I will inspect every cow, male & female, for ticks. Them that's got 'em will get rid of 'em, and them that ain't got none won't git none."

When young Huey Pierce Long wrote this campaign speech he was not a candidate for tick inspector of Winn Parish, Louisiana; he was only campaign manager for the candidate for tick inspector. But already he had learned that sweeping promises sweep up votes. Nineteen years later Huey Pierce Long ran for Governor of Louisiana, made sweeping promises, was elected. Elected with him was his good political friend, Paul N. Cyr, a dentist, who became lieutenant governor. Loud, red-headed Governor Long soon began to fulfill his campaign promises, to turn Louisiana topsy-turvy. Lieutenant Governor Cyr broke with him, became his bitter foe. When Governor Long ran for the U. S. Senate last year he made another promise, aimed to re-assure Louisiana voters, to discomfort Cyr, whom he called "the retired tooth chiseler." If elected, he promised, he would not take his seat until after his term as Governor expired in May 1932. He was elected.

When Governor Long certified his election to the Senate last March, Lieutenant Governor Cyr claimed that by that action he ceased to be Governor. Louisiana's senior Senator Edwin Sidney Broussard agreed with him. To protect his right to office, wary Governor Long was careful never to leave the State unaccompanied by Dr. Cyr. Last week Governor Long was in New Orleans. Lieutenant Governor Cyr was at his home in Jeanerette. Suddenly one night Lieutenant Governor Cyr left home, drove to Shreveport, had a deputy court clerk administer the oath of office as Governor. Then he wrote Governor Long a letter:

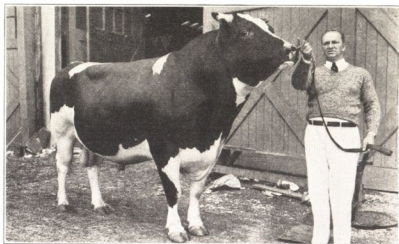
"Sir—This is to advise you that I have taken the oath of office as Governor of the State of Louisiana and have been inducted into office, and, under the Constitution of Louisiana, you have no further right to claim possession of the Governorship or exercise any functions thereof. I therefore demand of you that you immediately surrender the office, its archives, and all that appertains to said office and divest yourself of the appearance of chief executive of Louisiana."

Hot as a wasp was little Huey Long. He dictated a succinct reply: "I have the honor to decline your demands in toto." Then he ordered out the Baton Rouge unit of the National Guard and a detachment of highway police, directed them to guard the Capitol and executive mansion "to prevent Cyr from seizing them." Next he hopped into a State automobile and roared off for the capital.

"Governor" Cyr countered on Tuesday by telegraphing to Adjutant General Ray Fleming in New Orleans an order to disband the troops. He signed himself "Governor & Commander-in-Chief of the Louisiana National Guard." The order was ignored; Adjutant General Fleming was reported to be in Atlanta. Captain W. J. B. Hawthorne of the Baton Rouge troops

said the movement was merely a "test," explained that Tuesday was drill night anyhow.

When Governor Long arrived in Baton Rouge all was quiet. He dismissed the militia, but kept highway and city police on guard. Explained the Governor: "I was afraid he would try to seize the executive mansion and frighten my wife and



MAN O' WAR

A Pansy won, too.

Wide World

children." Then he issued a manifesto declaring his henchman, Senate President (pro tem.) Alvin O. King, lieutenant governor. "Taking the oath as Governor ends Dr. Cyr. He is no longer lieutenant governor and he is now nothing."

Sneered Cyr: "Huey's scared." Next day things were moving quietly. Senator King arrived in Baton Rouge, was sworn in as lieutenant governor without opposition. "Governor" Cyr said he would not try to force his way into the chair, but would file suit in court, await a decision.

At this point another "governor" appeared. He was Walter L. Aldrich of Shreveport. Mr. Aldrich was out of a job. So he went before a notary public and took the oath of office as governor, "just for the hell of it." Said he: "All good lawyers know that any one may take possession of, and retain, abandoned property."

"Governor" Cyr set up a cry that the Aldrich claim was a Long plot to burlesque the situation. Governor Long ignored this charge, busied himself looking up and jotting down a long list of Governor-Senators who had done what he is doing—remained Senators-elect until their gubernatorial terms expired. "Governor" Aldrich said he would take charge of the State in a few days. L. D. Smith, another jobless one, got himself sworn in as lieutenant governor. E. H. Reed, Shreveport grocer, did the same, said he would attach himself to "Governor Aldrich's staff." Sang the groceryman: "Every governor needs a lieutenant governor, and that's why you need me."

HUSBANDRY

Dairy Show

One industry which is waxing in the South is the dairy business. Because the climate is mild and the grazing season long, in the past five years Kraft-Phenix, Southwestern Dairy Products, Southern Dairies (subsidiary of National Dairy

Products), Pet Milk and Borden's have scattered plants throughout Texas, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee. Since 1927, dairy stock in the South has upped from 5,370,000 head to 5,761,000. In St. Louis, livestock centre and a Southern gateway, a permanent dairy exhibit was recently established in the four-year-old Arena, a giant red-&-yellow mushroom located just over the southern boundary of Forest Park. But few Southern-bred cattle won any of the big prizes offered at the 25th annual National Dairy Show held at the Arena last week.

The atmosphere of the show was gala, if varied. There were circus acts, pet stock judging, live stock judging, vaudeville, dramatic presentations by local Thespians. One booth was occupied by ladies of the W. C. T. U., another by the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform. Little country boys of the 4-H Club were housed with the rabbits and poultry in the nearby "Highlands," a onetime funpark. Their eyes popped open a little wider at the exhibit of Milwaukee's ever-hopeful Pabst Corp.: an oldtime saloon, complete with brass rail, sawdust, shiny glassware.

In the 4-H Club division, Milton Piper of Watertown, Wis., won the Holstein grand championship with his heifer, Ruby Homestead Ebenezer. Dolly Wild Rose Pieterje de Kil, owned by Martin Warren of Iowa City, won the junior yearling class ribbon. Princess Cascade Ormsby Bess, belonging to Vincent McLaury of Celwin, Iowa, was judged the best aged cow.

Champion milkmaid of the U. S. is now

National Affairs—(Continued)

Argument. Assistant U. S. Attorney Jacob I. Grossman estimated the Capone income at \$120,000 in 1924; \$50,000 in 1925; \$195,000 in 1926; \$220,000 in 1927; \$140,000 in 1928; \$104,000 in 1929—total \$1,029,000. Declared he: "When they [the defense] put those gamblers on as witnesses they admitted that we had proved our case. Why prove deductions if we have not proved income?"

Mr. Fink, still feeling hurt, thought the language of the indictment was "vague, indefinite, uncertain," felt that a great injustice had been done to Snorkey in charging him with "attempting" to evade tax payments. Snorkey, he said, had only "omitted" to do his duty. In Washington, Treasury officials punched a hole in Snorkey's only defense by pointing out that race track losses could not be deducted from his income. If he lost consistently, they explained, the money he lost must have come from other sources than the track, and therefore he must pay income on it. Lawyer Ahern deplored the "great public clamor" against Snorkey, called him a "mythical Robin Hood." Prosecutor Johnson indignantly insisted the Government was presenting the case with "high purpose."

Charge. Judge Wilkerson hitched his chair toward the jury box and leveled his bushy brows at the jurymen, to deliver his charge. Excerpt:

"Mere failure to file an income tax does not constitute 'attempt' to evade or defeat the tax. . . . To convict you must find beyond reasonable doubt that there was intent to defraud and also some act done in furtherance of that intent. . . ."

Snorkey looked blissfully contented as the jury filed out. In a bright green suit (\$135) and green-spotted tie he stood in the corridor and smiled. Also pleased with Judge Wilkerson's dispassionate charge were Counsel Ahern & Fink. A moment later Snorkey disappeared. It was 2:40 p. m.

Verdict. At 10:50 p. m. the jury was ready, but Snorkey was nowhere to be seen. Lawyer Ahern rushed to a telephone. Fifteen minutes later in popped Snorkey, panting, sweating. He tossed a green coat & hat on the counsel table, mopped his fat head with a green handkerchief. In came the jury.

"We, the jury, find the defendant guilty on counts 1, 5, 9, 13 & 18 in the second indictment, and not guilty on counts 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 14, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21 & 22."

Judge Wilkerson looked puzzled. So did Messrs. Ahern & Fink. "Inconsistent," mumbled the prosecution. Snorkey grinned broadly.

Soon the meaning of the verdict became apparent. The jury had decided Snorkey feloniously "attempted to evade & defeat" the income tax in 1925, 1926, 1927, but in 1924 & 1928 he only "failed" to pay up. The jury apparently thought he had tried his best in 1929.

The prosecution huddled and counted up. For each of the two years Capone had merely neglected to pay his tax, he might be sentenced to a year in the peni-

tenentiary; for each of the other three years he could be given a five-year sentence; on every count he could be fined \$10,000; total, 17 years, \$50,000. Inconsistent or not, the Government was satisfied with the verdict, moved to attach his worldly possessions in lieu of the \$215,000 he owed.

Snorkey did not think Judge Wilkerson would give him the maximum penalty. He grinned in all directions around the courtroom, then got to his feet, hurried to an elevator, descended to the street, jumped into a waiting automobile and disappeared into the sprawling city whose thousands of illicit night haunts were his Empire.

POLITICAL NOTES

North Shore Scion

Sons of rich Chicago men have little trouble keeping in the local public eye. Less trouble than most had James Simpson Jr., son of Marshall Field & Co.'s yellow-haired, young-looking board chairman. He married Alicia Patterson, daughter of the publisher of the New York *Daily News*, at the age of 22. In 1928, a year later, they separated, were divorced last year. He continued steeplechasing, flying, helped develop swanky Arlington Park Race track, interests with which he did not allow his connection with the Merchandise Mart (Marshall Field's wholesale branch) gravely to interfere. Last winter, aged 26, he took to wife Ella de Treville Snelling



Acme-P. & A.

CANDIDATE SIMPSON & WIFE No. 2

He wants to go to Congress.

of the Boston Snellings, a smart horsewoman and fancy ice-skater. She made him give up steeplechasing. Last week James Simpson, Jr. made known his new interest. Backed principally by himself & wife, he announced that he was a candidate for Congress in the North Shore district. He has a country place near Milburn, west of Waukegan. Mrs. Simpson said that unless he ran on a Wet platform, he could not serve drinks there any more.

Indicted Bishop

"Is that authentic? Oh, isn't it just grand! Mr. Tinkham will be so pleased!" The female secretary of black-bearded Representative George Holden Tinkham of Massachusetts, longtime political enemy of Bishop James Cannon Jr. of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, almost jumped for joy. For Bishop Cannon had just been indicted, with Miss Ada L. Burroughs, bespectacled treasurer of the Virginia Anti-Smith Committee in 1928, both charged with violations of the Federal Corrupt Practices Act. It was the same charge that Representative Tinkham had made last year; but Bishop Cannon had defied the Caraway Lobby Investigating Committee and walked out (TIME, June 16, 1930). Miss Burroughs had obdurately refused to testify before the Nye Senate Campaign Funds Committee which then threatened to cite her for contempt. Last week's charges, the ten counts of which could provide an aggregate of ten years in jail and \$21,000 in fines, were made by the District of Columbia Grand Jury, which under District Attorney Leo Rover took over the evidence collected by the Nye Committee.

Counts. The allegations in the indictment are based upon the receipt by Bishop Cannon, for his campaign in Virginia against Alfred Emanuel Smith, of \$65,300 from Edwin Cornell Jameson, Manhattan insurance man (TIME, May 7, *et ante*). Federal statute requires that inter-State political contributions be filed with the Clerk of the House of Representatives. Bishop Cannon revealed disposal of only \$17,000 of Fat Cat Jameson's money. The remainder, he has insisted, is his own business.

Four counts in the indictment charge Miss Burroughs with *willful* failure to report the full amount, and Bishop Cannon with "aiding and abetting" her, which if proved makes him equally guilty. Four counts charge mere technical, unwitting violations, implicating the Bishop in the same manner. The remaining two counts charge conspiracy "with divers other persons" to commit the (willful) felony and the (unwitting) misdemeanor.

Persecution. Bishop Cannon was in Atlanta at a church conference (see p. 22) when he heard of the indictment. No one was surprised to hear him say: "This is merely a plot to discredit me, a persecution by a Roman Catholic district attorney acting under orders of his priest." (The case had been turned over by Catholic District Attorney Rover to Protestant Assistant District Attorney John J. Wilson, who presented the evidence to the Grand Jury last month.) With bond set at \$1,000 and the trial slated for some time before Jan. 1, Bishop Cannon said he did not fear. He has previously defended his action on the ground that the Corrupt Practices Act deals only with Federal officers. Presidential electors, for whom the money was spent, are State officers, says he. It was indicated that his lawyer, Robert H. McNeill, might file a demurrer to the indictment upon this ground.

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

World Waltz

With the stately rhythm of two pachyderms learning to waltz the U. S. State Department and the Council of the League of Nations edged around and around the Sino-Japanese crisis (see p. 20), vastly pleased to discover last week that they can waltz together without treading on each other's big white diplomatic toes.

Statesman Stimson hesitated to ask Mother League to dance. His first idea was that she alone should soothe howling China and spank obstreperous Japan. In his note to Geneva fortnight ago Stag Stimson firmly put his white-gloved hands behind his back with these words: "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 toward regulating the action of China and Japan" (TIME, Oct. 19).

Boiling Crisis. Met the League Council last week, expressly summoned for no other purpose than to deal with China & Japan. It was Spain's turn to preside, but there was Heaven to pay in Spain (see p. 19). Spanish Foreign Minister Alejandro Lerroux could not leave the bleeding religious crisis at Madrid to go to Geneva. Thus it became M. Aristide Briand's turn to chairman the Council.

M. Briand, famed "Master Parliamentarian of Europe," knew well enough that what Mr. Stimson had called "all the pressure and authority" of the League is not enough to coerce a Great Power like Japan. Also, the Japanese Cabinet was already showing fury at Mr. Stimson's use of the noun "pressure" and the verb "regulate." There was only one smart thing for M. Briand to do: stall. But how? As the Frenchman wracked his agile brain in Geneva, Mr. Stimson provided the thing needed.

He rang up the U. S. Consulate at Geneva. Ruminating over the radio telephone with Consul General Prentiss Gilbert, he authorized him to attend Council sessions on the Sino-Japanese crisis, if invited. That was enough for the Master Parliamentarian.

Within a few hours Brer Briand, abetted by British Foreign Secretary the Marquess of Reading, had transformed the issue before the League into: Shall the U. S., which has always refused League membership, have a temporary Council seat? To U. S. observers this question proved roughly eight times as interesting as what happened to China or Japan. Despatches speculating on whether President Hoover (a onetime Democrat) was "trying to enter the League by the back door" were slapped under front page headlines three columns wide. Despatches date-lined Tokyo, Nanking, Shanghai and Mukden were boiled down to second-page space. Even the *Papa* daily edited by a *Papa* count wisecracked: "The United States, a non-League member, refuses to enter the door. Why not try the window?"

"Unanimously, Except!" In Japan the

Cabinet, the Army and Foreign Minister Baron Shidehara saw only two things: first, Mr. Stimson had coupled "pressure" and "regulate" with the sovereign name of Japan; second, he had betrayed surprising eagerness to sit in on the Council just this once, presumably to help coerce Japan.

With dignity and logic, stogie-smoking Japanese Delegate Kenkichi Yoshizawa



International

PRENTISS GILBERT

A Papa count: "Why not try the window?"

told the League Council that Japan would welcome permanent seating of the U. S. on the Council (i. e. acceptance by the U. S. of membership in the League); but that Japan would unalterably oppose the seating of the U. S. just once, clearly to the detriment of Japan.

From the Council chair, shaggy old Brer Briand over-ruled Mr. Yoshizawa when the Japanese invoked the Council unanimity rule which holds for all major League acts in matters of principle. The act of inviting the U. S., M. Briand ruled, was a mere matter of League procedure, required only a simple majority. After three and a half hours of wrangling about this, the Master Parliamentarian observed:

"If there is no objection, we are agreed to send an invitation to the United States."

Mr. Yoshizawa: "I still object!"

Chairman Briand: "Decided unanimously, excepting for one vote."

Puff, Puff, Puff. Since the U. S. and Japan were officially on friendly terms last week, Statesman Stimson might have soothed wounded Japanese amour propre by declining a Council seat, leaving the U. S. represented at Geneva as heretofore by an "observer." Thus he might have avoided a storm of accusations (sure to burst in Congress) that President Hoover was smuggling the U. S. into the League. But Statesman Stimson had authorized Consul General Prentiss Gilbert over the radio telephone to sit in Council if invited. That was final, the State Department said.

Consul Gilbert, earnest, moon-faced, phlegmatic, proceeded to sit at two deadly secret Council sessions from which Japan and China were excluded. Between the two sittings Japan's tiny Delegate Yoshizawa, puffing his huge cigar, rushed up to portly Mr. Gilbert, warmly grasped and pumped his hand. "Nothing personal, you know, my dear Mr. Gilbert," grinned Mr. Yoshizawa from ear to Japanese ear. "Eh, heh, my objection was on purely technical grounds!" (*Puff, puff, puff.*)

At the second secret Council sitting, the League took its first and only action last week respecting China & Japan: the Council resolved that its members should cable their governments asking the latter to cable to China and Japan a reminder that as signers of the Briand-Kellogg Pact they have renounced war-as-an-instrument-of-national-policy.

Up to last week Statesman Stimson, custodian of the Pact by tacit world consent, had been accustomed to invoke it himself—as he did in the Sino-Russian crisis and was rebuffed by Russia (TIME, July 29, 1929). Last week Mr. Stimson duly received a cable from his own Consul Gilbert in Geneva asking him in the League's name to do what he would otherwise have done anyway: wire China and Japan invoking the Pact. In cheerful mood Statesman Stimson assured correspondents that he would do as the League asked, mentioned his "satisfaction."

Orient Reacts. Official China, pleased by U. S. Council sitting, rejoiced at League invocation of the Pact.

At the Japanese War Office fiery General Minami openly roared: "The League has exposed its weakness by inviting America, and America has provoked the Japanese people by attending the League!"

At the Japanese Foreign Office sturdy Rooseveltian Baron Shidehara revealed that the League Council had secretly despatched to him a "forecast" of ten recommendations which the Council rather thought they might make. One of these was that Japan promise to withdraw her troops from the occupied Manchurian zone within three weeks.

Promptly Baron Shidehara cabled Mr. Yoshizawa to inform M. Briand (which he did at 1 a. m., routing the old Frenchman out of his bed) that Japan:

1) Will reject the Council's ten recommendations if they are ever made.

2) Will continue to contest the "principle" of U. S. Council sitting as "illegal" (Sitter Prentiss Gilbert was rumored in Geneva to have said, while sitting last week, not one word).

3) "The Government of Japan," cabled Baron Shidehara, "is firmly convinced that the present situation is not one to be considered as of a nature to cause the danger of war between Japan and China."

In Washington, Japanese Ambassador Katsujirō Dehuchi called on Secretary Stimson and changed the emphasis on Baron Shidehara's second point. He said that Japan, while reserving the right to object to procedure questions before the Council, had waived all objection to the presence of the U. S. delegate.

Foreign News—(Continued)

GREAT BRITAIN

"Oh, Ramsay, Dear"

Oct. 27 is the date of Great Britain's General Election, but 65 candidates automatically became members of the House of Commons last week when no other candidate appeared in any of their constituencies to make them fight. Thus popped back into the House were slim, aristocratic Speaker of the House Edward Algernon Fitzroy (proud of his Royal bastard ancestry) and Stanley Baldwin, pudgy, bumbling Conservative leader. Other lucky candidates made up the following skeleton House:

Conservatives	47
Pro-MacDonald Liberals	7
Pro-Lloyd George Liberals	5
Laborites	6
	—
	65

Election deposits of £150 each (forfeit if the candidate receives less than $\frac{1}{4}$ of the votes in his division) were made by 1,286 candidates; by James Ramsay MacDonald in extraordinary fashion. Proffering three 20,000 mark pre-War German banknotes, the Prime Minister called out loudly: "Each of these notes was once worth a thousand pounds—one thousand pounds! Will you take them all as my deposit?"

"Afraid I can't, Sir," demurred the official.

"But pounds Sterling, Bank of England notes!" cried Mr. MacDonald. "You'll take them, I know! Here are three notes, each of £50."

The official took the notes. Candidate MacDonald seemed to feel that he had proved something, something having to do with the fact that in his Prime Ministry the pound was forced off gold (TIME, Sept. 28). Fighting later in Seaham, his constituency, Candidate MacDonald faced crowds of chalky-faced, peak-nosed miners, some of whom sang insultingly:

*Oh, Ramsay dear,
And did you hear
The news that's going round?
The Frenchmen and the Yankees,
They are flying from the pound;
So drop the Russian bogey,
Let the clarion call resound—
We must cut the workers' wages
For the saving of the pound.*

Once, fiercely booed for 15 minutes, Mr. MacDonald left a Seaham chorus without speaking while hundreds chorused, "You're a liar!" But more often MacDonald "platform magic" worked. The dignified, silver-haired Prime Minister won votes and wrung hearts by solemn sob-stuff. He dragged in his long dead wife: "In the old days, the first days, my wife and I had to pay for the postage of the Labor Party! We bought out of our own pockets—my wife and I—the very notepaper on which Labor's work was done. . . . Labor is in my blood and in my bones! I was Labor at my birth and I shall be Labor at my death."

Spectre of Bankruptcy. Two hours before Liberal Candidate David Lloyd

George was to radio an appeal for British votes the British Broadcasting Corporation cancelled arrangements to broadcast his words through the U. S. Britons heard him say, "There is more actual privation through unemployment in one American city than in the whole of Britain! . . . Spectre of bankruptcy stalking through . . . America. . . . 2,000 banks have crashed!" Most of these U. S. catastrophes Free Trader Lloyd George blamed on the U. S. Republican tariff, exhorted Britons to vote Free Trade (i. e. for the small wing of the Liberal Party still led by Mr. Lloyd George, other Liberals having rallied to support the MacDonald "National Government").

