

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine



International

Volume XVIII

THE RT. HON. WALTER RUNCIMAN
PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE
"We should be foolish to copy the United States."
(See FOREIGN NEWS)

Number 22



BEST FOR WINTER, TOO—
Ethyl Gasoline sold during winter is good, quick-starting gasoline *plus* the greater power Ethyl fluid adds for driving in snow and slush. Like yourself, Ethyl changes coats to suit the season, bringing out your car's best performance every day of the year.



The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

The antelope is the fastest animal on earth. Nature taught him to *control* the power in those perfect legs. But nature was not so kind to gasoline. Inside the engine, it wastes power in uneven explosions that cause harmful knock and overheating. That is why leading oil refiners add Ethyl fluid to their *good* gasoline. It *controls combustion*; delivers power with a smoothly increasing pressure that brings out the best performance of *any* car. Try it! Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

© R. G. C. 1931

ETHYL GASOLINE



MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD



WE HAVE MUCH TO BE THANKFUL FOR

Could there be another day quite like Thanksgiving? Springing from our own hearts, on our own soil, it unites young and old in memories and in hopes. A day when we look back on the season ended and know again at hearth and home the fullness of friendship and all that friendship means to us.

We, at Oakland, feel rich in the many friendships that have come to us this year. It has been our aim to do those things that merit friendship. What we have hoped to do and tried to do is expressed in the phrase "Making New Friends and Keeping the Old."

Into our cars we have built new values of performance and comfort and beauty. We have spared no pains to give you those little extra touches that mean so much in added convenience and safety and pride. It is thus, we feel, that genuine friendship is earned.

So rapidly did our circle of owners increase this year that, with August only half gone, our sales of Pontiac cars had passed the Pontiac volume for the entire twelve months of 1930. To all of you whose friendship has won us this success, we voice our thanks.

OAKLAND 8

PRODUCTS OF
Bodies by



PONTIAC 6

GENERAL MOTORS
Fisher

In Your Space Buyer's HANDS



*...a variation of
153 percent in the
Stopping Power
of your Ads!*

HE sits in on no copy conferences. Wields no blue pencil on layout. But he does have a voice in where your ad goes.

And through that voice—according to the reports of ad-readers themselves—he can vary the stopping power of your advertising from 15% to 153%!

For new facts, gathered in a wholly new kind of magazine survey, show that the eye-stopping factor may differ that much or more in various magazines.

Regardless of the illustration!

Regardless of the headline!

Regardless of anything that anyone can do—except your space buyer!

The Gallup Tests

These facts came out last summer when Dr. George Gallup, professor of Advertising and Journalism at Northwestern University, led his investigators into 6 cities. (Official observers from the A.N.A. went along in 3 cities.)

With current copies of the 4 mass weeklies in hand, they approached 15,000 front doors.

Talked to those who answered wherever one or more of the magazines was found.

Leafed through the entire book—page by page—crayon in hand.

And checked down exactly what had been seen—what had been read.

What They Found

By this simple (though never before attempted) process of

Liberty...

July engine heat
REQUIRES AN OIL THAT IS
"CRACK-PROOF"

THE NEW **TEXACO** MOTOR OIL "CRACK-PROOF" LASTS LONGER

This center-spread in full color appeared in Magazine A

July engine heat
REQUIRES AN OIL THAT IS
"CRACK-PROOF"

THE NEW **TEXACO** MOTOR OIL "CRACK-PROOF" LASTS LONGER

This page in full color appeared in Magazine B

July engine heat
REQUIRES AN OIL THAT IS
"CRACK-PROOF"

THE NEW **TEXACO** MOTOR OIL "CRACK-PROOF" LASTS LONGER

This page in full color appeared
in Magazine C

What Happened to the Same Copy in Four Different Magazines . . . as reported by Dr. Gallup.

This effective Texaco advertisement appeared in full color in the four mass weeklies last July while the Gallup Reader-Interest census was being made. Once—in Magazine "A"—it appeared in center-spread position. Elsewhere in one full page.

But! Dollar for dollar expended, this Texaco copy stopped more people in LIBERTY than in any other mass weekly. Specifically—

It stopped 95% more men and 92% more women in LIBERTY than in Magazine "A";

It stopped 25% more men and 37% more women in LIBERTY than in Magazine "B";

It stopped 147% more men and 110% more women in LIBERTY than in Magazine "C".

July engine heat
REQUIRES AN OIL THAT IS
"CRACK-PROOF"

THE NEW **TEXACO** MOTOR OIL "CRACK-PROOF" LASTS LONGER

This page in full color appeared
in LIBERTY

measuring reader-interest in magazines by what people remembered seeing, this was discovered:

... For every 100 men in a given circulation unit stopped by the average page advertisement in Magazine A, 115 were stopped in Magazine B, 71 in Magazine C, and 152 in LIBERTY.

... For every 100 women in a given circulation unit stopped by the average page advertisement in Magazine A, 150 were stopped in Magazine B, 68 in Magazine C, and 173 in LIBERTY.

There's a Reason!

But editorial content as well as advertising was checked in this census. And in expressing themselves on what they read among the editorial pages, readers helped explain differences in the effectiveness of advertising pages. For...

A. READER INTEREST was found greatest in those magazines with the greatest proportion of spirited, dramatic, newsy stories and articles.

B. READER INTEREST was found greatest where reading was made easiest—i.e., by make-up which cut down run-overs and "continued-on-page-blank" interruptions.

C. And, as might have been expected, READER INTEREST was most intense where the percentage of single-copy, bought-when-wanted circulation was highest, dropping off as the percentage of delivered-by-mail circulation rose.

Add compact, easy-to-handle size, to Factors A, B, C, and you have the formula on which LIBERTY has been built into America's best read weekly:

- 100% post-war-paced editorial content.
- 100% story-on-consecutive-pages make-up, barring all run-overs.
- 99% single-copy circulation, bought only when wanted to be read.
- Compact, easy-to-handle page-size.

Consider Costs

The picture becomes even more interesting when viewed through the dollar sign. For LIBERTY page costs are down 35% in the past 5 years. Putting in your space buyer's hands not only a 153% variation in stopping power of your ads, but a possible 188% variation in the buying power of your advertising dollars!

Want Proof? Just Write!

Many an advertiser, many an agency has invited LIBERTY to present the Gallup Tests in detail through personal group presentation.

For those missed, for those not-yet-reached-but-anxious, the presentation is ready in report form. As a mass advertiser interested in getting all your money should buy, simply write a note on your own letterhead. A copy of the report will come with all speed via a LIBERTY representative. The address... LIBERTY, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

America's Best Read Weekly

L E T T E R S

**If you like
to be
SURE
about things**

PERHAPS you're one of those people who don't like to grope blindfold when buying something that affects personal welfare. In the protection of your teeth, especially, you want to be certain that the dentifrice you choose is safe and effective.

Squibb Dental Cream is made with more than 50% Squibb Milk of Magnesia—pure, creamy and palatable. Milk of Magnesia is used by dentists everywhere in the care of the teeth. There is no grit in Squibb's—no astrigent—nothing which might injure.

Try Squibb Dental Cream. See how beautifully it cleans—how it brings out the natural brilliance of your teeth—how it soothes and refreshes your gums! Start using this safe dental cream today.

Copyright 1931 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

The American Dental Association,
Council on Dental Therapeutics,
has placed its Seal of Acceptance
on Squibb Dental Cream.



**SQUIBB
DENTAL CREAM**

Yale's Hollister

Sirs: Permit me to correct a partially incorrect statement in *TIME*, Nov. 16. On p. 12, "The 1st Ohio," you refer to Congressman-elect John B. Hollister, as "a Harvard man."

After graduation from St. Paul's School (Concord), Hollister went to Yale, where he and I roomed together in sophomore year, and both graduated with the class of 1911. Subsequently he went to Harvard Law School, but he is still very much "a Yaleman."

PAUL C. NICHOLSON

Providence, R. I.

Great Broken Heart

Sirs:

As defendant in the case of Nan Britton against Charles A. Klunk, I naturally took cognizance of your article concerning the above case, which was lately tried in the Federal Court at Toledo, Ohio (*TIME*, Nov. 9, 16).

Let me suggest, before the trial had terminated, counsel for plaintiff made the statement in open court that all his client desired was vindication. To my lay mind that evinced the purpose of this action on her part. She was seeking publicity . . . so that she might sell *The President's Daughter* to a credulous public and realize a fortune. For almost three years my counsel, Grant E. Mouser Sr., of Marion, Ohio, and Donald F. Melhorn and Cray Davis of Toledo, Ohio, used every reasonable and honorable means to have this case dismissed and to end this tragedy which involved the reputation of one of the most gentle and beautiful characters I have ever known. Their efforts were in vain, and again I repeat the purpose of the plaintiff, to my mind, was most heartless in seeking to foist upon an unsophisticated people an unwholesome and dangerous book, the publication of which would only have the tendency of undermining the morals of this nation and to make legal marriage a mockery.

I regret very much that your magazine has denominated my hotel, Hotel Marion of this city, which in a large part belongs to Clifford Kling who was a brother of the most beautiful and fascinating character, Florence Harding, "a musty, old, American plan hotelery." I resent this characterization and I am sure you made the statement without investigation. If your editor or one of your representatives would come to this city and take a room at my hotel, they would at least say to the people of this country that your statement is untrue and that someone connected with your magazine has been misled. I feel sure you owe this to myself and to the owners of the same. At the end of this unwarranted and noisome litigation now pending in the U. S. court, you may rest assured, without thought of gain, that I will have added and contributed in a small way to the defense of one who is universally respected and loved as a kindly, genial and capable gentleman. His only fault was that unscrupulous characters betrayed him, and this treachery when revealed to him in all of its ugliness and criminality broke his great heart. . . .

C. A. KLUNK

Marion, Ohio

Atrocity Explained

Sirs:

In your April 20 *TIME* you published under Animals, "Atrocity." I was instrumental in

setting that incident before the public in that I reported it to the city editor of our *Times-Star*, an evening newspaper. I endeavored to run down the culprit, or culprits: the deed took place beside the river at Fernbank, but I was not persistent enough in my efforts; I had no success.

I am not fortunate enough to be a subscriber to *TIME*; I would that I were. However, while in an oculist's office Fate put your magazine into my hands again, of May 4, 1931, this time: Mrs. M. V. Rouqueline of Baltimore, Md. commented upon the unusual cruelty of the person or persons who strung up that dog. Your answer to her query as to whether the perpetrator was not to be brought to punishment was: "If and when Cincinnati's fiend . . . is apprehended and punished, *TIME* will tell."

Permit me to give the solution of the mystery to *TIME*: A railroad telegraph operator, retired on account of failing eyesight, owned a couple of collies. His home is near the two great west-bound main lines of the B & O and Big Four (beyond these tracks flows the Ohio River). One day a train killed one of his dogs. He knew of the accident, and instead of burying his dog, he let it job in the section-crew. But somebody took the lifeless body, strung it up and built the fire as described to me by the policeman who discovered it. . . .

MRS. EDITH JUDKINS KNAUL

Cincinnati, Ohio

de Bosis out of Gas

Sirs:

I love you, because you are so impertinent, and scalding, and just at the right time and place. I started reading you in Rome where I have had a residence for the past 25 years, and have kept up the good work until now. Let me add that I send every number to friends back there, who eat them alive.

V.R. In your number of Oct. 26 on p. 18 you speak of Dr. Lauro de Bosis, and his flight over Rome. In the following number I looked for another contribution regarding the same person. Perhaps you are not aware that Dr. de Bosis lost his life on the return flight to France. No gas was the cause, and his plane dropped into the sea somewhere near Corsica. He was known to the writer. "Twas a big pity that he became an anti-Fascist, as his career had great promises. He will be mourned for many years.

ST. JOHN EDWARDS

Pasadena, Calif.

Aye for Aye, Toot for Toot

Sirs:

Most people are afraid of a "dripping Wet" candidate, not that "Prohibition that does not prohibit" is desirable but history indicates that "dripping Wet officials" and all kinds of graft and immorality go hand in hand and in their Mutual Admiration Society "reciprocity" is their pass-word and their slogan is "An aye for an aye and a toot for a toot."

T. LESLIE CULLOM

Kerrville, Texas

Asleep on the Deep

Sirs:

On p. 66, *TIME*, Nov. 9, under Miscellaneous you say "In Staunton, Va., Arthur Fournier fell asleep on a bus, dreamed he was asleep on the deep. Still asleep, he leaped to his feet, cried:

"CURT, CLEAR, COMPLETE"

—and the Subscription price is \$5 yearly

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

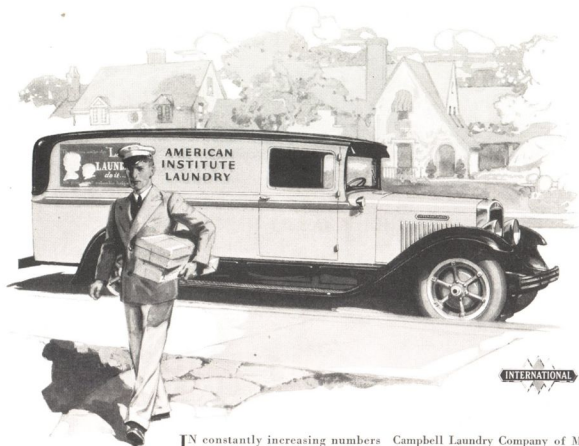
Please enter my subscription for *TIME*, for one year, and send me a bill (\$5; Canada, \$8; Foreign, \$6).

NAME

ADDRESS

When you "Let the laundry do it"

International Trucks will be glad to serve you



Modern laundry practice is constantly being improved by the educational, research, and service work of the American Institute of Laundering, "the million-dollar proving ground of the laundry industry." The International truck illustrated is in service at the Institute headquarters at Joliet, Illinois.

New Low Prices

See the new model A-2, a 1½-ton 4-speed International. The price of the 136-inch wheelbase chassis with standard equipment is

\$675

f. o. b. factory

Ask the nearest branch or dealer for a demonstration on your own job, of this or any of the other Internationals ranging from ¾-ton to 5-ton.

IN constantly increasing numbers modern women are sending their washing to the laundry, because present-day laundry service is better than ever before. Better on two counts... quality of work, and dependability of delivery service.

The first job, of course, is up to the individual laundries. *And more and more the second job is being intrusted to International Trucks!*

Internationals are good looking... fitting representatives of a quality laundry. And they may be relied upon without reservation. In other words, they are able to attract new trade, and to keep it!

And then... there is the matter of upkeep cost! An average of \$9.65 was enough to take care of all service requirements for a year, on each of 12 International Trucks operated by The

Campbell Laundry Company of Milwaukee. Down in Memphis, the New Snow Flake Laundry had to spend only something under \$12 for all maintenance work on each of 8 trucks during the sixth year of operation. New York's Consolidated Laundries use 55 Internationals; Chicago has 28 large fleets, in addition to the many trucks operated by the smaller laundries; nearly one hundred are working for Atlanta Laundries, Incorporated; and there is even a large laundry fleet of Internationals operating among the palms in Honolulu.

You don't have to be in the laundry business to profit by International operation. Whether you build roads or run a bakery, you can make good use of International appearance, performance, and economy!

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY

606 S. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)

Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

BANK DEPOSITS

earn 2% to 4%

BONDS

earn 3½ to 7%

MORTGAGES

earn 5% to 8%

STOCKS

earn 2% to 10%



Iron Fireman annually earns users 15% to 50% on their investment

A NATIONAL SURVEY of installations proves that Iron Fireman has an amazing earning ability. Replacing old-fashioned hand firing, or the burning of costly automatic fuels, the report shows that Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Firing cuts fuel bills an average of 31.62 per cent per year. This fuel saving is equal to an average annual return of 39.44 per cent on the purchaser's investment in his Iron Fireman.

In four major ways Iron Fireman lowers costs and improves plant efficiency: (1) Cuts fuel costs by burning the smaller, cheaper sizes of coal; (2) Reduces firing labor costs by operating automatically; (3) Improves plant efficiency by maintaining steady, even heat or power; (4) Eliminates the smoke nuisance by creating a hot, efficient fire in which valuable gases are transformed into useful heat, instead of passing out the stack as smoke.

You are amply justified in investing funds in Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Burners. The small amount of money required to equip your boiler or home heating plant with Iron Fireman should yield astonishing profits. Read what these typical Iron Fireman owners say:

Bishop Furniture Co., Grand Rapids, Mich. "Our Iron Fireman paid for

itself in one winter from fuel savings."

Tuscan Court, Inc., Great Neck, N. Y. "Fuel bills reduced \$3,100.00 per year since replacing oil with Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Burners."

The Erie Lithographing & Printing Co., Erie, Pa. "Iron Fireman cuts hand-firing fuel costs 30 per cent, provides steady heat, eliminates smoke, and reduces firing labor. We feel we have made a very good investment."

Why not demand the same efficiency and economy from your heating plant that you do from other departments of your business? Install Iron Fireman now. Buy on liberal deferred payment terms—let the machine help pay for itself. Write for literature or ask your dealer to make a survey of your boiler or furnace room and submit a report on Iron Fireman savings. No charge, no obligation on your part. Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company, Portland, Oregon. Factories: Portland, Cleveland, Toronto, Canada. Branches or subsidiaries: New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee. Dealers everywhere.



Iron Fireman... for home furnaces and for commercial boilers up to 250 h. p.

IRON FIREMAN



AUTOMATIC COAL BURNER

Iron Fireman Mfg. Co., Portland, Oregon, Dept. T 13
Please give me full information regarding Iron Fireman

Name.....

By.....

Address.....

©1931 M. C. O. S. Inc.

THE MACHINE THAT MADE COAL AN AUTOMATIC FUEL

"She's sinking! Jump for your lives!" No fool to remain aboard a sinking ship, Arthur Fourmier jumped through the window, was killed.

If "still asleep" when he jumped and "was killed" how do you know what he was dreaming? However your surmise, if such, is good. On the other hand it appears that Arthur Fourmier was a "fool." It is not always wise to jump from a sinking ship and seldom wise to jump through a window.

CHARLES EDWARD THOMAS

Indianapolis, Ind.

Sirs:

An opinion about a dying man's dreams might be expressed but to tell us baldly that the editor knows what a man was dreaming as he jumped to his death is just a little too much. Oh well.

JOHN B. NORTON

Lancaster, Pa.

"Vait Till Ve See"

Sirs:

Being a subscriber and a consistent reader of your much-admired "mag" I think it is within my province to criticize your remark on p. 13 of your Nov. 16 issue of TIME in regard to motion picture heads commenting on RKO-Radio combine in which you state and comment upon comic-strip remarks of Jewish motion picture heads such as "Vait till ye see vat Radio vill do."

May I ask where you get authority that Jewish motion picture heads talk as you state, whether comically or straight? I can't imagine persons of the type of David O. Selznick or Jesse Lasky speaking like that; or is it possible that you take figures of speech of Jews for granted.

People coming from Europe and other countries to us all speak with an accent, but very seldom do you see it joked about as when the Jews speak. Still I would like to know if they -use as you printed? (Possibly the Scotch as much.)

HARRY R. ROSENTHAL

Durham, N. C.

TIME's cinema editor is well acquainted with the cinema industry, meant no offense.—Ed.

Discriminators

Sirs:

Our thanks for the excellent story on *The Current Jewish Record* (TIME, Nov. 9). Your staff writer has compressed a wealth of material into his half-column story.

Incidentally it may interest you to know that letters quoting TIME as their source of information have been received in amazing numbers. While, may prove that Jews are discriminating readers.

SIDNEY WALLACH

Editor

The Current Jewish Record
New York City

Surprised & Astonished

Sirs:

In TIME of Oct. 19 under Animals the policeman was "surprised" to behold the old gent peering through the binoculars. It strikes me that your writer has fallen into the same error in the use of the word surprise as did Mrs. Noah Webster, who was duly corrected by her erudite husband.

Noah, at least the story goes, was caught by Mrs. Webster in a somewhat compromising situation with the housemaid. "Why Noah," she exclaimed, "I am surprised"; to which he replied "No dear, I am surprised. You are astonished."

HARRY J. TRONEL JR.

Great Neck, N. Y.

Eternal Cinema

Sirs:

Did you notice that Plato in *Timaeus* states "Time is the moving picture of Eternity." Of course, Plato must have been one of your subscribers 2,450 years ago.

C. H. CHAPLIN

Cincinnati, Ohio



The School — it had its slipping hazards. But now there's safety in Alundum Stair Tiles and Treads

EDUCATION « » « »

Norton also serving America's greatest industry — the fundamental industry — the school. "Norton Floors" is the trade name for a line of non-slip products — Alundum Stair and Floor Tiles, Alundum Ceramic Mosaics, Alundum Aggregates for terrazzo and cement floors.

All are permanently non-slip. Wear-resisting.

School children must be safeguarded against accident — on the stairs, in the lobbies, the lavatories, the shower room. Even the swimming pool needs its non-slip edges and surrounding floors. Norton Company, Worcester, Mass.

NORTON

Grinding Wheels Abrasives for Polishing
 . . . Abrasive Aggregate . . . Floor and Stair Tile . . .
 Grinding and Lapping Machines . . . Refractories
 . . . Porous Plates . . . Pulpstones . . .

Great Industries
 No. 10



Let it **RAIN**

THIS BASEMENT NEVER GETS DAMP

"WHEN we built this house we insisted on having a permanently dry basement. The architect and contractor recommended Medusa Waterproofed Gray Portland Cement to keep the walls and floors permanently dry. They also used this Waterproofed Cement in the base coats of the stucco, while the finish coat was made with Medusa Waterproofed White Portland Cement. Our basement has never been the least bit damp and the stucco is Waterproof. We always recommend Medusa Waterproofed Portland Cements to our friends who are building a home." You can get complete information on "how to make new and old basements dry" and on "waterproofed stucco" for the asking.

MEDUSA PORTLAND CEMENT CO., 1002 Engineers Bldg., Dept. A, Cleveland, Ohio

MEDUSA

WATERPROOFED PORTLAND CEMENTS

• White and Gray •

SUCCESSFUL FOR 21 YEARS



Prediction

Sirs:

An Indian recently made a prediction in northern Minnesota that the coming winter would be long and cold; when asked how he knew, he said that he had seen a white man putting up a lot of wood. . . .

H. MCCARTHY

St. Paul, Minn.

Fitzgerald's Frogs

Sirs:

I have recently noticed your Letters and reference to "Frogs in Texas" (TIME, Oct. 26). I have every respect for Mr. Joe Fitzgerald's letter referring to "those Texas Frogs" but do want to comment on Frog No. 20. In this letter we have 20 frogs accurately sized beginning with No. 1 about as large as a walnut up to No. 20. It is assumed that each frog is exactly twice as large as the one preceding it in the "Bell Ringing Act." Let us set down this little problem as follows:

Frog No. 1—size—1 walnut
Frog No. 2—2 times frog No. 1 or 2 walnuts
Frog No. 3—2 times frog No. 2 or 4 walnuts
Frog No. 4—2 times frog No. 3 or 8 walnuts
etc. etc.
Frog No. 18—2 times frog No. 17 or 131,072 walnuts
Frog No. 19—2 times frog No. 18 or 262,144 walnuts
Frog No. 20—2 times frog No. 19 or 524,288 walnuts
Assuming an average walnut has a volume of 1 cu. in. and a cubic foot has 1,728 cu. in. in it we get 524,288 divided by 1,728 equals 303 cu. ft.

This would be a HAM or FROG approximately 7 ft. long by 7 ft. wide by 6.10 ft. deep.

I can assure you, your readers and Mr. Fitzgerald that Frog No. 20 was certainly capable of swallowing a larger Canadian goose, maybe two of these, or a whole flock.

BILL ANKENMANN

Salina, Kan.

Had to Speak Before

Sirs:

"A New Jersey woman pushed her baby carriage to Manhattan, first ruse—come from her State" (TIME, Nov. 2). Beg to differ. She was the second passenger. Or was she taking home the washing?

I've had to speak to you before. . . .

A. J. JAMES

Los Angeles, Calif.

Four to One Mex

Sirs:

On two separate occasions have I noted TIME's erroneous conversion of Chinese "Mex" into gold dollars.

The ratio is two to one, not as TIME puts it, four to one. Therefore, the spending of the League's representative of \$120,000 Mex. is, in our sought-for medium of exchange, \$60,000 (TIME, Nov. 16).

FRANK E. GILBERT

Riverhead, N. Y.

As correctly indicated by TIME, decline in the price of silver has carried the Mex-dollar (based on silver) down to an average four-to-one ratio for the past four months.—Ed.

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

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Changes of address: Two weeks notice required for change of address. When ordering a change, please give both the new address and the old address.
Address all correspondence regarding subscription, index, binders, bound volumes, to the Circulation Manager, 350 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Ill.



Can you do THIS in YOUR automobile?



Can you shift *all* gears, first, second, third and reverse, swiftly and easily without even touching the clutch pedal—a major advantage of Wizard Control?

You CAN in a Buick



Can you obtain either Standard or High Compression (without extra cost) in a Valve-in-Head Straight Eight excelling even the fine previous Buick which won 4 to 1 sales leadership in its field?

You CAN in a Buick



Can you have either Free Wheeling or Conventional Drive at will—changing from one to the other *instantaneously* to meet varying driving conditions?

You CAN in a Buick



Can you *choose* your ride, by means of a Ride Regulator, to assure greatest comfort according to road conditions, number of passengers and car speed?

You CAN in a Buick



Can you enjoy a *truly silent* second speed as well as acceleration up to forty miles an hour or more before shifting noiselessly into high?

You CAN in a Buick



Can you obtain these advantages, with a choice of twenty-six luxurious Fisher body types, assuring exactly the model you want, at prices ranging from \$935 to \$2055, f. o. b. Flint, Michigan?

You CAN in a Buick

*Extra on models 32-56 and 32-57

You CAN if you own **THE NEW BUICK EIGHT**

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM *** PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

How a refrigerator manufacturer holds regular country-wide sales conferences BY TELEPHONE



THE Kelvinator Corporation is successfully cutting sales costs by maintaining personal contacts regularly with its sales representatives in all parts of the country . . . *by telephone*. Its profits in the last fiscal year increased 31 per cent.

The president says: "The increase in profits is the result of lower selling costs and increased economy. These factors of economy and efficiency are combined in your service and account for our liberal use of the telephone."