"Bolshevism Run Mad." Bitterest in the fight was Chancellor of the Exchequer Philip Snowden who has "retired from the House of Commons," was not campaigning last week, but poured the bile and venom of his scorn gratuitously on the head of his former friend & colleague Arthur Henderson, late Foreign Secretary in the MacDonald Cabinet, now leader of the Labor Party.

Playing Mr. Henderson's recently announced Labor platform (TIME, Oct. 19) as "the most fantastic and impractical ever," Slasher Snowden attacked & summarized it thus: "All derelict industries are to be taken over by the state and the taxpayers are to shoulder the losses. Banks and financial houses are to be placed under national ownership and control. Your investments are to be ordered by some board, and your foreign investments are to be mobilized to finance this madcap policy. This is not Socialism. It is Bolshevism run mad."

Mild Mr. Henderson, who has no stomach for some of the "Bolshevism" which extremists in his Party have made him swallow, campaigned bleatingly last week, dazzled Burnley audiences with an account of how the League chose him (when British Foreign Secretary) as Chairman of the World Disarmament Conference that will meet next February (TIME, June 1).

"I was appointed to that position in a personal capacity," said Mr. Henderson. He vowed he will not surrender the plum, added enticingly, "It rests with your electors of Burnley whether I shall preside as your representative."

Cut & Dried. In The City, London's "Wall Street," quiet confidence existed all week that the National Government of Prime Minister MacDonald will return to Parliament with a strong majority (perhaps 150) of Conservatives, "National Liberals" and "National Laborites."

The City's prediction was based on the fact that this year Labor candidates in 444 constituencies out of the entire 615 will have a straight fight against a single ("Nationalist") opponent who will receive all non-Labor and anti-Labor votes. Two years ago, when Labor barely won the election (TIME, June 10, 1929), one-third of all Labor candidates were victorious for no other reason than that each had two or more opponents who cut each other's throats. This year such throat-cutting has been reduced to a scientific

minimum by broad agreement among all parties supporting the National Government not to run rival candidates (though they did this in a few cases).

So cut & dried seemed the probable result last week that Britons who hoped for a Labor victory were forced to paint a lurid picture: they saw the vast grey host of the unemployed, the discontented and Depression-ridden rising in a tidal wave of dumb resentment, sweeping "Uncle Arthur" Henderson on to glorious Victory and distasteful Bolshevism.

GERMANY

Eliza Brüning

Chancellor Heinrich Brüning, that German Eliza who for the past 18 months has been leaping from one crisis to the next, landed on another ice floe last week and was saved for another half year from the bloodbaths of disaster.

Chancellor Brüning operates his Dictatorship under the cloak of Constitutional Government by the device of having the Reichstag meet every six months or so, rush through a vote of confidence, then immediately adjourn, leaving Herr Brüning to rule by decree. Last week the Reichstag met to pass on Dictator Brüning's latest "Emergency Cabinet." Fortnight ago his chances of survival seemed slender. Adolf Hitler's prestige was rising, he had been received by President von Hindenburg, and moderate Deputies longed for their lost authority, but when voting time came the threatening moderates (who complain of the Dictatorship) lost heart. Rather than turn the country over to the Hitlerites, they voted for Chancellor Brüning.

A motion of non-confidence was defeated 294 to 270. Hitler Deputies, livid with disgust, rushed from the chamber vowing (as they did last February) never to return.

In Berlin Communists and Hitlerites scuffled in the streets. Thirty people were arrested. Five Communists and one policeman were pinked. In Brunswick, 75,000 Hitlerites assembled to receive new swastika standards from their chief. Intoxicated by blaring bands, shouting orators, and the roar of airplane motors the young Brownshirts got completely out of hand, staged an impromptu raid of the Communist workmen's quarters of the city. Street barricades were thrown up, pistols cracked, brickbats hurtled through the air. At least 15 men were gravely wounded. One Col. Hoffmann, former commandant of the fortress of Inngolstadt, was expected to die. Brunswick police, hopelessly outnumbered, telephoned frantically for tanks and armored cars.

Leader Hitler remained calm. Presenting standards to his followers he had said: "These will be the last new flags before the Nazis gain power in Germany. If the members of the present government want to maintain law and order, they must yield their place to those who alone have the will and ability to do so." Followers of Fascist Adolf announced that he was about to leave Germany for a tour of Italy, France, Britain.

Foreign News—(Continued)

FRANCE

Salesman & Suite

When he left Paris to visit President Hoover for reasons of high policy (see p. 11), Premier Pierre Laval of France had to think of Josette and of J. P. Morgan, also of the Press.

With dignity and wisdom Mr. Morgan called in Paris upon the Premier, unbosomed the welcome advice of wealth. But Josette was a handful, has been for the past month. She has teased and begged to be taken along, pirouetted on her pretty feet and left the Premier no choice. She went along last week, but only on three conditions laid down by M. Laval: Josette must ride from Paris to Havre in an ordinary coach, not in the Premier's private car; Josette must not appear at the official farewell administered by the Mayor of Havre; and aboard the *Ile de France* Josette must not sit in the public rooms or walk the public decks unless chaperoned by the Premier himself.

Josette is 19, *une jeune fille bien élevée*, adored by her father and adoring him. If she lapsed from any of his conditions, the lapse was not noted. But every two hours, Romance knocked publicly at the Premier's daughter's door.

Every two hours her steward appeared, staggering under a huge box of flowers addressed thus:

To Mlle Josette Laval from an American Friend of France.

Fortunately (in view of this avalanche of flowers) the Laval suite was large, largest on the *Ile de France* which also carried Miss Anne Morgan, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Whitney Warren, Mme Suero (daughter of President Machado of Cuba) and Mlle Reine Claudel (daughter of French Ambassador to the U. S. Paul Claudel) who chattered Washington pointers to Josette.

Deck chair gossips remarked that Mlle Laval's complexion is as unusually dark as her father's; that she stains half her fingernails blood red; that she has a sports ensemble consisting of yellow crocodile shoes, a tip-tilted red hat, tight black woolen dress and Scotch plaid coat. "I send Mother a radiogram every day," confessed Josette, "to inform her of the state of Father's temper and health."

Mr. Robert T. Pell. While M. Laval was reasonably sure that he could manage Josette, the Premier was quite sure that he could not manage the U. S. Press, a horrid BUGABOO. What to do? The answer last week was Little Bob Pell, first U. S. citizen ever appointed press contact man by a French Premier.

Little Bob—Mr. Robert T. Pell of the U. S. Embassy, Paris, son-in-law of a one-time U. S. Federal Reserve Bank Governor—is able. When Ambassador Edge has no time to hang a baby's nipple around his neck and make a night of it with important visitors—Little Bob does this duty (*see cut*). But his chief functions are as a rapid, discreet translator for the Ambassador (whose French is not rapid), and to keep Paris newshawks from picking on the Embassy. They are so

tame just now that before Little Bob sailed on the *Ile de France* last week the grateful newshawks gave him a fountain pen, gold mounted, suitably inscribed.

Bring the Whole Cabinet! In every Cabinet the key men are undersecretaries, unseen factotums who do the showy Minister's real work. The extreme importance attached by Premier Laval to his meeting with President Hoover was proved last week by the fact that on the *Ile de France* were a whole French cabinet of undersecretaries, picked men, key men. They are:

For the Finance Ministry and the Bank of France: Professor Charles Rist, Hon-

citizens. Out at Rome's airport mechanics rushed from store rooms with loaded machine gun belts. Pursuit planes took off. The mysterious plane disappeared, has not been seen since.

Fortnight ago it was learned that the plane had belonged originally to two German aviators, that the unknown aviator was one Lauro de Bosis, Italian esthete, whose mother, the former Lillian Vernon of Syracuse, N. Y., was arrested in Rome last year as an anti-Fascist propagandist. Last week, hope for Aviator de Bosis gone, a curious document appeared in Paris. Written by young de Bosis in the expectation that he would be shot down



Acme-P. & A.

ROBERT T. PELL (RIGHT) & FRIEND

When Ambassador Edge is busy . . .

orary Under-Governor of the Bank; and the Ministry's Assistant Director of the Movement of Funds, M. Jean Jacques Bizot.

For the Army & Navy: Louis Aubert, Adviser to the Superior Council of National Defense and Commander Dupre of the Naval General Staff.

For the Foreign Ministry: M. Jules Bandevant, assistant to M. Briand; and Financial Attaché Jacques Rueff of the French Embassy in London.

In the interests of Commerce: President Albert Buisson of the Tribunal of Commerce of Paris.

With such a staff (and M. Laval brought also his chief of staff omniscient M. Andre Boissard) the Premier of France was equipped to put President Hoover's experts and key men on their mettle. Half a ton of French documents, code books, official stationery and what not the Premier also brought. But plain Pierre Laval brought no valet, wore his white waist tie, came "dressed like a salesman," as Paris papers said.

ITALY

De Bosis' Valedictory

Three weeks ago an unknown German plane droned in the still air above Rome showering anti-Fascist leaflets on the red tile roofs. Blue-helmeted Roman police and furious Fascists formed themselves instantly into a corps of gleaners and rushed about garnering as the leaflets fell, but the snow of propaganda was too heavy for them; thousands fell into the hands of

over Italy, it was entitled: THE STORY OF MY DEATH. Excerpts:

"Tomorrow at three o'clock in a meadow on the Cote d'Azur I have an appointment with Pegasus. Pegasus is the name of my airplane. It has a russet body and white wings. . . . Sometimes drunk with petrol it leaps through the air like his brother of old, but in the night it can glide at will like a phantom. . . .

"Every regime in the world, even the Turkish and Afghan, allows its subjects a modicum of liberty. Fascism alone, in self defense, is obliged to annihilate all thought. . . .

"The sky of Rome has never been violated by anti-Fascist planes. I shall be the first, I said to myself. . . . My death, however undesired by me personally who have so many things to do, could add to the success of my flight. All danger lies in my return flight. I shall not die before I have delivered my 400,000 leaflets and then they will be all the better recommended.

"My plane only flies 150 kilometers an hour, whereas those of Mussolini can do 300. There are 900 of them and they all have orders to identify any suspicious plane and if necessary bring it down by machine gun fire. If Balbo [Italian air minister] has done his duty* they are there waiting for me. I shall be worth more dead than alive."

*From Rome it was announced last week that dutiful Air Minister Italo Balbo will personally lead a squadron of 24 planes from Italy to New York (via the Azores) during the second week in November.

Foreign News—(Continued)

RUSSIA

"Starving Americans"

Fresh from 18 months of laying sewers for 60,000 Russians who will live in New Nizhnii-novgorod, the "Soviet Detroit" (TIME, Dec. 22), genial Sanitary Engineer Horace M. Patton returned last week to Manhattan, told a tale. "Where I was working," said Mr. Patton, "they came around to the factories once a month and asked the Soviet workmen to contribute to a fund for 'Starving Americans.' It was good propaganda, I guess. The poor fellows who contributed live themselves on black bread and tea.

"The auto plant at New Nizhnii-novgorod that is scheduled to turn out 1,000 cars a day won't be ready for another year at least."

SPAIN

Mischief Unto Mother Church

Spanish policemen beat twelve citizens insensible in Madrid's octagonal *Puerta del Sol* (Sun "Square") one day last week. The twelve had shouted, "Down with the Church!"

Not far away Civil Guards grew tired of slapping thousands of citizens back from the National Assembly with the flats of their sabres, began brutally to slash, drew blood. Back & back the mob surged like a great wounded beast, but did not disperse, stayed to raise conflicting shouts of "Down with the Church!" and "Long live Christ the King!"

Inside the National Assembly excited Deputies wrestled for 15 hours with a national question breasting in its implications. Christianity has existed in Spain since the 2nd Century. Each of her Bourbon kings was "His Most Catholic Majesty." Under Spain's First Republic (1873-75) Mother Church was not molested. *Last week's great question:* Should the Second Republic now disestablish the Holy Apostolic Catholic Church in Spain, expel her Jesuits and bar her priests from their cherished mission as educators of Catholic youth?

In the 15 hours of frantic debate, three Deputies had both eyes blacked shut. A blow from behind stunned Deputy Sigrid Blasco, son of the late, great Spanish novelist Vicente Blasco Ibañez. Several Deputies stood off physical assaults with drawn revolvers, retained just enough sense not to fire. Along about the middle of the struggle, the National Assembly voted 227 to 41 to adopt as Article III of Spain's new Constitution (full text): "No official State religion shall exist."

Punching & Pulling. Thus the Second Republic disestablished Mother Church, but the fight to cripple her in Spain had only begun. Her devout son, Provisional President Alcalá Zamora, bellowed from the Government Bench that he could stomach disestablishment but no more. Reminding the members that he resigned (for one hour) as President when a Deputy insulted his honor (TIME, Oct. 19), President Alcalá Zamora threatened passionately to resign permanently if the

Assembly should vote to expel the Jesuits and do Mother Church more mischief.

With catcalls filling the National Assembly, with Deputies punching & pulling each other's noses, Foreign Minister Alejandro Lerroux cancelled an appointment to go to Geneva. He was to have presided over the League Council while



International

MANUEL AZANA

Shrewdly he hung back.

it wrestled with China & Japan (see p. 20). Instead Senor Lerroux leaped with President Alcalá Zamora to the aid of Mother Church. Also for Mother Church battled at first War Minister Manuel Azana—but not for long.

Shrewd Senor Azana, when appointed War Minister (TIME, May 4) decided at once that 22,219 commissioned officers (149 of them Generals) were too many for Spain, slashed the number to 7,000. "Our Army today," he has said with modest pride, "is compact!" Last week amid National Assembly bedlam about Mother Church, shrewd War Minister Azana suddenly deserted pious President Alcalá Zamora, made a fiery anti-clerical speech which delighted the Socialists (largest Spanish party). That speech a few hours later made War Minister Azana the Provisional President and Premier of Spain. But first

Three Things Happened: 1) The National Assembly rammed into the Constitution by a vote of 178 to 59 Article XXIV expelling the Jesuits and barring education under Catholic auspices;* 2) President Alcalá Zamora resigned in protest and 50 pious Basque and Navarra Deputies marched out of the National Assembly shouting "Long live Christ the King!"; 3) Parliamentary leaders gathered jabbering in the lobby, decided that War Minister Azana ought to be President, told Speaker Julian ("Bell Smasher") Besteiro of their decision.

Pealing his bell, which he pounds on

*Nearly all literate Spaniards (60% of the population), were taught by priests and nuns to read.

his desk and smashes when annoyed, Speaker Besteiro called the exhausted Assembly to order. Had anyone any objection, he asked, to the party leader's choice of War Minister Manuel Azana to be Provisional President and Premier? No one had the slightest objection. Dead tired Deputies rested their raw throats, their heaving lungs. Amid utter silence Spain's new Chief Executive was chosen unanimously (the 50 pious clericals remaining absent). Up the steps of the Assembly Tribune at once climbed President Azana, brisk and stern. Jerking a paper from his waistcoat pocket he read out his new Cabinet:

Provisional President, Premier and Minister of War—Manuel Azana.

Foreign Affairs—Alejandro Lerroux.

Finance—Indalecio Prieto.

Marine—Jose Giral.

Interior—Casares Quiroga.

Justice—Fernando de los Rios.

This new Cabinet is almost the same as the old, except that Jose Giral succeeds, as Minister of Marine, Casares Quiroga who is advanced to Minister of Interior, the key post in any European cabinet since its holder holds the elections. First Cabinet Minister to pipe up for publication was Fernando de los Rios. Piped he:

"We do not intend to persecute the church. We merely wish to place it in the same position as in America. That will make Spain a modern State."

Vatican Reaction. With Italy in the hands of none-too-pious Benito Mussolini, Spain was until her Revolution (TIME, April 20 *et seq.*) the chief stronghold of the Catholic Church. In Vatican City last week Pope Pius XI chiefly sat and lay, being cautioned by his physicians against physical exercise in any form. The Vatican announced "the Holy Father was not surprised." A reaction, noted by correspondents in most Vatican clerics with whom they talked, was news: unofficially and without permitting quotation, Vatican authorities expressed the opinion that the act of disestablishment will lead to the restoration of His Most Catholic Majesty Alfonso XIII who, as the Vatican recalled, never abdicated but only fled from Spain (TIME, April 27).

"The Spanish Government has taken a position of the greatest danger that could be taken by a new régime," declared *L'Observatore Romano*, Papal daily, "namely, that of offering the conscience, dividing the spirit and opening a religious conflict."

Spanish Reaction. The peseta held steady on news of disestablishment, rising fractionally from 11.06 to 11.12 to the dollar in Madrid. Riots between Catholics and anti-Catholics occurred at Barcelona and Valladolid but Spain as a whole remained calm. "In my opinion," declared President Azana immediately after taking office, "Spain has ceased to be a Roman Catholic country."

Ex-President Zamora announced that he will campaign for peaceful revision of Article III and Article XXIV in harmony with "Catholic ideas of religious liberty." Meanwhile the National Assembly, almost unnoticed by the World Press, wrote into

Foreign News—(Continued)

Spain's constitution a most staggering reform: Divorce by mutual consent.

Hitherto there has been no divorce in Catholic Spain, only annulments adjudicated by the Vatican on grounds difficult to prove. The divorce clause written by the National Assembly into the Constitution last week should make divorce almost as easy in Spain as in Russia. Text:

"Matrimony is founded upon an equality of right for both sexes and can be dissolved for just cause or by mutual consent."

SIAM

Opened Eyes

At 4 p. m. rain clouds rolled back like a grey curtain. The yellow afternoon sun turned the thousand gilded spires of Bangkok into spikes of flame. Along the waterfront, in ferryboats, tugs, launches, sampans and barges, every Bangkokian who could find foothold was wedged, patiently waiting, eyes fixed on the royal yacht *Mahachakri* as it poked its golden prow toward the landing. The King & Queen of Siam were returning from the U. S.*

Minuscule King Prajadhipok in a white dress uniform, the sunlight gleaming from his new spectacles, stood on the bridge, beside pretty little Queen Rambai Barni. Glittering with decorations, a delegation of relations and officials were waiting under a red-&-green lacquer pagoda. Not a sound came from the crowds on the shore until family greetings were over.

Then pandemonium broke. Steam whistle cords were tied down. Flower garlands rained through the air. Loyal subjects yelled their throats out. Their Majesties, smiling, nodding, drove over brick paved streets lined with every uniform in Siam: boy scouts, girl scouts, the army, navy, police and diplomatic corps were out *en masse*. Even the thousands of naked children that normally clutter the streets of the city were swathed by their proud parents in bunting.

On the way to the palace King Prajadhipok stopped at the Temple of the Emerald Buddha (where he had served his novitiate as a monk before his coronation) to worship his six royal ancestors while yellow-robed priests spun prayer wheels. From the palace young Prince Svasti, the King's father-in-law (who smokes fat cigars) issued a statement:

"His Majesty's eyes have been opened, both figuratively and literally, by his American visit. He has regained his eyesight, thanks to the skill of American surgical science, as well as practical ideas concerning governmental, industrial and scientific matters."

In Bangkok almost no one went to bed except the King & Queen that night. He took off his spectacles and they both put on national costume, for public policy and the photographers. During the celebration a perspiring student beamed at U. S. Correspondent St. Clair McKelway:

"So that Their Majesties could land at 4 p. m., the hour prescribed by Siamese omens readers as best, the royal yacht took the royal party off the S. S. *Empress of Canada* in which they crossed the Pacific, then waited just out of sight of Bangkok until the Auspicious Hour,

"You see, to the Siamese nothing much matters except the King."

Early next morning, while the loyal subjects slept off their headaches, King Prajadhipok was up with his eyes open,



KING & QUEEN OF SIAM

... awaited the Auspicious Hour.

planning a new law to allow the citizens of Bangkok, capital of his absolute kingdom, to elect their own municipal officers.

JAPAN-CHINA

Boycott, Bloodshed & Puppetry (See front cover)

In Shanghai such sniveling, furtive Chinese storekeepers as dared to offer Japanese goods for sale last week were roughly pounced upon by Chinese "police" of the self-appointed Anti-Japan Association and locked up in improvised jails.

Gibbering with terror, the unpatriotic storekeepers were flung prostrate on the floor before Anti-Japan Association "judges," kowtowing and howling for mercy. The "judges" imposed and actually collected "fines" up to \$10,000 Mex. (\$2,500) for the "crime" of selling Japanese goods. Convicted shopkeepers who said they could not pay were kicked back into Anti-Japan Association jails, kept there on persuasive starvation rations. This queer kind of justice, flagrantly illegal in every way, was everywhere upheld by Chinese public opinion, the opinion of one-fourth of mankind.

In hundreds of Chinese cities and towns, patriots routed out the whole community to swear such mighty oaths as this (sworn by all students and teachers in the schools of Nanking, Chinese capital):

"Before the blue sky, before the white sun, before our fatherland, before the graves of our ancestors, we, faculty and students, solemnly swear as long as we

live never to use anything made by Japanese. Should we break this oath, may Heaven and men kill us!"

Chinatowns throughout the world took up the boycott of Japan. Whites in Windsor, Ontario, were startled by 400 Canadian Chinese who staged a sort of Boston Tea Party. Piling up \$6,000 worth of Japanese tea, silks and sea food, they poured on gasoline. Windsor's venerable Fong Lee, cackling defiance at Japan, fired the protest pyre. On the Pacific Coast, U. S. shipowners assumed with glee that Japanese shipping lines had canceled sailings to China, scrambled to get the business.

China's international boycott was what tiny Japanese delegate Kenkichi Yoshizawa (who puffs huge cigars) had in mind when he told the League Council in Geneva last week that Japan demands—as her chief condition for withdrawing Japanese troops from Manchuria—that China's Government actively combat all Anti-Japanese demonstrations by Chinese (see p. 16). Shot back Chinese Delegate Dr. Alfred Sze in the general direction of Mr. Yoshizawa's aromatic stogie:

"I know of no international law by which a government, however autocratic, can compel its people to buy from people they don't like!"

Actually of course the weak Chinese Government at Nanking brandished boycott last week as their strongest weapon against compact, sneaky Japan.

Lord Abbot Emeritus. Japanese public opinion continued with honest simplicity to support the Japanese Army's action in Manchuria for what it was, a land grab. But Japan has her equivalent to an Archbishop of Canterbury. Voluminous in his sombre robe, the Buddhist Elder, Count Kouji Otani, Lord Abbot Emeritus of the Great Western Hongwanji Temple at Kyoto, summoned U. S. correspondents and sonorously declared:

"Red Russia is brooding over Asia, wherein Japan is the only stabilizing element. If America's moral support is refused to Japan in the present crisis the world may see Asia go Red. Give Japan a free hand to fight chaos and disorder."

E Pluribus Chinam. Chaos and disorder are "normalcy" to China. There was a trifle less chaos, a mite less disorder last week (although floods & famine continued and bubonic plague broke out in western Honan) as President Chiang Kai-shek succeeded in rallying all Chinese factions (except the Communists in China's central rose spot) to fight and resist the moral wrong of Japanese occupation of Manchuria.*

The President released last week Hon. Hu Han-min, onetime president of Nanking's Legislative Council, imprisoned last March when suspected of disloyalty to the President. In a spasm of patriotism Hon.

*Setting morals aside, Japanese rule has proven more efficient than Chinese. Japanese troops along the Southern Manchurian Railway (long before the recent Japanese occupation of Manchuria) induced comparative peace. Result: 1,000,000 Chinese have been emigrating from chaotic central China to Manchuria each year, seeking the Pax Japan.

Foreign News—(Continued)

Mr. Hu embraced President Chiang and set off at once to persuade his friends of the Canton Government to join the Nanking Government. Good news for China was a patriotic communiqué soon issued by Canton Foreign Minister Eugene Chen, sometimes suspected of Red leanings. Declared Mr. Chen, backing up President Chiang:

"China's anti-Japanese boycott movement can be ended only by Japan, by a policy based on frank and honest recognition of Manchuria as a real and integral part of China, and consequent adjustment of rights and interests claimed by Japan."

Whampoa. With a Japanese war boat still lying in almost every Chinese port last week, numberless Chinese fled inland from their homes. Ten thousand fled from President Chiang's own Nanking. Then in Nanking arrived British Minister Sir Miles Lampson and U. S. Minister Nelson Trusler Johnson with his bride. Chinese who had fled at once came back. The Japanese war boats in the harbor would not fire, figured the Chinese, so long as there was any risk of hitting Sir Miles or the Johnsons, bride & groom.

Popular fears were thus calmed but President Chiang grimly proceeded with steps to move his General Staff (and possibly later his Civil Government) inland. Division after division of Chinese soldiers marched from Nanking northward into eastern Honan and therefore toward Manchuria, toward Japan. Was China going to fight Japan, going to try to Whampoa her?

Famed are the Whampoa Cadets, Chinese West Pointers, special favorites of President Chiang who was once Principal of Whampoa. Whampoa officers are the backbone of the Chinese Army today. President Chiang threatened fortnight ago to declare war on Japan (TIME, Oct. 19). Last week he kept quiet, despatched urgent wires to northern War Lords who might join in a fight with Japan. Two of these, Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang "The Christian General" in Inner Mongolia and Marshal Yen Hsi-shan "The Model Governor" are doughty battlers whose names are Chinese household words. If they joined President Chiang, and they have joined him before (TIME, Dec. 24, 1928), China could oppose Japan with perhaps 200,000 trained and equipped soldiers, plus a rag-tag & bobtail of 1,600,000 ineffective Chinese mercenaries.

Japan's standing army numbers 210,880, some 15,000 Japanese soldiers occupying Manchuria last week. Japan's trained reserve, citizens well drilled and ready to spring to the colors, topped 1,750,000. On the sea Japan has an incomparably superior navy of 798,394 tons. The entire Chinese Navy (68 ships) does not displace as much as one British super-dreadnaught (40,000 tons). Japanese opinion of Chinese fighting strength was expressed by a Government spokesman at Tokyo: "if China declares war on Japan, we will simply ignore it."

"Basis of Righteousness." Stubbornly, for obvious diplomatic reasons, the Japanese Government insisted that they were

not at war with China last week. But in Manchuria, which is part of China, acts of war continued:

☛ Japanese planes bombed three trainloads of Chinese soldiers at Tahusan on the Peiping-Mukden Railway.

In Tokyo War Minister General Minami said that Japan has "no bombing planes" in Manchuria, explained that from "scout



Acme-P. & A.

KENKICHI YOSHIZAWA

"Nothing personal, you know, my dear Mr. Gilbert."

(See p. 16)

planes" Japanese airmen drop "not bombs but three-inch shells" which nevertheless explode. Continuing these technicalities, Japanese Ambassador Debuchi announced in Washington that Japan has withdrawn "all fighting planes" from Manchuria.

☛ After bombing Chinchow, main headquarters of the ousted Chinese Governor of Manchuria, Chang Hsueh-liang (TIME, Sept. 28), Japanese planes swooped low to drop explanatory handbills. Text:

"The Imperial Japanese Army, which strives to uphold the rights of the masses on the basis of righteousness, will under no circumstances recognize Chang Hsueh-liang or the authority of his provisional government at Chinchow. The army is now compelled to resort to positive action to destroy his base."

☛ Six Japanese troop trains, preceded by an armored train and escorted by bombing planes, moved westward out of Mukden, occupying the "Heart of Manchuria."

☛ Rashly approaching Mukden, 1,000 Chinese soldiers were met by Japanese five miles outside the city, skirmished bravely for nine hours, were routed, fled.

☛ Three out of a caravan of 50 Koreans straggling across Manchuria reached Mukden alive. Said they: "Our comrades were butchered by Chinese troops."

☛ Egged by Japanese General Honjo, now seeking to set up a puppet Chinese régime in Manchuria, puppet Chinese General Chang Hai-peng advanced last week upon Tsitsihar, held by loyal Chinese

General Ma Chan-shan who offered peacefully to give up the old walled town.

Advancing cautiously to accept General Ma's surrender, General Chang's advance guard was set upon with orthodox Oriental treachery by General Ma, fought savagely, but was sent flying for its life.

☛ Out of dim Mongolia appeared the Dar Khan, barbaric Prince of the Blood, friendly to Chinese. In Peiping he vowed that Japanese agents had offered him bribes to declare the independence of Inner Mongolia and become its puppet ruler, protected by Japan.

MEXICO

"Loyalty, Disinterest, Patriotism"

Deep-lined Plutarco Elias Calles, ex-President and strongest figure in Mexico, keeps a jealous eye on his country. Fortnight ago he was to all intents & purposes a private citizen. At last week's close he and President Pascual Ortiz Rubio were the entire Cabinet.

The crisis came without warning. Early in the week President Ortiz Rubio summoned an emergency cabinet meeting which lasted almost without a break for 48 hours. At the end of that time it was announced that because of "a fresh and greater lack of tranquility in the capital" the entire Cabinet had offered their resignations and General Calles had consented to emerge from his retirement and accept the posts of Minister of War and Marine and Minister of the Interior.

First ministers to resign were the four Generals in the Cabinet: Joaquin Amaro (Minister of War); Lazaro Cardenas (Interior); Saturnino Cedillo (Agriculture); Juan Andreu Almazan (Communications). Able Finance Minister Luis Montes de Oca and the other civilians resigned some hours later, but rumors persisted that they would soon go back to their posts. It seemed evident that yet another military revolution had been brewing, a brew chilled by canny General Calles before it could boil over. Over the café tables it was insisted that the father of this military miscarriage was General Joaquin Amaro, a cyclopean full-blooded Tarascan Indian, who until he quarreled with General Calles six months ago was always considered the least ambitious, most loyal and efficient of Mexican Generals. Last week General Calles did his best to stop these rumors with a statement:

"The motive behind my acceptance of the office of Minister of War and the act of loyalty, disinterest and patriotism on the part of General Amaro is to facilitate the path of the Government of the Republic in solving a political crisis."

Knowing the ways of Mexican politicians, the world kept the rumors alive. On the week's news, pesos dropped to 2.90, closed at 2.78 to the dollar (par is 2.01 pesos to the dollar). Later came relief. Mexican bankers, hard pressed for bullion, bought gold in the New York market for the first time in years. A shipment of \$2,114,700 arrived at Vera Cruz for Mexico City.

RELIGION

Bathed Pages

Into the gold-mounted microphone of His Holiness Pope Pius XI, in Station HVJ of Vatican City, spoke last week Archbishop Carlo Salotti, secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, celebrating Mission Sunday. Through subsequent translation, the English, French, German and Spanish faithful could hear his words:

"More than once have I seen the tears of His Holiness bathe the pages scrawled by trembling hands of aged warriors in fields afar who confided to the father of Christendom their trials and anguish.

"Pius XI, who has hymned his finest cantos in exaltation of his missions, has given to the Apostolate an admirable impulse and his dictated forms which govern the new organization developing so solidly in every field. He loves missionaries intensely, aids them, defends them, sorrows with them in their misfortunes."

In a gorge in the Chickaloon district of Alaska was found last week the body, head smashed and neck broken, of Father George Woodley, 20, Jesuit missionary, licensed air pilot. He had been hunting big game.

Largest Christ

To see unveiled the world's largest statue of Jesus Christ, 250,000 pilgrims and nearly all the 1,447,000 inhabitants of Rio de Janeiro, toiled up last week to Corcovado Mountain, nearly half a mile above the city and its great harbor. Rain dribbled dandy. In Rome, 5,000 mi. away, Senator Guglielmo Marconi flashed three short-wave wireless signals, contacting a switch which turned on a battery of floodlights. Revealed was Jesus Christ the Redeemer, 130 ft. high, 92 ft. from finger-tip to finger-tip, arms outstretched. Visible 20 mi. away, sculptured by Frenchman Paul-Maximilien Landowski, the mammoth statue represents ten years of planning and construction at a cost of \$250,000 donated in small amounts by the Brazilian faithful. His Holiness the Pope sent blessings, appointed Sebastian Cardinal Leme da Silveira Cintra, Archbishop of São Sebastião do Rio de Janeiro, to be Papal Legate at the dedication ceremonies.

Children's Prayers

A useful person to shrewd publishers is a book-censor. Sure as death & taxes, a guilty volume will be publicized, will sell widely thereafter, openly or legged. Such success would be repugnant to Publishers Farrar & Rinehart, who by purchasing Cosmopolitan Book Corp. last month jumped into the first rank of their trade (TIME, Oct. 5). Under their imprint appears little bawdry. Nevertheless, upon one of their books last fortnight was visited censorship. Last week the book began to sell rapidly. Entitled *Peggy and Peter: What They Did Today* (\$2.50), it is a picture book for children, representing the activities of a pair of moppets and a Cairn bitch named Sally, all of whom posed for Photographer Lena Towseley. Before publication, a number of women

scanned the volume, discovered a photograph which they disapproved. It showed Peggy & Peter (see cut) saying their prayers. The ladies objected. Puzzled but agreeable, Publishers Farrar & Rinehart deleted the photograph from the published volume.

Explained Mrs. Catherine Maltby Blaisdell, wife of Professor Thomas Charles Blaisdell Jr. (economics) of Columbia



PETER & PEGGY
Are their futures jeopardized?

University: "If such a picture were put into the hands of my children, I should be in for a bad half hour trying to explain what prayers were and why they did not form a part of their routine. I would not bar the book from the house to save myself this trouble, but I think it is vastly improved by the omission of such a picture, for a great many children today are brought up without ever hearing of God and religion. Mine are among them.

"To introduce a small child to the idea of an omnipotent Father may easily rob him of his self-dependence. He may form the habit of leaning on some person or power instead of growing up in the belief that he alone must meet and solve his problems as they arise. One might jeopardize the whole future happiness of a child by telling him that he is accountable to God for what he does and not to his own conscience."

Said Publisher Farrar: "It's a new kind of censorship to me." His two children, John Jr., 4½, and Alison, 2½, he admitted, kneel each night and say "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild. . ."

Methodists Meet

Birthplace of Methodism in the U. S. was Savannah, Ga., where John Wesley preached and Charles Wesley sang hymns

"*The great trouble," once said the late Thomas Alva Edison (see p. 52), "is that preachers get the children from six to seven years of age and then it is almost impossible for others to do anything with them."

in their first U. S. meeting (1736). To see relics and memorials of the Brothers Wesley this week will go 550 delegates to the Sixth Ecumenical Conference of Methodism, which opened its meetings last week in Atlanta. Held every ten years, it was the second ecumenical conference to meet in the U. S., the first to meet in the South.

Chief feature of the opening night was the appearance of Bishop James Cannon Jr., indicted that day by the Washington Grand Jury for violation of the Federal Corrupt Practices Act (see p. 15). Last

month Bishop Cannon was snubbed by Bishop Edwin DuBose Mouzon who, presiding over a church conference at Roanoke, Va., did not invite Bishop Cannon to sit on the platform. Bishop Cannon complained, left the room unapplauded. In marked contrast last week, 2,000 people in Atlanta's Wesley Memorial Church applauded vigorously as Bishop Cannon, still suffering from arthritis ("aggravated," said he, "by the thrusts of Wet interests seeking to crush me") crutched his way down the aisle to take a seat on the platform. Night before, speaking in Atlanta Auditorium on "Prohibition Repeal Unthinkable—Shall the Officials Enforce the Law?" he had told his hearers, Hellinewise: "I am almost sure to be indicted, because of the Roman Catholic district attorney at Washington."

Delegates to the conference heard Secretary Frederick Luke Wiseman of the Home Mission Department, Wesleyan Methodist Church report on increased Methodist membership in Great Britain and Ireland. "Communists," he said, "have been converted and are now preaching the gospel they sought to destroy, which is a further indication of Methodist progress." He pointed also to progress in the movement for union of all the branches of Methodism in England. Delegates applauded loudly when Bishop John Monroe Moore of Dallas, Tex., said that the Northern and Southern branches in the U. S. "cannot be kept apart much longer. . . . The causes of unification are not dead, they are only sleeping."

THEATRE

New Plays in Manhattan

Everybody's Welcome is a music-comedy version of last season's comedy *Up Pops the Devil*, which retains just enough of the original story & dialog to provide Frances Williams, Oscar Shaw, Jack Sheehan and Cecil Lean with an adequate background for their monkey business. Love in a Greenwich Village flat becomes love in a penthouse, with the Empire State Building (minus the new red light) instead of the moon looking benevolently through the window. Mild satire on the writing business becomes broad burlesque of the giant "Proxy" cinemansion. A minor character in the original play becomes Frances Williams and runs away with the show. She cuts up with Jack Sheehan, does an imitation of Hope Williams (no relation or friend of Frances) and sings three good songs, one funny ("I Shot the Works"), one tuneless ("As Time Goes By"), one both ("Is Rhythm Necessary?").

Lacking anything to make it distinguished, *Everybody's Welcome* has enough of everything to make it diverting. Oscar Shaw & Harriette Lake sing a silly song ("Lease in My Heart") so well that it will probably become a minor hit. (Two nights after the play opened "As Time Goes By" was a major hit in Manhattan nightclubs.) Flexible little Ann Pennington dances as well as ever; the Albertina Rasch Girls give one good number, one poor one (pseudo-bolero). Funniest number: Thomas Hartly in a crazy, drunken dance.

The Cat & The Fiddle is a tuneless concert by Jerome Kern which frames a little love story by Librettist Otto Harbach. The scene, a bit on the lush side and pleasingly so, is laid in Brussels and Louvain where Miss Bettina Hall and George S. Metaxa, two musicians, alternately fall in & out of each other's arms until the final curtain.

Unhappily, neither Miss Hall nor Mr. Metaxa have very attractive voices. Miss Hall belongs to that school of music-comedy prima donnas which signifies its charm and purity by assuming too, too graceful postures, willowing all over the stage. Most of the excellent Kern melodies seem to be thrown away in the pit as incidental music, but there are two numbers—"She Didn't say 'Yes'" and "One Moment Alone"—which are memorable.

Decidedly on the credit side are gingery performances by Comedian Eddie Foy Jr., the man who can imitate a seal, and sprightly Doris Carson, who always seems to have a better time than anyone else in the house.

A Church Mouse. Some doubt exists as to whether all Hungarian plays not written by Ferenc Molnar are originally dull, or if their dullness is due to the unerringly wooden touch of Frederick & Fanny Hatton who adapt most of them to the U. S. stage. Last month Laszlo Fodor's *I Love an Actress* was presented in Manhattan. Like an interesting photographic landscape, it had form and pat-

tern but no color. Equally lifeless is *A Church Mouse*, another load of Fodor which relates the story of a drab little girl who has cunning enough to persuade a rich man to let her replace his mistress-secretary, finally to make her his wife. The element which made *I Love an Actress* bearable is also present in *A Church Mouse*: breathless little Ruth Gordon, cast in the heroine's rôle.

Lean Harvest is the latest hit imported from London. To judge by this piece and other recent successes like *Rope's End* and *Payment Deferred*, the English are a grim lot.

The product of Ronald Jeans, *Lean Harvest* is concerned with the rise & fall of Nigel Trent (Leslie Banks), who evidently never heard the story about Lazarus at the Rich Man's gate or how hard it is for a camel to get through the needle's eye. Resolutely he sets out to make his fortune, so resolutely that he leaves his first love in the lurch. From this lurch his hackwriting brother Steven rescues her and marries her, while Nigel begins making a name for himself in the City. Then Nigel marries Celia (Vera Allen), meets one of the drollest men that ever cadged a Martini, Philip Downes (Nigel Bruce).

Nigel grows prematurely older, assumes a sturdy financial stoddiness, loses contact with his wife whom he loves, becomes Sir Nigel and acquires several hundred thousand pounds worth of the root-of-all-evil. One night his sensitive and poised wife gives a big party. Tired and worried, he



Vandamm Studio

BANKS & BAUERSMITH

The English are a grim lot.

is cornered by an enthusiastic fanatic (Paula Bauersmith) whose palaver about people's auras bores him infinitely. It is at the close of this party that his wife decides to run away with Jolly Actor Bruce. Then her husband suffers a stroke, dies in the delirium, shouts, jangles and discords of an overworked mind. The sermon of Playwright Jeans is delivered in the closing moments of the play when it is indicated that impoverished Brother Steven & wife are about to let Nigel's money, which they have inherited, wreck them too.

S P O R T

Football

The move to make football combat Depression reached official status last week when Owen D. Young, chairman of the President's committee, to mobilize relief resources, asked all U. S. football-playing colleges to devote the receipts of one game, regular or post-season, to unemployment relief. In the East, two football "tournaments" were organized.

Said Owen D. Young: "This is about the only kind of thing which the students of our schools and colleges can do to aid in the work. . . . The precedent of responding to . . . a national emergency is a good one, and ordinary rules should give way in the face of it. . . ."

Most notable opposition to the Young Plan for football came from Harvard, where the undergraduate *Crimson* congratulated President Abbot Lawrence Lowell on his refusal to have a Harvard team participate in a round-robin tournament. Countered the *Yale Daily News*: "Harvard's refusal . . . although defensible, is not understandable. It is certainly a great shame. . . ."

The Yale varsity, generally considered to be suffering from too many coaches, journeyed to Chicago, a record distance for Yale. There they played one of the week's biggest games against a Chicago team coached by grizzled, 69-year-old Amos Alonzo Stagg, who was Yale All-American end in 1888 and whose son Paul was in the Chicago line-up. Yale's famed little Albie Booth played only two quarters but gave Midwestern Yale men their money's worth by gaining 37 yd. in scrimmage, running punts back 20 yd., intercepting two passes, dropkicking with precision. He let burly Tommy Taylor carry the ball on power plays but did most of Yale's passing with the clipped, short-arm motion and long follow-through taught Yale backs this year by Benny Friedman. One of Booth's passes sailed 35 yd., was caught by Herster Barres for a touchdown. Another pass and two long marches made the other three touchdowns that gave Yale the game, 27 to 0. Between the halves, Chicago alumni gave Coach Stagg a "C" blanket with 40 stars because he has been Chicago's football coach for 40 years.

In Los Angeles, 50,000 people saw an extraordinarily powerful Southern California attack, headed by Gaius Shaver and Orv Mohler who made two touchdowns each, mow and shave Oregon, 53 to 0.

The biggest game crowd of the week-end—70,000—was at the Ohio State-Michigan game. Michigan was good enough to tie the score at one touchdown each in the second period. But after the half, Carroll and Cramer of Ohio State were good enough to score twice against Michigan. The ball was back on the Michigan 13-yd. line when the game ended, 20 to 7.

Harvard had never lost a game at West Point but no Harvard team had played there since 1910, when an Army player

M U S I C

named Byrne had his neck broken in a scrimmage. In the first period, Army scored twice and some of the "townies" who watch Army's home games from trees overlooking Michie Stadium, climbed down and went home. In the second period, Harvard's facile Barry Wood began to throw the passes for which he is more famed than his equally expert tennis, his scholastic rank (top of his class). Crickard caught one of them for a touchdown. White caught another for another touchdown. After the first, Wood fumbled the pass from centre but picked the ball up and tore around left end, instead of kicking, for the extra point. That point eventually won the game for Harvard, 14 to 13, but not until, in the last period, Wood had made one other brilliant run—to catch Army's Halfback Paul Johnson who had the ball and a clear field when Wood tackled him from behind on Harvard's 25-yd. line.

At Knoxville, Gene McEver, Tennessee's bid for this year's All-American team, made three touchdowns which helped put Alabama out of the running for the Southern Conference championship, 25 to 0.

In the most surprising upset of the season so far, Columbia's line held against Dartmouth's Bill Morton and Bill McCall. Hewitt did much of the Columbia gaining but a new sophomore named Clifford Montgomery made two of the touchdowns, Red Matal the other. It was Columbia's most important victory in 16 years. Score: 19 to 6.

Against a Princeton team which appeared sluggish in the first half and pathetically weak in the second, Cornell's Viviano, Ferraro and Capt. Chris Martinez-Zorrilla pounced on fumbles, blocked kicks, intercepted passes and won, with ludicrous, humiliating ease, 33 to 0.

Florida ran into a hurricane at Syracuse, lost, in rain that made the ball as slippery as an orange seed, 33 to 12.

Notre Dame used more than five complete teams (57 players), made up for last fortnight's by with Northwestern by making ducks of Drake, 63 to 0.

In the best inter-sectional game of the week, Ken Meenan, Northwestern's 190-lb. sophomore halfback, tore wide holes in a University of California, Los Angeles, line, scored two of the three touchdowns that gave Northwestern the game by a score—19 to 0—which did not do justice to Northwestern superiority.