The telephone sales conferences are held Friday afternoons, each district manager calling in at a certain time. Telephones in the Detroit headquarters are so arranged that the chief sales executives are on the line at the same time. General discussions are thus held as easily as though all the men were face to face. Problems are considered from every angle. Decisions are given promptly. In minutes, the executives have a complete picture of how their entire organization is functioning.

The field representative may be thousands of miles away, but conferences with executives are held as readily as though he were in the home office.

Using Long Distance is an investment that pays big dividends in time saved and results achieved. Typical station-to-station day rates: Indianapolis to Louisville, 65c; New York to Cleveland, \$1.80; Portland, Ore. to San Francisco, \$3.45; Philadelphia to New Orleans, \$4.

The Bell System has developed a Telephone Plan of Market Coverage to help its customers increase their business and cut costs. An experienced telephone representative will gladly custom-fit its features to the specific needs of your company.

JUST CALL YOUR BELL



TELEPHONE BUSINESS OFFICE

TIME

Vol. XVIII, No. 22

The Weekly Newsmagazine

November 30, 1931

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

The Grandi Week

The discussions have embraced subjects of such importance as the present financial crisis, intergovernmental debts, the limitation and reduction of armaments, the stabilization of international exchange.

It has not been the purpose of this meeting to reach any particular agreements but the informal discussions and exchanges of views have served to clarify many points of mutual interest and have established a sympathetic understanding.

Presidents pair off with Premiers. Foreign Ministers, one rung down the diplomatic ladder, pair off with Secretaries of State. When Britain's MacDonald and France's Laval visited the White House, it was President Hoover who joined each in a public statement of things accomplished. Last week it was Secretary of State Stimson's part to collaborate with Dino Grandi in the above summary of the Italian Foreign Minister's three-day round of Capital conversations.

To the brisk, bearded young Italian, President Hoover opened the White House doors as wide as ever he did to a head-of-state. Four times Signor Grandi passed through the glass portals—once for a courteous "Excellency! Excellency!", once for a respectful "A riverderci," once for a great State dinner in his honor and once for a long private talk with the President. In the Lincoln Study three easy chairs were pulled before the fireplace. Into them sank Messrs. Hoover, Grandi & Stimson. Because of the Foreign Minister's good command of English, no interpreter was necessary and in two and one-half hours the trio covered the equivalent of what last month it took a non-English-speaking Premier and a non-French-speaking President five hours to discuss. President Hoover endorsed Italy's one-year naval holiday plan, spoke wistfully of the forthcoming Geneva conference on arms limitation, hoped France and Italy could get together on the size of their auxiliary navies. Signor Grandi described Italy's purposes in European politics, its desire for peace. Nothing was asked. Nothing was promised.

If Minister Grandi had no gaudy achievements to take back for a Roman holiday he did carry in his diplomatic luggage intangibles hardly less valuable—a personal friendship with a U. S. President, glowing goodwill from Press and Public, a better understanding of U. S. intentions. Because these things were hard to write about, because Secretary Stimson made them even more intangible in his lawyer-like announcement, a sector of the U. S.

Press grew suspicious, began to yammer in bad temper about "cautious secrecy." To some editors it was inconceivable that nothing concrete was accomplished behind all the elaborate atmosphere of Washington cordiality. But in this case good atmosphere was all Signor Grandi wanted, all he got.

¶ "Right there . . . on that spot." Captain Charles Russell Train, the President's naval aide, directed Signor Grandi where to stand on the White House portico to be photographed. Clicking his heels obediently, the Foreign Minister repeated fearfully: "On the spot."

¶ About the tomb of the Unknown Soldier was dead silence. Signor Grandi approached with a big wreath. *Sneak-sneak, sneak-sneak* went his shiny black shoes. He tried to tip-toe. He shuffled along flatfootedly. Nothing would stop the crickets-in-his-boots. Home again, he quickly changed to a silent pair.

¶ Best Grandi meal: luncheon with Secretary Mellon. Its elegance, grace and good taste were due to the supervision of tireless lady David Finley, Mr. Mellon's Virginia-bred, cosmopolitan special assistant. Afterwards, unexpectedly, Charles Augustus Lindbergh popped in on the guests to say hello, popped out again to fly on to Miami.

¶ To each of seven chauffeurs who drove him about the Capital, Signor Grandi gave a \$40 tip. Premier Laval's motor tips were \$20, Prime Minister MacDonald's \$15.

¶ Daniel Willard's private car carried Minister Grandi over the Baltimore & Ohio from Washington to Jersey City. Fog enveloped New York Harbor as he was tugged across to the Battery. *Vrooom* went the tug whistle as the Foreign

Minister playfully pulled the cord in the pilot house.

¶ Along Broadway to City Hall, policemen faced into the sidewalk crowd, looked for anti-Fascist demonstrators. The weather was too thick for Minister Grandi to see small posters on building walls in which his picture was captioned: WANTED FOR ARSON AND MURDER.

¶ Mayor to Minister: "If you are not safe in New York City, I'm going to move. . . . But with your infectious smile and attractive personality you might stay here too long and change the political aspect of the city. . . ."

¶ Minister to Mayor (from notes on a tiny strip of paper wrapped around a forefinger): "A sense of admiration and respect pervades the heart of a stranger the moment he is inside this powerful and marvelous city. . . ."

¶ In Philadelphia Signor Grandi patted the Liberty Bell, then went to see Joseph E. Widener and his art collection. Exhibiting a bust of St. John brought from Italy, Mr. Widener joked: "The tag of the Minister of Education is still on it. I'm glad I got it out before Mussolini came into power because he would have tried to keep it." Signor Grandi, bowing: "Oh, I'm sure he would have made an exception in your case." One room Mr. Widener described as being filled with the art of all nations. "Ah," mocked the Foreign Minister, "it is then a League of Nations, is it not?" If you American people can accept that.

¶ Far more heavily bearded is John Work Garrett, U. S. Ambassador to Italy, than Dino Grandi who week-ended at the Garrett home in Baltimore before returning to New York for four days' fun.

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TAXATION

Jumps & Junket

Political heads were roughly scratched last week in Washington and from the scratchings emerged a major agreement: Federal taxes must be jumped up. The 1932 deficit was pointing inevitably toward two billion dollars (last year's: \$900,000,000). Into such a colossal hole the Treasury could no longer keep pouring bond issue after bond issue. More revenue was imperative to save the Government's good credit.

Before the 1930 elections, and up to three or four months ago, most regular Republicans in Congress loudly decried increased taxation, predicted a quick return to better times, publicly put their faith in Secretary Mellon and large borrowings to pull the Treasury through. Today these same Senators and Congressmen

National Affairs—(Continued)

were concurring in the immediate necessity for tax-upping. They talked with President Hoover and left the White House convinced that he would recommend ways & means of raising more revenue. They heard that Secretary Mellon had reached what he felt was the end of his rope in putting out deficit bonds and now wanted authoritative instructions from Congress as to the next move. They were well aware of the political riskiness of lifting tax rates just before an election but they could figure out no escape.

"We've got to do it," dolefully declared Senator Smoot, chairman of the Finance Committee. "Everyone knows we must raise more money." Senator Watson, Republican leader, was almost tearful when

posed any move against small taxpayers. Also discussed were new levies on automobiles, radios, amusement admissions, estates, gifts. Only two items seemed sure of escaping tax upping: 1) corporations, already tottering under their 12% burden; 2) tobacco, which already pays an *ad valorem* rate of 100% to 150%.

New Tax. Revived by the new need for cash was the old question of a general or selective sales tax. On such a levy Congressional opinion breached widely. Most conservatives favored it on the ground that it: 1) taxed all alike; 2) was easy to collect; 3) provided a large and steady revenue regardless of profit fluctuations; 4) was comparatively painless for the consuming public; 5) made all citizens

Sixty-four members of Congress accepted the Hearst invitation "to provide an educational opportunity." Among them were Senators King of Utah, Austin of Vermont, Thomas and Gore of Oklahoma; Representatives Norton of New Jersey (only woman junketeer), O'Connor of New York, Estep of Pennsylvania, Arenz of Nevada, Douglas of Massachusetts, Howard of Nebraska. Mr. Hearst paid every expense (except liquor) from the time his guests boarded a special train of compartment Pullmans in Washington until they returned six days later. Estimated cost: \$17,500.

The Hearst junketeers went to Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec. They questioned revenue officials, manufacturers, consumers. Sir Henry Thornton, potent president of Canadian National Ry. gave them a banquet in Montreal. At Ottawa they were received by the Governor General; U. S. Minister Hanford McNider had them all in to tea. Many a U. S. investigator was no less interested in the Canadian liquor system—and liquor—than he was in the sales tax. But only two or three became so incapacitated they could not appear in public. At a banquet blind Senator Gore convulsed merry Senator Austin by declaiming:

*Four and twenty blackbirds
Got a little dry
Came up to Montreal
To drink a little rye.
When the rye was opened
They began to sing
To hell with Mr. Volstead
And God save the King!*



International

SENATORS GORE & AUSTIN
"To hell with Mr. Volstead
And God save the King!"

he announced: "Much as I am personally sorry for it, it seems that some form of tax legislation will be necessary." Senator Fess, G. O. P. chairman,* declared: "The budget must be balanced even if we are compelled to take drastic measures such as was done in England." Only die-hard dissenter among important Republicans was ultra-conservative Congressman Hawley, chairman of the last House Ways & Means Committee. Moaned he: "I'm up in the air about taxes. I'd hoped we wouldn't have to increase them."

Old Taxes. All week long the air about the Capitol buzzed with plans, suggestions, proposals and advice for taxing more money out of the country. Needs were estimated at from \$500,000,000 to \$1,250,000,000. The income tax was immediately turned to as the first and easiest source of additional revenue. Conservative Republicans favored an increased normal tax (now 1%, 3% and 5%), reduced exemptions (now \$1,500 for single persons, \$3,500 for married folk) and a general jumping of surtax rates. Senator Smoot favored an increase in the maximum surtax from 20% to 40%. "Progressive" Senators, probably holding the balance of power, clamored for stiffer surtax rates on incomes above \$20,000 per year, op-

tax-conscious and therefore economy-conscious. Most liberals, progressives and insurgents opposed it on the ground that it: 1) overburdened the poor man who must buy necessities; 2) underburdened the rich man who would not feel it in proportion to his wealth; 3) restrained consumption and therefore production. Champion of the sales tax exempting only food and cheap clothing was Pennsylvania's Senator Reed who proposed a 1% of 1% levy (TIME, Sept. 21). Opponents of the sales tax included such Senate figures as Idaho's Borah, North Dakota's Nye, Oregon's McNary, Iowa's Brookhart.

Mr. Hearst's Party. One of the most ardent sales taxers outside Congress is that man of great wealth, Publisher William Randolph Hearst. Largest neighboring sales tax area is Canada where a 4% rate is levied on most manufactures. Last week Mr. Hearst made one of the spectacular gestures for which he is famed. He underwrote a Congressional junkie to Canada to study the sales tax in operation. Meanwhile his press harped on its virtues in editorial, cartoon and newstory. Credited with the courage of his convictions, Mr. Hearst also laid himself open to the suspicion of agitating a tax form which might save his own large income payments to the Treasury from becoming larger.

TRANSPORTATION Loans v. Gifts

Last week the railroads of the land chuffed their freight rate problem back into the roundhouse that is the Interstate Commerce Commission. Presented by the Association of Railway Executives was a petition accepting the Commission's suggestion of a credit pool—but with major amendments.

When the I. C. C. last month rejected the roads' plea for a flat 15% rate-upping as an emergency revenue measure, it proposed, as a substitute, an increase in carload rates (\$3 and \$6) to add between \$100,000,000 and \$125,000,000 per year to carriers' income (TIME, Nov. 2). But the Commission tied a strong string to its proposal: this extra revenue must be pooled and from the pool weak roads which could not pay their bond interest and other fixed charges must receive as outright gifts whatever they needed in cash to escape bankruptcy. Any balance in the pool thereafter might be distributed equitably among the other roads. In effect, under the I. C. C. plan, strong lines were to use the rate increase to earn a surplus with which to keep weak lines out of the ditch, to maintain the financial stability of U. S. transportation as a whole.

The A. of R. E. counterproposed: Let the credit pool, to be known as Railroad Credit Corporation, with twelve regional directors, come into being as a result of the suggested increase in freight rates;

*Slated to succeed Senator Fess as chairman is Postmaster-General Walter Folger Brown.

National Affairs—(Continued)

let loans—not gifts—be made from the pool to roads unable to pay their fixed charges; let the strong roads ultimately get back the money they made by the increase. The A. of R. E. petition excluded as pool borrowers lines which were in receivership or already in default, or which would be unable to meet their interest payments even with a loan, or which earned less than 50% of their total revenue from freight.* The "best available collateral" would be required for these loans, running a maximum of four years. No borrowing road could pay a dividend until its pool loan was canceled. Arguing for pool loans rather than pool gifts the petition declared:

"It is just that the stockholders of the carrier earning the revenue by performing the service from which the fund arises, should be preferred over the stockholders of the carrier that does not earn it. . . . To treat the advances as loans does not increase the indebtedness of the recipient carrier. . . . It manifestly imposes no additional charge upon shippers."

The I. C. C. had suggested that, if a road reduced a freight rate after accepting the carload increase, the cut be made from the basic rate and not from the sur-rate, thereby insuring a full flow of excess revenue into the credit pool. The A. of R. E. petition protested this arrangement on the ground that roads were justified in cutting some rates to retain business and should not be asked to contribute any part of their present revenue to the pool.

The A. of R. E.'s pool plan quickly came under critical fire. The I. C. C.'s intent, it was argued, was to ease the financial strain on roads that were weak because of their poor geographical position by having stronger and better placed lines contribute to their support during the emergency. While loans to pay fixed charges might not increase their actual debt, it did not bring them any closer to financial daylight. Critics also complained that the proceeds of any freight rate increase, under the A. of R. E.'s loan plan, would ultimately return to the strong carriers which did not need them.

In Manhattan, meanwhile, a nine-man committee of the A. of R. E. was making a rear-end attack on the carriers' financial troubles by a series of conferences with organized labor. Into the New York, New Haven & Hartford's board room marched representatives of 21 railroad unions to ask for: 1) a six-hour day; 2) a billion-dollar U. S. bond issue to eliminate grade crossings; 3) Federal laws for accident indemnity, retirement insurance, *et al.*; 4) a national railroad employment agency; 5) a mobile force of rail workers to be shifted from system to system as traffic conditions required. But when the rail executives asked the labor executives to accept voluntarily a 10% pay cut, they refused. Thereupon the carriers prepared to force the reduction under the terms of the Railroad Labor Act, with a long and acrimonious struggle in prospect.

*An example: the Long Island which last year carried 13 passengers to every ton of freight.

HEROES

"Cunning Little Rascal"

Widespread during the past month has been this rumor: Charles Augustus ("Eaglet") Lindbergh Jr., 17-month-old son of the No. 1 U. S. hero, is deaf and



Keystone

"EAGLET" & NURSE

A Pundit: "Give him a chance!"

so has not learned to talk. Cause of the affliction was supposed to have been the pre-natal drumming of airplane motors in his ears, causing a trauma, while his mother, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, continued to fly during her pregnancy.*

Last week no less a personage than Clinton Wallace Gilbert, Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, came forward for the Lindbergh child to deny this rumor. In the column ("Daily Mirror of Washington") which he usually devotes to the politically great of the land, Pundit Gilbert wrote with unaccustomed feeling and excitement:

"At least a dozen people have asked me if I had heard this story. I have and it is utterly untrue. Members of the Morrow family assure me that the child is a perfectly normal baby, running about and as bright as a button, a cunning little rascal who hears perfectly and says just about as many words as any baby of seventeen months may be expected to say. . . . The parents naturally have tried to keep the youngest out of the newspapers. . . . I have heard stories of nurses of the Lindbergh baby fleeing from cameras when the infant was out for an airing. . . . Publicity, as anyone who has seen its ravages in Washington knows, ruins a good many grown men. How much worse must it be for children! . . . Give the Lindbergh baby a chance! It can't help it that its father and grandfather are famous."

*Two months before her son was born Mrs. Lindbergh accompanied her husband on a record-breaking transcontinental flight (TIME, April 28, 1930).

STATES & CITIES

Walker for Mooney

During San Francisco's 1916 Preparedness Day Parade, a bomb exploded on Market Street, killed ten people, wounded 40 others. Thomas Mooney and Warren K. Billings, labor agitators, were convicted of the crime, went to jail for life. Their trials were later shown to have been honeycombed with perjured evidence against them. Judge J. J. recommended their pardon. The case became interwoven with State politics. Governor after California Governor was implored by large sections of organized labor, the Press and the Pulpit to set justice to rights by releasing Mooney & Billings. Though 15 years of prison life have greyed them to pathetic, broken figureheads, their Cause looms as large as ever across the land. Last week almost the last person in the world who might be supposed to have any interest in the matter suddenly sprang to the defense of Mooney & Billings.

In his Manhattan office, dapper, flip-pant, fun-loving Mayor James John ("Jimmy") Walker, around whose sleek head the shot & shell of Investigation have whistled and cracked for 16 months, called in the City Hall reporters. He picked up a telegram from San Francisco, began reading:

I AM SO YEARS OLD AFRAID AM
BREAKING DOWN AT LAST THEY WANT
TO TAKE ME TO A HOSPITAL TOMORROW
IN THE NAME OF GOD AND HIS BLESSED
MOTHER WON'T YOU COME OUT TO
HELP MY BOY IT IS MY LAST CHANCE.

Here Mayor Walker broke down. Turning the yellow blank out to the newshawks, he left the room, his hand to his face. The reporters read on:

. . . TO PUT MY ARMS AROUND HIM
BEFORE I MEET MY GOD HE HAS BEEN
A GOOD SON TO ME IF YOU DO THIS
FOR TOM YOU WILL HAVE MY PRAYERS
AS LONG AS YOU LIVE

MOTHER MOONEY

Next day Mayor Walker announced that he would go to California not as the Biggest City's chief executive, but as a private citizen and lawyer to defend aged Mary Mooney's son Thomas, at a hearing before Governor James ("Sunny Jim") Rolph Jr. in San Francisco. Jovial Sunny Jim, instead of taking offense at what might have seemed an unwarranted intrusion upon California's affairs, said he would be glad to see his wise-cracking little friend once more. He telephoned the Adjutant General's office to have the militia fire a salute as Mayor Walker passed through Sacramento.

From both coasts came hostile editorial comment on the Mayoral junket. "In the country as a whole," observed the New York *Herald Tribune*, "there will be many to hope that His Honor will succeed in his mission; but it is a sad commentary on American justice that the freedom of anyone should hinge on a 'snuff'."

"It is essentially," snapped the New York *Evening Post*, "the most impudent of all the impudent ideas that our im-

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udent Mayor has conceived." This feeling was shared in San Francisco by the *Chronicle* which resented "a hippodrome performance," declared: "Californians, of



Acme-P. & A.

"MOTHER" MOONEY

... made the Mayor go.

course, do not care how much publicity Mr. Walker seeks or gets in ordinary ways. But it is another matter when he seeks to satisfy his thirst for public notice by mixing up his public office with private meddling. . . .

Lawyer Walker boarded a New York Central office car, clutching a fat envelope. "This is something that can't be lost," he gravely explained. "It's Mooney's record, and I always stand by the record. Let's hope that justice is waiting." In lighter vein he deplored missing the Kid Chocolate-Tony Canzoneri fight, an inconvenience which he palliated by going to the Southern California-Notre Dame football game at South Bend, Ind. (see p. 23). His brief for Prisoner Limited, he prepared aboard the Overland Limited between Chicago and San Francisco.

Al Smith's Friend's Firm

When William Marcy Tweed bossed Tammany Hall and New York City, political livelihoods were made by out-&-out speculation. Boss Charles Francis Murphy brought the city contract racket to its juiciest fruition. But fashions in municipal graft change. Nowadays Tammany feeds largely on the real estate and building businesses. How it is done was clearly illustrated last week by Inquisitor Samuel Seabury to the eight-month-old Republican-controlled Legislative investigation of New York City's administration.

In 1924 Alfred Emanuel Smith wanted to wash behind Tammany's ears, make it presentable so that it would not embarrass him when he took it before a National Democratic Convention to secure for himself the presidential nomination. George Washington Olvany, a judge of General Sessions Court, was the man Mr. Smith

deemed of sufficiently good repute to lead the "New Tammany" into national potency and esteem. Having served five years as the Hall's leader, while Mr. Smith twice failed to become President, Judge Olvany resigned two years ago (*TIME*, March 25, 1929), succumbing to ill health and general anti-Smith sentiment in the organization.

Judge Olvany's law firm—Olvany, Eisner & Donnelly—during the years that its senior member couched in the big leather chair at the Tammany Wigwam, was particularly successful in pleading cases before the Board of Standards & Appeals. The Board rules on building and zoning laws.

Last week Inquisitor Seabury put Builder Fred F. French on the stand. Mr. French, Brooklyn-born, was once a Princeton student, then successively a cow hand, stoker, timekeeper when the Hippodrome Theatre was erected. He is responsible for the Tudor City residential development on Manhattan's East Side. When he wanted to erect a Fifth Avenue office building of dimensions which needed an "interpretation" from the Board of Standards & Appeals in 1926, Builder French was guided to the Olvany firm.

Inquisitor—You have told us that you believed the firm had influence?

Builder—I knew they had influence. Everybody knew it. . . .

Inquisitor—Did you think that to any extent it was due to the presence of Judge Olvany in the firm?

Builder—I suppose so.

Inquisitor—I ask you whether you will be good enough to say to the committee whether or not the fact that you believe they did have influence was a circumstance that led you to select them.

(*Bickering from one of the committee's Democratic members.*)

Builder—I won't answer it.

Bit by bit, recalcitrant Builder French, bald as a cue-ball, told how he gave \$35,000 to a third party. The third party, John Neville Boyle,* who did the actual pleading before the Board in Builder French's case, said he gave \$25,000 of it in cash to Partner Donnelly of the Olvany firm. Builder French's plea was granted. On the stand Partner Donnelly explained that it was an old custom of the Olvany firm to accept contingent fees in cash because "it has been known about this town that names of prominent gentlemen have been exploited." Patient questioning by Inquisitor Seabury revealed that during the time the Olvany firm was seeing that the Board's "interpretations" suited clients, it banked more than \$5,000,000. In each case Olvany, Eisner & Donnelly gave a few thousands to lesser legal lights authorized to represent the client before the Board.

Was there any comprehensive record of fees earned by the firm? Inquisitor Seabury wanted to know. No. Those had been destroyed two years ago, maybe the

*Not to be confused with Horse Doctor William Francis Doyle whose reluctance to explain his super-successful pleadings before the Board took him to jail last summer (*TIME*, Aug. 17).

year before, because "we were short of space," and because the firm had been "reorganized." "Reorganization," the Inquisitor found, consisted of admitting two



Krystone

GEORGE WASHINGTON OLVANY

... just a good Samaritan.

more partners to the lucrative business.

At last Judge Olvany took the stand. He admitted having consulted often with the Board's chairman but only "as a good Samaritan."

INDUSTRY

Lead-Shod Coal

There is no use trying to get sympathy for your business worries from a soft coal man. Trouble is all he has had for the past twelve years. "To bring about the economic co-ordination of the coal industry," 1,000 men of science (like President Thomas Stockham Baker of Carnegie Institute of Technology) and men of industry (like Utilitarian Samuel Insull and Steelman James A. Farrell) met at Pittsburgh last week. Assembled at Carnegie Tech, the meeting was called the Third International Conference on Bituminous Coal.

Trouble. Chief trouble of the coal business is simply that there is too much coal. In the U. S., which is scamed with 45% of the world's reserve, 31 States mine coal, probably five more are underlain with it. This brings about inevitable complications. Coal operators cut each others' throats, often selling their product below the margin of a safe return on their investment. The real pain of the trouble is transmitted to the miners, who strike, riot, threaten, starve in the throes of wretched living conditions and inadequate wages. Since 1919 this has been the condition, steadily growing graver, in an industry which is capitalized at two and one-half billion dollars, whose product was valued at 1.3 billions in 1929 and whose employees during the same year numbered 654,000.

Diagnosis. In an address called "The Importance of Coal to Civilization,"

National Affairs—(Continued)

Banker Myron C. Taylor of U. S. Steel, wearing a stand-up collar which accentuated his dignity, diagnosed the plight of the industry with flocks of facts and figures. The U. S. coal business had appreciably increased its volume of output in the past 50 years (1878-1928), he found, but not by the whopping percentages of other fuels:

Gain since 1878

Population	140%
Coal production	736%
Hydroelectricity	1,018%
Natural gas production	2,033%
Oil production	3,346%

Here were some major factors that were whittling away the profit margin from the coal business:

1) Oil-burning vessels had vitally diminished the bunkage business.

2) Although it takes 15,000 to 25,000 cu. ft. of natural gas to do the work of one ton of coal, according to George I. Rhodes, gas engineer of the engineering firm of Ford, Bacon & Davis, gas has already supplanted 10% of the 475,000,000 tons of bituminous coal annually mined.

3) Fuel economies. Railroads alone (biggest coal consumers) have reduced their aggregate requirements during the past ten years by 225,000,000 tons, a saving of \$630,000,000.

Plans. In spite of its alarming condition, the ponderers at Pittsburgh were aware that the coal industry accounts for 58% of all U. S. energy, is still the prime source of power & heat. What was to be done, asked President Baker—who presided at the conference and whose coal-founded Institute constantly probes Coal's ills—about an industry which was "creeping along with leaden shoes on its feet?"

A committee of five was delegated to sort out the prescriptions which had previously been handed in. They returned with six which could be boiled down to four:

1) Get the Governors of the big bituminous coal States east of the Mississippi River (Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Alabama, Tennessee) to appoint a "stabilizing" commission.

2) Get the coal States' Governors to appoint a commission that would get the operators together to devise their own stabilization plans.

3) Put the matter up to the Federal and State governments, with a "coal tsar" appointed by the President.

4) Let the Governors have the coal operators determine quotas (as did the Governors of Oklahoma, Texas and Kansas for their oilmen) and discontinue selling below cost, enforcing decisions "by civil and military means." Declare coal a public utility.