Jack Grossman has been a football star at little Rutgers for the last three years. His brother, Nat, may be a star at big N. Y. U. for the next three. Last week they played against each other for the first time. Nat had the stronger team but Jack, who finds football a bore and only plays it, he says, for personal glory, seemed to be the better of the two. He scored the first touchdown made against N. Y. U. this year, put so much punch in the Rutgers secondary defense that N. Y. U. was lucky to win with four touchdowns, one of them made by Nat, 27 to 7.

Café Music

In Paris after the War one Louis Moyses, a demobilized soldier, tried his luck in the café business. Soldier Moyses had no money, no notion of attracting a smart clientele. He had a sister who, he figured, could be a cashier, a half-brother who could be waiter, a soldier-friend who played the piano. He assembled a few tables and chairs in a room near the Madeleine. With his last few francs he sent out to an *épicerie* for a bottle of cognac and a bottle of whiskey. A third bottle he filled with colored water, then set the lot on a display shelf and declared himself open for business.

Louis Moyses, a very important gentleman with a long, full beard and a fat bank account, now runs several cafés of conventional night-club description, but his name and the name of his first café he

Quick and sharp as a weasel, Wiener sat over his keyboard last week, played brittle melodies while opposite him Doucet, slow and enormously fat, kept up easy-running accompaniments. The Vivaldi-Bach Concerto and a Mozart Sonata made the bulk of their program, but the U. S. has been used to hearing its own Maier & Pattison team (now disbanded—TIME, March 2), play the Great Ones with far nicer balance and finesse. The Frenchmen scored with their jazz, the sort of thing which made *Le Boeuf's* reputation and has since stood transplanting into a thousand and more concerts. There was an arrangement of Brahms's "Limehouse Blues," given a dozen sombre shades by Doucet's insinuating bass, one of Gershwin's "That Certain Feeling," another of Youmans' "Tea for Two." Unlike Maier & Pattison who took turns carrying the melody, Wiener always plays first piano,



WIENER & DOUCET

In drifted Poet Coteau . . .

owes in good part to Jean Wiener, the friend who played the piano. Poet Jean Coteau drifted into the bare little shop one day, heard Wiener play Bach, told others. Coteau named the place *Le Boeuf sur le Toit* (The Bull on the Roof). Wiener soon afterward acquired a partner, one Clement Doucet who drifted into *Le Boeuf* to display an elaborate invention, part organ, part piano. The invention made slight impression on Wiener but Doucet's lazy, easy way of playing fascinated him. The pair went in for two-piano music, particularly for flowered transcriptions of U. S. jazz. Composers Igor Stravinsky and Maurice Ravel started going to hear them along with Composer Darius Milhaud, who named a pantomime *Le Boeuf sur le Toit*. Also went Writer Paul Morand, Painter Pablo Ruiz Picasso, Fisticuff Georges Carpentier, the late King Ferdinand of Rumania, musical Prince Charles of Belgium. Six years ago as *Le Boeuf* began to take on a smug, profitable air, Wiener & Doucet left it, started giving serious concerts which (radically, then) featured jazz. Last week in Manhattan they began their first U. S. tour.

Doucet the accompaniments. As was the case with Maier & Pattison, the two men have little in common. Wiener is Parisian to the finger tips, loves any city. Doucet spends his spare time on his farm near Bordeaux where he makes wine, raises cows and pigs. Since their arrival in the U. S. Wiener has been able to stomach only the finer kinds of U. S. cooking, such as chicken à la king. Doucet proudly eats griddle cakes & maple syrup, pork & beans.

Their first night in Manhattan, Wiener spent in a Harlem cabaret, came in at 6 a. m. just as Farmer Doucet was getting up.

Fascist Shadow

To replace Anita Colombo, able directrix of La Scala Opera in Milan who lost her job last month, partly because of her friendship with anti-Fascist Arturo Toscanini (TIME, Sept. 28), a rich Venetian and pioneer Fascist was appointed: Erardo Trentinaglia. Esteemed in Italy as a composer and conductor, Signor Trentinaglia planned first to shorten La Scala's season, cut down on novelties.

Temperature Control such as never before available

The New General Electric Heat Regulator

WINTER is just around the corner. There will be bitterly cold days followed by mild ones, blizzards followed by thaws. The thermometer will go down, then up, then down again and up again.

If the temperature in your home is affected by outside weather-conditions, you are going to have an unpleasant winter. Because fluctuation in house-temperature is a primary cause of colds and other sickness. It makes you uncomfortably warm or uncomfortably cold. It wastes fuel.

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This unprecedented accuracy in temperature control is made possible by the new, exclusive and patented features of the General Electric Heat Regulator.

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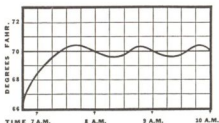
Moderate prices are made possible by General Electric production methods. The single-range model (illustrated) sells for \$85; the double-range model, with electric timing for automatic day and night temperature-changes, sells for \$125. Prices include installation.

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AS LONG AS YOU WANT IT

Note, at left, the accuracy of the General Electric Heat Regulator in getting — and maintaining — the exact temperature you want. There is less than $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 degree variation either way; possible only because of General Electric's exclusive, patented features. The room thermostat is neat and attractive. It fits admirably with any decorative scheme.

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FOR EVERY TYPE OF HEATING SYSTEM



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CHESTNUT AT NINTH STREET

HORACE LELAND WIGGINS, Managing Director



Married. Dorothy Vare, daughter of the late Pennsylvania State Senator Edwin H. Vare, niece of U. S. Senator-reject William Scott ("Boss") Vare; and Thomas Read Hulme, son of Vice President Thomas Wilkins Hulme of the Pennsylvania Railroad; at Ambler, Pa. Giver-away: Edwin H. Vare Jr. who married Golfer Glenna Collett (TIME, July 6).

Married. U. S. Senator Daniel O. Hastings of Delaware; and Miss Elsie Saxton, of Dover, Del.; in Manhattan.

Married. Mrs. Katherine Towle Parrott, 30, author (as Ursula Parrott) of best-selling *Ex-Wife and Strangers May Kiss* (she divorced Newshawk Lindsay Parrott in 1928); and Charles T. Greenwood, 41, Brooklyn banker; in Manhattan.

Seeking Divorce. Mrs. Anne Cannon Reynolds, 21, daughter of Joe F. Cannon (towels) of Concord, N. C.; from Zachary Smith Reynolds, 19, son of the late Richard Joshua Reynolds (Camels); in Reno. Grounds: incompatibility. Two years ago the bride's father escorted the couple to York, S. C. at 2 a.m. one day to see them married. They soon separated. Lately Mr. Reynolds settled \$1,000,000 on his wife and year-old child. Last week he flew her to Reno in his airplane, departed saying, "The whole trouble was I liked small parties, Mrs. Reynolds liked big parties."

Awarded. To Jane Addams, co-founder of Chicago's Hull House; the annual \$5,000 Achievement Award (for women only) of *Pictorial Review* for her work in social welfare and international peace. She announced she would give the money to Chicago's unemployed.

Honored. Dr. Michael Idvorsky Pupin of Columbia University; with the John Fritz gold medal, top U. S. engineering award,* for his achievements as "scientist, engineer, author and inventor of the tuning of oscillating circuits and the loading of telephone circuits by inductance coils."

Died. William Henry Williams, 57, board chairman and president of the Wabash Railroad, director of 70 major corporations; of heart disease; in St. Louis. He devoted his life to railroading from the time he was 16 years old and took his first job as cashier in a Pennsylvania Railroad freight office in Toledo. Working for many railroads, he rose rapidly and in 1915 became board chairman of Wabash. In 1924 he became board chairman of Missouri Pacific, was ousted in 1930 by the Brothers Van Sweringen. Close associate of Leonor Fresnel Loece in his plans to build a fifth great eastern trunk line, Railroad Williams put forward a plan of his own in 1929, two years after Mr. Loece was frustrated in his efforts. Partly because of the strong position of Pennsylvania Railroad, the Wabash plans

*Among previous John Fritz medalists: Herbert Clark Hoover, Rear Admiral David Watson Taylor, Ralph Modjeski, Guglielmo Marconi, Alfred Noble (see p. 53).

failed. Railroad Williams, a famed breeder of stock and poultry, was exhibiting at the National Dairy Show in St. Louis (see p. 13) when he died.

Died. Rt. Rev. Theodore Irving Reese, 58, Protestant Episcopal bishop of Southern Ohio; of paralysis; in Cincinnati, Ohio. Bishop Reese had been ailing since his elevation to the bishopric in 1929.

Died. Milton A. Strauss, 61, of Chicago, vice president of Hart, Schaffner & Marx (clothing); after long illness; in Los Angeles, Calif.

Died. Milo Merrick Belding, 66, one-time (1912-25) president, and son of one of the founders of Belding Bros. & Co., largest silk thread manufacturer and distributor in the U. S. before it was merged in 1925 with Heminway Silk Co.; of heart disease after an attack of bronchitis; in Manhattan.

Died. Ernest R. Ackerman, 68, U. S. (Republican) Representative since 1919 of the 5th New Jersey District, onetime president of the New Jersey State Senate, member of the House Appropriations Committee; of heart disease; in Plainfield, N. J. An ardent philatelist, he owned \$1,000,000 worth of postage stamps, had swapped with King George V and King Victor Emmanuel III.

Died. Dr. Samuel Wesley Stratton, 70, chairman of the corporation and one-time (1923-30) president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, originator and one time (1901-23) director of the U. S. Bureau of Standards; of coronary occlusion (constriction of the heart artery), immediately after dictating a tribute to his old friend Thomas Alva Edison (see below); in Boston. With Judge Robert Grant and President Abbott Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University, he was appointed by Governor Alvin T. Fuller of Massachusetts to review the evidence of the Sacco-Vanzetti case in 1927. Three months ago he said he hoped to live 100 years.

Died. Samuel Mather, 80, shipping, mining and steel tycoon (Pickands, Mather & Co.), first citizen of Cleveland; of heart disease; in Cleveland. Son of Samuel Livingston Mather who founded Cleveland Iron Mining Co. and the family fortune, he was a famed philanthropist, a director of U. S. Steel and many another great corporation. Holder of 60,000 shares of Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co., he battled Cyrus Stephen Eaton over a proposed merger with Bethlehem Steel Corp., won last week when the project was finally dropped. Steelman Mather's 15-year-old grandson took his own life (hanging) last month (TIME, Sept. 28).

Died. Thomas Alva Edison, 84; of uremic poisoning, Bright's disease, diabetes and stomach ulcers; in Llewellyn Park, West Orange, N. J. (see p. 52).

The Conquest of Diphtheria



The mother of other days, even with unbounded devotion, was unable to guard against diphtheria. Happy is the mother of today who knows that her child will never have diphtheria after she has had him properly inoculated against it.



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FORTY years ago in this country the annual deathrate from diphtheria was 115 out of every 100,000 persons. Last year fewer than six in every 100,000 died from this disease.

But while one may rejoice in the fact that the dreaded scourge of earlier days is now only one-twentieth as destructive as in years gone by, yet last year in this country there were nearly 7,000 deaths from diphtheria, practically all of which could have been prevented by timely inoculation of toxin-antitoxin or toxoid.

The complete conquest of diphtheria has been blocked year after year by misinformed though well-meaning objectors to inoculation.



Progress has been further hampered by easy-going, optimistic folk who refuse to consider the possibility of tragedy.

Science's sweeping conquest of diphtheria will not be complete until all parents have had their children safeguarded against diphtheria. This can be done by any reputable physician.

Every child should be inoculated, preferably when but a six months old baby, because more than half of all deaths from diphtheria occur among children between the ages of six months and five years.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, its booklet "Diphtheria is Preventable." Address Booklet Department 1131-Q.

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EDUCATION

Cane Juice

"School, it is like this. School, it is like big sugar-house. It crush and maul us and spin us round. And we go out sweet like sugar. . . . Life, it is like this too. It whip us and pound us, but we come sweet like sugar. . . . We might come like *bagasse*. Just cane with all the juice crushed out."

So writes Dr. John Earle Uhler in a novel, *Cane Juice*, which he published last month.* A Yankee, born in Media, Pa. forty years ago, he had gone to Louisiana State University (Baton Rouge) to be a member of its English department after teaching for eleven years at Johns Hopkins. He admitted he wished to "write a lyrical story of Louisiana life." He visited Louisiana bayous, talked to Creoles and Cajun folk, watched them at work in sugar-houses. Last week Dr. Uhler's cane juice was seething, fermenting angrily.

Dealing with the career of an uncouth but righteous and ambitious Cajun who makes good at Louisiana State, *Cane Juice* is earnestly, sometimes ably written. Like many another contemporary novel of student life, it introduces toying and lechery. There are observations on the sugar industry (Louisiana State has an Audubon Sugar School) and in the end the hero wins a refined girl ("union of sweet nurtured cane with the rough stock of the wilderness") and is indicated as a potential sugar tycoon.

A Baton Rouge priest, Rt. Rev. Mgr. F. J. Gassler, read *Cane Juice* with rising indignation. Last fortnight he circulated a mimeographed attack upon it. Excerpts: "Utter ignorance of Creole customs. . . . Did the author perchance pick his 'young ladies' in a bawdy house? . . . Caricature. . . . Unsullied reputation of our Creole maidens. . . . Nauseating. . . . Filthiness. . . . A monstrous slander of the purest womanhood to be found in the U. S. . . . Slimy animalism and mental filth. . . . The author might be a handsome young man for aught we know. The skunk also is a beautiful animal. . . ."

Then began another *cause célèbre* which resulted, as is often the case, in people muttering about "academic freedom," getting up petitions, holding meetings. Dr. Uhler's resignation was at once demanded. Few days later, in spite of sputtering members of the American Association of University Professors (of which Dr. Uhler is a member) and a committee of New Orleans writers headed by Lyle Saxon (*Old Louisiana, Lafitte, The Pirate*), he was suspended. Then met the University Executive Board, of which Governor Huey Pierce Long is a leading member. Fortwith it dismissed Dr. Uhler.

Louisiana observers remarked: 1) that Baptist Governor Long, engaged in tussling with Lieut. Governor Paul Cyr over his job (see p. 13), might win Catholic sympathy by a tactful gesture in the direction of complaining Mgr. Gassler; 2) that Dr. Uhler (and three others) won a libel suit a year ago against one Kemble Kenneth Kennedy, 29, friend and protégé of Gov-

ernor Long who had published an obscene, yawping edition of the University *Whang-doodle*, calling Dr. Uhler a narcotic addict and a lecher. For this Protégé Kennedy was sentenced to a year in jail, was at once reprieved by Governor Long.

Lean, high-browed, toothbrush-mustached Dr. Uhler issued a detailed defense of *Cane Juice*, pointed out errors in Mgr. Gassler's charges. He said that the attack indicated the decline of "charitable spirit" and the troubled condition of Christianity. Nonetheless, he respected the Catholic Church. Though Episcopalian himself, he said he was related to twelve priests, three bishops, one archbishop, one monk. He announced he would sue Mgr. Gassler for defamation and libel. The American Civil Liberties Union, always happy to have a cause to champion, offered to support a suit to recover this year's salary in full



DR. JOHN EARLE UHLER

A priest: "The skunk is also a beautiful animal."

and a mandamus action to compel a public hearing. Editor Henry Louis Mencken of the *American Mercury* sent congratulations, said Dr. Uhler was lucky to escape "servitude in such a hole." Said Dr. Uhler: "I realize that behind my dismissal there is sinister and powerful influences, difficult to combat. . . . I feel like one of the witches bound at the stake in Salem. . . ."

Booklover

Officials of Harvard University's Widener Memorial Library were used to the sallow, be-speckled little man who habitually smoked a corn-cob pipe. Because he said he was preparing himself to be a professor they let him roam the library as much as he liked. Last week they became sharply conscious of Joel Clifford Williams, 49, of Dedham, Mass. He was under arrest, charged with pilfering 1,804 books worth \$13,000 from Widener Library.

Widener Library has lost in all some \$200,000 worth of fine books. It is be-

lieved that many were disposed of through a ring in Manhattan. Last year a turnstile was installed in the lobby; the losses decreased. Last fortnight a Cambridge bookseller reported that Mr. Williams, graduate of Boston University and Harvard (M. A., 1909), onetime principal of several Massachusetts high schools, teacher at Groton two years ago, had sold him two books which he thought came from the Library. To Mr. Williams' home went police and Library officials. They found many a scholarly volume—history, astrology, art, economics, biology—many, they said, with library marks, some partially deleted, some completely visible. He denied any theft, said he was a booklover, had bought books from a former classmate whose name he did not rightly remember. Mrs. Williams wept. When photographers came, Booklover Williams muttered: "This is a beastly performance." The books were loaded in a truck, sent off for Library officials to check over. Booklover Williams was held in \$500 bail.

Edwards, Calhoun, Trumbull

To the \$12,000,000 worth of steel girders, tan Gothic stone-work* and shiny plumbing given by Edward Stephen Harkness to Yale as an eleven college "house plan" development (TIME, Jan. 20, 1930, March 9, 1931), names out of Yale's past will be given. Already named are Pierson, John Davenport, Branford, Saybrook and Berkeley Colleges. Three new names were added last week:

Jonathan Edwards College, for the famed Presbyterian theologian (1703-58). Graduated from Yale at 17, Edwards preached dogmatically, saved many a soul, wrote many a book. In 1757 he succeeded his son-in-law Aaron Burr (father of Traitor Aaron Burr) as president of Princeton University, died of smallpox inoculation in the following year. Princeton also reveres him, has an Edwards Street, an Edwards Hall.

Calhoun College, for Statesman John Caldwell Calhoun (1782-1850) of South Carolina. Graduated from Yale in 1804, he was U. S. Representative (1811-17), Secretary of War under President James Monroe, Vice President of the U. S. (1825-32), U. S. Senator from 1833 until his death, save for a year as Secretary of State under President John Tyler. With Henry Clay, he helped precipitate the War of 1812. Statesman Calhoun amplified and clarified the theory of State's Rights, clashed over it with Daniel Webster in a famed debate in 1833, brought it to bear (he was a slaveholder) on the Abolition movement.

Trumbull College, for Jonathan Trumbull (Yale 1779, LL.D.), Revolutionary patriot and Governor of Connecticut, no ancestor of Connecticut's recent (1925-31) Governor John H. Trumbull, father-in-law of John Coolidge. Father-in-law Trumbull's parents were Scotch-Irish immigrants to the U. S.

*Save for John Davenport and Pierson, recently completed, which are red brick Georgian. To match nearby buildings Davenport has a novel Gothic facade. Scornful of Yale's architecture, the perky Harkness had this month lists these styles, all to be found on the campus: Non-descript-General Grant, American Colonial-Georgian, French Renaissance Classic, Moorish, Lombard-Romanesque, Venetian, Greek Temple, Gothic.

*Century: \$2.50.

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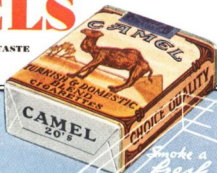
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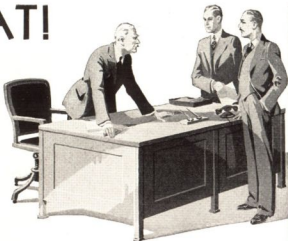


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M E D I C I N E

War Gas Protection

The next war, militarists agree, will be a war of gas. It will be waged on civilians as well as soldiers. The French, a practical people, realize this, yet they have done little to teach their civilians a defense against poison gas. This failure the French Congress of Hygiene, which met at the Paris Pasteur Institute last week, sought to remedy. Poland, Germany, Russia and Italy teach their people gas protection. The Congress advised the French Government to imitate and enlarge the methods:

Every person should be taught how to wear and use a gas mask. A depot of masks should be available in every community. Those who cannot handle masks—children, invalids, the aged, the wounded—should have cellar refuges. Large cities should have several refuge districts with a protected cellar in each. Every new, large building should have a gas-proof basement. The cellars should be ventilated through tall chimneys. This is essential, because poison gases discharged from either ground or airplane tanks are heavy, settle close to earth. Outside of each community there should be safety zones, protected like Red Cross stations by international agreement.

Mattress Shakers

In a new home for the deaf at Görlitz, Silesia, to warn the inmates of fire, every mattress was equipped with a shaker, electrically agitated.

United Jakers

A year and a half ago a strange affliction appeared, first in the Midwest, then in every part of the country. People found their feet, hands, necks becoming paralyzed. Victims, their consciences uneasy, called the palsy "Jake paralysis." Medical research confirmed their suspicions. Everyone afflicted was a drinker of Jamaica ginger, as an intoxicant or a medicine (*Time*, March 24, 1930). Followed a frenzied search by the Government for the specific cause. Chemists eventually revealed the poison as the phosphoric acid ester of triscesol. Its inclusion in the beverage was a manufacturers' accident. Manufacturers were indicted (*Time*, July 28, 1930).

Medicine soon reported that cure was extremely difficult. The poison had degenerated certain nerves. In many cases, where the ginger-drinking had been small, the victims recovered control of their heads and hands. But recovery from the foot paralysis has been rare. Victims raged. The Government was to blame, they reasoned. The pure-food laws if properly enforced would have protected them.

One Mack Hunter Partridge, 48, an interior decorator of Oklahoma City, conceived a United Jamaica Ginger Paralysis Victims organization. Last week his organization had some 30,000 members. Each had donated \$1 or so for a fight fund. The fight is to be against the Federal Food & Drug Administration. U. S. Senators and Representatives are being influenced to investigate the Food & Drug

Administration, to prosecute for criminal negligence Director Walter Gilbert Campbell & aides.

Surgeons' College

Three thousand surgeons drifted into Manhattan's new Waldorf-Astoria Hotel last week. It was easy to see that they were surgeons, not physicians. The physician is apt to be benign, a trifle careless of his dress, slow in speech. The surgeon, on the other hand, tends to talk swiftly, dress meticulously, gesture boldly. There are always more evening clothes at a surgeons' meet than at a physicians'. This was the American College of Surgeons, at its 21st annual clinical congress.

One & all had subscribed to the protection of the specialist: "Upon my honor as a gentleman, I hereby declare that I will not practice the division of fees, either directly or indirectly, in any manner whatsoever." When they had composed themselves, when their regents and officers "ha" ranged themselves on the ballroom stage, Dr. Charles Gordon Heyd of Manhattan gave an address of welcome.