The conference voted to send all six proposals to the Coal State executives, let them take their pick.

Plan No. 4 had a familiar ring. Sick industries, like oil, shipping and agriculture, eventually seek some sort of Government regulation. Haul industries fight it. Declaring coal a public utility so that the

Government could shut down small mines and steer the larger ones around the Sherman Law into a price-fixing amalgamation, was a scheme laid before Secretary of Commerce Lamont last summer (TIME, Aug. 17).

Although the Third International Conference on Coal could only talk, not act, the meeting brought once more to public attention the Sickest Industry, about which something eventually Must Be Done. After five days the meeting disbanded, besought President Baker to continue his efforts in behalf of lead-shod Coal.

HUSBANDRY

Strong Milk

U. S. citizens understand that if people set out to sell dope or whiskey or women, somebody is going to get jailed, hurt or killed. In some cities even such a homely thing as the family wash may cause cracked skulls, bombings. Last week saw the continuation of a new kind of peacetime war. The Nation's milk, product of patient kine, beverage of babies, churned up in violence.*

Near Plainfield, Ill., the Guernsey herd of Isaac Lentz, an independent dairyman who had withdrawn from a local milk distributing association and cut his price, lay in their stalls placidly swishing their tails and chewing their nocturnal cuds. Suddenly Farmer Lentz heard a mighty roar. Running outside he discovered that his barn had been bombed, was afire. Before he and his hands could untangle the wire with which the bombers had sealed the door, Farmer Lentz's barn, three horses and 43 cows were a blazing pyre in the night. Two weeks before, the barns of two other dairymen, independents like Farmer Lentz, had been bombed near Joliet.

Few citizens realize that milk wars as bitter as that of northern Illinois have been and are still raging in many another U. S. community. Every large city has its dairymen's co-operative, some subsidized by the Federal Farm Board. Since the farmer is usually unable to market his own milk, these sales agencies become extremely potent. Sometimes to the farmers' misfortune. Chief sources of trouble: independent dairymen refusing to abide by the co-operative's price dictates as did Farmer Lentz; co-operatives trying to enter the retail distribution field and thereby running afoul of large retail distributors.

From the second of these causes, milk sold last week in Buffalo, N. Y. for 6¢ a quart. Housewives enjoyed the lowest milk prices in the State, the lowest in Buffalo for 25 years. In Cleveland a price-cutting war between the local co-operatives and a retail subsidiary of far-flung National Dairy Products, which had cut the cost 2¢ a quart, last week ended, with prices up to 12¢ a quart. Similar strife between Pevely Dairy Co. and the Sanitary

*Dairy income exceeds that of the motor industry (1929: 3.5 billion dollars). Milk alone produces a national income of 1.4 billion dollars, greater than that of the coal industry (see above).

Milk Producers Association accounted for burnt barns, dynamited trucks around St. Louis. In Portland, Ore. last August, dairymen demanding higher prices seized distributors' trucks, poured the milk into ditches. At the same time in San Francisco a price war robbed milk of all value, when the product was given away free. In New York City last week, where Mrs. William Randolph Hearst was enjoying her annual Milk Fund celebration to supply milk to poor people's babies, the Health Department commission recommended a ban on all unbottled milk sales at retail.

CAMPAIGN

According to St. Patrick

The "Eyes & Ears" of his President in the Philippines, Patrick Jay ("Pat") Hurley, youthful and dashing Secretary of War, last week also took on some of the attributes of a presidential Mouth. Journeying to Manhattan, he made two rousing political speeches in defense of his Chief which had in them the clear clang of the coming campaign. What keyed up the Hurley addresses even more was the fact that friends of their energetic and ambitious maker warmly hope that 1932 will bring into the G. O. P. field a Hoover-Hurley ticket and that, as the vice-presidential nominee, Pat Hurley will carry on his square shoulders the full burden of the national campaign while the President keeps busy in the White House.

For the annual dinner of the New York State Chamber of Commerce Secretary Hurley had prepared an elaborate speech. When he stood up, however, he mumbled something about his inability to read and tossed his manuscript to the stenographer. "That," he remarked to Bishop William Manning who sat nearby, "is the gospel according to St. Patrick."

Fervently paraphrasing his prepared speech, Secretary Hurley launched into a description of how President Hoover had grappled with Depression:

"The President has courageously and intelligently faced each emergency as it has arisen and taken logical steps to mitigate its effects. . . . He has shown the patience of Job and the courage of a lion. . . . The cry has been for leadership. Those who shouted most loudly for leadership usually showed the least of that quality themselves. . . . The President prevented industrial strife and warfare. . . . He brought about an international debt moratorium. . . . He intervened . . . directed . . . saved . . . settled. . . . The President is now confronted with a serious fiscal situation in the Government itself. . . . Most anyone can suggest a plan for taking money out of the Treasury but no one has suggested a plan for putting more money in. . . . I've been told that if the President proposes an increase in taxes he will be defeated for re-election. The President is more concerned with the welfare of this nation than he is with his own political future. . . ."

Next day Secretary Hurley went to a luncheon of the Bond Club where he

National Affairs—(Continued)

echoed most of the things he had said the night before.

Immediately after the Bond Club luncheon, he got news that sent him and Mrs. Hurley fairly flying back to Washington. Their daughter Ruth, 9, had swallowed a Red Cross pin. (Damage: zero.)

Solos & Ducts

Last week's developments in the presidential campaign headlined the following names for the subjoined reasons:

Hiram Johnson, rambunctiously independent Republican Senator from California, met newshawks in Chicago on his way to Washington. Pressed for a statement, he seized a piece of copy paper and scribbled: "The decision of Mr. Coolidge not to become a candidate next year entitles him to the highest praise of the American people. If Mr. Hoover were to make a like decision, he would have the undying gratitude of the rank and file of the Republican party." Asked if he himself would be a candidate, Senator Johnson snapped: "Quit kidding me! When I'm a candidate you'll know about it. I don't see why certain people have to be so coy about other people's political hopes. Is it any matter for kidding if a man has a desire to gratify his political ambitions?"

Charles Curtis, Vice President of the U. S., returned to Washington from Los Angeles to decide whether to seek renomination or run for the Senate in Kansas. Asked if he had made up his mind, he roared: "No! And nobody is making this decision but me—Charlie Curtis and when I make a statement, I will make it. . . . Everywhere through the West I was greeted by big crowds—from 200 to 1,500 persons at each station. No, I didn't make

the last election (TIME, Nov. 16). Democratic observers thought they saw large political significance in this first meeting in four months between the two men. Mr. Smith, wearing his Brown Derby, shouldered his way through a thronging Press in the Roosevelt library. "Hello, Governor, how are you?" he called out cordially. "Hello, Al, I'm mighty glad to see you," replied Governor Roosevelt. Then the library doors were closed on the newshawks. "You know," explained the Governor, "Al's voice and mine are both penetrating." Two hours later Mr. Smith emerged to remark:

"I had a good meal."
"What did you talk about?"
"We talked State finances. That makes four words, don't it?"
"No talk of politics?"
"Not a word. Politics went out the window."

Later Governor Roosevelt reported: "We ate, and discussed the financial affairs of the State."

"No politics?"
"State finances, I said. You know what State finances are."

Few New Yorkers believed that Messrs. Roosevelt & Smith were telling the whole truth about their luncheon.

William Henry ("Cocklebur Bill") Murray, Governor of Oklahoma, went to

ple wore in their caps badges marked: ALFALFA BILL MURRAY FOR PRESIDENT. Farmers lustily sang:

*He'll be the next Pres-i-dent
He'll be the next Pres-i-dent
He'll be the next Pres-i-dent.
He's with us tonight.*

Waving a copy of the U. S. Constitution Governor Murray declared: "The next President must not be reared in the shadow of Wall Street. Such a man has no more conception of the Mississippi Valley than Satan has of the Kingdom of Heaven. . . . We've got to quit voting for lodges and churches and the geography that runs along the Harlem River and has a connection with Europe. . . . The common people are like a mule, young and vigorous but chained to a post so tight it can't move. I'm for breaking that chain. . . . The zero hour of hard times will come in the winter of 1933-1934. . . ."

POLITICAL NOTES

McAdoo on Hoover

Rarely mentioned about the White House these days is the Wartime period when, as Food Administrator, Herbert Hoover got his political start under a Democratic President. Fortnight ago William Gibbs McAdoo, Woodrow Wilson's Secretary of the Treasury and Director-General of Railways, published his autobiography *Crowded Years*.^{*} Politically-minded readers thumbed through it to see what this Democrat would say about the man who later became a Republican President. They found two mentions—each with a sting in it.

Mr. McAdoo described Mr. Hoover's panicky interview of February 1918, in which he predicted a 60-day food crisis and blamed rail congestion. After some fruitless correspondence Mr. Hoover, with his legal adviser, called at the McAdoo office. Writes Mr. McAdoo: "Glasgow [the legal adviser] did all the talking. Hoover sat with downcast eyes, like a diffident schoolboy. I do not recall that he had anything to say. Glasgow told me . . . Mr. Hoover regretted his statement [and] that its publication was a mistake. . . . I said I thought Mr. Hoover should make his complaints to me and not to the public through the newspapers. . . . Mr. Glasgow finished his say, Mr. Hoover completed his inspection of the floor and they took their departure."

Referring to the Wilson practice of "ad-journing politics" and appointing Republicans to office, Mr. McAdoo declared: "It was a wise course and it gave some of the Republican leaders of today their start in political life. Herbert Hoover was one. Hoover was a practically unknown man who had spent most of his adult life abroad. . . . His chief distinction had been acquired in distributing free food to the Belgian people—a celebrity easily won. I fancy, as the job of giving away things requires very little wear and tear on one's ability."

^{*}Houghton Mifflin Co. \$5.00.



International

OF OKLAHOMA
are like a mule . . ."

THE GOVERNOR

"The common people

speeches, just shook hands. At a couple of places they held the train 15 minutes and even at that I couldn't begin to shake hands with everybody. Really, it was amazing!"

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Governor of New York, had Alfred Emanuel Smith to lunch at his Manhattan home. Because of Mr. Smith's apparent reluctance to endorse the Roosevelt candidacy, because of their quarrel over reforestation in

Des Moines, addressed the national convention of the Farmers' Union in the manner and speech of a presidential candidate.^{*} Waitresses at the Shrine Tem-

^{*}Not all Oklahoma favors a Murray candidacy. This month the Tulsa *World* said of its Governor: "He has a tricky mind and a cunning appeal. Like a jackass braying into an empty rain barrel, he mistakes the sound and fury for wisdom and profundity. He encourages and agitates unrest and class hatred. We apologize for having supported him. To go with him further is like walking through a slaughter house to an open grave."

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Empire Runcimanned

(See front cover)

Great Britain hauled down last week the proud, peculiar standard which she almost alone of the Great Powers has flown for the better part of 80 years: Free Trade.

As late as the 18th Century there was no such policy. "Free Trade," in the swaggering argot of desperados, meant smuggling, a crime punished by Death. To Queen Elizabeth, to Louis XIV or George III it seemed as natural to impose the equivalent of a modern tariff or embargo as to breathe. It seems so still to a majority of statesmen. That Great Britain in the 19th Century took another line was due to such bold spirits as Thinker Adam Smith, Propagandist Richard Cobden, Pioneer Sir Robert Peel, Statesman William Ewart Gladstone, and to Geography.

Smith to Gladstone. To Adam Smith, who published his epochal *The Wealth of Nations* in 1776, occurred the unusual idea that when anything is bought or sold profit accrues to both buyer and seller. Before Thinker Smith and since, the tendency of human nature has been to assume that the seller outsmarts the buyer. Nations try to outsmart each other by selling more than they buy. Each assumes that by erecting a tariff wall it will smartly reduce its own purchases (imports) while continuing to push its sales (exports).

To Thinker Smith it seemed clear that any obstruction to imports reduced the total number of exports and was therefore against the interests of all nations, since in every transaction both buyer and seller profit. To increase the number of transactions and therefore the number of benefits to all, he prescribed Free Trade. But suspicious Mother Britain would scarcely have swallowed this pill* except for her geography.

Unlike any other Great Power of the period, Great Britain was an island. Her population, rapidly increasing and becoming urbanized because of her Industrial Revolution, began to require more & more foreign food on which Britain's new proletariat preferred to pay no British tariffs. In 1815 this preference became so potent that riotous London workmen chalked the town with their slogan: "Bread or Blood!" Symbolic, a loaf of

blood-soaked bread was pitched among Tory landlord M. P.s who upheld the British tariffs (chiefly agricultural) of the day, called the "Corn Laws."

In 1841 the blatant Anti-Corn Law Association led by Propagandist Richard Cobden so alarmed the Tories that Tory Sir Robert Peel was put in as Prime Minister especially to guard their interests. His enlightened "betrayal" of his landlord friends ranks with James Ramsay MacDonald's high-minded "treachery" to British Labor (TIME, Sept. 7). In his budgets of 1842, 1845 and 1846, Pioneer Sir Robert whittled away the "Corn Laws," reduced the prohibitory British tariffs on cattle, pigs, meat, cheese and butter. He even lowered the duty on imported stage-coaches.

In 1852, when Benjamin Disraeli became Chancellor of the Exchequer, the principle of Free Trade had become so popular in Britain that he had to curb his will to revive protection. Successive Gladstone ministries made Free Trade the battle cry of the great Liberty Party. By 1879 a Liberal economist could growl: "The British tariff no longer contains within it one solitary shred of protection!"

The whole Free Trade trend had been greatly strengthened from the first by Britain's emergence on the seas as the World's carrier, the nation that had most to gain by free and rapid trade among all nations.

Runciman Paradox. In London last week came this supreme paradox: Tycoon Walter Runciman, the great Liberal shipping man (Royal Mail and associated companies) whose family stands rooted in the business and politics of Free Trade, was obliged personally to draft and put into effect measures making nearly all manufactured articles liable to a British tariff up to 100% *ad valorem*. Thus historically he hauled down the standard of Free Trade.

Liberal Runciman's amazing about-face resulted from the fact that Free Trader James Ramsay MacDonald now heads a National Government supported by the largest Tory majority in British history (TIME, Nov. 9). Since the War tariffs have again become a leading Tory policy. Against his will, Mr. MacDonald was forced to appoint as Chancellor of the Exchequer famed Tariff Champion Neville Chamberlain. Next April or sooner, Chancellor Chamberlain will bring in an ironclad British Tariff Act, sure to pass. But emergency tariff measures are in the hands of Britain's obscure cabinet ministry, the Board of Trade. To keep the Board from skyrocketing tariffs up at once beyond all reason, Free Trader MacDonald (still a Socialist), appointed Free Trader Runciman (Liberal) to be President of the Board of Trade. To keep his job President Runciman, cold, thin-lipped and rigidly Northumbrian, had to appease the pro-tariff majority in the House of Commons by some fairly drastic move.

Northumbrians are easily drastic. Calmly Northumbrian Runciman brought in a bill (promptly nicknamed "The Ab-

normal Imports Act") vesting in his Board of Trade supreme power to issue Orders in Council upping Tariffs for the next six months on "manufactured articles and manufactures" (which in the King's English includes such things as gasoline). Unctuously over the good British signatures of President Runciman and two Treasury Lords, G. H. Shakespeare and A. U. M. Hudson, the Board of Trade declared itself "satisfied" last week that all the articles mentioned in the bill "are being imported in abnormal quantities" (i. e., dumped).

Tariffs Into Law. Though a few Conservatives grumbled that Mr. Runciman had not pledged his Board to up tariffs the full, authorized 100% but to employ "discretion" in every case, the bill passed first, second and final readings in both Houses of Parliament last week by majorities of from 250 to 400, its swift passage being so certain that many M. P.s did not trouble to vote. In vain Old George Lansbury, leader of the puny Labor Opposition, cackled: "There is no ground or occasion for this departure from the established custom of the House of Commons to take plenty of time to consider all financial matters." Less than 66 hours after the bill was introduced it was signed by George V, became law, and unhappy Mr. Runciman began issuing Orders in Council.

That he was really unhappy—genuinely torn in soul and spirit—Free Trader Runciman proved by his own speech during the otherwise perfunctory debate on his bill. As a friend said: "Poor old Walter supplied most of the arguments why his bill should not be passed."

One of the best, as uttered by Tycoon Runciman: "I think we would be very foolish to copy exactly the fiscal policy of the United States of America. . . . Do not let us do here that which would impede the payments which we receive from abroad. . . . In the United States that may not do them much harm. That is for them to decide, not us. . . . We . . . must not altogether close down the means whereby these remittances reach here. I am expressing my own opinion and others may express theirs if they like."

World Significance. European statesmen (including British) have belabored U. S. tariffs as a cause of World Depression, have charged that by curtailing the volume of world trade, U. S. tariffs have helped to make it difficult for Germany and Europe to export enough to pay Reparations and War Debts from their profits. This much is certain: The Runciman emergency tariffs will deal a major blow to the exports of Germany and Russia, a minor blow to U. S. exports (not to mention others), and may throw further out of gear the already groaning mechanism of Reparations and War Debts (see p. 19).

Most U. S. exports to Great Britain consist of raw materials and foodstuffs. These are untouched by the emergency Runciman tariffs decreed last week. In 1929, the latest year for which trade figures are complete, U. S. exports to Britain totaled \$848,000,000 of which only \$18,600,000

*The same bill is prescribed today every time the International Chamber of Commerce meets (TIME, May 18), was most notably prescribed at the World Economic Conference in Geneva (TIME, May 16, 1927, p. 202). Said Conference Chairman Georges Theunis of Belgium: "The exchange of products between persons of the same country or of different countries is normally to the advantage of both parties; the greater the range of exchange of different products between those who by their resources and capacities are best fitted to produce them, the greater is the general economic advantage. . . . International trade is normally and properly not a matter of victory and defeat, of profit of one at the expense of the other, but of mutual benefit."

Foreign News—(Continued)

were goods now liable to the Runciman tariffs.*

Germany, on the other hand, exported \$344,453,953 to Great Britain in 1929, of which \$282,071,508 would not be Runcimanned; Russia exported \$126,329,245 of which \$33,507,294 would suffer. This Christmas for the first time "cheap" toys *Made in Germany* will be relatively dear in British toyshops.

British Dominions, of course, will receive a 100% rebate on the Runciman tariffs thus escaping them completely. It appeared last week that goods manufactured by U. S.-owned plants on Empire soil would similarly escape. In the past eight months U. S. citizens have bought 154 new factory sites in Great Britain, and 500 U. S.-owned or leased factories were humming last week in the United Kingdom.

Runciman Moderation. What escaped some observers last week was the real moderation of Mr. Runciman. Mr. Shakespeare and Mr. Hudson in drafting their Orders in Council.

These orders, effective Wednesday, Nov. 25, upped the tariff on several hundred articles (all of interest to U. S. exporters have been enumerated) not by 100% as the Board of Trade was entitled to do, but by 50%.

In Washington the sky-high altitude of the present U. S. tariff, with *ad valorem* duties running up to 80% and exceeding 50% in most cases, was admitted last week to be so great that further upping in "retaliation" against Britain would be impracticable. What many a Runciman in the Empire hopes is that temporary British tariffs will force U. S. and other tariffs ultimately down, will lead to an international tariff truce which of course would be Free Trade.

Wives & Clubs

Smug housewives who have drawn Britain's Dole, claiming complacently to be "unemployed," were kicked out of their petty sinecures by the thousand last week.

Kicking was done by the Public Assistance Office in each county. Such offices used to administer only poor law relief. They were appointed local Dole dispute referees when it was "tightened up" as one of the first acts of the National Government (TIME, Sept. 21). Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, whose main election appeal was to women, arranged that the new Dole screw should not turn against them until last week.

*The \$18,600,000 breaks down thus: \$3,516,482 worth of paper manufactures; \$3,298,593 typewriters; \$1,884,390 hand tools other than agricultural; \$1,477,152 vacuum cleaners; \$768,409 silk hosiery; \$729,316 metal furniture; \$652,695 vanishing creams and toilet preparations; \$631,186 radio sets; \$482,010 wooden manufactures; after which follow lesser quantities of toilet soaps, linoleum, oilcloth, leather gloves, rubber soles & heels, dental creams, etc. etc.

Major Exceptions: Motorcars, of which the U. S. exported \$5,000,000 to Great Britain last year, are unaffected by the Runciman tariffs, but continue liable to the 33 1/3% McKenna Duties, a British experiment with tariffs which has been going on since the War in exception to Britain's general policy of Free Trade.

Under present regulations 81,716 women applied last week for continuance of their Dole. In 71,567 cases their applications were promptly denied.

General tightening of the Dole reduced the number of Britain's "registered unemployed" in "all classes" by 27,000 last week. But men "wholly unemployed" increased 13,000.

FRANCE

Inini

Marshal Louis Franchet d'Esperey, 75, once the youngest General in the French army and but one day older than its youngest marshal (Pétain), stopped briefly

JOHORE

Scottish Sultana

Vast Asia's southernmost tip is the Sultanate of Johore. Last week amid dazling pomp a well-preserved Scotswoman of 41 was crowned Sultana of Johore. Highly pleased seemed her new husband, H. H. Sir Ibrahim, Sultan of Johore, 58, an earnest ruler who lists among his recreations "rubber planting."

Johore knows the new Scottish Sultana of old. Years ago she came out as the charming bride of Dr. William Wilson, who doctored the Sultan. Gradually the Sultan began to call Mrs. Wilson by her



Acme-P. & A.

SULTAN IBRAHIM, SULTANA HELEN & FRIENDS

Now she has pearls & diamonds like Queen Mary's.

at Trinidad last week on the maiden Caribbean cruise of the French liner *Columbia*, was welcomed by British officials and most of the populace. Trinidad understood what brought him. A courier had just arrived from Cayenne, French Guiana, with word of a drastic administrative reform inaugurated by Governor Bouge.

Most of French Guiana is unexplored. Preliminary surveys show traces of gold, silver, lead, copper. There are phosphate deposits and valuable rosewood forests. But French Guiana, as all the world knows, is also France's penal colony. Young Frenchmen will not go there to colonize. Therefore, by order of the French Government, it has been decreed that in future only a coastal belt 25 miles deep is to be known as Guiana. The rest of the territory is to be a separate colony, separately administered by Governor Bouge, in which no convicts will be allowed. This new French colony will be known as Inini. Marshal Franchet d'Esperey, when he arrives at Cayenne, will find the exploration of Inini already under way by trained colonial troops, and shiploads of Annamite laborers concentrated in camps ready to build roads and cantonments.

first name, Helen, and stage tiger hunts in her honor.

She reciprocated. The Sultan, to his vast delight, was made an Hon. Fellow of the Scottish Zoological Society. Finally Mrs. Wilson divorced Dr. Wilson and went back to Scotland. Fast followed the Sultan. In London last October they were married in Woking Mosque, were later received by King George & Queen Mary.

In Johore Bahru, capital of Johore, last week Sultana Helen appeared at her coronation in a Paris gown of shell-pink Venetian lace. Like Queen Mary's on state occasions, her bosom blazed with enormous diamonds. Her neck could not be seen beneath its ropes of pearls, and the diamond earrings of Dr. Wilson's former wife reached almost to her shoulders.

As the Coronation ritual proceeded Sultana Helen made her responses with a soft Scottish burr. At last, with the Lesser (female) Crown of Johore firmly planted on her Nordic head, she rode with swart Sultan Sir Ibrahim triumphantly around Johore Bahru, received the abject homage of its groveling, grinning populace.

Cooler than the nearby island of Singapore, Johore is just the realm for a Scot-

Foreign News—(Continued)

tish Sultana. Officially the Sultan is "independent," but accepts a thumping yearly British subsidy and does as he is told. In greatest breadth Johore is only 100 mi. in greatest length 165 mi. Mostly covered with green forests, Johore supports an easy-going population of 337,000 who export rubber, import strong drink, including Scotch.

SPAIN

"Kings . . . to the Scaffold . . ."

Rumored the richest Spaniard, certainly one of the saddest, is old Count de Romanones. He arranged the flight of Alfonso XIII (TIME, April 27). He put Queen Victoria Eugénie, the ailing Crown Prince and the rest of the Spanish Royal Family on a train at Madrid and said the last goodbye. As their glory and his reflected glory faded, the Count sat stunned by his emotions on a railway station bench. Last week Count de Romanones rose courageously in the Socialist and savagely anti-Monarchist National Assembly. For perhaps the last time Monarchist de Romanones defended with all his forensic skill the Last of the Bourbons.

Defense seemed hopeless. "Alfonso de Bourbon y Habsburg Lorraine is guilty of high treason," a Parliamentary Committee had already reported. "He is guilty of heading a military rebellion [the Primo de Rivera Dictatorship]. . . . He is guilty of *lèse majesté* against the sovereignty of the Spanish people."

The Committee recommended that Alfonso XIII be stripped of all his titles & possessions in Spain and endure "perpetual imprisonment in case he steps upon Spanish territory."

Undismayed, Count de Romanones launched his resounding plea: "Kings may be taken to the scaffold but they may not be gratuitously defamed!"

It was defamation, argued the Count, to say that His Majesty "led" the Dictatorship. Rather it was forced upon him. Historians disagree upon this point. Last week Count de Romanones furnished historians with a telegram. Dated Sept. 14, 1923, addressed to the King and signed by General Primo de Rivera, it harangued His Most Catholic Majesty in threatening terms. Count de Romanones argued that this telegram "intimidated" Alfonso XIII into accepting the Dictatorship.

From a legal standpoint the telegram, if genuine, was interesting. But to read it to a National Assembly was an old man's folly. By excusing the Thirteenth Alfonso as "timid," loyal old Count de Romanones sealed such doom as Spain's National Assembly could inflict.

Promptly the ousted King (who never abdicated) was sentenced by the National Assembly to all the penalties previously recommended by its Commission. Bitterly Count de Romanones commented: "It would have been as easy to condemn the King to Death as to life imprisonment contingent on His Majesty's return to Spain! What really hurts him is the other punishment."

Asked what he meant by this curious

statement, Count de Romanones said in effect that Alfonso XIII can ignore all parts of the National Assembly's sentence except that which deprives him of property worth \$10,000,000 in Spain.

The Spanish peseta, still stamped with



COUNT DE ROMANONES

. . . produced an historic telegram.

the portrait of Alfonso XIII, slumped last week to a new low for all time: 11.56 pesetas to the dollar (at par 5.18 pesetas equal \$1).

GERMANY

Mark Hangs High

Germany outstripped even the U. S. in exports last week. On the basis of trade statistics covering the first ten months of 1931 Deutschland became *über alles* the world's leading export nation. Her surplus of exports over imports ("favorable trade balance") for the year thus far was \$561,240,000.

On international exchange the German mark rose approximately to par* last week for the first time since last May. During the July crisis, when President Hans Luther of the Reichsbank flew like a distracted June bug from Berlin to London to Paris to Basel seeking funds (TIME, July 20), the mark knelt at a low for the year of 20¢.

Normally a Great Power whose currency is at par and whose exports are equalled by no competitor would be rolling in riches, able to pay her debts twice over. Not so the Fatherland. In Berlin last week stern Chancellor Heinrich ("Iron Cross") Brüning took that famed "initiative" which President Hoover and Premier Laval recently agreed should be taken toward securing a further reduction of what Germany must pay (TIME, Nov. 2).

Writing to the Bank for International Settlements (custodian of the Young Plan at Basel, Switzerland) the German Government politely hailed President Hoover's

"farsighted initiative" in arranging his One-Year Moratorium, but continued with asperity: "The hope that this . . . would mean a definite turn in the world crisis did not materialize. . . . The Hoover year alone was unable to dispel the danger of a collapse."

The new initiative, now needed finally to dispel the danger of a collapse, Germany took like a bashful Brünnhilde last week with these coy words: "The idea has come more and more to the front of . . . convoking a special advisory committee. . . ."

"In accordance with the Young Plan, this proposal requires a declaration on the part of the German Government to the effect that 'it has arrived at the conclusion in good faith that Germany's exchange and economic life may be seriously endangered by further transfer in part or in full of the postponable portion of her annuities.'"

"In making this declaration the German Government must point to the fact that such a declaration does not do justice to the present state of things . . . an unprecedented crisis."

To do justice to the present state of things, Germany's note trespassed upon and overstepped Premier Laval's contention that the "non-postponable" German payments under the Young Plan are positively non-postponable, and that neither they nor German private debts and short term credits are within the competence of a committee called under the Young Plan.

President Hoover was supposed to have agreed to this "French thesis," and Premier Laval has been repeating it with insistence to German Ambassador Leopold von Hoesch at Paris (TIME, Nov. 9 *et seq.*). But in flat contradiction the German note declared last week that the new Young Plan committee "must examine the problem in its entirety" both as to non-postponable and postponable annuities "and must especially take into account that the question of Germany's private indebtedness must be newly regulated in good time before the end of February 1932."

Significance. Laymen who could not understand why the German mark should almost touch par last week while the German Government claimed to be weltering in an "unprecedented crisis," were enlightened by their bankers. They also learned why Germany, having outstripped all competition in exports, remains hard-pressed, unable to meet her obligations.

Breaking down the German export surplus of \$561,240,000 for the first ten months of 1931, one sees that nearly half this surplus consists of exports to Soviet Russia and of "payments in kind" to the Reparations creditors of Germany. The latter, of course, are a drain on Germany, not a gain. The exports to Russia are a story in themselves (see p. 20). Unlike other German exports they were sold on the longest of long export credits. To furnish these credits, German banks and the Reichsbank in particular have been drawing on available credit resources to the limit. Last week the Reichsbank's resources of gold foreign exchange further declined.

*Specifically, to 23.80¢ last week. Par is 23.81¢.

Foreign News—(Continued)

That in such circumstances the German mark should touch par last week, wisecracks attributed to speculative confidence springing from the fact that Germany had at last taken the Hoover-Laval "initiative" and seemed on the way to a new easing of her threatened fiscal position. But for the Dawes Committee the post-war mark could never have been stabilized on a gold basis. But for the Young Committee it could not have been kept there. But for bright hopes spurting from the proposed new committee the mark might not have hung high last week.

Wiggin to Berlin. Officials of the Bank for International Settlements announced that the Young Plan committee asked by Germany will meet in their offices at Basle, Switzerland, Dec. 7. Lest this Committee give Reparations priority over short-term credits, the interests of Germany's short-term creditors will be protected by a special bankers' committee announced last week to meet Dec. 10 in Berlin. Potentially on this committee will sit Board Chairman Albert Henry Wiggin of Manhattan's Chase National Bank.

Normally any banker assumes that "of course" his short-term loans have priority over long-term political debts. But with France assuming that "of course" the non-postponable Young Plan payments must be protected at all costs, conflict loomed between the Berlin and Basle committees.

RUSSIA

"No Matter What Happens"

When a U. S. Ambassador or Minister appears in the U. S. and declares that the government to which he is accredited is as strong as Gibraltar—then all too often the next news is Revolution.

Back from Poland last week came Ambassador John North Willys, retired motorman. He said nothing about the strength or weakness of the Polish Government. That was good news. But of the Soviet Government (to which no U. S. diplomat is accredited) Ambassador Willys said: "No matter what happens the Soviet Government will endure. Even if the Five-Year Plan should fail, the Soviet leaders would simply launch another plan. There is no fear in Poland of a war with Russia, and the likelihood of war anywhere in Europe is slight. Poland is weathering the depression with energy and fortitude."

In the Department of Commerce at Washington (where the opinions of U. S. Ambassadors and Ministers are held in low esteem) officials were especially careful last week to remain impartial—in view of Wall Street rumors that the Soviet Government's credit is becoming more than ever overstrained. The Department, which speaks ill of nobody, has said of the Soviet Government recently nothing more alarming than that, while the Soviet unfavorable balance of trade for the first eight months of last year was only \$30,000,000, that same unfavorable balance has quintupled this year to some \$100,000,000.

In Manhattan last week the Soviet trade agency, Amtorg announced abandonment

of two of its six office floors at No. 261 Fifth Ave. and dismissal of half its clerical staff of 450. In the first ten months of last year Amtorg placed \$102,800,000 of orders in the U. S. This year Amtorg has placed only \$49,400,000, a decline in Soviet purchases from the U. S. of 52%. Last week Chairman Peter A. Bogdanov of Amtorg explained & complained: "It must be clear to any one engaged in large commercial operations that the basic prerequisite is adequate banking accommodations. These have not been provided in the United States with respect to Soviet business."

To make the reticent chairman's point clearer, other Amtorg officials declared



International

AMBASSADOR & MRS. WILLYS

When diplomats declaim, the Commerce Department is silent.

that Russian purchases from Germany have totaled over \$300,000,000 so far this year, an increase of 100%. They attributed this to freer granting of credit to Russia by German banks (see p. 19). Obviously the Amtorg moral, plain for depressed U. S. business to read, is that U. S. Bankers might loosen up.

But dare they? In Manhattan one Basile W. Delgass, former vice president of Amtorg but now its foe and an informant to U. S. businessmen (TIME, Sept. 29, 1930) termed Amtorg's reference to easy European credits "a song of days that are past."

Declaring that the Soviet Government faces "a rapidly developing economic and financial crisis," Mr. Delgass called the credit arrangement concluded last April between Germany and Russia "now practically nonexistent as a result of the German financial crisis." But this autumn the hard-pressed German Reichsbank extended \$35,000,000 more credit to Russia, informer Delgass notwithstanding.

In Berlin arrived a Soviet trade mission last week and went to work with German Minister of Economics Hermann Warmbold. The Russians were reported offering \$23,000,000 of new orders, but con-

tingent upon either: 1) further German credit extension; or 2) some lowering of German tariff barriers to permit an increase of Russian sales to Germany, thus bringing the unfavorable Red trade balance back under control.

In Moscow, finally, something happened last week which made Washington, Wall Street, Berlin and possibly Ambassador Willys take notice. With Dictator Josef Stalin sitting in, the State Planning Commission drastically modified the "Second Five-Year Plan," drafted last summer to go into effect at the end of the First Five-Year Plan in 1933.

Pig iron production had been planned to approximate 60,000,000 tons in the last year of the Second F. Y. P. This was cut last week to 25,000,000 tons at Comrade Stalin's suggestion. More important, a switch was indicated from the program of expanding Soviet heavy industries ("to catch up with and surpass the U. S." as Stalin once put it) to concentrate at once on light industries. These would make shoes, clothing, farm implements, sewing machines and simple necessities like needles for which Soviet peasants clamor. From light industries would also come readily salable articles which Russia could "dump" abroad, thus further redressing her trade balance, bolstering her credit.

MANCHURIA

Route of Ma

Thermometer mercury scrooched down in its tubes, showed 4° below Zero. Across the bleak Manchurian steppes just south of Tsitsihar snowflakes scudded in a driving blizzard that nipped soldiers' noses, soldiers' ears. Well-publicized Chinese General Ma Chan-shan with 25,000 Chinese troops was about to make his heroic last stand against 3,500 prosaic but efficient Japanese soldiers.

On two convenient hills, each some 150 ft. high and admirably placed by Nature behind the fighting lines, stood the respective Chinese and Japanese General Staffs. Somebody had to start the battle. Afterwards, the Japanese Press spokesmen accused Chinese soldiers of having begun the fray with "unbearable taunts."

Japanese cavalry were first in the charge. Riding down the Chinese front line they cut a swath into which Japanese infantry poured pell mell, yelling. General Ma's right flank held at first. Chinese cavalry tried to encircle the Japanese right, but Japanese field guns and bombing planes stopped that. A lone Chinese anti-aircraft gun atop an armored car waggled and wobbled, frantically failed to hit even one of six Japanese planes. Nine Chinese field batteries blazed valiantly, but along a five-mile front superior Japanese armament turned the battle's tide. Chinese units broke, fled for their lives across the frozen steppes.

The panting retreaters threw away their rifles, coats, hats, canteens, valuable extra pairs of officers' high boots, to run the faster. In the utter Chinese rout General Ma, who had begun the day by promising "I will fight so long as one Chi-

Foreign News—(Continued)

nese stands by my side!" ended its safely some 30 miles ahead of the main retreat. For the rest of the week he skulked north of the walled City of Tsitsihar which Japanese took as their prize.

At news of her father's defeat, pretty Miss Ma Shu-chin, 19, quit her girls' boarding school at Tokyo and sailed for Manchuria, serenely confident that the gallant Japanese military would pass her through their lines to General Ma.

"My brother wrote me to come," explained Miss Ma, "and he knows best." Seven other Manchurian schoolgirls sailed home with Ma's daughter.

Bumping along a shell-strewn road near Tsitsihar two days after the battle, Correspondent Frederick Kuh of United Press reported freezing corpses gnawed by carrion, piteous wounded, and short, fat, half-bald Japanese General Jiro Tamon who "punctuated his description of the Japanese victory with derogatory references to the League of Nations" (see col. 2).

General Honjo Digs In. With the capture of Tsitsihar (which Japanese estimated cost 300 Japanese lives, 3,000 Chinese) the Japanese forces in Manchuria under General Shigeru Honjo controlled all three Manchurian provincial capitals, Mukden (General Honjo's base) Kirin and Tsitsihar. The Japanese had already dug in by establishing puppet Chinese governments at Mukden and Kirin. Last week they established Chinese Puppet Chang Chin-hui at Tsitsihar. To demonstrate the independence of these Chinese régimes General Honjo called attention to the fact that the Chinese Government of Southern Manchuria at Mukden had just adopted a budget of their own diligent devising. When correspondents asked the puppet Chinese for a copy of this budget they were told, "Come back tomorrow and you can have it. It has not yet been translated out of Japanese."

Seemingly all effective Chinese resistance to Japan in Manchuria had been crushed last week. Only at Chinchow, far to the south of Manchuria and near China proper, was there any large group of Chinese soldiers who might do battle. To hearten them Chinese President Chiang Kai-shek at Nanking—1,000 miles south—announced in the flamboyant vein of General Ma that he would personally rush north "to direct the offensive and avenge China's honor." But President Chiang did not stir out of Nanking last week.

In Nanking an ambitious man got what he wanted. He was Dr. Vi-kuin Wellington Koo, onetime Premier, onetime Minister to Great Britain and to the U. S. What he wanted: the coveted job of Foreign Minister. While Dr. Koo and others were eying the post longingly two months ago a band of "students" obligingly made it vacant by a savage assault upon the then Foreign Minister Dr. C. T. Wang who, severely injured, "resigned" (TIME, Oct. 5). One of the aspirants was Dr. Alfred Sze, delegate to the League of Nations. Many observers in Shanghai last week predicted that Dr. Koo's tenure would survive only until

Dr. Sze's return from Geneva. The Canton faction stubbornly regarded Dr. Koo as only minister pro-tem, hopeful of a chance to get its own Eugene Chen or Dr. C. C. Wu into the office permanently.

THE LEAGUE

Secrets

In Paris last week the Council of the League of Nations muddled on & on. Great statesmen and their contributions toward solving the Manchurian crisis:

Sir John Simon, now Foreign Secretary of Great Britain, proposed "simultaneous negotiations" 1) "between Chinese and



FRANK BILLINGS KELLOGG

"The time for secret diplomacy . . . is past!"

Japanese in Manchuria" over questions of evacuation and 2) "between statesmen of the Great Powers in Europe" over principles and rights involved. Sir John is a great lawyer. His plan, logical but impractical, was dropped.

Aristide Briand, foxy old French Foreign Minister, suggested "intervention of the United States, either independently or in collaboration with the League," a suggestion which President Hoover ignored and which made Senator Borah shout: "This proposal from Paris to intervene—in other words to employ force, for that is what it means in the settlement of the Manchurian affair—seems incredible!"

Ambassador Charles Gates Dawes, continuing his pointed refusal to sit with the Council, operated somewhat mysteriously from his Ritz Hotel sitting room. Once the General barked: "I'll have a dead secretary if anything leaks out." Later when correspondents suggested that other statesmen with whom he conferred might give an inkling, Hell-&-Maria shrieked: "They are not telling anything about what I have been doing, because nobody knows that except myself!"

Secrecy surpassed itself when the League Secretariat officially announced that Chinese Delegate Dr. Sze and Jap-

anese Delegate Mr. Yoshizawa had agreed to a "truce"—whereupon both orientals denied the official announcement. In Tokyo reports that Mr. Yoshizawa had used the word "truce" (thus giving away Japan's pretense that she is not at war) created such towering indignation that the diplomat's recall was rumored and almost every Japanese newspaper flayed him. Later he explained that he had not said "truce," was apparently forgiven.

All these antics caused World Court Judge Frank Billings Kellogg, onetime U. S. Secretary of State and onetime "Nervous Nelly," to observe boldly from his fireside in St. Paul, Minn. last week: "The time for secret diplomacy in grave instances of this kind is past! Private conversations are apt to be misunderstood and misinterpreted. No nation has a right to consider itself aggrieved by having its attention called to violations or threatened violations of treaties. War is no longer the private affair of belligerent nations!"

Solution? Commission? Since privacy and the formula "appoint a commission" are twin keystones of the Hoover Administration, observers were at no loss to explain the final action of the Council last week in attempting to persuade China and Japan that a Commission should be sent to investigate Manchuria.

General Dawes was understood to have broached this scheme to Mr. Yoshizawa, who broached it to the Council and China's Dr. Sze. Catching the Hoover forward pass cleverly, Mr. Yoshizawa proposed that the Commission investigate not only Manchuria but all China—an investigation which if thoroughly pursued would last until long after the original members of the Commission had died of old age.

TURKEY

Employed!

Two years ago a grey-haired Detroit Negro solved his personal unemployment problem by becoming a Mohammedan, taking the name Mehmed Ali Bey and wangling passage for his wife, ten children & grandchildren to Turkey. Arrived at Istanbul, ingenious coal-black Ali Bey sought Dictator Kemal Pasha thus: "In the name of 28,000 Moslems suffering from racial problems in America, I petition you to accord land on the shores of the Bosphorus where we may create a flourishing American town and enjoy Turkey's traditional impartiality to Negroes."

Hard, pragmatic Dictator Kemal passed the petition to Ankara officials who ignored it, but a rich & pious Turk bestowed on Petitioner Ali a disused house on Turkey's famed Golden Horn (a dirty stretch of water flanked by palaces and woods). Last week Mehmed Ali Bey scratched his woolly poll and complained to a U. S. correspondent: "Neither I nor my wife nor my children can find good jobs in Turkey. Sure we've got jobs, but they are no good. I even had to sell my dictionary. My sons are digging sewers. My daughters are cooks. Me? Well, every day I fish out near where this Mr. Trotsky lives."

MUSIC

Krueger Through

Since 1926 when it imported youthful Conductor Karl Krueger, Seattle has pointed with justifiable pride to its reorganized Symphony Orchestra. Conductor Krueger, born in Manhattan, trained in Vienna, is a person of vast enthusiasm and energy. Under his régime Seattle's Symphony has come to be recognized as a major U. S. orchestra. But all this autumn there has been trouble brewing behind the scenes. A \$15,000 deficit has accumulated; the orchestra has had to curtail its season from 20 to ten weeks. Conductor Krueger gave \$2,000 of his \$15,000 salary to make it eleven weeks but he also announced his resignation, to go into effect at the end of the year. Although he said his decision was irrevocable Seattleites hoped that something happy might result from this week's board meeting.

Metropolitan's Way

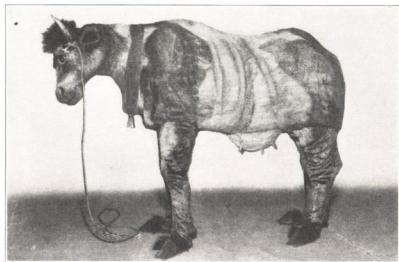
Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera House has always seemed so securely grounded that most people were surprised last week to learn that it, too, had seriously felt Depression, that unless expenses were cut the quality of performances would have to suffer. Metropolitan artists behaved then in a manner worthy of the Company's proud traditions. Regardless of his contract, Manhattan's Giulio Gatti-Casazza offered to take 10% less salary. Singers followed suit. Metropolitan performances cost from \$14,000 to \$15,000 apiece. Another help in time of trouble may be the revenue from Saturday matinee broadcasts. Long adamant on the subject of radio, the Metropolitan has at last succumbed. Chicago Civic Opera announced last week that at the beginning of the season it had cut salaries—from janitors to stars—in varying proportions up to 20%.

For the Childlike

If lovely, flaccid Helen of Troy could be profitably refurbished by giving her pert ideas of her own in a modern novel, what is to hinder a ribby old cow from knowing a thing or two of the world's ways and expressing herself in song? The ribby old cow may be too old for milk. To be comprehensible to humans, she may have to make herself ridiculous, become a synthetic vaudeville kind of beast with humans installed fore & aft to walk, talk and sing for her. Even so, such a cow serves excellently to point the plot of *Jack & the Beanstalk*, a "fairy opera for the childlike" with libretto by John Erskine (*The Private Life of Helen of Troy*), music by Louis Gruenberg. Opera and cow were presented in Manhattan last week as a part of the wealthy Juilliard Musical Foundation's housewarming.

Because a giant had stolen their inheritance (a bag of gold, a hen which laid golden eggs on command, a magical harp) Jack and his mother had to live in a hovel, had finally to resort to selling their faithful cow. A lesser cow would have ambled placidly off to the butcher but the Erskine cow, like the Erskine Helen, had spirit.

When Jack tried to interest her in the excitement of the market-place she glowered and protested in a deep bass voice. She balked along the way, scolded Jack soundly for forgetting the days when he had used her for a charger or for plowing when it would always spoil the butter. At



JACK'S COW

"More than haste it's meditation that makes milk."

market it was the cow who was smart enough to insist on being sold for the handful of beans which an old witch claimed would return Jack's father's treasures.

Fairy beanstalks need no nurturing so it took only a second for one to spring out of the Juilliard stage, for Jack to go shinnying up and find the giant's castle. Then & there the wise cow would have appraised the swaggering giant at his worth, for although he looked fierce storming about and devouring whole roasts of meat, he was more his real self when singing in a silly, spindling falsetto.

But Jack was human and properly awed by appearances. He waited until the giant was asleep to steal the gold and the hen which spilled forth eggs before the audience's very eyes. He used more wit to get the harp, coaxed the giant into making it play some of Gruenberg's jazz, a love song which made the giant fairly maudlin, a lullaby which did the trick. Down the beanstalk scuttled Jack followed by the giant who, being only rubber and hot air, burst and fell in a deflated mass. The witch by this time was a beautiful princess but the Erskine cow had no more inclination for weddings than Composer Gruenberg had had for projecting his score over or even on a level with the Erskine book. There being no profound emotions to express, Composer Gruenberg made no profound attempts. People who remembered the modernistic tendencies of his other works, his *Jazz-Suite* and *Enchanted Isle*, were surprised at the melodic simplicity of the *Beanstalk* score. Most of the music had the smooth, deft charm appropriate

to a fairy tale. Only the giant had use for occasional striding dissonances, for an alien piano which characterized him with a noisy, thumping bass.

Unlike most native efforts the Erskine-Gruenberg opera profited by pretending to be no more than it appeared. No advance ballyhoo proclaimed it as a great U. S. achievement or suggested that it would be taken up by the world's great opera houses. The production, in its slight way, perfectly

expressed the satirical charm of the libretto. The singers, all promising Juilliard students, had been rehearsed until they were practically free from amateurisms. Jack (at the première Soprano Mary Katherine Akins) was believably young but not too cute; the giant (Raymond Middleton) blustered as a giant should. The cow's big scene occurred on the road to market, against a background of misshapen stars. Basso Roderic Cross filled out her front legs, did the philosophizing. The silent hindquarters, unmentioned on the program, were Student Warren Lee's. He maneuvered the eloquent tail-switching, the quizzical lift of a hip which matched such lines as these:

Everything comes of waiting.

The grass in the meadow

Never grows faster

For wishing; and more than haste,

It's meditation that makes milk.

Grove's Canyon

Ferde Grofé who for twelve years has worked for Jazz behind the scenes made one of his rare appearances last week out front. Ever since Jazz swept down the Barbary Coast, Ferde Grofé has been Paul Whiteman's Man Friday, anonymously scoring tunes, embroidering them until even some of the sleaziest have taken on symphonic richness. Last week in Chicago a great crowd gave him long-accumulated credit. Paul Whiteman played Ferde Grofé's *Five Pictures of the Grand Canyon* and the audience shouted approval of a smoothly synopsed sunrise and sunset, a thunderous, climactic canyon storm.

S P O R T

Football

With the most imposing three-season record in football history*—25 victories, one tie, no defeats—at South Bend, Ind., in the new brick stadium dedicated to late great Coach Knute Kenneth Rockne (see p. 40), Notre Dame played the team that was the last to beat it, husky, well-trained Southern California. In the second period, Notre Dame made its first touchdown. After a 55-yd. march, Fullback Joe Banas leaped over the scrimmage and across the goal line. In the second half, Notre Dame received the kickoff and scored again, in four plays. This time, Halfback Marchmont Schwartz, whose mother named him for a racehorse, made the touchdown, after Banas had advanced 37 yd. on a lateral pass play. Place kicks by Quarterback Jaskwich scored both extra points.

The score was still 14 to 0 at the beginning of the last quarter. Southern California had the ball on Notre Dame's 16-yd. line—the result of a penalty on Notre Dame for interference, plus a lateral pass and plays against the left side of the Notre Dame line, plus a stunning burst of determination. Gaius ("Gus") Shaver, Southern California's 185-lb. tow-headed quarterback from Azusa, Calif., made a first down on the 15-yd. line. After Sparling made an 11-yd. gain around left end, Shaver smashed through to touchdown behind a massed shift.

Halfway through the quarter, another penalty for interference, on a pass from Mohler to Shaver, gave Southern California the ball on Notre Dame's 24-yd. line. In three plays Mohler & Shaver carried the ball to the 10-yd. line for another first down. This time Mohler dropped back and threw a lateral to Shaver who, circling his own left end, made 10 yd. and a touchdown, dragging a Notre Dame tackler across the goal line. When Baker, whose try for extra point after Southern California's first touchdown had been blocked, kicked the goal, it made the score Notre Dame 14, Southern California 13.

What happened after that was so rapid, so out of keeping with what usually happens in Notre Dame games that 5,000 spectators who saw it found it hard to believe. Shaver threw two passes—one of 50 yd. to Sparling, another 23 yd. to Hall. Two downs later the ball was only 2 yd. nearer the goal. There were 60 seconds of the game left. Notre Dame, expecting another pass, saw Southern California's place-kicker, Johnny Baker drop back to the 23-yd. line, saw the ball sail over the line of scrimmage, between the goal posts, win the game for Southern California, 16 to 14.

It was the fourth time that Albert James ("Mighty Atom") Booth had played in a game against Harvard. As captain of Yale's freshmen he had seen his team beaten 7 to 6. In 1920 and 1930 he had been on losing Yale varsities. Last week, in the 50th Harvard-Yale game,

*Michigan's record from 1901 to 1905—55 victories, one tie, one defeat (2 to 0), by Chicago—was made against inferior opposition.

Booth tried to dropkick on the Harvard 14-yd. line early in the second quarter. A dejected little fellow, his mouth wide open, his eyes squinting, he watched his kick veer outside the east goalpost.

It was not, apparently, a good day for Booth. He had not distinguished himself on the sensational first play of the game when, after catching Yale's kick-off, Wood had made a lateral pass to Crickard and Crickard had straight-armed Booth on Yale's 35-yd. line, reached the 7-yd. line before Right End Herster Barres forced him out of bounds. Booth had been unable to shake himself loose through Harvard's heavy, alert line. Yale's most spectacular plays were the booming punts of Quarterback Dud Parker; Harvard's the quick kicks of Barry Wood, with Crickard holding the ball knee-high close to the line of scrimmage, a play which



International

GAIOUS ("GUS") SHAVER

... terminated a tradition.

Coach Casey learned from Coach Jim Marks of Kiskiminetas School.

Two of Parker's punts—to the 7-yd. line, then to the 3-yd. line—kept Harvard bottled up at the beginning of the fourth quarter, which was more than half over when Jack Crickard broke loose and made the longest scrimmage run of the game, 28-yd. to mid-field. On fourth down, Wood dropped back to punt but Tom Hawley, substitute Yale end, blocked the kick and fell on it on Harvard's 44-yd. mark. Booth, who had been out of the game through the third quarter, knew it was his last chance. He gained six yards running, then threw a long, oblique pass to Barres which the Yale end caught over his shoulder on Harvard's 15-yd. line, 3 yd. before he was tackled. The splendid Harvard line held again, for three downs. On the fourth with 5 yd. to go, Atom Booth did the only thing there was left. He dropped back to the 11-yd. line slightly east of the centre of the field, tried one more drop-kick. Mouth open, eyes squinting, Booth watched the ball sail neatly between the goal-posts.