Dr. Charles Jefferson Miller of New Orleans, the College's president, in red-collared academic robe and gold-tasseled mortar-board cap, upbraided lay critics of medical men. He denounced "those articles in magazines whose standards, one used to believe, were rather higher than the publication of half truths and misrepresentations and downright falsehoods. I confess that a rather unworthy suspicion has crossed my mind that it has perhaps been easier for our traducers to gain a hearing than it has been for our defenders. Here & there a physician has raised his voice, not always, I am sorry to say, with very profound wisdom, but lay defenders are notably absent, and I find it rather hard to believe that an occasional satisfied layman, an occasional grateful patient, has not tried to say something in our favor."

Not "rathering" was his denunciation by name, as uninformed medically and unjust ethically, of Magazine Critics T. Swann Harding, F. C. Kelly, H. L. Mencken, the late J. A. Mitchell.

When Dr. Miller ended his speech he took off cap and gown, helped them on to Dr. Allen Buckner Kanavel (pronounced Kuh-nave'-ul) of Chicago. By robing, Dr. Kanavel assumed the presidency of the College. He is a smaller man than retiring President Miller. The official sleeves hung over his wrists as he swung into an official flaying of social and industrial medicine not guided by responsible doctors.

Followed an explanation of urinary surgery, by Dr. Arthur Henry Burgess of Manchester, England. An important point: catheterization for urinary retention is a dangerous procedure. The retention causes a back pressure against the kidneys, which adjust themselves to the abnormal condition. Perspiration removes sufficient water from the body to maintain a satisfactory state of invalidism. Catheterization suddenly relieves the kidneys of back pressure, causes kidney injuries and, usually, a fatal kidney bleeding. In

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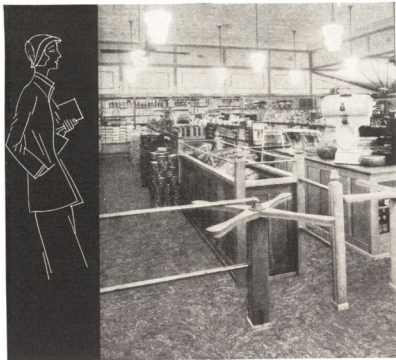
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... Kroger believes in modern selling methods

Here's a picture of one of the newest Piggly-Wiggly stores, operated by Kroger Grocery and Baking Company. It's the kind of store that draws business from competitors. Why? Simply because most people prefer to spend their money in shops that look prosperous, up-to-date and efficient.

One of the first things customers see in this store is the distinctively beautiful floor of Sealex Veltone Linoleum. It's a floor that "decorates," yet it is thoroughly practical in every respect.

Floors like this can be laid right over the cracks and splinters of old shabby floors—in fast time and at moderate cost. And when installed by an authorized contractor of Bonded Floors, they are backed by a Guaranty Bond, issued by U.S. Fidelity and Guaranty Co.

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aged persons is this fact especially so. Later in the week *Dr. John Bentley Squier*, Manhattan urinary surgeon, gave a dinner in honor of *Dr. Burgess*, Sir Charles Gordon-Watson of London, *Dr. Hans von Haberer* of Cologne (all three were made honorary fellows of the College) and the officers of the College. It was a happy evening for *Dr. Squier*. That afternoon the College had elected him its next president. He is just about as much smaller in height and build than President Kanavel, as President Kanavel is smaller than retired President Miller.

Publicity. *Dr. Miller's* animadversions upon lay critics had nothing to do with his desire for laymen's help in educating the public to its medical needs. The American College of Surgeons was a pioneer in opening its meetings to everybody, in translating medical effort into commonplace terms. During last week's sessions a dozen important fellows of the College—*Francis Carter Wood*, *Joseph Colt Bloodgood*, *John Carl Arpad Gerster*, et al.—dined with journalists as guests of the American Society for the Control of Cancer. Doctors distrust reporters, fearing inaccuracy and exploitation. Reporters are impatient of doctors, knowing they rarely can get a frank disclosure of news. This is an old impasse which the cancer men are again trying to hurdle. The public, after a few years of cancer consciousness, has again become apathetic. Surgeons are seeing more cases in late stages, fewer in early stages. The sooner a cancer is attacked, the better the prospects of cure. Unusual bleeding, strange lumps, unhealing sores are all danger signals. Chief cause of this recurrent negligence of early cancer was laid to Depression. Cancer causes little pain or inconvenience until it becomes mortal. Impoverished victims let their ailments wait.

Upshot of the surgeon-journalist conference on cancer was that the surgeons would find a writer who knows medicine or (more difficult) a doctor who knows journalism to bombard the public with cancer warnings.

Cancer. In treatment of cancer the new contributions offered were refinements in diagnosis and treatment. *Dr. George Washington Crile*, for instance, reported that cancer tissue conducts electricity more easily than normal tissue, that here was a method of differential diagnosis. *Dr. Donald Church Balfour* urged more operations for cancer of the stomach and of the intestines. These cases are among the hardest to save. But *Dr. Balfour* finds that nine out of ten patients can survive the operation. If lymph nodes are not involved, five out of ten live for five years or more.

The electrical knife perfected by *Dr. George Austin Wyeth* of Manhattan received great tribute as a cancer tool. It reams out tiny holes wherein the cut of a scalpel would be brutal.

Again the surgeons insisted that there is no evidence that cancer is caused by a germ. They re-approved *Dr. James Ewing's* suggestion of several great cancer research institutions spotted over the U. S. (TIME, Jan. 12).

More Years. *Dr. Charles Horace Mayo*, his eyebrows bristling, flayed frantic oldsters: "The radios of young people are tuned to rhythmic motion. Those of

"In this competitive era management must equip offices as well as factories to insure the maximum output per worker," says

POWEL CROSLEY, Jr.



COMMENTING on the current business trend, Mr. Powel Crosley, Jr., President of the Crosley Radio Corporation, says...

"Business is unquestionably entering a new and constructive era. But it will be a period of the most intense competition in which no executive can afford to neglect any factor that will contribute to the effectiveness of his organization.

"Competent management recognizes in poorly planned and equipped offices a source of clerical error and economic waste that must be eliminated."

As you "take inventory" of your business in preparation for the competitive era that Mr. Crosley predicts, consider the human factor...the effect on your employees' morale and productiveness of the office equipment with which you supply them.

You will find not only that the arrangement

of your offices, but that *the furniture itself*, can be an important productive liability or *asset*.

If it is wood, it is "naturally better"...an asset. Wood has character, beauty, dignity. It is stronger, pound for pound, than substitutes. Being a *non-conductor* of heat, it actually protects valuable records more securely in case of fire.

And, while it costs no more, its *quietness* eliminates the nerve-wracking clatter that interrupts work and cuts down your staff's efficiency.

The booklet, "PLANNING THE MODERN OFFICE IN WOOD," is written especially for executives. It will assist you in planning an attractive, efficient office. Write for free copy. Address the Wood Office Furniture Associates, Inc., Department 72, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

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AH, HOW OUR PAUL KNOWS YOU..?



OUR Paul spies you entering our Dining Room. Instantly he thinks: "Where would this person most like to sit? People have such pet likes and dislikes. Elderly people, for instance, and portly ones, must be placed near the entrance where they won't have far to walk. A Grouchy Guest forgets his grouchy the minute he's seated where he can look at a Beautiful Lady. Ah, here's *precisely* the table for this person!" So astute is our Paul that you don't even realize you're being psycho-analyzed. All you know is that you're supremely comfortable here . . . the meal so superb . . . the service simply faultless . . . and our revised prices so amazingly thrifty. Come, won't you let our Paul seat you?

The ROOSEVELT

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



old people get mainly static. There are too many 'drop-deads.' The 'drop-deads' occur in the city. They may die on the golf links, trying to show they are all right, but they really occur in the city. Farmers haven't the time to drop dead. We overdo the subject of exercise unless we have had the advantage of training early in life. Unless you have been brought up to work in early life, do not get out and try to do stunts after you are 50 or 60 years old. . . .

"Today it may be said that we are dying as individuals and not in droves. The world, through science, has been made a safe place in which to live. All the mass destroying diseases have largely come under control, and now each adult must fight his own individual battle. Usually he does not brook any interference with his own mode of living."

Dabbles in the Occult. Dr. Charles Horace Mayo would "rather die when my

ordered nerves. But surgery may improve many nervous disorders. Dr. George Washington Crile has concentrated lately on the adrenal glands and their body influence. He considers the adrenals the "power station" of the sympathetic nervous system, the frontal lobe of the brain as the "slave driver." When the adrenals are over-busy they cause abnormal nervous excitation, abnormal palpitation of the heart ("soldiers' heart"), abnormal nervous fatigue, peptic ulcer, etc., etc. Dr. Crile is curing such ailments, he said, by disconnecting the adrenals' nerves, thus interrupting their powerful body control.

Social Medicine. The Congress proceedings began with an attack on State control of Medicine. Retiring President Miller instanced as a horrid example of such control the often poorly trained, politically ruled doctors who have jobs as coroners and health commissioners. The Congress ended with President James



DRS. CHARLES H. MAYO & ALLEN B. KANAVEL

Dr. Mayo: "Today we are dying as individuals, not in droves."

International

brain fails than live on." His brother William James Mayo has a more vigorous contempt for added minds. To flay students of the psychic, he wrote:

"Anyone dabbling in the occult, deliberately depriving himself of vision, man's chief means of obtaining information, injures himself mentally. I have known a number of men of great promise in medicine, who, in the springtime of their lives, became interested in a cult or in occultism of the old-fashioned spiritualistic type, which led them to blind alleys.

"Sir Conan Doyle, Sir William Crookes and Sir Oliver Lodge are three outstanding men of science who interested themselves in psychic phenomena and believed in reincarnation of the dead. This interest, however, came in the autumn of an intense scientific life. Their great days were over."

Body's "Power Station." Preoccupation with mental and nervous phenomena pervaded the surgeons' meeting. Many diseases which require knifing result from dis-

Rowland Angell of Yale declaring: "I am by no means unaware of the narrow-minded and exclusively self-seeking attitude of a good many practitioners who see in every social movement affecting medicine simply one more effort to rob them of a livelihood and forthwith devote all their energies to digging in where they are. Their position is like that of Labor, which has traditionally opposed all labor-saving machinery—and always in the long run, in vain. . . .

"[A new social] philosophy conceives the social order as under binding obligation to give its members wholesome conditions of life, protection from needless exposure, whether to climate or disease or moral depravity. It conceives human life as indisputably superior to money or physical property in any form, and it is disposed to suppress or radically modify any agency to practice which appears to be exploiting men for the promotion of merely financial and material gain."

Look at This 85-Year-Old Pipe!



Mayor James M. Curley holding historic Ames spade used by Mayor Quincy and former President John Quincy Adams to start the excavation 85 years ago. George H. Finnegan, Superintendent Boston Water Service at left.

(From Boston Globe
Sept. 30th, 1931)

"Mayor Curley at noon today threw a shovelful of earth over the first cast iron pipe used in Boston for water supply, uncovered in celebration of the 50th Annual Convention of the New England Water Works Association. The pipe is still serviceable and in perfect working condition."



LOOK at this unretouched photograph of an 85-year-old cast iron water main recently uncovered on historic Boston Common. Not only is it still serviceable and good for many years to come, but it looks like new. Yet it is Boston's first cast iron water main, laid in 1846 to replace pine logs. Former President John Quincy Adams dug a spadeful of earth for the excavation, and when the water was turned on, there was a holiday celebration on Boston Common and children sang an ode written for the occasion by James Russell Lowell.

Similar recent inspections of old cast iron mains in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Richmond have been made the occasions of notable ceremonies. In every instance, inspection has shown the pipe to be in excellent condition after 90 to over 100 years of continuous service and good for many more. In the majority

of large cities, the original cast iron water and gas mains are still in service, long after the bonds issued for their payment have been retired and forgotten. Cast iron pipe has saved and is saving many millions of dollars in taxes and rates. Shorter-lived substitutes inevitably cost the public more. For every citizen, directly or indirectly, shares the cost of underground mains, in the form of taxes, assessments or rates.

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

Every taxpayer should take an active interest in the kind of pipe being laid, or to be laid, in his community. For further in-

formation write to The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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



CAST IRON

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

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CAST IRON PIPE

C I N E M A

The New Pictures

Susan Lenox (Her Fall and Rise) (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). In searching for a story which would suitably exhibit the stoic fascinations of Greta Garbo, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stumbled upon an extraordinary novel. *Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise* is the work of David Graham Phillips who wrote best-sellers 25 years ago, when best-sellers were even more likely to be trash than they are now. But *Susan Lenox*, though it contains clichés which make Theodore Dreiser seem epigrammatic, is no trash. Its story of hardships, financial and amorous, in the career of a woman who becomes a celebrated actress, might have seemed to a lay observer wholly suitable to the cinema. The producers of the picture thought otherwise. *Susan Lenox (Her Fall and Rise)* now differs from Author Phillips' story in almost all particulars, including the name of the heroine (Helga, later Susan) inserted to account for her Swedish accent. But, even as Author Phillips' honest eagerness raised the book above its manner, so the inferior story of the cinema gains validity from the impersonations of Greta Garbo and, to a smaller degree, Clark Gable.

Susan Lenox runs away from a crude, elderly farmer to whom she is to be married by an uncle. She happens into the garage of a young engineer, Rodney Spencer, who feeds her, befriends her, falls in love with her. When her uncle comes to

take her back, she runs away, gets on a carnival train, joins the show. By the time she sees Rodney (Clark Gable) again, she has been forced into a compromising situation with the carnival proprietor. Misunderstandings occur, but Susan Lenox is pretty enough to get along. She becomes mistress to a rich politician,



GARBO & GABLE

She finds him in South America.

has a friend find Rodney and bring him to dinner one night so she can humiliate him. When he leaves, she finds she has humiliated herself instead, goes off to find him. What follows is a fairly routine sample of what 1931 cinema heroines do when looking for 1931 cinema heroes. Susan Lenox hunts for Rodney in cafés in St. Louis, New Orleans, San Francisco, finally finds him in a cabaret in South America. This time, she succeeds in convincing him that she is a good girl at heart, that they really love each other. Good shot: Garbo registering almost childishly complete happiness when, while fishing with Gable, she pulls in a small, slippery trout.

Two years ago, when reputations were being re-scaled for sound pictures, it appeared that Cinemactress Garbo was losing ground to several rivals—Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Ruth Chatterton. It is now clear that, in a sense, she has no rivals. The fact that she has made comparatively few pictures for the last two years has helped her to retain an independent popularity, to thrive on the flatery of imitation. Once a soaper of chins in a Stockholm barber-shop, she has already selected the island near Stockholm where she will live when retired from cinemacting. Her contract expires next year and Cinemactress Garbo, whose reluctance to become a member of Hollywood "society" baffles Hollywood, has not yet revealed her plans.

Honor of the Family (First National). There are two kinds of duels in the cinema. When the hero and the villain get

up early to go at each other with pistols in a clearing, it is an out-of-door costume play, containing horses, marching soldiers and in all probability "La Marseillaise." When they strip to the waist and fence with sabres on a parquet floor, with a lady waiting to see who will win, it is an indoor costume play and the excitement is of a slightly less ennobling sort.

In this picture, the villain has been trying, with the aid of his female accomplice (Bebe Daniels) to hornswoggle an old baron (Frederick Kerr) out of his estate. The baron's nephew (Warren William) arrives just in time to save the estate, steal the accomplice, fight the duel. Frederick Kerr is a disagreeable old man; when he hears the clash of swords, he says: "I hope they kill each other." He is disappointed. Best shot: William—a new romantic hero, recruited from the Broadway stage, who walks on his toes, has a high nose, a loud laugh, a reverberant thigh for heroic slapping—impaling his adversary.

The Beloved Bachelor (Paramount) is an agreeable little comedy showing the predicament in which a man may find himself if he falls in love with his ward. Paul Lukas, the only actor in Hollywood who can speak with a foreign accent without seeming to be a roué, handles the situation with delicacy. He sends the ward (Dorothy Jordan) to dwell in an apartment of her own, gallantly continues his preparations to marry a lady (Vivienne Osborne) who has not yet divorced her husband. When the lady decides not to divorce her husband after all, it gives Lukas a chance to affect a grief he does not feel. He hides his head in his hands, murmurs, "I am doing my best to control my true feelings." Then the ward, who has been in love with Lukas ever since the picture started, breaks her betrothal to a young collegian whom she had been parading to spur her foster-father's affections. Lukas gives her a polite but not paternal embrace. Good scene: a penthouse in Naples where Lukas and Jordan have breakfast together.

The Spirit of Notre Dame (Universal). There are three axioms for football pictures. This one obeys them all so implicitly that it defeats the more important axiom that every story should contain some element of surprise. The hero calls his roommate, "You old baboon, you." He betrays the team to satisfy a personal grudge against a teammate. He atones for this error by kicking the field goal which wins the big game by one point with no seconds to play.

The Spirit of Notre Dame was made, in part, on the campus of Notre Dame and it is adroitly dedicated to the memory of the late Knute Rockne who had planned to act in it. Several celebrated Notre Dame football players appear briefly—among them, Frank Carideo, last year's quarterback, and the members of the 1924 backfield (Don Miller, Elmer Layden, Jim Crowley, Harry Stuhldreher). A few shots of real football games give the proceedings occasional authenticity and the football coach (J. Farrell MacDonald) who is meant to resemble Rockne does it surprisingly well.

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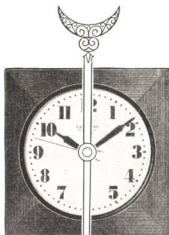
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MISCELLANY

"TIME brings all things."

Fingers

In Detroit, a policeman arrested Peter De Peter on suspicion, but could not determine what there was queer about him. At police headquarters Peter De Peter was fingerprinted; amazed policemen saw



Detroit Free Press

PETER DE PETER

So had his father, so had his son.

he had on each hand five fingers & a thumb, promptly released him. Peter De Peter said his father was ten-fingered and twelve-toed, and so was his son, 15, until he had the extra fingers cut off. He works his ten Car Co. plant.

Independent

In Chicago, Mrs. Josie Dennehy became suspicious when her husband "got to acting independent like," stayed out at night, cut her allowance. Mrs. Dennehy investigated, found he had divorced her in April 1929.

Fright

In Chicago, a bandit held up Miss Kitty Enright, 52, robbed her of 42¢. Miss Enright went to a friend's house, collapsed from fright, died.

Nose

In Knoxville, Tenn., impressed citizens gave Sam Lockett a suit, a trip to Chicago and the price of a plastic operation because he forgave Sam Pratt, who had cut off his nose.

Laugh

In Macon, Ga., James Henry Watts laughed, dislocated his jaw. He went to a hospital, had the jaw set, departed, laughed again, returned, had the jaw set again, departed, laughed a third time, went back and had his jaw taped up so he could not laugh. James Henry Watts now titters through his teeth.

AERONAUTICS

Cabin 'Chute

Parachutes to lower disabled airplanes have long been under experiment and have been demonstrated with small craft (TIME, Sept. 15, 1930). But Army Air Corps engineers declare that a 'chute cannot be built big enough to support a heavily loaded transport. Instead, it became known last week, they are developing a combination of 'chute and detachable cabin. The 'chute jerks the cabin, intact with passengers, free of the fuselage of the disabled plane and lets it drop slowly. The pilot jumps from the cockpit (forward of the cabin) with his own 'chute while the remainder of the ship crashes. At Wright Field (Dayton, Ohio) the plan is being tested with a glider carried aloft by an Army combat plane.

Allegheny Lights

When a pilot can see anything at all over the Alleghenies he is thankful. One night last week Pilot Leigh R. Murphy of United Air Lines, flying mail & passengers between Newark and Cleveland, found what he called record visibility for the route. At one time he could see eleven beacons, spaced ten miles apart. At 6,000 ft. above Allentown, Pa., he reported he could see simultaneously the glare from the lights of Philadelphia, Trenton and New York, 100 mi. away.

Free Rides

Nine travelers who booked passage on the inaugural flights of the new Ludington Line service between Norfolk and Washington one day last week were astonished to find there was no charge. Five who had paid fares in advance received their money back before the plane took off. Reason: the first flights were made before a State license was issued to the company.

Akron Okayed

For two days and nights last week the newly built Akron went through her ninth, last and most rigorous testflight for Navy inspectors. From her dock at Akron she flew to Cincinnati, thence along the Ohio River to Louisville. By night she flew west across Indiana and Illinois and made a surprise visit over St. Louis just before midnight. Early next morning she crossed Chicago, spent the forenoon idling along the shore of Lake Michigan. Thence to Milwaukee, and back to Chicago in the afternoon to thrill the crowds at the Yale-Chicago football game before heading east for Akron. Next day Rear Admiral George C. Day, chief of the Navy Board of Inspection & Survey, recommended that the Navy accept the airship. If Secretary of Navy Charles Francis Adams approves his recommendation, preliminary work may begin on the ZRS-5.

Committed

Don Moyle, who with Cecil Allen attempted to fly across the Pacific Ocean last month, was ordered committed to Los Angeles County Jail Nov. 2 to serve a 30-day sentence imposed before he went to Japan for driving a car while intoxicated.



Value in a Johnston & Murphy Shoe reveals itself instantly on sight, and constantly in wear. A value that spells economy in so smart and durable a model as the Ambassador. A J&M dealer is nearby. Write for Style Booklet. Prices, \$12.50 and up. Johnston & Murphy, 44 Lincoln St., Newark, N.J.

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Curiosity-Incredulity- Conviction-Enthusiasm

THE AUTOGIRO has run the gamut of reactions in an amazingly brief time.

For that very reason, the surge of enthusiasm which has followed has given rise to a variety of misconceptions on the part of many who have no first-hand knowledge of the Autogiro.

One misconception is that the Autogiro rises like a helicopter. It does not. Its angle of climb from take-off is sharper than that of a comparable airplane; it therefore requires less space for take-off, but it does not rise vertically.

The Autogiro can and does descend almost vertically and land without roll whenever a skilled pilot so desires, but some forward speed and a few feet of roll is the everyday landing practice for the novice.