A few moments later the game ended. Yale 3, Harvard 0.

Biggest crowd of the week—90,000—shivered on a raw windy day in Palo Alto, while California played Stanford. Left Halfback Hank Schalldach did most of the work—four line plunges, a pass, two drives of 5 yd. each and one more plunge across the goal line—in the 35-yd. march that won for California, for the first time in seven years, 6 to 0.

At Manhattan's Polo Grounds Bucknell beat a previously undefeated Fordham team 14 to 13, on Tony Mezza's placekick after touchdown, became the only undefeated team in the East. After the game, three Fordham players—John Szymanski, substitute tackle, Cornelius Murphy, whose place he had taken, and Right Guard Howell—were taken to the hospital, suffering from brain concussion.

Coach Dick Hanley of Northwestern was unable to rest his regulars and beat Iowa with his reserves, as he had planned before the game. After a touchdown—6 points—in the first period, Iowa stopped Rentner, Russell, Potter & Moore, held Northwestern, champions apparent of the Western Conference, till the last quarter. Then Rentner and Olson broke through, brought the score to 19 to 0.

Lehigh and Lafayette have consecutively played more football games against each other than any other U. S. colleges. They played their 65th last week. Lafayette won, with two touchdowns in the last half to Lehigh's one in the first, 13 to 7.

In a drizzle at New Orleans, Tulane's substitutes, aided by Left Halfback Don Zimmerman, who made two touchdowns, swamped Sewanee, 40 to 0.

A successful football season at Columbia has meant, for the last 15 years, one in which the team won one of its three or four major games. This year, Columbia beat Dartmouth and Brown and five others; gave Cornell a hard fight, finished off last week by tying Syracuse, 0 to 0, in a game which Syracuse had three good chances to lose.

Captained by one "Alabama" Pitts and composed mainly of burglars, a team representing Sing Sing Prison played a team representing the Port Jervis, N. Y. Police Department, composed of farmers, soda-jerkers, railroad workers, salesmen and other "ringers" from the Port Jervis A. C. football team who had been sworn into the police department just before the game. Among the 7,000 spectators were 13 real Port Jervis policemen. They heard the prison band play its anthems, "Wonderful Mother of Mine," "Just One More Chance." The police retorted with their own slogan: "You can't win!," saw Sing Sing unfairly beaten, 13 to 0.

Who Won

Tony Canzoneri, flat-faced Italian pugilist; a 10-round fight in which he defended his lightweight championship against slick, spindling Eligio Sardinias ("Kid Chocolate") of Cuba; in Manhattan.

EDUCATION

Chart Made

"To give us the proper chart by which to steer our educational course" President Hoover two years ago appointed the National Advisory Committee on Education. Chief question to be mulled over was whether to revive (not, as many people think, create) the Federal Department of Education which existed briefly after Congressman James Abram Garfield (see col. 3) helped establish it in 1867. Under Director Charles Riborg Mann of the American Council on Education and President Henry Suzzallo of the Carnegie Foundation, 52 savants labored and brought forth last fortnight a bulky report.

On its face, the report contains the headline-making recommendation that a Federal department be established, with a Secretary of Education in the Cabinet. This has been urged by many an educator; the National Education Association has gone on record for it every year since 1917. But President Hoover has only vaguely encouraged the idea. Secretary of the Interior Ray Lyman Wilbur announced his forthright opposition to a Department of Education. Because of this, Dr. James McKeen Cattell, able editor of scientific periodicals, onetime Columbia professor, expressed alarm last September at a "Memorandum of Progress" which the Advisory Council published in July 1930 intimating that a Federal department would be disapproved. Dr. Cattell called secretary Wilbur and President Suzzallo creatures of "private philanthropic trusts." He sent out a questionnaire to pedagogues, whose answers purported to be a "damning judgment" of the Advisory Council and its sponsors.

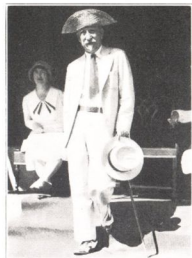
Last fortnight's report, disarming, recommends establishment of a Federal department. But it is a shadow department, with a Secretary stripped of legal, financial, executive and administrative powers. The report strongly disapproves Federal control of education by means of money-grants with strings tied to them. Let the Government give money, maintain fact-finding services; but let all real control remain with cities or States. Also, the report proposes that after five years no grants be made for special forms of education—adult, vocational, agricultural. To this section, the Committee's Negro members—President Robert Russa Moton of Tuskegee Institute, President Mordecai Wyatt Johnson of Howard University, President John W. Davis of West Virginia Collegiate Institute—took strong exception in a minority report, pointing out that Negro education is highly dependent upon special grants.

A second minority report came from the Council's two Roman Catholic members, Vice Rector Edward Aloysius Pace of the Catholic University of America and Rev. George Johnson, secretary of the National Catholic Educational Association. They fear a Federal department as bureaucratic, likely to assume too much power, to use its power for political propaganda. This conclusion was laid last week by President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia, who said: "With the mad fanaticism, in-

tolerance and bigotry exhibited in the presidential campaign of 1928 still in mind, one hesitates to think what would happen if a Secretary of Education representative of those powerful but discreditable traits were to find himself in the President's Cabinet."

Rotating Chair

A chair which rotates but does not swivel is the board chairmanship of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. The Foundation's work is handled by its president, who since June 1930, some four years after he was politically ousted from the University of Washington, has been energetic Dr. Henry Suzzallo (TIME, June 3, 1930). He it is who runs the Foundation's educational



Acme-P. & A.

SMITH'S NEILSON

His new chair rotates, does not swivel.

surveys, which have been made public in 52 fact brochures (in preparation are studies of the relations of higher and secondary education in Pennsylvania and California). The board chairmanship, a purely honorary post, rotates among pundits active in other positions. Some who have held it: Harvard's late great Charles William Eliot and its present President Abbott Lawrence Lowell, Yale's late great Arthur Twining Hadley, President Emeritus William Frederick Slocum of Colorado College, President Rush Rhees of the University of Rochester, Sir Robert Alexander Falconer of the University of Toronto, Princeton's Dr. John Grier Hibben has been president since November 1930. His turn ended last week. Elected to take the next turn was twinkling, goat-bearded President William Allan Neilson of Smith College. Only one meeting a year will keep Dr. Neilson from his accustomed activities, which have included writing scholarly books on Shakespeare and Chaucer; chaffing (he is witty, Scottish) with his German wife; endeavoring drily to confuse humorless alumnae and joining gaily in at class reunions (see

cut), telling proudly how he was once kissed by a small, fervent blonde whom he had just berated and expelled from Smith.

Hiram Still Hiram

To the Western Reserve Eclectic Institute at Hiram, Ohio, went in 1851 a young man, log-cabin-born, who had been a canal-boat driver, farmer, carpenter. The Institute was new, had been founded the year before by the Church of the Disciples of Christ. James Abram Garfield studied there three years and then, ambitious, went on to Williams College. In 1856 he returned to the little village which (so the story went) had been chosen by the Disciples of Christ because its doctor had a dilapidated buggy, a bony nag—his poverty suggesting that Hiram was healthy. Young Garfield taught Ancient Languages & Literatures for a year, then (in 1857) became second president of the Institute. One of his students, Lucretia Rudolph, had caught his fancy; he married her in 1858. The Institute's cumbersome name was changed to Hiram College. Garfield was president until 1863, but long before he resigned he was busy being State Senator (1859), going off to war (1861), getting elected to Congress (1862).

Hiram College celebrated last week the 100th anniversary of the birth of its second president, the 20th President of the U. S. Hiram has today 364 students, 27 professors, one of the youngest presidents in the U. S.—Kenneth Irving Brown, 35. Its alumni include Poet Nicholas Vachel Lindsay (ex-1901), Overseer Wilbur Glenn Voliva of Zion City, Ill., Board Chairman James Anson Campbell of Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co., Cleveland Banker George York. On its quiet campus, one of whose buildings is the college's original Main Hall, the celebration took place last week with fitting *edat*.

Present were three of President Garfield's children: Harry Augustus, president of Williams College; Abram, Cleveland architect; Mrs. Joseph Stanley Brown. A Grand Old Man, always a useful adjunct to celebrations, was also on hand: venerated Lawyer Andrew Squire of Cleveland, student under President Garfield, who told how he alone of his class was too young (11) to serve in the Civil War when Lieut. Colonel Garfield was mustering a regiment. Two Hiram co-eds, dressed in hoopskirts, helped plant an evergreen tree on the campus. "Taps" sounded as a flag was run up the flagstaff—the flag which covered President Garfield's casket after his assassination in 1881.

Of his father, President Garfield of Williams said: "He was by nature a teacher. He loved to be with young people, to try out their minds. . . . My memory furnishes me with no record of dull moments. Occasionally our fractious group had to be temporarily broken up, the offending members being retired to the corners of the room, facing the angle. . . ."

Prior to the Garfield anniversary, alumni enthusiasm included, besides a plan to publish a lot of Garfieldiana, an idea that the college's name might be changed to Garfield College. But Hiram likes Hiram. Almost unanimously the Board of Trustees voted last fortnight to stay Hiram.



The Gifts You Get

SOON you will be busy writing letters and paying visits, trying to thank everyone who has sent you a present, careful not to forget anyone.

But because they weren't addressed to you personally and sent by mail or express, perhaps you have forgotten to acknowledge some of the priceless gifts you have received.

Think for a minute of the welfare organizations that have been giving you their time, their training and ability, devoting their every effort to make you, your family and your neighbors safer and happier.

The Red Cross and other great organizations fed the hungry and nursed the sick while you remained comfortably at home—their gift to you of hours of leisure.

Volunteer members of national and local associations found children who were suffering from tuberculosis, sent them to camps and sanatoria to recover—giving your children extra protection from exposure.

Boy Scout and Girl Scout leaders gave up their

holidays to teach clean living by word and example—a gift of better companionship for your children.

Big Brothers sat in stuffy court rooms to rescue waifs and strays who did not have home background to guide them—a gift of future good citizenship to your community.

You will probably never meet, nor be able to thank, the doctors and scientists who have waged campaigns to make it increasingly unlikely that you and yours should ever contract smallpox, diphtheria, typhoid fever or other communicable disease. In their laboratories they are searching for means to prevent premature death from cancer or heart disease. Magnificent gifts to you of health—perhaps life itself.

But you do know some of the great volunteer organizations which work for you continuously and ask your good will and support. At this season will you not say "thank you" to two of them by wearing a Red Cross button and by using Christmas Seals?



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C I N E M A

The New Pictures

Around the World in 80 Minutes (United Artists) is an animated album of vacation photographs, showing how an ingenious celebrity comports himself abroad. The celebrity is Douglas Fairbanks. The pictures of Fairbanks "doing" the Orient are accompanied by a monolog, written by Robert Sherwood, in which Fairbanks makes comments, derisive or enthusiastic, on himself and his surroundings.

First comes a shot of Fairbanks running around a boat deck; then one of Fairbanks dressed in a bath-towel, doing his exercises. In Japan he plays golf, provides a pictorial essay on Nipponese methods of hairdress, has his cameraman photograph Fujiyama. Next is a picture of a

eat their porridge. When they mature, it is found that her ministrations have spoiled them, or else that they have inherited unhappy characteristics from their father, a bootlegger but a bad provider. One of the sons becomes a pompous hack-painter, married to a sleek and dressy strumpet. Another is an enfeebled hypocrite, whining at his wife instead of beating her, given to opening letters addressed to other persons. The daughter is married to an envious and impoverished lout. The only good son (James Dunn) has ill fortune. He is wrongfully imprisoned. On his release, he goes to Alaska on a mining trip which lasts so long that his return seems unlikely.

When he comes back, he finds that his salary of \$80 per month which his mother



GLOBE-TROTTER FAIRBANKS

There is no pun about Chinese junk.

map, with Fairbanks running across Asia and making a big jump to get to the Philippines. In Siam he has lunch with King Prajadhipok, laughs at the picture of himself perspiring in a stiff collar. In India he examines a snake, shoots a leopard, expresses conventional approbation of the Taj Mahal by moonlight. The commentary is gay, sometimes painfully so. When elephants lollop in a river, Fairbanks says: "They wear nothing but their trunks." Commenting on a Japanese prizefight, he imitates a radio announcer, ends with "Graham McNamee announcing." There is no pun about Chinese junk.

Pictorially, *Around the World in 80 Minutes* is nothing much. But the cinema has always before treated information as a bore; travels have almost without exception been sad and spiritless products proving, to the accompaniment of chop-uey music, that all Chinese look alike. This travelogue is a novelty because it is witty and de luxe, the record of a trip which must have been fun and of a personality which is happy, egoistic, alert. Douglas Fairbanks obviously enjoyed making it, should enjoy a handsome profit from his pleasure. Last week he set off for the Orient again, this time accompanied by four technicians. Director Lewis Milestone and Writer Robert Benchley.

Over the Hill (Fox) is old-fashioned cinema, dealing sadly with filial ingratitude and the poorhouse. Its story is simple, straight from the old *hokum* bucket: Ma Shelby (Mae Marsh) rears her children in a sacrificial way, tenderly requiring them to wash behind the ears and

should have been receiving has been appropriated by the worst of her brood, the hypocrite. Turned out by all her children, the old lady is scrubbing floors in an institution. James Dunn belabors his brother in a village street, retrieves his mother, marries his sweetheart (Sally Eilers), and proposes, in response to his mother's entreaties, a family reunion.

Over the Hill was a vast success in silent pictures in 1920. Mae Marsh—first famed for her portrayal of a girl who preferred death to dishonor in *The Birth of a Nation*—plays her present rôle in the mood that fits it, the mood of a decade ago. Sally Eilers and James Dunn have properly acquired the same frame of mind. Though the picture contains temporal contradictions—the *moderne* apartment of the hack-painter, the two-horse democrat in which Dunn goes to interrupt Mae Marsh's career at the Old Folks home—it should be popular again. It is a lachrymose anachronism, all the more touching perhaps because no one can believe it any more.

The Guilty Generation (Columbia) is a lively gang picture. Chief interest is supposed to be supplied by the offspring of the gangsters rather than the gangsters themselves. The daughter of one tycoon gangster meets, at her Florida debut, the son of her father's mortal enemy, a young man who has learned to be an architect. They marry. Furious, the girl's father (Leo Carrillo) threatens to kill his son-in-law, is killed himself by his aged mother. Critics wondered whether *Ham-*

let would not make a better gangster plot than *Romeo & Juliet*.

The Age for Love (United Artists—Howard Hughes). Howard Hughes let it be known that he was seeking a suitable story for Billie Dove and then devoted a full year to selecting one. *The Age for Love*, adapted by Ernest Pascal from his own novel, does not seem worth the effort. The story is not offensively dull but it has been told, except for a few details, many times before. It is an imitation problem play, discussing an artificial dilemma in the rhetoric of tedious trivialities.

Billie Dove is a svelte literary agent. She becomes attracted to a dull young man named Dudley Crome (Charles Starrett) because she likes his refreshing ingenuousness, his simple tastes. These simple tastes are what complicate their married life. Crome wants her to stay at home and have a family. She wants to work. Presently they divorce. Crome marries a girl who sees things his way. She has already had a baby when the picture ends but despite this bond, usually infrangible in the cinema, Crome has returned to his first wife, is preparing to remarry her. Cinematress Dove wears becoming clothes and acts so much better than her leading man that her performance, first in a year, seems more brilliant than it is. One excellent sequence at the beginning—a suburban dinner party at which the host (Adrian Morris) bullies his wife by patronizing her—is true enough to put the rest of the picture out of focus.

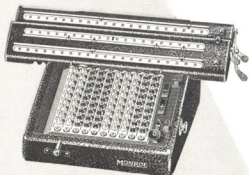
THEATRE

New Plays in Manhattan

Fast Service. J. C. Nugent and his good boy Elliott were to write amiable, innocuous little comedies like *Kempy* and *The Poor Nut*. Then they went out to Hollywood where Will H. Hays is supposed to keep everything clean and where, as Lee Tracy stoutly declared in *Louder, Please*, "Criterion stars sleep alone!" Back from the west coast after two years, the Nugents have suddenly kicked over the traces, fashioned for themselves a play in which, for the first time, their leading lady does not sleep alone. Psychologists might say that the Nugents were enjoying a release mechanism.

As the curtain rises on *Fast Service* a young man is discovered kissing a girl on the terrace of a Washington country club. He is Bing Allen (Nugent *filis*). Davis Cup tennis; she is Neila Anderson (Muriel Kirkland of *Strictly Dishonorable*, *I Love an Actress*). Disengaging, she says to him: "What is your name?" With the ineptitude of a musical comedy without music, the scene shifts quickly to a Manhattan dress shop, to a Westchester Country club, to "the Conquistador Hotel in *Baja California*," which means Lower California. In Paris, Bing becomes a tennis star, in Westchester he and Miss Kirkland are bedded, in Mexico they are again thrown together. For some reason not clearly indicated, each has married someone else, probably from theatrical pique.

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Dear Jim:

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Drop a line to the United Fruit Company — I forgot the address! — and get the dope on their cruises to the Caribbean and West Indies. Do it before you get any older.

Bob

(*How could he? It's Pier 3, North River, Dept. N, New York, N. Y.)

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N. B. Of course he raved. Bob was one of the happy fortunates on that de luxe Costa Rica Cruise. Stops at Miami; Havana; Port Antonio, and Kingston, Jamaica; Panama Canal Zone; and Costa Rica. \$225, and up.



Anchors Aweigh! The S.S. Talamanca, first of our six new ships, will make her maiden trip from New York to San Francisco late in December. Stops at Miami, Havana, Kingston, Panama Canal, and Los Angeles. Write for details.

But be assured, the right teams pair off in time for the finals.

The Devil's Host is a mystery play which will give no one high blood pressure. It has to do with nine guests, strangers to each other, who are introduced and imprisoned in the home of M. Duval. At the proper moment, M. Duval parts the portières and emerges with the announcement that he is His Satanic Majesty, come to purge all present of his or her sins. He knows all about everybody's past, so much, in fact, that at the end of Act II one of the characters shoots him. But gunfire cannot kill the Old Harry Himself. He pops up again in the last act as good as new, sends his guests home sadder, wiser, having made \$100,000 out of his party. There are many, many better plays to spend your money on.

Steel. The high mortality among propaganda plays would seem to occur, not because the theatre is no whetstone on which to grind axes, but because when a playwright sets out to champion something he usually loses all his sense of humor and proportion, together with his head, in exhorting the Other Side. Having acquired well-deserved kudos for his first play, *The Last Mile*, John Wexley has now broken a lance against the boiler-plated sides of the steel industry. This he does by presenting the sad case of Joe Kaldny (Paul Guilfoyle), a young resident of Ironton, U. S. A.

Joe is an excitable character. His juvenile tirades against Steel—chiefly directed toward an oil-stake factory whistle which toots often and annoyingly—hurry the death of his hard-working father. Next he impregnates the sister of his brother-in-law. Meantime he has started a strike which ends with his getting cracked on the head by steel police. And when the police follow him into his own house, cornering him like a rat, his sister shoots one of them, is carried off to jail. All this takes place to an accompaniment of futile, maudlin ranting against things-as-they-are. A tract rather than a play, *Steel* does not interest, move or convince.

The Lady with a Lamp is a theatrical biography of famed Florence Nightingale, by Reginald Berkeley. In eight scenes the piece presents six significant episodes from the good lady's life, about which these are the main facts:

Born to a rich family, Florence found no pleasure in parties, housekeeping, beaux or reading-to-Father, as did most of her early Victorian contemporaries. She wanted to Do Something. Aged 34, she scandalized her family by taking up nursing, a profession which at that time chiefly attracted tipplers and bawds. When the Crimean War broke out in 1854 she got Sydney Herbert, Secretary for War, to commission her to take a corps of nurses to the Scutari hospital in Turkey. There she conquered official red tape and unspeakable conditions, won the approbation of Victoria and the nation. Back home she threatened to publish her Crimean findings unless the War Office bettered military hospitals. She won. Aged 90, her mind gone, she died a sainted legend.

The Lady with a Lamp is reputedly based on the brief Nightingale biography

in cadaverous Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians*. Between the play and the Strachey piece, however, there are noticeable differences in characterization and fact. To Playwright Berkeley, Nurse Nightingale, reverently and somewhat pulely acted by Edith Evans, is a sort of Maid of Orleans. He acknowledges "securing aid and authorization of Miss Nightingale's relatives." To Mr. Strachey, however, Florence Nightingale was more like the kind of person Carrie Nation might have turned out to be had she been interested in caring for the sick instead of breaking up bars with umbrella and hatchet. The Strachey, or "real" Nightingale was possessed of a fatigued demon, was no mystic.

Two best scenes in *The Lady with a Lamp*—almost the only spots where the play ceases to be a parade of wax works—are at the Scutari hospital, where Actress Evans, oil lamp in hand, ministers to a rejected lover whom history so far has



Vandamm Studio

EDITH EVANS

... needs lifts.

missed, and in London 50 years later. Here the faint recollection of her deeds by officials who have come to decorate her gives the play an ironical and momentary lift. What *The Lady with a Lamp* needs most are lifts.

A Widow in Green. Sue (Claiborne Foster) meets Tommy Shannon (Ernest Glendenning) in an English tea shop. To him the brief relationship that follows is delightful companionship. To Spinsterish Sue it is a prelude to marriage. When he suddenly rushes away to Africa, Sue tells everyone in town that she has married Tommy, rushes away to America. There she hears of his death on the Nile. Donning a bright green dress, she fixes up an urn of ashes, calls in the neighbors, starts to have a bang-up funeral. At this point Tommy walks in, alive & kicking. Widow at last becomes wife.

Miss Foster and Mr. Glendenning perform this very light comedy with a very light, expert touch. *A Widow in Green*, however, is not what Critic John Mason Brown would call an adventure in theatre-going.

P R E S S

Life by the Month

A thriving weekly magazine may be more lucrative than an equally thriving monthly. Conversely, a weekly that does not prosper is more troublesome than a monthly. On that theory *Life* appears this week for the last time as a weekly, publishes its first monthly issue Dec. 4. Its bulk will be fattened from 32 to 64 pages, its price upped from 10¢ to 15¢.

Life's publishers believe that its circulation, which has dwindled from a peak of 250,000 to about 100,000, will be resuscitated by the change; that many more persons will buy and read an improved magazine once a month than now buy and read it every week.

The slowing of tempo gives Editor Bolton Mallory an opportunity to do what he said he wanted to do when he took office last year: make the magazine less funny. There is little of the dentist-office jokebook about the new *Life*. Its features are presented in full page units. More and longer articles and better drawings are the order. Contributors include Montague Glass, Sam Hellman, Ely Culbertson, Baird Leonard ("Mrs. Pepys' Diary"), Jefferson Machamer, Jack Kofoed (Sports), Artist Frederic G. Cooper (covers).

No attempt will be made to report every cinema, every play and nightclub that opens in Manhattan, every book that is published. Instead, a single "man-about-town" feature is contemplated wherein ostensibly one writer reports (as in *The New Yorker's* "Talk of the Town") the most entertaining things lately seen, heard, read, done.

The advent of *Ballyhoo* had nothing to do with *Life's* change, according to the publishers. Newsstand sales did suffer in the week of *Ballyhoo's* first issue (TIME, July 6) but they have been slightly above normal since then, possibly because *Ballyhoo* stimulated the demand for funny magazines.

Libel of the Dead

Familiar to most big cities is the fly-by-night exhibit of gruesome or sleazy photographs which opens in a vacant store, boldly advertised as an "appeal to justice" or a "lesson in morality." Usually the pictures are unpublished newsworthy of current crime. The patron may be lured in by "free admission," then coaxed to pay 25¢ to see an extra-ripe display behind a curtain; or he may be held up at the exit to contribute to a "fund for the impoverished victims." Into such a "crime prevention" exhibit on Los Angeles' South Main Street two months ago walked one Hugh Plunkett. On the wall he found photographs of the body of his late brother Robert, secretary to Edward Laurence Doheny Jr., son of the oil tycoon, taken just after Robert Plunkett shot Doheny Jr. dead and killed himself in 1929. Infuriated, Hugh Plunkett tore the prints from the wall, had Proprietor Joe Gotch and five associates arrested. The charge: libeling the memory of the dead.

On trial last week Defendants Gotch et al pleaded, successfully, that the pic-

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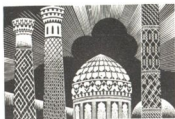
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tures were privileged as an exhibit "designed to deter criminal acts."

Meanwhile in Manhattan a magistrate dismissed a charge of libel filed in their own behalf by eccentric Stanley Faithfull & wife, parents of the late Starr Faithfull (TIME, June 29), against Publisher Joseph Medill Patterson and Reporter Sidney Sutherland of the tabloid *Daily News*. But the court did find evidence that the memory of Starr Faithfull had been libeled, offered to hear testimony.

The crime of libeling the dead has a curious history. It was made a misdemeanor in English common law, not chiefly out of reverence toward the departed but as a deterrent to breaches of the peace. The theory: that vilification of the deceased would, if it reflected upon his living family, incite the latter to assault the offender. Subsequently the law was interpreted in a broader sense, to protect the family against reflected defamation whether or not the family was prompted to avenge itself by violence.

In the U. S. the crime of libeling the dead has been written into the statutes of most States, and not always is it necessary to prove defamation of survivors. Recorded cases are scarce, but one well-remembered is the conviction of one Paul R. Hafler of Tacoma for an article which allegedly libeled the memory of George Washington. The Supreme Court of the State of Washington upheld the judgment, opining in substance: Though there were no living survivors to be injured by publication, still memory is conceived to be memory existing in the minds of the living, whether or not that memory rests on knowledge of the deceased as a living man or on historical knowledge.