It is not true that any novice can step into and pilot an Autogiro immediately. Yet, because of its inherent characteristics, it removes the seriousness of situations which are

critical for the novice in a conventional airplane and brings safe flying within the capability of the average person. For instance, the Autogiro cannot fall into a spin from a stall. In the face of obstacles or in any unexpected situation, its forward speed can quickly be arrested.

The trained airplane pilot can safely undertake normal Autogiro flight after brief instruction, but he must of course have Autogiro experience to accomplish successfully the extremes of performance of which the Autogiro is capable.

There can now be no reasonable doubt that the Autogiro's inherent flying characteristics largely eliminate the restrictions and hazards of learning to fly and open the way to a wider use and enjoyment of flying by everyone.

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

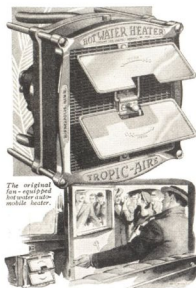
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Characteristics

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



THE PRESS



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After Fortune

The first magazine in imitation of FORTUNE appeared last week. Its field: the men's and boys' clothing trade. Name: *Apparel Arts*, a quarterly, published in Manhattan by William Hobart Weintraub. Buyers of men's and boys' wear for retail stores will be asked to buy it at \$1.50 the copy. Initial circulation: 7,500.

Same page size (11 1/4" x 14") as FORTUNE, printed on similar paper stocks (antique and coated), with colored cartographs and modernist photographs in the FORTUNE manner of stylized detail, it even carries its name and volume number on the binding in white as FORTUNE does.

Ingeniously the clothing trade, usually identified with Babbity, is glorified by sophisticated treatment. An example is the story of the rise & fall of starched collars as reflected in the glorious reign and ignominious fate of the Arrow Collar Man—"a national idol who never lived." A chart showing the tumble of starched collar sales from 1919 (the advent of the soft shirt) is surrounded by colored reproductions of Artist Joseph Christian Leyendecker's unbelievably handsome creation at critical stages of his career from the "merry Oldsmobile" days of 1907 to the present. Captions tell the story:

"NATIONAL IDOL. By 1918 his fan mail (actual) was enormous. "Would it be terribly unprofessional to send him this letter so he can know that a Virginia lassie



ARROW COLLAR MAN

... a rising tide of soft shirts.

has fallen for his clear honest eyes, his fine brow and tender mouth? Tell him I am lost and unattached and awfully interested." That was a typical plea—"of thousands."

"TWILIGHT OF A GOD. He couldn't die, who never lived. So he outlived his day. From his place in the car cards he looked down, each day, upon a rising tide of soft shirts. At last they engulfed him completely and he was swept away. His passing is viewed with mixed feeling. . ."

"ANTI-CLIMAX. Starched collars went down for the count of nine in 1922,

but fought back bravely in '23. He arose to the occasion, for this brief hour of re-kindled glory. A trifle world-weary, and infinitely more sophisticated, the fan mail he inspired reflected the change. "I am writing you a few lines to let you know that I would love to meet you some time." . . . But gone forever was such lyric ecstasy as "I would that I but touch that natural wave, and tie thy tie as only woman can, and smile into thine eyes of blue and say "I love you: thou'rt my Arrow Collar Man.""

"Another picture caption: "Grotesque-ric: A polisher traversing belted edges, not an armadillo out for a walk."

Associated in *Apparel Arts* with Publisher Weintraub, a stylist of international reputation are David A. Smart, president, experienced publisher of trade papers, and Editor Arnold Gingrich, an energetic youth who sleeps twelve hours on alternate nights, works 46 hours between. It is said that Publisher Weintraub is the brain, President Smart the heart, Editor Gingrich the voice of *Apparel Arts*.

Little Old Lady

One November day 30 years ago a young man named William Thompson Dewart, who is now president of the New York *Sun*, took a bulky envelope to an apartment in Manhattan's then-fashionable Fifth Avenue Hotel. He was ceremoniously received by an imperious little old lady, her sister and her daughter. The little old lady was Ida Mayfield Wood, whose husband, Col. Benjamin Wood, brother of onetime Mayor Fernando Wood of Manhattan, had died the year before. Col. Wood had been publisher of the New York *Daily News*,* a Tammany Hall mouthpiece which lifted most of its news and somehow managed to earn \$100,000 a year. Since her husband's death Mrs. Wood had edited the sheet from her apartment, sending and receiving proofs through a specially built pneumatic tube. She kept a strict eye on the accounts, too, and reputedly spent hours cutting open used envelopes which the writers were supposed to use as copy paper.

Mr. Dewart had come, on behalf of the late publisher Frank A. Munsey, to buy the *News* for \$340,000. At Widow Wood's insistence he had brought currency, new \$1,000 bills. She loved to hoard and fondle large currency. (Her husband used to give her half of his winnings from the gaming tables of the Manhattan Club and Saratoga, as much as \$75,000 at a time.) One by one, Mr. Dewart handed each bill to Mrs. Wood who examined it minutely, passed it for further scrutiny to her sister, Miss Mary E. Mayfield, to her daughter Emma and to the hotel manager. When all had nodded approval, the sum was noted as paid. In 1907, thoroughly frightened by the financial panic, Mrs. Wood drew all her money out of the banks, virtually disappeared with her daughter and sister. . . .

In Manhattan last fortnight Mrs. Wood

*Not to be confused with the present-day tabloid which was founded in 1919.

popped up as something approaching the perfect newspaper feature story. A nephew, Otis Wood, had discovered her last March through the death of her sister with whom she had been living since 1917 in the Herald Square Hotel, an antiquated hostelry near Fifth Avenue. Now he had her declared incompetent, was himself appointed guardian. Aged 93, nearly blind, nearly deaf, Mrs. Wood had not ventured from her room since 1927. She was wasted to 70 lb. on a diet consisting almost solely of eggs and coffee cooked by herself. She had hallucinations that her nose grew out of her forehead and that her ears overtopped her head. But she still had her money—great wads of it—tucked away in corners of the disordered room which she never permitted housemaids to enter. And she had trunksful of old jewelry and dresses of the style which she wore when she danced with Edward VII when he visited the U. S. as Prince of Wales. Fondling them, she was happy.

Mrs. Wood was the irascible, imperious dame once again when her nephew and his lawyers came to take her money and treasures to a bank for safekeeping. From the folds of her dress she took a bundle and handed it over. It contained nearly \$400,000 in bills; but they had to find the remainder for themselves. While Mrs. Wood slept a nurse extracted another bundle containing \$500,000 from a money belt under her clothes. In several trunks was found jewelry appraised at \$900,000. Gems, picked from their settings, were found stuffed into the upholstered furniture. How much more was hidden away remained a mystery last week. Some 40 trunks in a warehouse could not be searched since it was not known which belonged to Mrs. Wood and which to her sister and daughter, both deceased.

The little old lady continued to resist all efforts to "take care" of her. She puffed nervously on cigars, told a granddaughter how her money had been taken away, asked her to "get me a nice Irish policeman. He must be a Catholic and a Republican."

Odds, Ends

¶ In Howard, Kan., Tom Thompson, 50 years editor of the *Howard Courant*, was given a golden jubilee party by Kansas editors. Inspirer of the celebration was Editor Fred Flory of the *Howard Citizen*. The *Courant* is the *Citizen's* rival, but they share one office. For mutual economy Editor Flory prints the *Courant* on the *Citizen* press. One window of the office bears the *Citizen's* name, the other the *Courant's*.

¶ Besides their military titles, Col. William Franklin Knox and Col. Guy T. Viskniskki have three things in common: Both served in the Spanish-American War, both became high-ranking Hearstmen, both spell "economy" in large capitals. Last week Col. Viskniskki resigned as general manager of Star Co., technical publishers of Hearst's New York *American* and *Journal*, to become business manager of Col. Knox's newly purchased Chicago *Daily News*. In the War, Col. Viskniskki was for a time officer in charge of *The Stars & Stripes*, A. E. F. newspaper.



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BOND

LOOKING FORWARD • Industry turns its face toward the future. Business is on the upgrade. The relaxing of quality standards, the slipping and sliding down the scale of values is over. The time for trading up is here.

There is no better way to express this new confidence than to give your business appropriate and dignified surroundings . . . write your letters on Crane's Bond.

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The Mystery of 8th Row

Were seats 10 and 12 haunted?

Theater business was bad . . . and growing worse . . . until **JOHNS-MANVILLE** made an important discovery!

THE manager knew it. The door-men knew it. The ushers knew it. Even the organist knew it. Now the theatergoing public was fast becoming aware of it. What could they do?

Was the house *haunted*?

Why were seats 10 and 12—right there in 8th row center—always empty? What explained those weird areas of deserted seats that dotted the orchestra—and poked grim, silent faces through the darkness? Did ghosts walk up in the first balcony—third aisle over? Nobody ever sat there. Was deep, dark mystery in command? Is that why audiences grew smaller and smaller—box office

receipts dropped lower and lower?

Emphatically **NO!!**

The house wasn't haunted. Mystery did *not* prevail. Ghosts did *not* walk. A far more practical—and more serious—situation existed. The simple fact was that the acoustics in this theater were bad. People knew from sad experience that in certain seats, all over the house, they just could *not* hear.

This theater, like hundreds of others, was built for silent motion pictures. No requirements for good hearing existed when it was erected. But with the advent of sound movies, the acoustics were found faulty. Persons sitting in the 12th or 24th row might hear perfectly—those in the 18th row could distinguish nothing at all.

What was to be done?

What J-M Acoustical Engineers did in this case, they are doing in hundreds of theaters, churches, audito-

riums and public meeting halls all over the country. A complete acoustical diagnosis was made. They found too much reverberation. Sound was being reflected—"bounced" from wall to wall, back again.

Secondly, curved wall and ceiling surfaces were bringing reflected sound waves to a focus in the body of the house, creating an echo at such points.

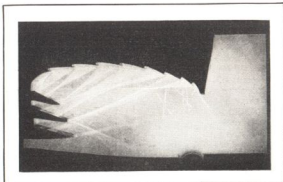
The solution was simple

J-M Sanacoustic Tile—a material high in absorptive qualities—was installed in vertical panels on the walls. Double pads were applied in every other panel. Reverberation was reduced immediately. Echoes were eliminated. Now all the seats in the house are equally good acoustically. Best of all, the theater is packed *daily*.

There are countless ways in which either noise *quieting* or acoustical *correction* helps business of every kind. Why not have a check of *your* business? Address Johns-Manville, 292 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

"SOUND poses for a picture . . ."

In studying the acoustics of all types of assembly halls J-M Engineers make use of a working model built to scale. By means of light rays, the actual hearing conditions present are reproduced. Resorting to Photo Echo Analysis, sound—and the distribution of sound—are then photographed. Actually sound "poses for a picture." This method is particularly useful in spotting "bad hearing" areas, locating echo surfaces.



At the left, you see an actual photograph of Sovno reproduced in an exact working model of a theater—side view. Note the reflected "echo" points.

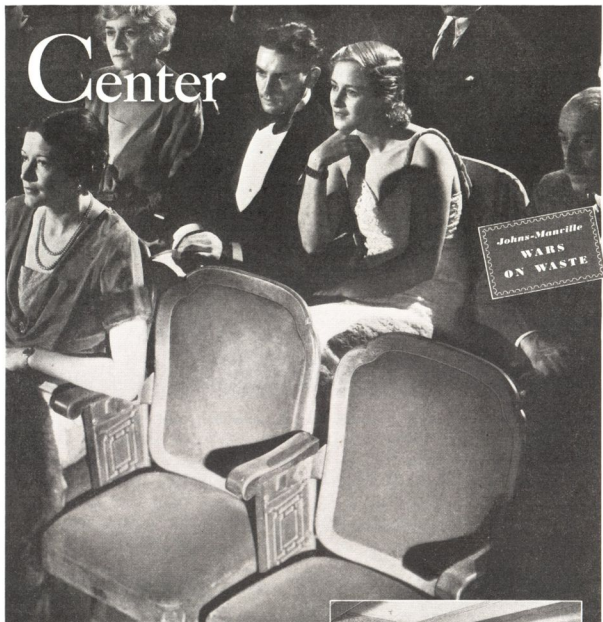
Main auditorium, Broad Street Presbyterian Church, Columbus, Ohio. After Johns-Manville Acoustical Treatment was installed, the congregation could hear perfectly.

"He always addressed the back door . . ."

There was the time—not long ago—when the Rev. J. Harry Cotton, pastor of the Broad Street Presbyterian Church at Columbus, Ohio, had to preach directly to the back door, turning neither to the right nor the left, lest the persons on the opposite side would not hear him. Echo was bad. During the evening service, it was almost impossible to make himself heard. Visiting preachers found it very difficult.

Since the installation of J-M Acoustical Treatment, all difficulty has been removed. One may stand and address a far corner and still be heard in the opposite side of the room. Echoes have disappeared. The congregation has expressed genuine satisfaction.





*"Studio L—notables find it
twice perfect . . ."*

Phil Cook, pictured at the right, is broadcasting under almost perfect conditions as he sits in "Studio L" at the National Broadcasting Co., New York City, and pours his famous ditties into the microphone. For "Studio L" not only has all the comforts of a fine drawing room, but, with it, an acoustical perfection that is unequaled. Artists, therefore, find it ideal from two standpoints. Johns-Manville Acoustical Materials are used throughout.

Here again J-M Acoustical Engineers have met the problem of the interior decorator with a material that gives desired acoustical value and, also, provides the base for a selected finish.

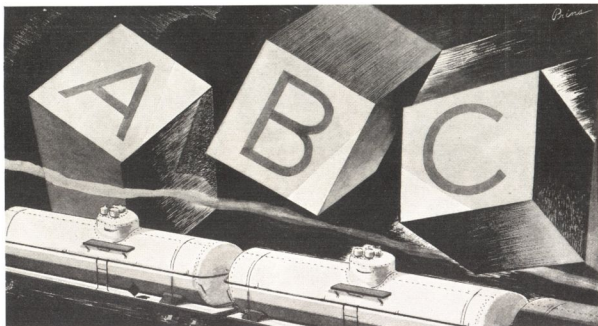


Johns-Manville



Controls HEAT, COLD, SOUND
Protects against FIRE AND WEATHER

THE A-B-C'S OF TANK CAR USES



MORE THAN seven hundred and fifty different commodities are being transported in bulk by tank cars alone. Below is a partial list... just the a-b-c's of tank car uses. Surely this list is conclusive evidence that "no matter what you are shipping General American can build a railroad freight car to carry it in bulk."

IN ADDITION to tank cars, General American builds every type of railroad freight car. It also leases to shippers a vast fleet of 50,000 cars (refrigerator, milk, express refrigerator, stock and tank), operates a large public terminal and an extensive European transportation system. Address Continental Illinois Bank Bldg., Chicago.

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AMMONIUM HYDROXIDE
AMYL ACETATE
AMYL ACETATE ETHER
AMYL ALCOHOL
AMYL HYDRATE
AMYLENE DICHLORIDE
ANHYDROUS AMMONIA
ANILINE
ANILINE OIL

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BEAN OIL
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BENZENE
BENZENE SULFONIC ACIDS
BENZINE
BENZOIC ACID
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BENZOIL HYDRIDE
BENZOL
BLACK FISH OIL
BLACK STRAP MOLASSES
BLAST FURNACE TAR PITCH

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CETYLACETIC ACID
CEYLON OIL
CHINA WOOD OIL
CHINESE BEAN OIL
CHLORETHANE
CHLORINE
CHLOROBENZENE
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CHLORO-METHANE
CITROUS FRUIT JUICES
CLEANERS' NAPHTHA
COACH VARNISH
COAL DISTILLATES

COAL NAPHTHA
COAL TAR NAPHTHA
COAL TAR PITCH
COCHIN OIL
COCONUT OIL
COD LIVER OIL
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GENERAL AMERICAN TANK CAR CORPORATION

"A RAILROAD FREIGHT CAR FOR EVERY NEED"

BUSINESS & FINANCE

Rate Upping

With gold flowing swiftly out of its vaults, last week Federal Reserve Bank of New York raised its rediscount rate to 3½%, a 1% advance from the rate established last fortnight and 2% higher than the rate which prevailed from May 8 to Oct. 9. Through losses of gold to foreign countries and to U. S. hoarders, the Federal Reserve System showed last week a 61.8% ratio of gold to deposit and notes outstanding against 67.1% the week before, 78.4% before England suspended gold payments Sept. 21. Legal minimum is 40%. In four weeks the U. S. lost \$649,000,000 in gold, largest monthly drain on record. Previous record was a loss of \$99,300,000 in June 1928. Last summer when Germany and England were experiencing like movements the Reichsbank lost \$247,000,000 in seven weeks, the Bank of England \$779,000,000 in a fortnight. If last week's rate of decline in the Reserve ratio were maintained the legal limit of 40% would be reached in the next four weeks. Were the legal minimum exceeded there would be a currency panic, even perhaps suspension of gold payments.

¶ So that Canadian banks may freely discharge their U. S. obligations, the Canadian Government last week prohibited the exportation of gold save under license. Restriction of gold exports will stabilize Canada's exchange, which has lately been at a discount.

Rescue Squad

National Credit Corp., cornerstone of President Hoover's Super Plan, began to function last week. Its twelve directors met for organization in the Federal Reserve Bank building in New York, elected officers, laid plans for smooth mechanical operation.

Elected board chairman was the largest man present, rotund George McClelland Reynolds of Chicago. Iowa-born 66 years ago, he is in his 51st year of banking. With his brother Arthur he built up the Continental Illinois Bank & Trust to fourth largest in the U. S., biggest outside New York. Famed as merger masters, the Brothers Reynolds accomplished their last coup in 1929 when their bank absorbed Illinois Merchants Trust Co., longtime stronghold of Ernest Hamill and John J. Mitchell.

New York Trust Company's Mortimer Norton Buckner was elected president of National Credit Corp., Daniel Gould Wing of Boston and Walter Winfred Smith of St. Louis vice presidents. Nelson S. Dearmont of New York became secretary & treasurer, the only officer not on the board.* After their meeting the directors

issued a long statement, promised the corporation would be ready to loan money within the week. Made public also was the news that within the past month New York banks had loaned \$100,000,000 to neighboring centres to prevent further difficulties. These loans will be considered part of their subscription to National Credit Corp. debentures.

National Credit Corp.'s directors enthused over a Treasury ruling made by

During the long bull market, the New York Stock Exchange became a focus of interest to tens of thousands of new small investors and speculators all over the land. Since taking over the presidency from Edward Henry Harriman Simmons in 1930, Mr. Whitney has not had time to travel so far & wide through the land making speeches as did his predecessor (only eight formal speeches in 16 months). But had he spoken last week in Houston or Minneapolis, Atlanta or Detroit, Denver, Seattle or San Francisco, he would have had thoroughly attentive audiences. The place where he did speak was in



Acme-P. & A.

BOSTON'S WING, CHICAGO'S REYNOLDS, MANHATTAN'S BUCKNER, ST. LOUIS'S SMITH

Mr. Mellon cleared their road to inflation.

Secretary Mellon last week. This decision permits banks to secure U. S. Government deposits by putting up Credit Corp. debentures instead of U. S. bonds and banks acceptances previously required. This will enable banks who need additional funds to keep their Government deposits but will release their bonds and acceptances which may then be taken to the Reserve, used as collateral for loans. It was the first important ramification of the President's Super Plan. It was more definitely inflation (creation of new credit) than anything yet done.

For the Defense

It is one thing when country editors yammer about the inequities of Wall Street. It is quite another thing when, with bond prices following stocks down the long declivity of Depression,* such influential people as the Republican leader of the U. S. Senate publicly play with the idea of regulating the New York Stock Exchange by law (TIME, Oct. 12).

Last week the Exchange's official voice, which nowadays comes out of the mouth of tall, plump, slick-black-haired President Richard Whitney, was heard in formal defense of that Exchange practice which has fired hottest current criticism: Short Selling.

*Suspended from the New York Stock Exchange last week for insolvency was Kountze Bros., 61-year-old conservative stock & bond firm. Of 13 Exchange members to fail in the past two years, Kountze Bros. was first to place the blame squarely on the declining bond market.

rock-ribbed Hartford, Conn., rich and conservative insurance and banking city. The gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce who sat before him in the auditorium of the Hartford Club represented a body of investors upon whose good opinion the welfare of New York stock-brokers depends heavily.

Stockbroker Whitney began carefully, quietly with the fundamentals and definitions of his subject. ("A short sale is nothing but a contract to deliver stock in the future.") He quoted the historic decision of the Supreme Court of the U. S., written by Liberal Associate Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes in 1905: "People will endeavor to forecast the future and to make agreements according to their prophecy. Speculation of this kind by competent men is the self-adjustment of society to the probable. . . . This court has upheld sales of stock for future delivery."

Then Broker Whitney rehearsed the practical value of short selling: it was a cushion under any market, since every short seller was a potential buyer. "This is especially true in times of crisis when other people hesitate to buy and the short sellers represent the purchasing power which prevents the market from becoming demoralized."

Then came some news. Taking up the situation of the Stock Exchange in the past few months, President Whitney produced Exchange figures never before made public, gave the actual size of the short interest. On May 25 it amounted to 5,589,000 shares, declined abruptly after the Hoover debt moratorium, rose to 4,480,000 shares

*The balance of the board: Livingston Erving Jones, president First National, Philadelphia; Arthur E. Braun, president Farmers Deposit National, Pittsburgh; John King Outley, president First National, Atlanta; Frank Barrow Anderson, chairman Bank of California; John Maffitt Miller Jr., First & Merchants National, Richmond; Edward Williams Decker, president Northwestern National; Walter Scott McLucas, chairman Commerce Trust Co., Kansas City; Nathan Adams, First National, Dallas.

on Sept. 11, stood at only 4,241,000 on Sept. 18. At its peak in May the short interest was 4% of the 1,305,516,000 shares listed on the Exchange. The long account carried by brokers on the same date was estimated at 59,000,000 shares or 10½ times the short account. These long accounts were the immediate selling threat in the market, the short account the only compulsory buying power.

This was the situation on Sept. 21 when the Governing Committee of the Exchange met at 9:15 a. m. to consider what steps to take. England had abandoned the gold standard, every Exchange in Europe had closed except the Paris Bourse (TIME, Sept. 28). Two tried courses were open to the Governors: 1) to close the Exchange (as was done for a few days in 1873, again for several months in 1914), or 2) to establish minimum prices—a course which had worked well on the reopening of the Exchange in the autumn of the War year. Neither suited the emergency of last month. The Governors decided on a third expedient never before tried in the history of the Exchange. Short-selling was forbidden.

This immediately had the expected effect of bringing into play the 4,241,000-share short interest which rushed in to cover its commitments. Prices rebounded. But in the following days the Governors watched the exhaustion of the short interest with alarm. In two days it decreased 1,079,000 shares. On Sept. 23 it was deemed essential to remove the restrictions, again permit short-selling, create a source of buying power. Although this was done the short interest did not

increase rapidly enough to offset real liquidation. Prices declined sharply until Oct. 5 but the Exchange held its ground, made no further move.

President Whitney closed his speech with some remarks on the unpopular "bear



STOCKBROKER WHITNEY.
He pleaded for a cushion.

raider." He defined this species as one who sells stock "not because he believes the stock is too high, but because he believes that by selling quickly and in great volume he can force the price to decline." Stung by the accusation that "bear raid-

ers" were responsible for the last decline in the market Mr. Whitney gave figures to disprove it. On Sept. 21 the short interest of 3,697,000 shares was held in 9,366 accounts, averaged 400 shares each. "Transactions of the vast majority of these people," he said, "could not by any stretch of the imagination be called 'bear raiding.' . . . The exchange is absolutely opposed to 'bear raiding' and has used and will continue to use all of its power to stop this practice."

Earnings

An important business index which has long made gloomy reading showed a sudden turnaround last week. Carloadings (for the week ended Oct. 3) came to 777,837 cars, an increase of 39,808 from the preceding week and the highest of the year. Previous 1931 top was 775,291 for the week ended May 2.

While businessmen hoped this might mark a delayed autumn movement of goods, their main attention last week was devoted to scanning nine-month earnings reports. American Telephone & Telegraph showed \$128,465,000 against \$123,450,000 in the same period last year. This was the most the company has ever earned for three quarters, but the showing was made possible only by the first half results. The third quarter earnings were \$39,346,000 against \$41,653,000 last year and came to \$2.12 a share against a \$2.25 dividend requirement.

Other companies which had reported their third quarters by last week included:

	(000's omitted)	
	1931	1930
American Chicle	\$ 527	\$ 616
Atlantic Refining	1,741	2,025
Auburn Automobile	977	178
Beecham Packing	444	738
Curtis Publishing	2,869	3,636
General Electric	9,873	13,889
Industrial Rayon	333	362
Johns-Manville	261	1,201
Lehigh Valley Coal	26	183
Matheson Alkali	387	489
Motor Products Corp.	514	15
Nash	1,900*	1,772*
Otis Elevator	1,171	2,022
Peoples Gas Light & Coke ..	1,159	1,356
Sangamo Electric	335	286
Scott Paper	235	251
Seagrave Corp.	1d	35d
Union Oil	3,500	8,600
United Biscuit	481	555
United Fruit	264	1,364
Western Union	1,276	1,950
White Rock	795	525
Zonite	232	219

Italian Lines

Three weeks ago Steamship Row heard of a big Italian shipping merger more closely knit than the British and German pooling agreements. Officials of two transatlantic Italian lines refused to comment. Giuseppe Cosulich in New York said he had heard nothing about it. Rome despatches last week confirmed the rumors. A new company, Italian Lines, was formed with capital of 800,000,000 lire. Banca Commerciale took a 42½% interest. Credito Marittimo 40%; the remaining 18% was divided between the shipping companies:

*Three months ended Aug. 31.

d—deficit.

†Nine months.

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Correspondence is invited and your inquiries will receive careful attention by any of the five subsidiary companies of the United States Steel Corporation listed below:

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Cold Rolled Strip Steel, Wire and Wire Products

CARNEGIE STEEL COMPANY, Pittsburgh
Bars, Plates, Shapes, Special and Semi-Finished Products

ILLINOIS STEEL COMPANY, Chicago
Bars, Plates, Shapes, Special and Semi-Finished Products

NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY, Pittsburgh
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❑ **AUTOMOTIVE and AERONAUTIC**—For exhauster shells, hub caps, lamps, bumpers, moldings, polished parts and fittings, hardware and trim, airplane parts and instruments.

❑ **MANUFACTURING and INDUSTRIAL**—Machinery and furnace parts, dampers, fans, preheaters, pumps, conveyors, turbine blades, nozzles, plungers, and machinery specialties.

❑ **CHEMICAL**—Vats, tanks, stills, digesters, condensers, towers, paper and pulp manufacturing equipment, circulation systems, and laboratory apparatus.

❑ **OIL REFINING**—Bubble caps, still tubes, blowings, heat exchangers, ducts, containers, tanks, agitators, and solvent refining equipment.

❑ **FOOD HANDLING**—Pasteurizers, tables, hospital and hotel kitchen equipment, restaurant fixtures, cafeteria trays, food processing and dairy machinery and accessories, ice cream and milk containers and utensils.

❑ **ARCHITECTURAL**—Structural members and supports, hinges and hardware, decorative metal emblems, fishmongers, flat surface facings, moldings, doors, grilles, panels, and ornamental work.

❑ **HOME APPLIANCES**—Kitchen equipment, cooking and eating utensils, furniture, cabinets, electrical appliances, sinks, plumbing fittings, stoves, ranges, and tubs.

❑ **MISCELLANEOUS**—Packing house equipment, soda fountain counters and fixtures, display cases, laminated, handles, hooks, trays, gall chairs, skates, snow boards, metallic mirrors, laundry machinery, tank cars, railway cut parts and fittings, and many other uses where beauty and resistance to corrosion are important factors.



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

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1931

FANS, MOTORS, HAND AND ELECTRIC HOISTS AND CRANES

Navigazione Generale Italiana, 19 ships; Lloyd Sabaudo, ten ships; Cosulich, 22 ships. Senator Guglielmo Marconi was in line for presidency of the company which will control 412,761 gross tons. Guiding hand in the deal, which not all the companies welcomed: Benito Mussolini.

Brazil's Half-Billion

Brazil, whose wealth lies in her aromatic coffee beans, over-produced them abundantly and is now busy destroying them (TIME, July 13). In the past 44 years she has sold 25 bond issues abroad, most of them payable in pounds, French francs or dollars. Last week her consul general in New York, Sebastiao Sampaio, announced his country had suspended cash interest payments on about \$500,000,000 of this external debt. Cash will continue to be paid on only three small issues, all payable in pounds. U. S. investors hold about \$152,000,000 of the bonds, purchased through syndicates headed by Dillon, Read & Co. For the next three years investors will have to content themselves with scrip issued in lieu of cash. The scrip will bear interest at 5%, was divided into two classes; first half redeemable in 20 years, remainder in 40 years.

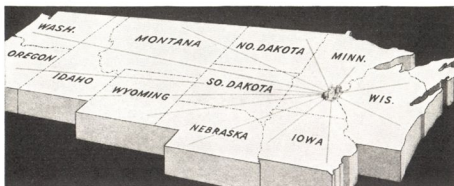
In Atlantic City

Fortnight ago Atlantic City was filled with convening members of the American Bankers Association, its papers filled with their inconsequential doings & speeches. Hardly had the A. B. A. evacuated the city when banks again became a thing to talk about there. Overnight came the startling news that 14 of the city's banks were consolidating into four major groups, that one of the two remaining banks would be included later. Invited to take part but anxious to remain independent was Boardwalk National (\$2,850,000 in assets), only institution situated on the famed promenade.

Great secrecy surrounded the merger conferences. Members of the U. S. and New Jersey Banking Departments took part. Citizens of Atlantic City give credit for the plan to popular John Champion Slape of Atlantic City National Bank, oldest in the city.

The consolidations will leave the following as Atlantic City's four big banks: Guarantee Trust Co.; Equitable Trust Co.; Atlantic City National; Chelsea-Second National. The ten taken-over banks will become branch offices. The bank to merge later is Bankers Trust Co., whose president, State Senator Emerson L. Richards did not return from Europe in time to take part in the arrangements.

Other Cities. In Philadelphia, where a bad banking situation has existed since Bankers Trust Co. failed last December, a run began last week on some branches of Integrity Trust Co., with about \$50,000,000 in deposits. Twelve Philadelphia institutions promptly pledged their aid. Within the next several days sentiment rapidly improved and it was evident that the storm had passed. Meanwhile, Secretary of Banking Dr. William D. Gordon obtained the co-operation of John A. McCarthy, officer of Real Estate Trust Co. to help liquidate three closed banks. He was licensed as a private banker.



Territory Served by the Northwest Bancorporation

2840 Officers and Employees— AND EVERY ONE A STOCKHOLDER

NO GREATER confidence in their organization and its future and in the soundness of group banking could be presented than this amazing fact—100% of the officers and employees of the Northwest Bancorporation and its affiliated banking units own stock in the enterprise with which they are associated.

They know the wealth, the diversified natural resources, the varied industries that make up this great area of eight states. They know the enormous output of dairy and other agricultural products. They know that 87% of the iron ore; 25% of the copper and lead; 20% of the zinc; 24% of the gold; and 36% of the silver produced in the United States come from the

area served by this banking group of 138 financial institutions.

This 100% stock ownership by officers and employees is of vital importance to executives of companies doing business in the Northwest. It reflects a loyalty and enthusiastic support—a spirit to co-operate to the utmost in serving the interests of those who through the Northwest Bancorporation find an opportunity to meet their financial requirements in the Northwest territory.

We invite your correspondence that we may explain more in detail how this bank group can serve efficiently your individual requirements. Address the Northwest Bancorporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota.



NORTHWEST BANCORPORATION

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

BancNorthwest Company—Investment Securities Division

to buy certain assets from the closed banks, will soon be paying \$6,764,000 (20%) to 125,884 deprived depositors.

In Youngstown, Ohio, City Trust & Savings Bank and Dollar Savings & Trust Co. announced permanent closing. Under the same management as the Dollar, First National closed pending a merger with Commercial National and Mahoning National.

In Manhattan, indictments on misdemeanor charges were issued against Joseph A. Broderick, State Superintendent of Banks, and 28 officers and directors of defunct Bank of United States. Mr. Broderick was named in three charges of neglect of duty and conspiracy in keeping the bank open. Asked if he would demand Superintendent Broderick's resignation, Governor Franklin Delano Roosevelt said: "Certainly not, I have every confidence in his complete integrity."

Personnel

Last week the following were news:

Edward E. Shumaker, president of **R. C. A.-Victor Co.**, presented his resignation, to take effect Jan. 1. He is 50, long planned to retire at that age.

Major General George Sabin Gibbs who retired as Chief Signal Officer of the **U. S. Army** to become a vice president of **International Telephone & Telegraph Corp.** (TIME, July 13), was made president of **Postal Telegraph-Cable Co.**, succeeding newly-weed **Clarence Hungerford Mackay** who becomes board chairman. General Gibbs's record in the Army was long and active. He entered the service in 1898 as a private in the 51st Iowa Infantry. In 1900, after participating in 28 Spanish War skirmishes & engagements, he was made a first lieutenant, signal officer. He served several years in Alaska and Cuba in the construction of military telegraph lines. For his work in the Signal Corps during the War he was decorated by five governments. In 1923 he supervised replacing the Washington-Alaska submarine cable, a difficult operation. Before his election to Postal's presidency last week, he made a tour of inspection of the company's system. His task in Postal will be a difficult one. Although the company has become extremely aggressive, it has not demonstrated any real earning power since it was organized in 1928 to combine the Mackay system under I. T. & T. direction. It failed to cover its bond interest for the first half of the year, pays no dividend on its preferred. Its entire common stock is held by International Telephone & Telegraph Co.

Florenz Ziegfeld was named vice president and art director of **Golding Fabrics Corp.** President of the company is **Edwin I. Golding**, oldtime silkman, onetime president of **Stiehl Fabrics Corp.** Treasurer is **Herbert Bleyer**, past president of **Doucet & Cie**. In the trade Silkman Golding is known as a "superior salesman." The new company will have for its slogan: "Glorifying the American Girl." It will stress designs for a special type of woman. If the woman thinks she looks like a member of the Ziegfeld chorus she will easily find her dress, for each label will give the name of the Zig wearing that model. One store in each city will have

a franchise for handling Golding dresses. The company will engage "leading American artists" to design its frocks, has not revealed their names.

John Albert Droege, general manager and vice president of **New York, New Haven & Hartford R.R.** resigned. He was with the New Haven since 1904, started work as a telegrapher for the B. & O. in 1880.

Car Cartel?

Many a U. S. automobile executive, including Charles Franklin Kettering of General Motors Corp., was in Paris last week for the international motor show. But André Citroën, leading French motor-maker, was in Manhattan. He attended a luncheon given for him by the directors of National Automobile Chamber of Commerce. Toastmaster was G. M.'s **Alfred Pritchard Sloan Jr.**; guests included young **Errett Lobban Cord** of spectacular Auburn Automobile Co.; **William Crapo Durant** of Durant Motors, Inc.; **Charles Michael**



ANDRÉ CITROËN

... gave U. S. motormen something to ponder.

Schwab, Stutz investor; and many another concerned with automotive affairs.

All motormen at the luncheon listened attentively to what M. Citroën had come to say: let there be an international cartel to limit production, eliminate too stiff world competition. Members of it would be the five biggest motormaking nations: the U. S. (80% of world production), France, England, Canada and Germany. Since many U. S. companies find in exports their margin of profit, and since the U. S. has lost ground abroad during the past two years, such a cartel might not be repugnant to big U. S. producers. . . .

Tariff walls and Depression have been the obstacles in the way of automobile exports. A clear example is in Australia. The tariff there is practically prohibitive to U. S. makers, but the Depression is so great that few sales could be made even were the cars admitted. During the first seven months new car sales in Australia came to 901 against 2,862 in the same period of 1930, and dealers looked forward to further decreases.

During the first eight months, exports of passenger cars (complete or chassis) came to 65,463 or 3.9% of total U. S. production. For the same time last year the figures were 122,692 and 5.4%. The August figures were 5,563 cars against 7,956 and 3.6% against 4,336. The production of the 67 U. S. assembly plants in foreign countries (including 13 in Canada) is not yet known but has probably decreased almost as much as exports. Biggest buyer in August was the Union of South Africa, second biggest was Belgium, a distribution point for nearby stations.

In suggesting a car cartel, M. Citroën said he did not propose to start an invasion of the U. S. market, merely wanted "a binding agreement which would prevent competition in such severe form that manufacturers would suffer." If it should materialize, the cartel would necessitate the formation of an export association in the U. S., could not affect competition in the domestic market.

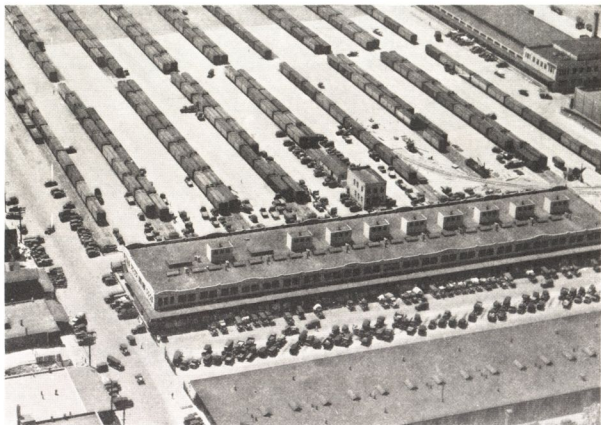
No U. S. motormen commented publicly on M. Citroën's proposal. Directorates must ponder and decide.

Deals & Developments

Formality. A long awaited formality took place last week: Bethlehem Steel Corp. cancelled its contract to purchase Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co. The first suggestion for a definite program was begun in February 1930. There followed a long legal battle which was still being fought last week. The struggle marked the deflation of Cyrus Stephen Eaton who opposed the deal, tied up his resources in so doing. It ruined the health of big 77-year-old James Anson Campbell who two years ago resigned Youngstown's presidency, became chairman. It caused the suicide of Leroy A. Manchester, counsel for Youngstown, who shot himself a half an hour before he was to testify. It was marked by the sudden deaths of Myron Arms Wick, a leading Youngstown steel man and a participant in the struggle, and of Elmer Theodore McCleary, an Eaton man who had just been named president of Republic Steel Corp.

While the struggle was going on, Depression came and markets broke. Bethlehem Steel last week sold at \$27 against \$105 when the deal was proposed, Youngstown sold at \$21 against \$150. Bethlehem's \$6 dividend was reduced to \$2 while Youngstown's \$5 payment was passed. The exchange ratio was to have been one and one-third shares of Bethlehem for one of Youngstown.

Sale. Burly, aggressive Patrick H. Joyce, president of Chicago Great Western Railroad has made a good job of his 1,495-mi. line. Last year its net operating revenue was better than in 1929. For the first eight months of this year it has done 14% better than in the same period of 1930. Railroad men were excited by another aggressive Joycean move last week. From Allegheny Corp. (Van Sweringen holding company), C. G. W. bought a 20% interest in Kansas City Southern, indicating another possible Chicago-Gulf route. At last week's market prices the K. C. S. stock had a value of about \$1,500,000 against the \$10,000,000 paid for it in 1929 by the brothers Van Sweringen.



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A \$50,000,000
MARKET BASKET

Laden with the products of orchards, gardens, and farms some 220 miles of freight trains each year roll into the city where Ohio's largest national bank has its home.

More than \$50,000,000 is the total annual grocery bill of Northern Ohio for fresh fruits and vegetables. And more than 95 per cent of these are distributed through Cleveland's nationally known food terminal — the only one in the United States co-operating fully with the United States Department of Agriculture to furnish Federal inspection on all cars received.

Shippers and commission merchants, as well as retail dealers all over Northern Ohio, find in Cleveland's food terminal the most advanced facilities for speeding and simplifying the distribution of perishable food products. They find in the Central United National Bank of Cleveland an equally advanced type of assistance in handling the financial or credit details of distribution.

If you have occasion to consider Cleveland as a distribution point, whether for food products or other commodities, the Central United National Bank will be glad to discuss with you the ways in which this bank can serve you.



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NAME _____

POSITION _____

(PLEASE ATTACH YOUR BUSINESS LETTERHEAD)

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

Ill lay: **John McEntee Bowman**, 56, president of Bowman Biltmore Hotels Corp., in Manhattan, following an operation for gallstones; **William Henry Meadowcroft**, 78, longtime assistant and confidential secretary to the late **Thomas Alva Edison** (see p. 52), in West Orange, N. J.; **Brand Whitlock**, 62, onetime U. S. Ambassador to Belgium, in Brussels, of pleurisy; **Charles A. Penn**, 62, vice president of American Tobacco Co., in Manhattan, of a gall bladder complication contracted at Reidsville, N. C., whence he was removed in a private car with two specialists and nurses; **John Rushworth, Earl Jellicoe**, 71, commander of the British Fleet at the Battle of Jutland, in Cowes, Isle of Wight, of bronchitis; **Cinemactress Patsy Ruth Miller**, 26, in Hollywood, of an intestinal disorder contracted in Tahiti; **Arthur Hammerstein**, 55, theatrical producer, in Manhattan, of a bladder ailment.

Said Cinemactor **Charles Spencer Chaplin** in London: "What I should really like above everything else would be to stand for Parliament."

The \$1,000,000 suit brought by **Muriel Johnston**, nightclub entertainer, against **Adele Ryan**, granddaughter of the late **Thomas Fortune Ryan**, for alienating the affections of her husband, **Robert Johnston**, was settled out of court in Manhattan, reputedly for \$40,000. After the suit was filed, Johnston was drowned with several others when their sloop foundered in Long Island Sound.

Fishing from a yacht tender off Los Angeles, **Julian Eltinge**, female impersonator, struck a 190-lb. marlin swordfish, played it for nearly two hours, finally landed it. In the bottom of the boat the swordfish lashed violently, wounded **Actor Eltinge** in the abdomen, inflicted cuts upon other members of the party. **Actor Eltinge** was hurried to a hospital for an operation by **Dr. Earl C. O'Donnell**, one of his companions, who had been cut on the hand by the swordfish. Afterwards **Dr. O'Donnell** discovered that he had contracted bloodpoisoning.

Asa Keyes, former district attorney of Los Angeles County, was released from San Quentin prison after serving 19 months of a one-to-14 year term. He was convicted of conspiracy to receive a bribe in connection with **Julian Petroleum Corp.** stock fraud prosecution. Home again in Los Angeles he announced a friend had given him a job selling Fords.

Frederick S. Moody Jr., husband of **Tennis Champion Helen Wills Moody**, sailed from Manhattan on the *S. S. President Coolidge* on her maiden voyage, in charge of the shipboard branch office of **William Cavalier & Co.**, brokers. At San Francisco **Mrs. Moody** will board the ship, sail to the Orient to play in invitation tournaments.

In Manhattan traffic court **Mrs. Archibald B. Roosevelt** paid a \$2 fine for illegal parking. Afterward, at her request, attendants showed her the office occupied by her father-in-law, the late **Theodore Roosevelt**, when he was New York City Police Commissioner.

President **William Allan Neilson** of **Smith College** took from **Eleanor A. Lamont**, **Smith senior**, a shiny pair of scissors and snipped through a broad white ribbon, thus officially opening a new little bridge, donated by **Miss Lamont's** mother **Mrs. Thomas W. Lamont**, Morgan-partner wife, leading from the **Smith campus** to a new athletic field across **small Paradise Lake**. Then all the **Smith undergraduates** marched over the bridge in **gymnasium costumes**, deployed, romped at field games.

Variety, theatrical trade paper, canvassed 200 Chicagoans in all walks of life to identify a list of 125 publicized names. Only **John Barrymore** and **Joan Crawford** were correctly identified by all. Less than half knew who are **Wilhelm von Hohenzollern**, **Arthur Brisbane**, **Charles Evans Hughes**, **Henry Louis Mencken**. **Yehudi Menuhin** and **Charles Michael Schwab** were recognized by 37%; **Walter Sherman Gifford** by 19%; **Oswald Garrison Villard** by 7%. **Andrew William Mellon** was identified by five as Secretary of State, by others as Secretary of War, a Congressman, Minister to England. Other replies: **Sinclair Lewis**, orchestra leader, Senator, oil tycoon; **Vincent Astor**, actor, author, member of Parliament; **Albert Einstein**, violinist, Englishman, film director; **Mayo Brothers**, circus performers, circus owners, gangsters, comedians.