Leaning Post

Cyrus Hermann Kotschmar Curtis' New York *Evening Post* has long been anything but robust. In the past year its circulation slipped from 102,632 (smallest in Manhattan) to 100,833. Down went its advertising lineage until only Macfadden's tabloid porno-*Graphic* ranked below it.*

The men at the *Post* have worked valiantly to keep up with their lusty competitors, the *Sun* and *World-Telegram*. (Hearst's *Journal*, "America's Greatest Evening Newspaper," is for a different class of reader.) They advertised heavily the able writings on Russia of Correspondent Hubert Renfro Knickerbocker. They reproduced facsimiles of their front pages in morning newspapers, in an effort to show that late editions of an evening paper has all the important news that appears in the next morning's paper. Recently they bought big advertising space in other papers to boast of their letters-to-the-editor department which is conducted personally by Editor Julian Starkweather Mason. Proudly they cited the "spicy," "frank," "virile," "nonchalant," headlines which Editor Mason prints over letters with which he does not agree. Samples: "Rot!", "We Think the Precise Opposite," "Another County Heard From," "What Can This Impertinent Fellow Mean?"

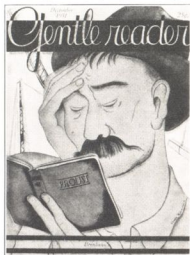
*Last year the *Post's* lineage loss from 1929 was 25%. For the first ten months of this year compared to the same period of 1930 its loss was 22%, poorest showing of all Manhattan papers.

Last week, however, the *Post* took a more overt step than any of its expensive promotion, to bolster falling circulation. It cut the price of its 36 Saturday rotogravure edition to 3¢.

For Gentle Book-Buyers

Persons who are literary-minded read magazines like *The Bookman*, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, *The Colophon*. But the book-lover and the average reader may be completely different persons. To serve the varied interests of those who patronize bookstores a new monthly magazine appeared last week called *Gentle Reader*, "a single periodical that would keep [the average reader] completely in touch with the world of books and also present to him within the same covers all the reasonable diversions of modern life."

Actually *Gentle Reader* is published as much for the bookseller as for the purchaser. It will be distributed solely at bookstores, the bookseller buying copies of the magazine and giving them away to



GENTLE READER'S COVER

Behind it, "all the reasonable diversions."

his steady customers or mailing them for \$1 a year. Of the first issue 30,000 copies went to 150 stores. Book publishers are represented in the magazine only as paying advertisers.

Publishers of *Gentle Reader* are Music Critic Samuel Chotzinoff, editor of the magazine, and Managing Editor Richard Manson. Literary editor is Author John Erskine, with whom are associated Lloyd Morris as reviewer of fiction, Byron Steel of biography. Staff writers advertised: Herbert Bayard Swope, politics; Percy Hammond, theatre; Richard Watts Jr., cinema; William Cotton, art; Mary Watkins, dancing.

First issue of *Gentle Reader* substantiated the publishers' claims of catholicity. Besides regular departments there were a piece of nonsense by Frank Sullivan, a discussion by M. R. Werner of Trotsky's *History of the Russian Revolution*, an article on bridges by Sidney S. Lenz, a review of fashions.

Suspicion that *Gentle Reader* may be just another blurb sheet is allayed by the discovery in its pages of definitely condemnatory book reviews.

AERONAUTICS

Shriners for Speed

Between the airplane speed records of the U. S. (266.6 m. p. h.) and Great Britain (408.8 m. p. h.) lies a difference of 142 m. p. h. To erase that difference three Cleveland Shriners—Robert A. Bishop, Morris E. Miller, Ralph K. Rex—last week undertook establishment of a \$16,000,000 foundation which they incorporated in Ohio. The money is to be raised over a five-year period. Each of the 8,000,000 Masons in the U. S. will be asked for \$2. A technical advisory committee will be chosen, the "best available pilot" selected to conduct experiments.

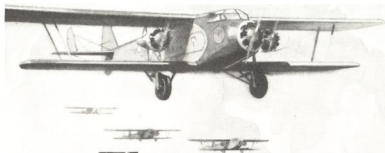
Air Mushing

Marked in red on a map of Alaska in the Alaskan Airways office at Fairbanks is a 200-mi. square in the extreme northeast section of the Territory along the Canadian border and the coast of the Arctic Ocean. Somewhere in that wilderness plods a herd of 2,400 reindeer, all that remain of a herd of 3,500. With seven Lapp herders they are on their way from the Seward Peninsula to east of the Mackenzie River in northern Canada. They set out two years ago when Lomen Reindeer Corp. contracted to deliver the herd to the Canadian Government by next summer (TIME, Dec. 30, 1929). Four times so far, at six-month intervals, planes of Alaskan Airways have overtaken the drive with supplies for the lonely herders. Last week General Manager Arthur W. Johnson started home from a visit to the Manhattan offices of the parent company—American Airways Inc.—to chart routes for the next flight, which they expect to make next month, with three tons of food & supplies.

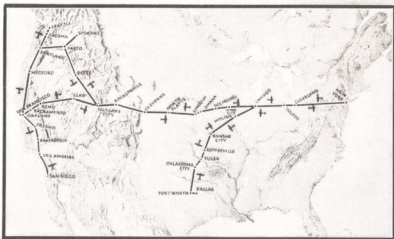
Flights of such special nature are frequently undertaken by aviation companies in Alaska but Alaskan Airways (pioneered by the late Carl Ben Eielson) is now also operating monthly passenger & express service between Anchorage and Bristol Bay (southern coast), weekly between Anchorage and Bethel (southwest), weekly between Fairbanks and Nome, monthly between Fairbanks and Wiseman (above the Arctic Circle), weekly between Fairbanks, Fort Yukon & Dawson (Yukon). Compared to domestic U. S. airways, Alaskan fares are high (\$200 between Fairbanks & Nome). But they are much cheaper than the only other means of winter travel—dogteam. The Fairbanks-Nome flight takes from 4½ to 6 hr. By dogteam the trip may take from 4½ to 6 weeks, costs about \$400 exclusive of roadhouse bills.

Natives of outlying points have learned the flying schedules of planes from Fairbanks and regularly file orders of their needs by Government wireless in advance. A message recently received by Alaska Airways from its agent in Wiseman:

"Blue calico dress for Susie Bigfoot; 30 lb. boiling beef for Hudson's; 4 pr. gumboots size 11 Lucky Strike Mining Co.; dozen phonograph records assorted Joe Slisco; rosebush knocked down deputy marshal; 2 live pigs not exceed 10 lb.; 2 lb. epsom salts."



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"Hornet" motors . . . 150 transport pilots, averaging more than 20 times the flying experience required by the Government for transport pilots . . . the most extensive 2-way voice radio communication (between pilots and ground stations) of any air line in the world . . . U. S. Government directive radio beacon service every mile of every route, 24 hours a day . . . four experts aground for every pilot aloft (a ground staff of 600) . . . flight over 6119 miles of Department of Commerce improved and lighted airways . . . complete U. S. Weather Bureau reporting service.

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PUBLISHERS 855 Boylston Street, Boston

Pilots learn without being told the dress size of Susie Bigfoot and all other regular customers on their routes. Sometimes an order calls simply for "greenstuff." It always means two bunches of celery, two heads of lettuce, two peppers.

By at least one element in the Far North the airplane is regarded with strong disfavor: the big dogteam operators, who have been put nearly out of business. The dogteams first began to suffer when the airplane companies gained a toehold on the passenger and express business; but they still had the mail. Finally this year the air services were permitted to bid for the mail and two companies, Alaskan Airways and Pacific International Airways,* won all the contracts.

Also violent in their dislike of the airplane men are the roadhouse keepers who were supported by the dogteams, and the Indians who in turn caught the fish which the roadhousekeeper sold to the drivers for dogfeed. But the planes are opening hitherto inaccessible regions where roadhouses, dogteams, Indians and fish still will be needed along feeder-lines.

"Didn't Prove a Thing"

Wiley Post, who flew the monoplane *Winnie Mae* around the world in eight days with Harold Gatty, sat on the edge of his bed in a Chicago hotel room one day last week, talking to a reporter for North American Newspaper Alliance while he dressed. Flyer Post:

"Our flight didn't prove a thing. No stunt flying does. It is silly to say that such flights are made to develop aviation. No flyer would use an experimental device on such a trip. Only the equipment already proved sound is acceptable to a long distance flyer. We didn't advance the mechanics of aviation an inch. . . .

"Am I going to retire? That's a good one! Lindbergh is the only guy who made enough off his flight to retire. . . . The day of money-making flights is past. Lindbergh was the one and only 'natural.' A man who knows was telling me how much that fellow made. It is unbelievable; the public has no idea. It's partly the hard times, of course, that killed the game. But the public seems to have lost interest as well. . . . Oh, I suppose I'll stick to aviation. I've had some offers."

Out of Bounds

Like Herndon & Pangborn, who ran afoul of the Japanese authorities for flying over forbidden ground, Harold J. L. ("Bert") Hinkler was arrested last week by local officials at Fortaleza, Brazil because he showed no authorization to fly over Brazilian territory and had "not sufficient proof of his identity." Pilot Hinkler's excuse was the same as the Pacific flyers': that an advance telegram of introduction, requesting courtesy of state air fields, was not delivered. Forgiveness and forgiving, Flyers Herndon & Pangborn went last week to the Japanese Consulate in Manhattan and received the White Medal of Merit of the Imperial Aviation Association. Unforgiveness, Hinkler & Britons were held at Fortaleza while fellow Britons appealed to the Ambassador at Rio de Janeiro.

*Other leading company: Northern Air Transport.

PEOPLE

"Names make news." Last week these names made this news:

In a fog that blanketed New York Harbor some 200 well-to-do Yale and Harvard men, with a sprinkling of Princetonians, sailed for Boston aboard the *S. S. Pan America*, chartered to attend the football game at Cambridge (see p. 23). In the first three hours 148 bottles



International

WALTER J. SALMON

He was most disappointed at first, least in the end.

of champagne were consumed. By 3 a. m. the bar's supply of Scotch whiskey was exhausted, not by heavy guzzling but because some of the passengers, including Publisher Noble A. Cathcart of *Saturday Review of Literature*, were accused of hoarding. The ship's stewards asserted that more liquor was purchased that night than on five round trips to Bermuda, but the party was not rowdy. Next morning fog again bound the vessel off Cape Cod and it became apparent that it could not land in time for the game. Philosophically the passengers turned to Hochheimer wine. An electrician repaired the radio, wrecked the night before by a jealous accordion-player. Doubly disappointed was Walter J. Salmon who had elected to go to the game rather than watch his horse, Dr. Freeland, run in the \$25,000 Maryland handicap at Bowie; and Nicholas ("Nick") Roberts, ardent Yaleman of Montclair, N. J., who had not missed a Yale-Harvard game in 30 years; and J. Murray Mitchell who was to have been host to a large luncheon-8-game party at Cambridge. (He had their tickets in his pocket.) But all gathered good-humoredly about the radios in the smoking room and afterdeck to hear the play-by-play reports. When the Hochheimer was gone the drinkers turned to rum, were finally reduced to gin before the *S. S. Pan America* returned to Manhattan having, as Author Elliott White Springs said, "sailed a wonderful game." Banker Harvey D. Gibson observed: "We didn't bargain for a long sea trip but we made one." Others



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aboard the floating grandstand: Reeve Schley, Waddill Catchings, Allan A. Ryan, Leonard Hanna, Rodman Wamaker II, Mr. & Mrs. Austin Smithers. Least disappointed in the end was Walter J. Salmon. His horse won the race.

Held up in Chicago, robbed of his shiny expensive sedan and wallet containing \$22, Lawyer Albert Fink of Chicago, counsel for Alphonse ("Snorky") Capone, pleaded with the gunmen for money to get home on, got \$5.

Thieves stole the limousine of Governor Oliver Max Gardner of North Carolina from the driveway of the executive mansion, drove it away—License No. 1, glittering State seal & all—in the direction of Virginia.

Baron Kysant of Carmarthen, former chairman of Royal Mail Steam Packet Co., sentenced to jail for a year for sponsoring a misleading stock prospectus (TIME, Nov. 16), refused to eat or take exercise, was placed in an observation cell.

Funnyman Will Rogers sailed for the Orient with his friend Correspondent Floyd Gibbons to report the Manchurian hostilities. Said he: "Japan is going to hear the awfulest compliments, as I hear they don't stand for any wisecracks."

In the Lake Forest home of William Hamilton Mitchell, wealthy Chicago investment banker (Mitchell, Hutchins & Co.), a group of socialites dined, among them Mrs. Edward A. Cudahy, Jr., Mr. & Mrs. William McCormick Blair, Mrs. Louise de Koven Bowen Phelps, Ralph Hines. About 11 p. m. five gunmen burst in but the guests, playing backgammon, were not perturbed. Austin H. Niblack had just gone home and this, they thought, was some practical joke of his. They changed their minds when the bandits began to collect jewelry. While the robbers were at work Chauffeur William Matheson slipped to a telephone, in a whisper called up police. Two officers arrived, were lined up with the victims by the gunmen who then lost their nerve, fled. The police gave chase, shooting and shot at, and recovered an overcoat containing nearly all the stolen jewelry, valued at \$150,000. Three of the robbers were caught.

Ill lay: Ruth Hurley, 9, daughter of Secretary of War Patrick Jay Hurley, in Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, having swallowed a Red Cross pin; former Governor Alfred Alexander Taylor, 83, of Tennessee, in Johnson City, possibly of pneumonia; Sophie, former Queen of Greece, sister of Wilhelm Hohenzollern, in Frankfurt-am-Main, following an operation; James Lewis Kraft, chairman of Kraft-Phenix Cheese Co., in Chicago, following an operation; former President Augusto Bernardino Leguia of Peru, in Lima, of pneumonia; Major General Smedley Darlington Butler, in Sarasota, Fla., of exhaustion after 43 speaking engagements in 48 days; General John Joseph ("Blackjack") Pershing, 71, in Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, of a severe cold.



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Tigers, Men, Stars, RAC

Sabre-toothed tigers, the Piltdown man, the man in the moon, Depression, shooting stars, drugs, Element No. 87, the universe and an abstruse geometrical concept christened *Rac*—these and other matters were discussed & debated last week by the National Academy of Sciences, meeting in New Haven, Conn. For the first time in its history the Academy awarded its Henry Draper medal for research in astronomical physics to a woman: Harvard's Dr. Annie Jump Cannon, for her compilation of the Draper Memorial Catalog of 225,000 stars classified according to their spectra. Small Dr. Cannon is still searching them out.

The Academy then turned to:

Sabre-toothed Tigers, on whom nature played a sorry trick. "With small brain and powerful body and with the ferocity of both, this cat was more insistent on reaching and closing with its prey than probably any other animal." Then nature, which had evolved this perfect specimen, changed its environment, and the tiger, good for little but biting, soon disappeared.—*Dr. John Campbell Merriam*, president of the Carnegie Institution at Washington.

The Piltdown Man (*Eoanthropus*), who lived 1,125,000 years ago, and not *Pithecanthropus erectus*, who was wandering around as late as 500,000 B. C., was apparently the first true man. Darwin and Lamarck to the contrary, evolution is uniform, centrifugal, creational. It has proceeded steadily (Darwin said a minute "jump" in a favorable direction would survive in the species). It has developed outward from within the geneplasm (Lamarck thought the germ was affected from without by the activities of the body or the environment). Variation of species is the result of an original creative pattern which was within the germ from the beginning.—*Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn* of the American Museum of Natural History.

Depression-born babies will probably grow into men and women of subnormal size (*Professor Franz Boas* of Columbia University). "Economic conditions influence the size of growing children. . . . Among the poor the period of adolescence is delayed and the final stature shorter than that of the well-to-do."

Drugs were used in successful treatment of 46 insane persons by *Drs. H. Beckett Lang* and *John A. Paterson* of Willard State Hospital, Willard, N. Y. Theirs was the first practical application of a recent Cornell University discovery that insanity is due partly to the colloids of the brain becoming too watery or too coagulated—like thick syrup. For watery colloids sodium amylal was given, for syrupy colloids sodium rhodanate.

Element No. 87's discovery was claimed last year by Dr. Fred Allison of Alabama Polytechnic Institute. Recently he said he had found No. 85, aka-iodine, the other unisolated element. *Professor Jacob Papish* also claimed discovery of No. 87, aka-caesium. He told the Academy he had made tests with Dr. Allison's magneto-optic device, found chemical mixtures

sometimes made it register elements not really present.

The Universe, to Sir James Hopwood Jeans, is a machine that is spending itself, expanding like a soap bubble, using up its energy until eventually it will run itself out. Fundamental principle of the Jeans theory is a basic law of physics embodied in the second law of thermodynamics: energy can flow only from a more intense state of availability to a less intense state. *Professor Richard Chase Tolman* of the California Institute of Technology applied Professor Albert Einstein's relativity theory to thermodynamics, worked out a mathematical model of the universe in which energy does not flow continually downward, but expands and contracts in cycles, never reaching a state of equilibrium. Therefore he concluded that though the universe may be expanding in the neighborhood of the earth—stars moving outward in space, radio-active elements breaking down into less energetic forms—this process may be reversed in remoter regions, stars may be moving back toward



International

DR. ANNIE JUMP CANNON
In her book, 225,000 stars.

the centre of the universe, even radiation may be turned upside down.

RAC. In three-dimensional geometry the ratio of an arc to its chord is one. (I. e., the arc can become so small as to coincide with its chord.) *Professor Edward Kasner* of Columbia University projected a four-dimensional geometry, found the ratio could be less than one. More important, he found that the ratio does not diminish steadily as the length of the arc is diminished, but in sudden jumps—from 1 to 0.94 to 0.86 to 0.80. . . . The changes in subatomic energy occur in lumps, and these changes he found to correspond to the diminishing jumps of R-ratio of A-rc to C-hord. He hoped his theory might link relativity with the Quantum Theory, bring the energy processes of radiation under the relativist's geometrical picture of the universe.

RELIGION

New Bibles

Aiming to be "American in the sense that the writings of Lincoln, Roosevelt and Wilson are American," a new Bible came off the presses last fortnight printed and bound like any novel. Eleventh version in English since King James I's 54 scholars issued their revision in 1611, *The American Bible* is newly translated from the original texts, result of some six years of labor by five able savants.* Secular in appearance but convenient to the eye are its single-column pages, dialog in quotation marks, with subtitles and paragraph headings; verse numbers are set in the margins. Its advertised modernity caused captious critics to hunt up expressions which are not current in the U. S. A Chicago reader, for example, found "footpad" (see below) and triumphed briefly until it was discovered that the Chicago Tribune currently uses the word.

Excerpts, compared with passages in the King James Version:

American Bible

King James Version

Psaln 23
The Lord is my shep-
herd; I shall not want; herd; I shall not want.

In green meadows he
makes me lie down;
To refreshing waters
he leads me, . . .

He maketh me to lie
down in green pastures;
he leadeth me beside
the still waters, . . .

St. Luke: 23: 43-46

And he said to him,
"I tell you, you will
be in Paradise with me
today!"

It was now about
noon, and darkness
came over the whole
country, and lasted
until three in the after-
noon, at the sun was
in eclipse. And the
curtain before the sanc-
tuary was torn in two.
Then Jesus gave a loud
cry, and said,

"Father, I trust my
spirit to your hands!"
With these words he
expired.

And Jesus said unto
him, Verily I say unto
thee, Today shalt thou
be with me in paradise.
And it was about the
sixth hour, and there
was a darkness over
all the earth until the ninth
hour.

And the sun was
darkened, and the veil
of the temple was rent
in the midst.
And when Jesus had
cried with a loud voice,
he said, Father, into
thy hands I commend
my spirit; and having
said this, he gave up
the ghost.

Proverbs: 6: 9-11

How long will you
lie, O sluggard?
When will you rise
from your sleep?

"A little sleep, a
little slumber,
A little folding of
hands to rest!"—

So will poverty come
upon you like a footpad,
and wantlike an armed
man.

How long wilt thou
sleep, O sluggard?
When wilt thou arise
out of thy sleep?
Vot a little sleep, a
little slumber, a little
folding of the hands to
sleep:

So shall thy poverty
come as one that trac-
cleth, and thy want as
an armed man.

A lush garden of Biblical interpretations, notes, pronouncing guides, charts, digests, maps and concordances is available in a new *Analytical Indexed Bible*,

*John Merlin Powis Smith (Old Testament Editor) professor of Semitic Languages & Literatures at the University of Chicago; Professor Alexander Reid Gordon of the University of St. Andrews; Professor Theophile J. Meek of the University of Toronto; Professor Leroy Waterman of the University of Michigan; Professor Edgar Johnson (Goodell) (New Testament) of Chicago. Printed at University of Chicago Press (\$3.50).

edited by Dr. James R. Kaye, able Bible scholar.* Like the *American Bible*, it is revised textually in light of contemporary Hebrew discoveries, but its style is essentially that of the King James Version.

Church-Burner

Gloomy because good religious art is rare in Protestant churches of the U. S., because too much dependence upon preaching "has resulted in a sad impotency in many areas of Protestant church life," Dr. Elbert M. Conover, director of the Methodist Bureau of Architecture, made a startling suggestion when he addressed the Methodist Board of Home Missions and Church Extension last week. Fond of stained glass, altars, reredoses, Dr. Conover said that few church officials can tell whether or not a blueprint is good, that too many churches are built like theatres and auditoriums, that Protestant church structures are not 5% efficient. His suggestion: wholesale church-burning.

Understander

From California to Manhattan last week traveled a bald, smooth-faced prelate, potent in the Roman Catholic Church, to be handed a handsome bronze medal by a Jewish editor. He was Most Rt. Rev. Edward Joseph Hanna, 71, Archbishop of San Francisco, chairman of the administrative committee of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, Commissioner of Immigration in California since 1913. His State and city know him as an able, civic-minded man. His church knows him as a priest who, once suspected of modernism, may be the next U. S. cardinal. Less well known is the work which won him, month ago, the second annual medal of *The American Hebrew* for the Promotion of Better Understanding Between Christian and Jew in America. Sponsored by the *Hebrew's* editor, Rabbi Isaac Landman, last year's medal was awarded to Newton Diehl Baker, Protestant chairman of the National Conference of Jews & Christians. When the judges—which include Jane Addams, Professor John Dewey, Bishop William Thomas Manning, Otto Hermann Kahn, Mayor James John Walker—met this year, they chose Archbishop Hanna because: he sponsored the Berkeley Seminar which meets once a month in California for goodwill between Christian & Jew; "because he personally addressed audiences gathered for the purpose of promoting better understanding; because his work has been 'a major influence in its progress throughout the country in 1931.'"

Mr. Baker was unable to attend last year's banquet which celebrated the first award and the 51st birthday of *The American Hebrew*. But he attended last week, hailed Archbishop Hanna as "a warrior in the fight against prejudice," hoped that acclaim would "give him the satisfaction which ought to come to even so great and good a man from the admiration and affection of his friends."

*John A. Dickson Publishing Co., Chicago: \$7.75 to \$18.75, depending upon format.



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M E D I C I N E

Patriarch of Pathology

Doctor Theobald Smith, one of the country's great pathologists and bacteriologists, last week ate a dinner in his own monument: a house overlooking Princeton University campus and Carnegie Lake. Professor Smith lived in the house with his family during the 15 years (1915-29) he was director of the Rockefeller Institute's department of animal pathology. He has retired now and remains in the neighborhood only as consultant. The Rockefeller Institute providently remodeled the house for use of its entire animal pathology staff and last week's dinner signified the transformation of home to monument. The building was dedicated as Theobald Smith House.

At the dinner, which was formal despite its professed informality, were Mr. & Mrs. John Davison Rockefeller Jr., Dr. Simon Flexner of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, Dr. William Henry Welch of Johns Hopkins, and five dozen other notables. Mr. Rockefeller, at ease among intimate friends, recalled what a young man (27) he was when Drs. Smith, Flexner, Welch and others organized the Rockefeller Institute. Dr. Welch saluted Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Rockefeller, and other ladies present, with an old bachelor's old quip, forebore retelling his more jovial stories.

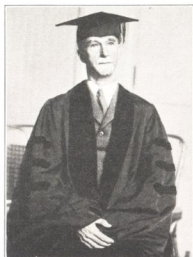
Dr. Theobald Smith is 72. With Dr. Welch, Dr. Flexner, Dr. Howard Atwood Kelly of Johns Hopkins and a very few more, he is one of those fortunates now alive who grew up with modern medicine. Amazing Louis Pasteur (1822-95) had scarcely proven that microbes cause disease, contentious Robert Koch (1843-1910) had scarcely demonstrated how to cultivate germs, when in 1884 Dr. Smith—who was then only 25, and the late Dr. Daniel Elmer Salmon (1850-1914) who was then 34—proposed creating immunity against disease with products of the bacteria which caused the disease. With this idea they immunized pigeons against hog cholera. Their method rationalized the whole subject of vaccination. It promptly led to the invention of diphtheria antitoxin.

Dr. Smith then worked for the U. S. Department of Agriculture. He gained a professorship at George Washington (then Columbian) University. In 1893 he demonstrated that the "Texas fever" which was destroying cattle herds in the Southwest was caused by a microbe which the cattle tick took from sick beasts, nourished and transmitted to well beasts. Thus he proved and established the great principle of insect-borne transmission of infection which led to the understanding of and intelligent aggression against yellow fever, malaria, typhus fever, Rocky Mountain spotted fever, tularemia, and dozens of comparable diseases.

Ambitious President Charles William Eliot (1834-1926) of Harvard took Dr. Smith from George Washington University. At Harvard, Professor Smith showed that the bacillus which causes human tuberculosis is not the same bacillus which causes bovine tuberculosis. Children were

frequently infected by the bovine type, through milk. Pasteurization of milk, that is, heating it as Pasteur heated wine to prevent spoilage, blocked that contamination. At Harvard he, among many other things, discovered serum sickness, which Paul Ehrlich called the Theobald Smithsche Phenomenon.

The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research was set up in 1901. Dr. Smith



International

DR. THEOBALD SMITH

... helped modern medicine grow up.

was on its first directorate. But not until 1915 did he leave Harvard for the Institute's animal pathology research in Princeton. Princeton University, like half a dozen other universities, has given him an honorary degree, but he has never had formal connection with that institution except through his daughter Lilian Hilyer, who married Robert Franz Forster, onetime Princeton professor of economics. Medical literature contains many articles by Dr. Smith. *About him* there exist in print only three brief accounts, and the *Index Catalog* of the Library of the Surgeon General of the U. S. Army gives one of them as Dr. Smith's obituary.