President **Earle Westwood Sinclair** of **Sinclair Consolidated Oil Corp.**, brother of Oilman **Harry Ford Sinclair** was announced as one of this year's **Cyrus Fogg Brackett** lecturers at **Princeton University**.

In Manhattan, 28-year-old **St. Paul Socialite Francis J. Ward** was sentenced to 30 days in the work house for driving while intoxicated. The charge grew out of a collision between his car and a taxi in which were riding famed tennis player **Molla Bjurstedt Mallory** (who got three teeth knocked out, a broken nose) and her husband, **Franklin Mallory** (who suffered a fractured skull, broken ankle, internal injuries). Attorney for the Mallorys, advocating a jail sentence, cited similar difficulties which had befallen **Socialite Ward** in California, Paris.

Author **Herbert George Wells** arrived in Manhattan to "sit on the proofs" of his forthcoming book and visit a few U. S. cities. Of **Scot MacDonald** he said to newsmen: "I have no very great admiration for him. He is a very self-conscious and theatrical person." Of **George Bernard Shaw**, and the latter's recent speeches on the U. S. and Capitalism: "I don't think I ought to interfere with the processes of Mr. Shaw's soul."

ANIMALS

Old Geese

One James S. Morrow, farmer near Warren, Ohio, last week averred that Dolly and Polly, two wild geese he owns, are more than 117 years old. Ornithologists found such age incredible although they know little concerning the life span of wild creatures.

The Morrow family has letters indicating that William Garberson, a great-grandfather, captured the geese on a millpond in 1814. A local atlas 50 years old contains a picture of wild geese owned by Mathew McKinstry, grandfather. The birds were handed down generation to generation. When Farmer Morrow got them six years ago there were five in the



B. R. McIntyre

DOLLY & POLLY

Aged 117 (?), they take turns.

flock but one of them died in transit, another died in a barnyard accident and a third escaped.

The remaining two are larger than the average Canadian wild goose. They retain full plumage. They take annual turns laying eggs, one resting while the other produces.

Bagged Lions

The Manchester *Guardian* quoted "the editor of one of the earliest of South African newspapers" on how to bag lions in the Kalahari Desert, as follows: "The Kalahari is principally composed of sand and lions. First sift the sand through a large sieve, when only the lions will remain. These you place in a bag carried for the purpose."

Cat Control?

An Angora cat which climbed a Manhattan tree last week for the first time in its life and then did not know how to get down caused police much trouble and cat-haters much glee.

The Angora's owner is one Harold Mallard. He carried it across busy streets into a park where it is the cat's habit to stroll at the end of a leash. The cat saw a squirrel, leaped from Mr. Mallard's arms, chased the squirrel 30 ft. up a poplar. The squirrel ran down. But the cat feared to follow, yowled until police came with ladders.

The incident delighted the International Cat Society, which met in Manhattan that evening. The Society wants to kill the

YOU'VE HELPED ME NONE...
YOU'VE COST ME PLENTY!
SO OUT YOU GO, MR. WATER-THIN!



● Help? Mr. Water-thin doesn't know the meaning of the word. But when it comes to wasting your money—that's different! Mr. Water-thin is an old hand at that.

● For Mr. Water-thin is the quart or more of thin, waste oil that ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of motor oil. A quart so light-bodied that it's useless in a motor—but a quart that costs as much as a good one. It's so lacking in body and stamina that Quaker State engineers have dubbed it "water-thin".

● "Water-thin" defies ordinary refining methods. But Quaker State refining—the most modern in the industry—gets every last bit of it out. For Quaker State has developed a special, costly process that removes "water-thin"—a process that has but one purpose, the removal of this useless waste.

● And is it really worth while to remove "water-thin"? Certainly it is! For Quaker State replaces this stuff with the richest lubricant that ever

went into a crankcase. Quaker State gives you four full quarts of lubricant to the gallon, instead of three quarts and a quart of waste. So you really get an extra quart of lubrication. And that's why Quaker State is the largest-selling Pennsylvania Oil in the world!

● Quaker State is made entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Quaker State is so free from impurities that it doesn't require acid treatment in refining. That's important! For acids tend to destroy some of an oil's oiliness.

● You will see the familiar green and white Quaker State sign in front of every fourth filling station. Drive up and fill up to-day. It costs 35 cents per quart (a little more in Canada and at some points in the West) and by the mile it's the shrewdest oil bargain you ever made. For in every gallon of Quaker State there's an extra quart of the finest lubricant that ever took the fight out of heat, friction and wear!

THERE'S AN EXTRA QUART OF LUBRICATION IN EVERY GALLON

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MOTOR OIL



S C I E N C E

78,000,000 stray cats in the U. S., to have the remaining 42,000,000 others licensed. New York and California laws permit the shooting of cats. Coral Gables, Fla. requires the belling of household cats. No community requires licensing.

Mr. Mallard's practice of controlling his Angora by a leash, a common practice in Manhattan, had the Society's approval. His domesticated Angora's chasing the squirrel was a pat example of the Society's strongest argument—that cats are killers. It suggested better than words the late John Burrough's contention that each cat in the U. S. kills on the average 50 birds a year. And it made unnecessary a photograph the society sought to take last week of a house cat stalking a stuffed bird rubbed with stale fish.

Death of a Titan

Thomas Alva Edison died last week. His practical intelligence was a monument in his century. Thousands of obituaries were published. Some facts about Thomas Alva Edison:

¶ He was born in a brick house at Milan, Ohio, on Feb. 11, 1847.

¶ At 12, he was a newsboy. At the age when he might have been in college, he was touring most of the U. S., on trains and on foot, restlessly acquiring knowledge.

¶ He published a unique newspaper on a train, learned telegraphy in two months,

got a job with the Western Union, went to Canada in 1864, then to Indianapolis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Memphis.

¶ In Memphis, he thought up his first invention—a telegraphic repeater. Jealous, the manager of the Memphis office discharged Inventor Edison. Edison, because he had no money, walked back to Louisville (\$80 mi.).

¶ Once he planned to sail for South America. When he reached New Orleans, the boat had gone. Edison returned to Cincinnati, there perfected his first patented invention—a chemical voting record machine for the House of Representatives, which Congress never used.

¶ At 24, he went to Manhattan, secured the backing that enabled him, five years later, to set up his workshop, at Orange, N. J.

¶ An artist in essentials, Inventor Edison was absent-minded, often unkempt, given to laconic epigrams, careless about money. Having accepted "thirty thousand" for a new kind of transmitter bought by a British company, he was astonished at being paid in pounds, not dollars. He afterward received this letter from George Bernard Shaw: "I have the honor, sir, to inform you that you have now destroyed all the privacy in Great Britain."

¶ Patience, perseverance were the virtues he most prized. To a youthful job-seeker he said: "Never look at the clock." Of inventions, he remarked: "You can't give it to them too fast."

¶ Among the things he invented, wholly or partly, were: moving pictures, the phonograph, the carbon telephone transmitter, the microphone, the mimeograph, an alkaline storage battery, the incandescent light (his favorite).

¶ So great was his prestige that when, in 1917 he became head of an advisory board of civilian inventors to meet conditions of warfare on land and sea, it was confidently expected that he would find a way rendering enemy submarines harmless. Inventor Edison was still pondering ways to combat submarines when the war ended.

¶ A confirmed agnostic (see p. 22), he confronted death with equanimity tinged by curiosity. His personal physician, Dr. Hubert S. Howe, who with the second Mrs. Edison, was present during his last illness, revealed two utterances which interrupted the coma of Edison's last days. Said Dr. Howe: "When asked if he believed in immortality, he answered briefly, 'No.' A few days before he passed away, he was sitting in his chair apparently enjoying a pleasant dream. Suddenly opening his eyes . . . his face illuminated with a smile, he said: 'It is very beautiful over there.'"

After his death, while his corpse lay in a bronze, glass-topped coffin over which Edison employees stood guard, tributes to a unique personality, a magnificent and strange intelligence, came from all over the world. Henry Ford and Harvey Samuel Firestone, his closest friends, made plans to attend his funeral at East Orange, N. J. Said Henry Ford: "It has sometimes been said that we live in an

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EMCO Onion Skin

industrial age. It might better be said we live in the age of Edison . . . in many ways, the greatest man since the world began. . . ." Said Harvey Firestone: "Mr. Edison, we all know, had the greatest mind of any man in our generation. . . ."

President Hoover sent a note of condolence to Mrs. Mina Edison which said: "Mr. Edison . . . made the whole world his debtor. I mourn his passing not only as one of the greatest men our nation has produced but as a personal friend. . . ." Pope Pius XI cabled Cardinal Hayes to present his condolences to the inventor's family. Edison had once sent him a dictating machine, received a letter of thanks and a gold medal.

Noble, Not Nobel

Last week when announcements of Nobel Prizes were imminent, a despatch from the Michigan College of Mining & Technology at Houghton, Mich. gave the startling information: "Corbin T. Eddy of Michigan Tech has been awarded the Alfred Nobel Prize for Science in the newly established Junior division for men under 30. . . ." No one had ever heard of any extension of the Prizes which the late Alfred Bernhard Nobel (1833-96) of Sweden established for eminence in Physics, Chemistry, Medicine, Literature and Peace.

The Michigan announcement contained a spelling mistake. Mr. Eddy, 27, assistant professor and head of the physical metallurgy division at Michigan Tech had won a new and confusing Alfred Noble Memorial Prize. Alfred Noble (1844-1914) was an able civil engineer, a builder of one of the five Sault Ste. Marie Canal locks, a builder of bridges across the Harlem and Mississippi rivers, an adviser on construction of the Panama Canal, a winner of the John Fritz and Elliott Cresson medals for engineering achievement. Several years after Engineer Noble died, five great U. S. engineering societies* jointly honored his memory. They sought \$100,000, collected \$20,000—insufficient for an imposing monument, yet enough to provide a \$500 prize for any of their members not over 30 who should write the best technical paper for one of their journals. Thus the engineers' prize somewhat corresponds to the chemists' \$1,000 prize for bright young men or women offered this year by Dr. Arthur Comings Langmuir and won by Professor Linus Carl Pauling of California Institute of Technology (TIME, Aug. 31).

Professor Eddy's winning essay was on "Arsenic Elimination in the Reverberatory Refining of Native Copper." When the prices of copper and silver (which are often found in copper ores) are high, it is economic to separate the metals from intrusive materials by electrolysis. But when prices are as low as they are now (last week: copper, 7¢ per lb., and silver, 30¢ per oz.), copper mines and refineries must be shut down or copper reduction must be accomplished more cheaply. Professor Eddy pointed out ways of cheapening production.

*American Society of Civil Engineers, American Society of Mechanical Engineers, American Institute of Mining & Metallurgical Engineers, American Institute of Electrical Engineers, Western Society of Engineers.

Why suffer with aching muscles?

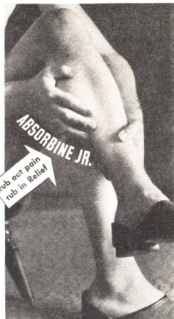
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WHEN arm, leg, neck or back muscles are painfully stiff and sore those aching muscles need a fresh supply of blood to flush out congested impurities and take the soreness away.

In Absorbine Jr., you will find wonderful, comforting ease. The moment you start rubbing it on the ailing parts, you can tell by that glowing warmth in the muscles that it is getting results. And as you continue to massage, the muscles lose their tautness, and as they relax, the throbbing pain disappears.

This is because Absorbine Jr. is a safe "rubefacient." Doctors will tell you that it helps to stir up sluggish circulation and thereby relieve the sore congestion in muscles. Since Absorbine Jr. will not blister, it can be used with massage and so brings *double-acting* relief from muscular aches and pains.

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



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B O O K S *

Fowler on Fallon

THE GREAT MOUTHPIECE, A LIFE STORY OF WILLIAM J. FALLON—Gene Fowler—Covici, Friede (\$3).†

Most people liked the late Bill Fallon, but not even his bitterest friend ever called him unco guid. Author Fowler has put this sensationally journalistic biography of the lately dead (1927) Manhattan lawyer into the form of a novel; it reads like a super-Sunday-supplement-story.

Bill Fallon's father was an Irish contractor who prospered in Tammany-run Manhattan, gave his son a college education at Fordham. There Bill was popular with his peers, well-thought-of by his preceptors, and constantly on the edge of trouble. With a winning disposition, brazen effrontery, an excellent memory and a gift of the gab, he naturally turned

became legal mouthpiece to the underworld (Arnold Rothstein, Nicky Arnstein), stage-door playboy (Gertrude Vanderbilt, Peggy Hopkins Joyce). A brilliant improviser, he defended his cases with very little preparation; but, when it was necessary he could digest four technical books on gynecology in one night. In court he was the perennial schoolboy who plagued the judge to win the jury. His carelessly superior air drove opposing lawyers wild. Defending a well-ankled blackmailer, he won her first trial by exposing as much of her legs as possible to the jury; won the next one by having a fence built around the witness chair, then pretending the prosecution had done it to hide her legs.

Fallon made money by the fistful but could not keep his fingers closed. He grew increasingly fond of liquor & women. Married, with two children, he would not handle divorce cases because of his Roman Catholic faith. Outside of that he would defend almost any criminal against almost any charge. He lived more & more wildly, grew less & less careful of legal ethics. Finally Hearst's New York *American* discovered evidence that Fallon had bribed a juror. In the ensuing trial, Fallon electrified the court by announcing he had in his pocket birth certificates of two illegitimate children of a certain cinemactress whom he linked with Hearst. Said Hearst (according to Fowler) when a worried *American* editor called him by long distance: "Well, then, you won't be in doubt as to what your headline will be for tomorrow's paper." In his defense Fallon made his supreme effort, put on his best show. The jury acquitted him, but his career was over. Less than three years later he was dead of a hemorrhage and heart-attack brought on by excessive drinking.

The Author. Around tall, big-eared Gene Fowler, 40, legends of newspaper life hang like tin balls on a Christmas tree. Newsmen love to relate how he left the *Denver Post* and made his way to Manhattan in 1917 by escorting the body of an old woman shipped East for burial; how he became rousing drunk on the way and lost the body (which he had named "Nellie") in Chicago; how Federal agents, acting on a telegram from Fowler's *Denver* cronies, arrested him for transporting a woman from one State to another; how, as a reporter on Hearst's New York *American*, he covered the rescue of a lost balloon crew near Hudson Bay and later submitted an astonishing expense account including such items as hire of husky dog team, hire of husky bitch for the dogs, medical attention for husky bitch, flowers for husky bitch's grave; how he was made managing editor of the *American* overnight and scandalized the office by playing the accordion at his desk whenever the press of business became too trying; how he was removed as suddenly as he had been appointed, and later returned

to work as a reporter, reputedly at his managing editor's salary.

Three years ago he was made managing editor of the sporting paper *Morning Telegraph* which then aspired to be the town's smartest sheet. He hired David Belasco, Ring Lardner, Ben Hecht, Westbrook Pegler, Walter Winchell and a dozen others. When the scheme failed and orders came to "cut down," he fired himself.

Author Fowler lives with his wife and three children on Fire Island, a nearly deserted sand bar off Long Island, where he wrote his first novels, *Trumpet in the Dust* and *Shoe the Wild Mare*.

Clever Chap

MEMOIRS OF A POLYGLOT—William Gerhardt—Knopf (\$3.75).

If cleverness annoys you, you had better not read Author Gerhardt; people have been known to throw his books across the room. Another possible cause of annoyance is his casual assumption that



GENE FOWLER

... flowers for a husky bitch's grave.

to the Law. Starting in Westchester County he soon rose to be Assistant District Attorney. In his prosecution of Warden Thomas Mott Osborne of Sing Sing for mismanagement and immorality he showed that he understood his job, but overplayed his hand and lost the case. "Not a prosecutor at heart," soon he was in Manhattan, in a rôle that fitted him like a glove: defense lawyer in criminal cases. Partner McGee did the groundwork, Fallon put on the fireworks display in court. A tricky lawyer when he had to be, his specialty was getting his client off by a disagreement in the jury. He "hung the jury" so often by the score of 11 to 1 that finally people began to whisper of bribery. At 34, Fallon had won 126 cases straight.

His job & his inclinations both headed him down Broadway. More & more he

†Published Oct. 9.

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



Doris Umann

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"She laughed freely, and felt herself drawn toward me."

he is already a Most Important Author. But his artful candor is less likely, on the whole, to outrage you than to win your interest, to reduce you often to paroxysms of delight.

In spite of his name (he pronounces it *Jerhardt*) he is an Englishman whose ancestors were first Italian, then German. He long spoke English with a Russian intonation, for Russian was his first language. He was born in St. Petersburg (Leningrad), because his father ran a cotton mill there. The Gerhardt children were naturally polyglottal; they learned Russian and German from their nurses, French in school, English from their parents. Their Fraulein "used to take the five of us for walks and she dressed us so warmly, tying woolen hoods over our heads, that by the time the fifth was dressed and ready for an airing the first was nearly swooning, and either screamed hoarsely with resentment or choked in his padded coat and fur collar raised over the hood. As a result of this we always caught chills."

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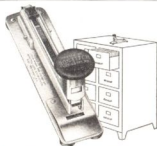
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Before William was ready to go to an English University, the War broke out. After long and useless attempts to make him into a cavalryman, he seems to have had a pretty good time as a staff officer in Petrograd and Siberia. He got along well with generals, and his polyglottism came in handy. When the Russian Revolution ruined Gerhardt père, the family stayed hard up for years; William went through Oxford on £1000, his demobilization bonus. There he looked about him with a quietly superior eye and wrote most of his first book, *Futility*, which, it was hoped, would retrieve the family fortunes. It was at Oxford that Gerhardt began to be unimpressed by the great ones of the earth. At the Oxford Union he heard Lord Birkenhead ("a bully of genius"), Winston Churchill ("poor stuff for a grown-up man").

Not only socially eligible but estimable, Gerhardt enjoyed meeting the Great, especially when they said nice things to him, which they often did. When potent Lord Beaverbrook took him up, Gerhardt met everybody he wanted to. His carefully loaded anecdotes about them (too long, often too delicate for quotation) rarely miss fire. In common with most rising writers, Gerhardt does not think highly of Author Hugh Walpole: "It may be truly said that all there is in his books is his own: no divine spark has assisted him."

Candid to the point of indiscretion about his love affairs, Gerhardt, now 36, admits to many, describes his inamoratas but preserves their pseudonymity. One, whom he calls "Nina," he won by "telling the story of the man who cut off his nose while shaving, dropped the razor and cut off his big toe, and in the confusion which overtook him clapped his nose on the stump of his toe, and his toe on his face, so that whenever thereafter he happened to blow his nose, his boot came off. She laughed freely, and felt herself drawn toward me."

Whatever position posterity or his peers may allot him it will certainly be superior to that of Beverly Nichols (who wrote his autobiography at 25). An increasing body of readers have already found him a Most Amusing, if not Most Important, author.

Racketeer Perforce

THE SILVER EAGLE—W. R. Burnett—Dial (\$2).*

Hard-boiled Writer Ernest Hemingway started something when he published his first popular book (*The Sun Also Rises*): earnest critics have thought they discerned among his imitators the beginnings of a School. But the two most outstanding followers of Hemingway, William Riley Burnett and Dashiell Hammett, seem to have been not so much started by his example as let loose by it. Both have a manner that owes its start, perhaps, to Hemingway; but both have branched off into a patented, individual style of storytelling. No pioneers of language, they have been content to follow their leader into new country and then settle there.

You will have a hard time putting down one of Burnett's books before you have finished it. *The Silver Eagle* is no excep-

tion. As in *Little Caesar*, the scene is contemporary Chicago, but this time the hero is no gangster but a racketeer performer. Francis Cecil Harworth (*né* plain Keogh) has come up from scratch to a position that includes the ownership of several night-clubs, a gambling house, a Rolls-Royce and a limited but attractive collection of women. All his businesses are strictly legal with the exception of the gambling house. Harworth is a hard young man with no sense of humor, big ambitions; he is making good money but wants the best. Other Chicagoans have ambitions too, and Harworth soon finds that if he wants to continue making any money at all he will have to string along either with Gangster Molina or Gangster Monahan.

Unfortunately for Harworth he is forced into choosing Molina (who strongly resembles Scarface Capone); he finds himself unwilling accessory to a killing, soon realizes that he is caught between the millstones of gang warfare. When Molina falls, Harworth goes with him. If cinema audiences continue to favor gang pictures, *The Silver Eagle* should make money as a film.

Ex-Wife

HALF A LOAF—Grace Hegger Lewis—Liveright (\$2.50).*

The late Robert Louis Stevenson, suave preceptor, warned youths & maidens against taking a literary mate. Like a frenetic footnote to that polished advice comes Grace Hegger Lewis's case-history, *Half A Loaf*. Divorced from her famed husband Sinclair Lewis six years ago, Authoress Lewis has spent part of the interim preparing to heave her stone, which hits more birds than perhaps she meant it to.

"Timothy Hale" was young, poor, gawky, with big ambitions and no prospects when "Susan" first met him. He was reader to a Manhattan publisher; she was editorial factotum on a woman's magazine. He courted her with picnics, omnivorous enthusiasm, awkward gestures; finally she gave in, married him. At first they had a grand time, especially when Tim's stories had begun to make enough so that they could travel. But from the day his *God's Own Country* (*Main Street*) became a best seller dated all of Susan's troubles. Success inevitably went to his head and he further bamboozled himself by drinking. Susan was always technically faithful but Tim gave her many a cause for anxious jealousy. Once she gave a wedding anniversary party in London; Tim got drunk and disgraced her. Once he brought a psycho-analyst into her room while she was dressing, wanted the three of them to have a conference on their marital troubles. When she could stand it no longer Susan went to Reno.

Authoress Lewis makes little attempt to disguise her hero and heroine. Though her own sympathies are naturally with "Susan" she succeeds in making you feel sorrier for "Tim." Captious critics may accuse Authoress Lewis of bad taste but they will have to admit she has not been as malicious as she might have been. "Tim" is not nearly so savage a portrait as Sinclair Lewis's "Fran" in *Dodsworth*.

*Published Oct. 5

*Published Sept. 18.



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