Pituitaries v. This-&-That

In almost the exact centre of the human head, hanging from the base of the brain by a hollow stem, is the pituitary gland. Normally about the size of a large pea, in giants it may be as big as a hen's egg. It has two lobes, anterior & posterior. Like other endocrine glands it secretes hormones (exciters) into the blood. Doctors know less than they would like to know about the pituitary gland. They know it is intimately related to growth and sexual maturity; they believe its hormones regulate the functioning of all the other endocrines. Last week came news of the glands' potency against various ailments.

v. Poliomyelitis. Three years ago Dr. Earl Theron Engle left Stanford University; California, moved to Columbia in

New York. He wanted to study hormones, especially those of the pituitary gland. With him went his friend Dr. Claus W. Jungeblut. Dr. Jungeblut was interested in infantile paralysis. Both experimented with monkeys. When they took their subjects off to their separate laboratories many a monkey friendship was broken up. Not so with the doctors; outside their laboratories they discussed their respective work. In one of their discussions they reasoned thus: Dr. Engle was studying pituitary hormones, which can stimulate early sex maturity. Dr. Jungeblut was studying infantile paralysis, which usually occurs before sex maturity. Might there be some connection between pituitary hormones and infantile paralysis? Why not combine their studies? The monkeys at least would thank them. Jeremiah Milbank's International Committee for the Study of Infantile Paralysis furnished the money, the researchers researched jointly.

They took anterior pituitary hormones from sheep and rats and gave them to monkeys a year and a half old, the age which compares with the most susceptible period in children. Then they injected infantile paralysis virus into the monkeys. Some of the monkeys had passing attacks of paralysis, others did not catch it at all. But all of them grew up suddenly, acquired the sex maturity of three-year-old monkeys. Those not treated with pituitary hormones usually developed paralysis from the virus, died. Dr. Jungeblut & Engle concluded that pituitary hormones, not immunity through exposure (the general theory), enable most adults to resist infantile paralysis.

They submitted a cautious report to the pediatrics section of the New York Academy of Medicine. They warned that their work was still in its preliminary stage, was far from having produced a preventive for poliomyelitis. Chief obstacle to overcome: the hastening of maturity by the hormone extract. This they thought could be done by carefully regulating the dosage.

v. Cancer. The pituitary gland's power to balance body growth suggested to Dr. William Susman of the University of Manchester that its extract might be useful against cancer. Dr. Susman, pathologist, had noticed during the autopsies of some 200 cancer victims that their pituitaries and pancreases were generally and suspiciously abnormal. The ill-conditioned pancreases suggested that the patient had been eating a great amount of carbohydrates, like sugar and bread. Dr. Susman verified this suspicion by irritating the skin of mice until cancers developed. Bread-fed mice showed cancers much more frequently than oat-&-cheese fed mice.

Dr. Susman had bins full of cancerous mice. To a portion of them he gave pituitary extracts. A sufficient number of mice thus treated recovered from their cancers to warrant Dr. Susman's practicing on a couple of human cases of skin cancer. Their improvement was great, "life appeared to be definitely prolonged."

The Manchester work engendered a warning. It applies only to skin cancer. Even in skin cancer pituitary extract cannot yet be considered a cure, or even a clear-cut method of treatment.

ANIMALS

Pet Show

Six thousand dogs, cats, mice, rabbits, ducks, bears, elephants, kangaroos, porcupines, raccoons, pelicans, llamas, tortoises, guineas, chickens, storks, canaries, macaws, lions, monkeys, goats, pigeons, ponies, baboons, tigers, magpies, beavers, peacocks, lizards, badgers, foxes and a honking goose named Susie gathered in Madison Square Garden for Manhattan's third annual pet show last week. With them were exhibited aquariums, kennels, portable cages, bird baths, crates, pots, pans, ice cream, candy, bird seed, fish food, animal crackers, perfume, fountain pens, fur coats, dog biscuit and a disposition on the part of metropolitan newshawks to tell tall tales.

Largest pet on display was Clover Leaf, a cow. Oldest were two tortoises claimed to be 350-500 years old. Smallest was an unidentified fish. Loudest was Susie, the Sebastopol goose. Most desperate were 462 squeaking canaries lodged in a crate exhibit. Most indifferent were two llamas, who chewed cud quietly for five days. Most valuable per pound were two lion-headed goldfish valued at \$500 each. Youngest were a litter of white mice born just as the show closed. Most popular was a baby elephant known variously as Bozo, Buddy and Buck. Least popular was a timid young skunk, which was shunned by all until officials explained that it had been deodorized.

Siamese, Manx and other pedigreed cats shared prizes all week. Last prize, for the best house cat, went to Nyger, black alley cat whose owner, Miss Doris Bondy, picked it up in a butter & egg store.

Few accidents marred the exhibition. A Manx cat whose owner was watching the mice broke away, snarled once at the mice, then dashed off in the opposite direction, startling a turtle, annoying a tiger cub, distracting the attention of an elderly man watching the goldfish. A pelican, taken from its cage to pose for a news-camera, wandered over to the fish exhibition and was diving for one of the lion-headed goldfish when interrupted by a goldfish gillie. One of Exhibitor Donald S. Crowe's bear cubs became ill from an ice cream cone, recovered. A stray dog was nipped by a Pekinese. A race between two catfish-like creatures turned out badly when one of the creatures refused to run.

One A. Peyser, guardian of white mice, decried stories of the fecundity of his charges. The Press had reported that his original exhibition of 1,000 mice had increased to 1,640 in one day. "There's only about 1,100 of them in there now," said Mr. Peyser. "They don't multiply as fast as you might think."

"Birth control?"

"Rats!" said Mouse Man Peyser. "They don't understand about that."

"Maybe they die off?"

"I haven't found a dead one yet," said Mr. Peyser proudly. "And it's cold in here, too. It's all in knowing how to feed 'em. I don't give 'em too much and I don't give 'em too little."

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WE WILL SEND YOU
A PORTFOLIO
OF SAMPLE SHEETS

WHEN all is said and done, the way to judge this new bond paper is to see it, feel it, put it to any test you wish.

Why not mail the coupon now for a portfolio of MANAGEMENT BOND, A HAMMERMILL® PRODUCT? See the paper in all its colors and weights, examine the specimen sheets—then judge for yourself how this new lower-priced, watermarked bond fits into your organization requirements.

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

HAMMERMILL
MEN
MAKE IT

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY
Eric, Penn.

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

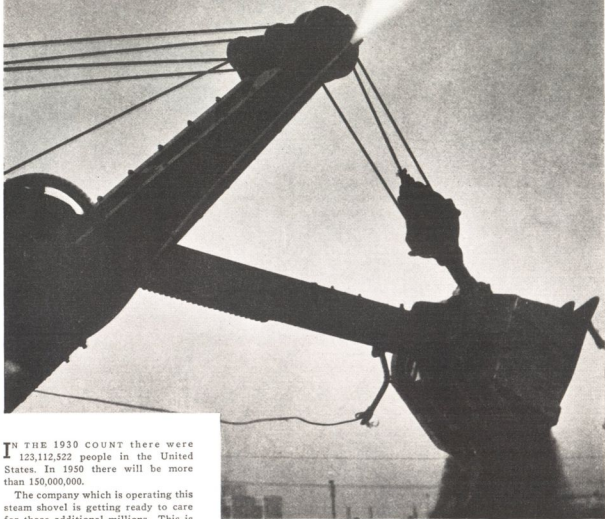
Name _____

Position _____

T17

PLEASE ATTACH THIS COUPON TO YOUR OFFICE LETTERHEAD

GETTING READY



IN THE 1930 COUNT there were 123,112,522 people in the United States. In 1950 there will be more than 150,000,000.

The company which is operating this steam shovel is getting ready to care for those additional millions. This is not a public but a private enterprise extending its facilities, looking forward to a broadening of its service.

This faith in the future is shared by thousands upon thousands of business houses in these United States which are laying foundations today for greater things tomorrow. It is faith based not alone on numbers but on the quality of the population.

It is faith that the march of civilization will go forward, that there will be more and better equipped homes, more travel by train, motor and plane, more schools, more books, more theaters. New buildings of steel, stone and glass will continue to rise, communication will be still more general, knowledge more widespread.

No one believes that the coming generation of American citizens will be less enterprising and ambitious than their fathers.

Equal in importance, at least, to structures of stone and steel, this is a time to build good-will in the minds of consumers.

Advertising as a business-building force offers new and richer opportunities.

New and improved means of communication, increased responsiveness on the part of the public, a clearer understanding of its uses, all contribute to make advertising a still more powerful tool of modern business.

To employ this force advantageously, one must command skill, resources and experience. Complete facilities are essential . . . authentic contacts and organization. It is necessary to know the precise economic status not only of the country as a whole, but of every one of its parts. And both in merchandising and advertising it is vital to proceed along lines dictated not only by conditions of the present day, but by lessons learned in the past.

These are the advantages offered to advertisers by N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc. . . . advantages which sixty-two years of successful advertising have gained for the clients of this House.

N. W. AYER & SON, INC. ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS • PHILADELPHIA • NEW YORK
BOSTON • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • DETROIT • LONDON

BUSINESS & FINANCE

Homing Gold

Foreign exchange traders last week looked at schedules of sailings from France to the U. S., took sharpened pencils and calculated to a nicety the point at which it would be profitable to ship gold to the U. S. The result was a figure a shade under 3.91¢. Last week the franc was selling $\frac{1}{16}$ th above that figure, having fallen sharply from its recent high of 3.97¢.

An adverse balance of trade, poor crops demanding unusually large outside purchases, huge temporary investments by outsiders in francs, have convinced the Bank of France that it will soon start losing gold—a not unwelcome event since France's gold now totals the record sum of \$2,656,000,000. But in last week's declining franc and rising dollar bankers were prone to see primarily a reversal of the situation which recently caused the great drain on U. S. gold. After England suspended gold payments (Sept. 21), the U. S. lost \$730,000,000 in six weeks, heaviest gold movement in history. Meanwhile U. S. citizens, alarmed at the spectacle of vanishing gold and failing banks, began to hoard, putting a severe and needless strain on the banking structure. When National Credit Corp. was announced (Oct. 7), foreign bankers misunderstood its purpose, sold dollars so heavily that the pressure bore the appearance of an attack.

A week-by-week picture of what was happening is in the table below. Column 1 shows the total U. S. gold reserves during this period, expressed in millions of dollars. Since these figures provide for "earmarked gold" (withdrawn to be held in the name of a foreign bank), they do not reflect the difference between imports and exports but the actual reserve. Column 2 shows the Federal Reserve Ratio of gold reserves to notes and deposits. Column 3 shows, in millions of dollars, the amount of Federal Reserve notes in circulation. This figure is far from where it was before the strain, but the season is normally one of more money in circulation.

Week Ended	Gold Reserve	Federal Reserve Ratio	U. S. Currency Circulation
Sept. 16	3,485	74.9%	2,005
Sept. 23	3,327	73.4%	2,045
Sept. 30	3,138	73.4%	2,097
Oct. 7	3,036	63.8%	2,269
Oct. 14	2,836	58.5%	2,321
Oct. 21	2,764	56.5%	2,383
Oct. 28	2,738	56.5%	2,383
Nov. 4	2,772	58.1%	2,447
Nov. 11	2,826	62.4%	2,449
Nov. 18	2,874	64.1%	2,433
Year ago	3,040	81.9%	1,383

"Pass It Along"

During the War many a company declared "Red Cross Dividends." Last week National Lead Co. (*Dutch Boy* white lead, Babbitt metal, paint products) surprised stockholders with an extra dividend of $\frac{2}{5}$ ¢ a share. "The directors feel," explained President Edward Joel Cornish, "that they have no right to give away the funds of the company . . . towards re-

lief of unemployed. . . . By declaring an extra dividend we give the money directly to the stockholders with the request, however, that they in turn pass it along. There is no obligation to do so and if the stockholders themselves need the money it is theirs to keep." The extra payment comes to \$75,000.

President Cornish, noted for honest statements, candor, added that the company's business had been bad, showed no signs of improvement. That any dividend at all can be paid, he said, was because of the policy adopted in 1916 when the company resolved "to keep itself financially strong until the difficulties and losses, if any, attending the readjustment to normal conditions after the War are more definitely known." In the same spirit, he told shareholders last spring that if the \$5 rate should have to be reduced "then all the work and planning of your management will have been in vain."

Fox News

Harley Lyman Clarke, utility-cinema tycoon, and Edward Richmond Tinker, banker, last week indulged in polite remarks about each other. Mr. Clarke was retiring from the presidency to the chairmanship of Fox Film Corp. His post is being filled by Mr. Tinker. Said Mr. Clarke: "I have been hoping for some time that Mr. Tinker would undertake



Keystone

EDWARD RICHMOND ("NED") TINKER

"Mr. Clarke and I have been friends for many years . . ."

this responsibility, and I am delighted. . . . Said Mr. Tinker: ". . . Mr. Clarke and I have been friends for many years . . . I am looking forward to the renewal of pleasant relationships with old friends and associates."

Since Mr. Clarke acquired control of Fox through General Theatres Equipment, Inc. in 1930, the company's problems have been great, its earning power has practically been wiped out. Chase National Bank has taken an increasingly active in-

terest in the company. Wall Street has long expected that Mr. Clarke would relinquish active management. But it was surprised to hear of his successor.

Banker Tinker is 53. His career has been varied. In 1920 he became president of Chase Securities Corp. and in 1925 chairman of the executive committee of Chase National Bank and Chase Securities Corp. In 1927 he suddenly resigned and practically retired from active business. Two years later he accepted the presidency of Interstate Equities Corp., an investment trust sponsored by Bancamerica-Blair. Fortnight ago Interstate was sold to youngish Wallace Groves, an independent capitalist who got his start in the small-loan business, but Mr. Tinker remained as president.

Rumor that Mr. Tinker represented William Fox, attempting to buy control of his company again, were scouted. Of his friendship with Mr. Clarke there was no doubt and it was thought that he represented a compromise between putting a 100% Chaseman in the presidency or leaving Mr. Clarke as president. Banker Tinker is familiar with Fox's set-up through his position at Interstate, for the investment trust bought many Fox and General Theatres Equipment securities. Although it is odd for a cinema company not to have a cineman as either chairman or president, observers pointed out that Fox's big problems at present are financial.

Banker Tinker ("Ned" to friends) has a big place on Long Island's Jericho Turnpike where he raises pheasants and other birds but seldom shoots them. He is a director of Transamerica, Barnsdall Corp., Curtiss Wright, Sinclair Consolidated Oil, Knox Hat Co., Long's Hat Stores, Kaskell & Kaskell, U. S. Hat Machinery Co., White Motor Co. and several others.

Patent infringement suits were filed last week against RKO Radio Pictures, RCA Photophone, Electrical Research Products. Plaintiff was one Tri-Ergon Corp., whose president is William Fox.

Control of Loew's, Inc. passed last spring from Fox Film to Film Securities Corp., the common stock of which is believed to be held by the Chase bank. Last week three places on Loew's directorate were filled by representatives of Film Securities. They were: John E. Searle, Eugene W. Leake, J. R. Hazel. At the annual meeting it was revealed that President Nicholas M. Schenck received 2.5% of last year's net as a bonus, that Treasurer David Bernstein received 1.5%, or \$274,000 and \$164,000 respectively. Mr. Schenck receives \$2,500 a week, Mr. Bernstein \$2,000. Shareholders made a motion requesting the directors to consider reducing the bonus payments next year.

Last week, as it must to all men, Death came to John Walker Pope Jr., 32, independent member of the New York Stock Exchange. After studying at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, he quickly gained a reputation for masterly interpretation of statistics. Since the beginning of the Bear Market he was known to have made tremendous profits selling short securities of companies he knew to be in bad condition. His activities in selling short Fox Film led to an investigation by the Stock Ex-

In St. Paul



Miss Kathryn O'Shaughnessy prefers DUBLTOWLS to cloth towels

She is one of the 81% of the people in the general offices of the National Battery Co., St. Paul, who chose DUBLTOWLS when they were placed side by side with cloth towels in a comparison test in the washrooms.

And the following letter expresses the opinion of the National Battery Company:

NATIONAL BATTERY COMPANY



Author Paper Co.,
205 N. Canal St.,
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

In reply to your invitation, we have a definite washroom demonstration test between your DUBLTOWLS and cloth towels in 1929, during which we had both used some time, service and DUBLTOWLS available to all of our office employees.

During this test 81% of our people used DUBLTOWLS. Because of this marked preference DUBLTOWLS here, as you know, alone have our standard service.

Yours truly,

NATIONAL BATTERY COMPANY
J. P. Anderson,
Marketing Agent.

P. O. Address: 10

DUBLTOWLS are soft and soothing to the skin. So unusually absorbent that one DUBLTOWL dries the hands quickly, thoroughly. It is no wonder that 81% of these people chose DUBLTOWLS, and that DUBLTOWLS have been used exclusively by the National Battery Company since then.

Write for details of a comparison test we will gladly arrange for your washrooms.

BAY WEST PAPER COMPANY
A Division of Mosinee
Paper Mills Co.



GREEN BAY
WISCONSIN

MOSINEE DUBLTOWLS

It's a brown double towel, if it's a BAY WEST DUBLTOWLS

Each DUBLTOWL is two sheets of pure sulphate kraft—73 times as absorbent, 4½ times as strong as average paper towels.

change (TIME, Dec. 22). Although he was exonerated of violating the rules or ethics of the Exchange, the long trial was a severe strain from which he was slow in recovering. Weakened by an attack of whooping cough, he died last week from a lung infection. Although he was mentioned as one of the leading bears, John Pope frowned on raiding, pools, manipulative tactics in general.

No More "Others"

On the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, high in the arcade between the main floor and the annex, hangs a two-sided electric board operated from the money desk. About 10:40 a. m. every week day except Saturday two numbers appear on the board big enough to be seen by the oldest member, important enough to be heeded by the youngest. One number is the new interest rate brokers must pay for money loaned to them on call. The other is the renewal rate on old loans.

Since 1917 the Federal Reserve has published weekly brokers' indebtedness on such loans and since 1926 has broken the statement up into three parts:

- 1) Loans from New York banks.
- 2) Loans from out-of-town banks.
- 3) Loans for the account of "others."

Last week this third item, amounting to \$162,000,000, disappeared from the money market in Wall Street. The Clearing House forbade its members handling these so-called "bootleg" loans. The money market, warned the week before of the impending change, held steady; the official renewal rate of 2½% remained unchanged. The anonymous "others" who loaned their money in Wall Street were corporations and individuals with surplus cash anxious to place their money with absolute safety where it could be withdrawn at a moment's notice yet draw interest by the day, often at fancy rates. The method was for "others" to deposit cash in the banks, order them to loan it in the Street. This the banks did in blocks of \$100,000. In 1929 when money rates were high and the practice was widespread, banks would take any fair-sized sum, say \$30,000, from one man, combine it with other such accounts, then loan the block of \$100,000 and credit each with his share.

So secure were these loans that best accountants allowed a company to combine them with the "cash" item in its balance sheet. So profitable was it that in October 1929, when brokers' loans hit their all-time high of \$6,498,000,000, about 55% of it (\$3,602,000,000) was loaned by "others." But long before this the practice was criticized by conservatives, disliked by the banks. The money market, said conservatives, was too dependent on non-banking money. Banks saw their own field invaded, a source of big profit for them in the hands of "others." During the stockmarket panic of 1929 conservatives felt justified as the "bootleg" loans tumbled from \$3,602,000,000 on Oct. 2 to \$1,548,000,000 at the end of December. Loans by banks fell \$1,021,000,000 in this time, would have been more had they not been forced to close the gap left open by the panicky withdrawal of "others."

Since 1929, when the call rate averaged 7.70%, banking profits have diminished,

largely because they can find no place to employ their surplus funds. Brokers' loans last week made a new low since 1921, gave the Clearing House an opportunity to make its reform with little chance of repercussions. Bankers were pleased and a wobbly prop was removed from under the credit structure. With the New York Clearing House leading the way similar rulings were expected in other money centers to prevent loan "legging" from starting again.

Rockne Coach

A driving Southern California eleven last week interrupted Notre Dame's reign over U. S. football (see p. 23). But stronger than ever lives the name of Knute Rockne. Bobbs-Merrill has published an autobiography edited by Widow Bonnie Skiles Rockne. A biography, published by Macrae Smith, has sold well. Victor's record of one of his "fight-talks" brings Mrs. Rockne about 5¢ a sale. *The Spirit of Notre Dame* is a current, popular cinema (TIME, Oct. 26).

From all these things Widow Rockne has derived satisfaction. From some she



Acme-P. & A.

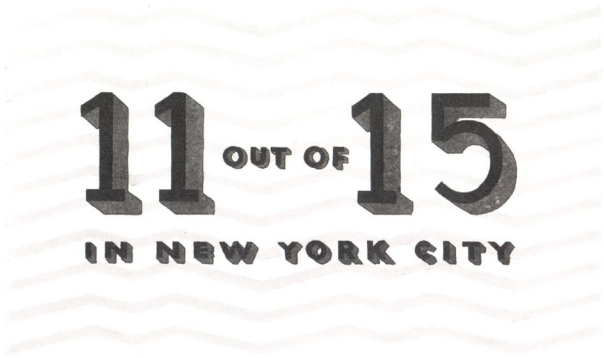
BONNIE SKILES ROCKNE

... books, records, cinema; next, a Coach.

has realized profits to support her four children. Last week more satisfaction & profits headed her way. A new car was ready to burst forth. Its name: *The Rockne Six*. Its maker: a subsidiary of Studebaker Corp. Its sales chief: George M. Graham, previously sales manager for Willys-Overland, assisted by Frank L. Wiethoff. Its production manager and engineer: R. A. Vail and R. C. Cole, who were in charge of the same departments in Dodge Bros. before it was absorbed by Chrysler.

Strenuous advertising copy is ready for launching next week. Excerpt: "Forceful as Rockne himself was forceful; practical as he was practical; stirring as his influence was stirring." *The Rockne Six* (the trade quickly called it the Rockne Coach) will sell at two prices. One model will compete with Ford, Chevrolet and Plymouth, marking Studebaker's entrance

IN NEW YORK CITY the 15 largest banks are the dominant factors with aggregate deposits of \$9,111,000,000 out of a total of \$10,056,000,000 in all the commercial



11 OUT OF 15
IN NEW YORK CITY

banks. 11 of these 15 leaders supply their customers with checks made on La Monte Safety Paper, the original safety paper for checks, readily identified and widely accepted as the standard everywhere. George La Monte & Son, 61 Broadway, New York City.

into the low priced field. The other will sell in the Pontiac and Essex range.

When Coach Rockne died he was on an airplane trip for Studebaker which had just engaged him at \$25,000 a year to pep up salesmen. Rumor widely had it last week that Mrs. Rockne will receive a year's salary at the same rate for use of the name; also, perhaps, a stock interest.

More Gas for Syracuse

The rich Tioga County (Pa.) gas field has a possible flow of about 350 million cu. ft. daily, proven reserves of between 125 and 135 billion cu. ft. Until last week the competitive interests who owned the gas had found no adequate market. A pooling of interests is now under way to market some of the gas which will be carried in a 20-in. pipe now abuilding.

To form the marketing unit Standard Oil of New Jersey, Columbia Gas & Electric Corp., and the private Benedum-Trees interests of Pittsburgh will throw their Tioga properties into a holding company called Lyscoming United Natural Gas Corp. It is understood that Standard Oil will dominate the field by ownership of 50% of Lyscoming United stock, followed by 30% for Columbia Gas, 20% for Benedum-Trees. The market Lyscoming United will serve is the Syracuse area, active industrial district directly north of Tioga, where there is a potential annual demand for 10 billion cu. ft. (Buffalo, second biggest city in New York, has had natural gas service for several years from the Wayne-Dundee field in the western part of the State. New York City is still without any natural gas connections.)

Sponsors of Lyscoming United were dickering last week for a contract with Mohawk Hudson Power Corp., subsidiary of Niagara Hudson Power, to bring Tioga gas to the Syracuse city limits. Here it would be mixed with manufactured gas before delivery. Natural gas has a higher heat value than manufactured gas but is often disliked by housewives as it carbonizes more quickly, clogs stove burners, dirties pots & pans.

MANUFACTURING FACILITIES In Great Britain

● In view of the imminence of an Import Tariff in Great Britain, the representative of a firm with international reputation and associates, with two large factories in England and another in Europe, now engaged upon the multiple production of general electrical apparatus and appliances, is prepared to negotiate with firms of high standing, already possessing established markets in Great Britain and Europe, who wish to consider local manufacture to avoid tariffs.

Loomis - Clapham Company
AGENTS
100 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois

Second Mortgage Pool

Worried for several months about the effect of frozen real estate loans on banks, home-owners & builders, President Hoover announced two weeks ago a relief plan he will put before Congress (TIME, Nov. 23). New York City realtors and savings bankers took heart when they read of this latest national credit pool, lost no time in proposing a smaller auxiliary pool in their own district. Officers of seven big metropolitan savings banks met with Joseph Paul Day, famed realty auctioneer, to draw up plans for the company.

Main purpose of the corporation would be to create second mortgages rather than to maintain their liquidity, which will be the function, for prime first mortgages, of the President's Home Loan Discount Bank system. Homes costing \$15,000 or less would be favored. If the corporation gets started, a prospective builder of a \$15,000 house would not have to have the \$4,000 or more of cash usually required above his first mortgage to start building. He could get a second mortgage from the corporation for this amount, build a home without putting up any real money. In the building boom which might follow such easy terms, great benefit would come to realtors, banks, loan associations, the building trades & members of their unions.

To start the corporation its sponsors want \$50,000,000, to be contributed from those who will benefit most. Realtor Day was selected to canvass the building industries around New York, report to the bankers in a month.

Teletype Split

Known to few was the Morkrum-Kleinschmidt Corp. of Chicago. When it changed its name to Teletype Corp. the nature of its business became clear but much more than half of its sales were made to three customers: American Telephone & Telegraph, Postal Telegraph & Cable, Western Union. Little surprise was occasioned when Teletype Corp. was bought by A. T. & T. for \$31,500,000 (TIME, Sept. 29, 1930).

A teletype is a machine which can send and receive typed messages over a wire. Business houses use them to connect with branch offices; police and fire departments are big users. Time uses such an instrument between Manhattan editorial offices and Chicago proofroom.

In the past the Teletype business has been in two parts. The Bell system has leased wires and instruments for intercommunication between individuals. The telegraph companies have installed machines to connect big customers with branch or central telegraph offices for the purpose of sending telegrams. Last week came a sharper division. Bell announced it will route messages over its regular wires, that one Teletype-user may transmit (through a central Teletype exchange) a message to another with whom he has no permanent wire connection. Rates will be based on time (limit 60 words per minute): 20¢ for a five-minute local message, \$4.60 for a New York-San Francisco communication. Price covers two-way service.

Simultaneously the telegraph companies announced a new service, similar in that

teletype-users on either Postal or Western Union can obtain direct communication with each other. The telegraph system will not, however, be tied up with Bell, so that customers must choose one of the two.

Deals & Developments

Krueger in U. S. Potent in the U. S. match business is Ivar Krueger, match tycoon of the world. Vulcan Match Co. (subsidiary of International Match Corp. which in turn is controlled by Swedish Match Co., Krueger & Toll unit) has long sold imported Swedish matches in the U. S., made none of its own. The recent tariff on matches has made this business less profitable, has made it seem likely that Herr Krueger would acquire a U. S. factory. Once it was widely thought that he had bought a big interest in Diamond Match Co., biggest in the U. S., but this rumor was groundless. Last week, however, Herr Krueger got his company. It was Federal Match Corp., owner of modern factories at Bloomsburg and Bellefonte, Pa., Duluth, Joliet and Spokane. Federal has issued no statements since 1929, at which time it showed \$3,248,000 in assets, no earnings. Vulcan Match plans to put \$4,000,000 new capital into Federal, indicating expansion.

Detroit Bankers' Banks. Largest bank in Michigan is Peoples Wayne County Bank, control of which is held by Detroit Bankers Co., also holding company for First National Bank in Detroit, Detroit Trust Co., seven banks in Greater Detroit (Hamtramck, Highland Park, Dearborn, River Rouge, Wyandotte, Ecorse, Grosse Pointe). Last week Peoples Wayne and First National planned a merger under the name of First Wayne National Bank. The new institution will have \$600,000,000 in assets, making it: 1) the largest bank between New York and Chicago; 2) the tenth largest U. S. bank; 3) the fourth biggest national bank.

Personnel

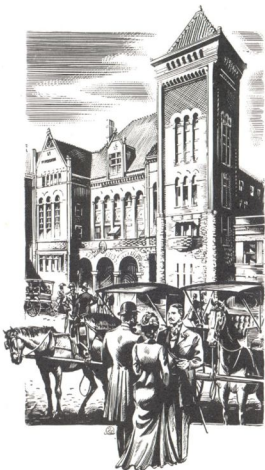
Last week the following were news:

Harry M. Adams, 64, resigned as president of **Western Pacific**, was succeeded by **Charles Elsey**, executive vice president for 24 years.

Edward Richmond Tinker, 53, president of **Interstate Equities Corp.**, was made president of **Fox Film Corp.**, succeeding **Harley Lyman Clarke** who became chairman (see p. 39).

Robert Henry ("Roy") Faulkner, 45, resigned the presidency of **Auburn Automobile Co.** He was succeeded by **Errett Lobban Cord, 37,** chairman of the company and president of it prior to February 1931 when Mr. Faulkner was elected. Company press releases made clear that Mr. Faulkner will no longer be connected with the Cord organization in any capacity, declared that Mr. Cord's return to active management of Auburn was his own idea. When Mr. Faulkner accepted the position, Auburn stock sold at \$200. A strong pool, which had already been operating for some time, later lifted it to \$295, whence it dropped back to last week's \$105. It was especially weak the day of Mr. Faulkner's resignation, on the rumor that he was dumping his holdings.

The Los Angeles City Hall had a hitching rack



AS EARLY as 1837 Pacific Lighting was in the gas business in Los Angeles and a few neighboring villages. It was the era of traveling by horse and buggy, lighting by kerosene lamps, cooking with wood.

Since then the most phenomenal increase in population in America's history has occurred in Southern California. The eleven counties served by the Pacific Lighting group of utilities have recorded the following populations in the last four census decenniums:

	Population of Counties	Rank of Los Angeles
1890	248,845	57th
1900	368,346	36th
1910	860,479	17th
1920	1,477,926	10th
1930	3,021,622	5th

By capable management and employment of its increasing credit and financial strength, the little gas company that was acquired, with 2,000 customers, in Los Angeles in 1837 has grown into a group of utilities that serve natural gas and electricity to 977,599 homes, stores and industries.

Pacific Lighting facilities now consist of electric generating plants serving customers in Los Angeles, and a network of natural gas pipe-lines covering practically the whole of Southern California. The utilities associated in this system serve their own individual territories without duplication, and their pipe-lines running from 26 natural gas fields to all parts of the territory are completely interconnected without intervening gaps.

For the last 38 years of its 45-year history Pacific Lighting has paid dividends uninterruptedly. Its financial stability has been an important factor in its ability to maintain a high standard of service and to meet a continuous demand for funds for construction and extensions in this always-growing territory.

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

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

LOS ANGELES GAS & ELECTRIC CORP.
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA GAS COMPANY
SOUTHERN COUNTIES GAS COMPANY
. . . SANTA MARIA GAS COMPANY . . .

with investments in
PACIFIC GAS & ELECTRIC COMPANY
PACIFIC PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY

PACIFIC



LIGHTING CORPORATION

431 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

ONE OF AMERICA'S OLDEST UTILITY GROUPS

A R T

Manx Sunset

The Chicago Art Institute is proud that its annual exhibition not only has what is reputed to be the largest, most elaborate opening in the world, but also that it pays its prizewinners the richest rewards in the U. S.: \$7,500. Last week U. S. museum directors were startled to learn how an amateur with a pocket camera could win \$16,500 in art prizes by one snap of his shutter.

Until a few weeks ago Charles Powell of East Didsbury, Manchester, was a worker in a British cotton mill. In his spare time Charles Powell of East Didsbury likes to take pictures. This summer he went on vacation with his pretty tousle-haired fiancée to the Isle of Man. He took her picture sitting on a rock against the sunset with a cheap Kodak she had given him for a birthday present. The picture seemed very good. He enlarged it and sent it to the International Kodak Exhibition at Geneva, a contest for which the various European and U. S. subsidiaries of the U. S. Eastman Kodak Co. had contributed over \$100,000 in prizes. Rules: 1) Competitors must be amateurs in fact; no member of their families could be professional photographers. 2) Pictures must be taken during the four months of the contest. 3) Any camera or photographic material could be used. 4) Pictures could be no larger than eight inches square, none could be colored. Nearly 3,000,000 pictures were submitted. Finals

narrowed down to 282 entries from 47 countries. Cotton Worker Powell won the British national prize of \$5,000 and an additional class award of \$500. He also



Keystone

COTTON WORKER POWELL'S FIANCEE

... was worth \$16,500 to him.

won the grand prize of \$10,000 and a cash award of \$1,000. Beside the money he was given a gold medal and a silver statue of a female figure, draped, holding aloft an actual photographic lens.

Culture & the Chompeen

In New York City a number of prominent Greeks did their bit last week for Hellas, mother of the arts. Under the auspices of the Hellenic Forum and the Near East Foundation, a Greek Artists' & Craftsmen's Exhibition opened at the

Hellenic Craft Shop. Greeks bearing pieces to display included: Illustrator John Vassos, Mural Painters Panteles Zographos & Theodore Tsavalas, Landscape Painter Socrates Leonidas, Sculptor Polygnotos Vagis (protégé of Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney).

The exhibit opened with a reception at which platters of sweetmeats and little cups of Turkish coffee were handed round by Miss Angela Mulinis, an Attic beauty who was "Miss Greece" at the 1930 Galveston International. Speeches were made by Professor Demetrios Tselos of Princeton, Vice Consul Konstantine Konstandas. The guest of honor (who was unfortunately unable to be there because of a pressing engagement to wrestle in Toronto) was lion-chested Christopher Theophilus, more widely known as Jim Londos, world's heavyweight wrestling champion. High above the clink of coffee cups sounded the praises of Greek artists, poets, professors and diplomats, for their champion, his musical ability, his culture, his extensive library, his college education.

Added Francis Bosworth of the Near East Foundation: "History is his specialty. He is particularly fond of Presidential Messages. . . . Every Greek intellectual is his pal."

Mike Cohen, pressagent to Promoter Jack Curley, Wrestler Londos' Manager, hastily interrupted.

"The Chompeen," said Mr. Cohen, "is self-educated, purely self-educated. His old man was in the olive racket. . . . That's the way he developed those wonderful biceps, tossing bags of olives around."

Not on view either was the prize exhibit, a monumental bust of the Chompeen by Polygnotos Vagis entitled "Concentrated Power." Nobody had money enough to move it uptown from 12th Street.

Leading the Way Back

CUSTOMERS in the area served by the Associated System purchased 19,439 automatic refrigerators during a recent six weeks' refrigerator sales campaign. About half of these sales were made by dealers who were assisted by a plan of cooperation established by the Associated New Business Department.

Stability from Domestic Use

Growing domestic use of electricity from sale of appliances increases the natural stability of the industry. During 1930, use of electricity in homes accounted for 33 1/2% of the total revenues compared to 28% in 1921.

This trend of the electric industry is of interest to those seeking sound investments with growth possibilities.

The achievement of dealers in cooperation with employees of the Associated System in the face of conditions generally unfavorable to business expansion shows that the utilities are an important influence in leading the way back to business recovery.

To invest in Associated securities, write

Associated Gas & Electric System

61 Broadway

New York



Nov. 12, 1931

PRINTERS' IN

NOVEMBER MAGAZINES

VOLUME OF ADVERTISING IN
MONTHLY MAGAZINES
(Exclusive of publishers' own
advertising)

	Pages	Lines
Fortune	74	47,005
The Spur (2 issues)	63	45,836
Town & Country (2 issues)	67	45,834
House & Garden	61	36,812
Motor Boating	82	35,532
Country Life	51	34,332
The American Magazine	70	29,856
Arts & Decoration	44	29,736
Vanity Fair	47	29,580
Nation's Business	66	28,346
Cosmopolitan	58	24,871
House Beautiful	35	21,969
Popular Mechanics	36	20,120
The Chicagoan (Oct)	40	18,811
Forbes (2 Oct. issues)	44	18,611
Harpers Magazine	26	17,811
Christian Herald	17	17,811
Popular Science Monthly	26	17,811
American Home	26	17,811
Physical Culture	39	17,811
System	38	17,811
Home & Field	26	17,811
Boys' Life	26	17,811
The Sportsman	26	17,811
Atlantic Monthly	26	17,811
Better Homes & Gardens	26	17,811
Normal Instructor	26	17,811
Motion Picture	26	17,811
Field & Stream	26	17,811
Review of	26	17,811
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M I L E S T O N E S

Born. To Ernest Hemingway, 33, author (*The Sun Also Rises*, *A Farewell to Arms*), and Mrs. Pauline Pfeiffer Hemingway, his second wife; a son; in Kansas City, Mo. Name: Gregory Hancock. Announcing that they were "stork-conscious," Author & Mrs. Hemingway returned from residence in Europe so that Gregory Hancock might be born in Kansas City, where Patrick, their first son (Author Hemingway's second), was born three years ago.

Born. To James Joseph ("Gene") Tunney, retired fistfulifier; and Mrs. Polly Lauder Tunney; a son; in Manhattan. Weight: 7 lbs. 7 oz. Predicted name: J. J. Jr.

Married. Constance Bennett, cinematress, daughter of Actor Richard Bennett; and Henri, Marquis de la Falaise de la Courdey, divorced husband of cinematress Gloria Swanson; in Los Angeles.

Married. James J. Couzens, 83, father of Senator James Couzens of Michigan; and Mrs. Anne Cason, 67, of Pomona, Calif. whom he met eight months ago; in Riverside, Calif.

Elected. General Jan Christian Smuts, to be rector of the University of St. Andrews, Scotland, defeating Scottish-born banking & shipping Tycoon James Lyle Mackay, Earl of Inchcape, 466-286. The rectorship, honorary post which may be held in *absentia*, has been graded since 1919 by Sir James Matthew Barrie, Rudyard Kipling, the late Fridtjof Nansen, Sir Wilfred Thomason Grenfell.

Honored. Eugene Meyer, Yale 1895, governor of the Federal Reserve Board; with the Montclair Yale Bowl, awarded annually to the Yalman "who has made his 'Y' in life"; at the 11th annual party of the Montclair (N. J.) Yale Club in "Nick Roberts' Old Yale Barn." * New award: the Montclair Faculty Plate, to English Professor William Lyon Phelps, 66. The Montclair Scholastic Cup of 1931 goes to Rufus S. Day Jr., 19, Yale senior, Phi Beta Kappa, grandson of the late U. S. Supreme Court Justice William R. Day, Secretary of State under President McKinley.

Left. By Richard Teller Crane Jr., president of Crane Co. (plumbing) who died three weeks ago (*TIME*, Nov. 16): an estate estimated at \$50,000,000, of which more than \$1,200,000 goes to 4,000 old Crane employees. Amounts depend upon length of service, from ten years upwards, and upon whether the employee retained all of the stock Mr. Crane gave away in 1925, 1927, 1930; employees who disposed of all their stock (quoted now at \$17) get nothing. Residue of the estate forms a trust fund for Mrs. Florence Crane, the

widow, and Cornelius and Florence Crane, children. If they die childless, one-half of the residue goes to Crane employees, one-half to eight Chicago hospitals and charities.

Birthdays. Hon. Katherine Plunket of Ballymascaban, "Grand Old Lady of Ireland" (111); Patrick Joseph Cardinal Hayes (64); Representative John Nance Garner (62); the Pennsylvania Limited (50); Archduke Otto of Habsburg (19).

Died. John Walker ("Johnny") Pope, 32, famed young Wall Street operator; of a lung infection following whooping cough; in Manhattan (see p. 39).

Died. Louis Loucheur, 59, French industrialist, member of the Chamber of Deputies, owner of *Le Petit Journal* (Parisian daily); of heart disease; in Paris. Son of a railway crossing-keeper, he became a successful engineer and contractor, was employed at 23 by the Chemin de Fer du Nord to enlarge its trackage. With Alexandre Girod as partner he built an electric power station at Wagenthal near industrial Lille. Engineer Loucheur headed the Society of Electric Power of Paris, electrified the French, Italian, Russian and Turkish railways, built power plants and a railway in the Alps. At the outbreak of the War he became general director, then Minister of Munitions. Thereafter, until his death, he held 14 ministries in various cabinets. Often called "the Stinnes of France," M. Loucheur helped draft the economic sections of the Treaty of Versailles, negotiated Reparations payments-in-kind at Wiesbaden with the late Walther Rathenau, German Minister of Reconstruction.

Died. Dr. Samuel ("Sam") White, 88, editorial writer for the *Atlanta Constitution*, religious and political writer; after long ill health resulting from a fall which broke his hip when he was covering the Republican convention in Kansas City in 1928; in Atlanta, Ga.

Died. Professor Walter Francis Reid, 81, inventor of smokeless powder, onetime (1910) president of the Society of Chemical Industry, research chemist (linoleum, cement, silver on backs of mirrors); of "extreme debility;" in Kingston, Surrey, England. A recluse for the last two years, Professor Reid lived in a cold, decaying mansion on milk and well-water, saw no one, was found in a stupor, his hair straggling to his shoulders, his beard to his waist.

Died. Constance, Lady Battersea, 88, grande dame of the British House of Rothschild, daughter of Sir Anthony de Rothschild who stemmed from the original Frankfort family; in Overstrand, Norfolk, England. A philanthropist, temperance worker, Lady Battersea was a friend of Queen Victoria, Queen Alexandra, Gladstone, Disraeli, Palmerston.

B O O K S *

Frank Harris, Frank Shaw

BERNARD SHAW—Frank Harris—Simon & Schuster (\$4).

Said Oscar Wilde: "Shaw has no enemies, and none of his friends likes him." And: "Frank Harris has been received in all the great houses—once." That there must be a maggot of truth in both these candideries you will see after reading Frank Harris' *Bernard Shaw*. Death came for Frank Harris last August. He had corrected only the first proofs of his last book, leaving Shaw to make the final corrections: "quite the oddest job" Shaw had ever had to do. For *Bernard Shaw* is neither an authorized nor an orthodox biography;† a lesser man than Shaw might well have considered it a personal attack. Shaw did his odd job, corrected some facts; but "all the criticisms, jibes, explosions of passing ill humor, and condemnations have been piously preserved."

Shaw and Harris were born in different corners of Ireland within six months of one another, but they never met till they were grown-up. Shaw's father was a genteel but scandalous drunkard. With the Shaws for many years lived, innocently but unconventionally, a singing teacher, George John Vandeleur Lee. To help the family impenitency Shaw went to work at 15, rose to be a cashier before he decided to seek his literary fortune in London. Painfully shy, Shaw's eyes would fill

cism caught on. When Harris was editor of the *Saturday Review* he made Shaw his dramatic critic. Shaw's weekly column became a brilliant event.

Shaw's early Irish nationalism was sidetracked by Socialism and the Fabian Society, but for years "he would not rise or uncover for the English national anthem, nor drink the King's health at public dinners." Reputed the best businessman of living authors, in his poverty-stricken days Shaw rarely lived within his means. Once, instead of buying a cheap bowler he paid the top price for a top hat, had to wear it so long that "in its last days it had to be worn tail foremost, as the front rim had become too limp to lever the hat off successfully when he had to salute a lady."

Harris, a great believer in sex, disbelieved in Shaw's finally succeeded in worming out of Shaw that he had been celibate till 29, had then paid several women "man's highest compliment" before he married, in middle age, neither for love nor money—as Shaw himself puts it: "a childless partnership." Harris regretfully admits Shaw was "no ascetic," but adds: "he is absolutely free from the slightest trace of sensuality and is never offensive. In fact that is what I feel is the whole trouble with him."

Harris did not consider Shaw a really great man, did not think his work will live, gave him such muted praise as: "This garrulously great man who falls so often perilously close to being an old maid . . . a Puritan rebel who insulted his times and was well paid for it." In a postscript (which Harris never saw) Shaw is singularly gentle in rebuttal. He contents himself with saying that Harris could never understand him, lays his quarrelsome friend's ghost with a coal of fire: "Here lies a man of letters who hated cruelty and injustice and bad art, and never spared them in his own interest. R. I. P."

Made in Germany

GIFTS OF LIFE—Emil Ludwig—Little, Brown (\$4).

Most popular of modern German biographers, with a reputation for prolificacy which he admits is not deserved (eleven translations of his books appeared in the U. S. in four years, but it took eleven years to write them), Emil Ludwig has now written a biography on everyone's favorite subject: himself.

Emil Ludwig was born Cohn 50 years ago, son of an eye-doctor in Breslau, Germany. When he was two years old his father furthered the family's fortunes by changing its name. Emil had a good education and then went to work in his uncle's prosperous coal business. He did well, but a canker ate him: like many romantic boys he dreamed of being a great poet. When he fell in love (at sight) with a girl he called Diana, she encouraged his

literary ambitions. He persuaded her to elope with him, they ran away to a little villa in Switzerland, near Locarno, were married before his enraged family could put a stop to it.

There they lived idyllically for a while. With lush enthusiasm Emil worked away at his five-act dramas. Life went on: his family forgave him, he boiled the pot with journalism, his wife fell in love with another man, recovered from it. When the



International

EMIL LUDWIG

When he cuts himself shaving, his wife knows what to say.

War came, Emil's nearsightedness saved his skin. Then he turned to biography. His *Goethe* made further pot-boiling unnecessary.

Living in a spacious house close by the much smaller one in which they spent their run-away honeymoon, the Ludwigs now share it with their two children, many borzois and greyhounds. Frau Ludwig helps her husband in research, tells him many a home-truth about the work in progress. Ludwig's mind is especially active while he is shaving. If he has cut himself several times his wife asks: "Did you have an idea, then?"

Other books: *Bismarck*, *Lincoln*, *Schliemann* (TIME, June 1). *Son of Man*.

Saved from Success

RETURN I DARE NOT—Margaret Kennedy—Doubleday, Doran (\$2.50).

Hugo Pott was too successful too soon. Young Englishman of low beginnings but with a face that might have been his fortune, he had made money by writing a succession of theatrical hits.* London lionized him nearly to death; he never got enough sleep, was worn out by the continuous effort to be nice to everybody, not to let his work interfere with his social engagements. The story opens with his departure into the country for a weekend—in no sense a vacation, for Hugo knew exactly why he had been asked, what person he was expected to amuse.

*Playwright Noel Coward, 32, is reputed currently to enjoy an income of \$6,000 per week from his new play *Cavalcade* in London and various road companies of *Private Lives* and *Bitter Sweet*.



THE LATE FRANK HARRIS

Shaw has piously preserved his explosions.

with tears "at the slightest rebuff." First thing he did in the British Museum was read all the books on etiquette. For nine years he wrote unwanted novels and was a complete failure, then his music criti-

†Only authorized biography of Shaw: Archibald Henderson's.

*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.

Everything turned out even worse than his expectations. After a respectable performance at dinner his fatigue overcame him, drove him to bed much earlier than he had any right to go. Lady Aggie, whom he was supposed to entertain, yawned when he read her his new play, left the houseparty ostentatiously early. Philomena embarrassed him by promising to leave her husband for him, then made him feel a fool by telling her husband all about it and changing her mind. On the verge of a breakdown Hugo made an unforgivable scene, pulled gossipy Corny Cooke's nose. In despair he confided his trapped feelings to Marianne, wise young daughter of the house. She advised him to go away, stop writing hits, stop being lionized. Gratefully he took her advice, went off into obscurity with the hope of coming back some time for her.

The Author. Margaret Kennedy (Mrs. David Davies) dictated stories before she could read or write, wrote her first novel, *Laura*, at 15. She burned it soon after, as she did four more novels, three plays. She went to Somerville College, Oxford, sang in Sir Hugh Allen's famous Bach choir. After she took her degree she was commissioned to write a modern European history textbook (*A Century of Revolution*) over which she spent two years, from which she gained much useful writing practice. With her second published novel (*The Constant Nymph*, 1924) she became a best-seller. Very English-looking, with dark hair parted in the middle and ending in ear-protecting buns, with a head that rises to a point and sinks to chinlessness, Margaret Kennedy's face is not as attractive as her writing; but you can tell by her eyes that she is intelligent, humorous, keen. Other books: *The Ladies of Lyndon*, *A Long Week-end*, *Red Sky at Morning*, *The Fool of the Family*.

Bitter Almonds

THE ALMOND TREE—Grace Zaring Stone—Bobbs-Merrill (\$2.50).*

When middle-aged but still lovely Leda, newly widowed & impoverished, brought her only daughter Marise back to the U. S. to try to live economically, she thought she had nothing to look forward to. Her formidable spinster sister, a little-seen portent in Washington society, took them in with unenthusiastic, sisterly hospitality. Marise was 16, knew nothing about her native country, was pleasantly thrilled when she got a job in an interior decorator's office. Leda made no move to look up old friends; sat in the house all day and tried to remember her beloved dead husband.

Then she met Zachery Westcott, young naval officer. They made a mutual impression, but Leda was as rude to him as possible, tried to keep from seeing him. When daughter Marise met Westcott she fell in love with him very quickly; Leda, blind where her daughter was concerned, never noticed it. Westcott fell half in love with Marise, but Leda fascinated him. Marise's aunt saw what was coming and tried to warn Marise; before she could, Leda announced her engagement. Instead of fainting, Marise went into the bathroom and was sick. After Leda's

honeymoon Leda died, happy, of a heart-attack. Westcott and Marise were left in a pretty pickle.

The Almond Tree is the November choice of the Book League.

Hemingwayman

JOY STREET—Clifton Cuthbert—Godwin (\$2).

Frankie was a Boston Italian, second generation, so he could talk like a Hemingwayman and get away with it: his mother did not speak English so good. Frankie had left a fair job in a factory for a much better one, driving a truck for Bootlegger Visconti. His hours were long but he worked only one day a week. Good & had luck hit Frankie about the same time. He met Rosie at a dance hall, and he got a warning from a rival 'legger that hereafter his weekly trip would not be safe.

Frankie was in two minds what to do about the warning. He was offered a better job with his boss's rival, but he was afraid of his boss. Finally he just let everything slide while he had a good time with Rosie. But on the next trip the truck was held up, his partner was shot. Frankie figured out that by the time he got back to Boston the gunmen would be after him as the only witness of the shooting, so he lay low for a few days. When he went back to Boston to see Rosie she had gone to Manhattan. When he heard that Visconti's young wife had run away too, and that Visconti thought he had stolen her, Frankie knew his number was up.

Virginia Schoolboys

BEFORE THEY WERE MEN—Charles Wertenbaker—Liveright (\$2).*

To the small number of books that are not silly about schoolboys Author Wertenbaker has added one. These eight short stories about a Virginia boarding school which he calls "Blackford" should please even graduates of Virginia's Episcopal High School, "Blackford's" prototype. If you do not think this is high praise, ask any fairly recent old boy of St. Paul's what he thinks of Arthur Stanwood Pier's *Boys of St. Timothy's*.

Before They Were Men records the school careers of Sleepy Carter and Shadow O'Neill, intermittent enemies but mostly pals, from the greenness of "rats" (new boys) to the ripe old age which will land them in the University. At outs with each other, either was a gulfed foe; together they considered themselves invincible. Typical escapade: When Shadow nearly won the reading competition by a dramatic recital of Poe's "The Telltale Heart" Sleepy stole the show by surreptitious drum-beating, by launching a large heart-shaped balloon at the climax. But Author Wertenbaker does not always load the dice in favor of his heroes: the victory as often as not is with Mr. Peyton, only slightly-idealized figure of a good headmaster. *Before They Were Men* does not pretend to tell the whole truth about a boys' school; but it tells a part of it very pleasantly.

Author Charles Christian Wertenbaker, newspaperman, *Satevepost* writer, is a weekly contributor to TIME. He has also written: *Boojum!*, *Peter the Drunk*.

MISCELLANY

"Time brings all things."

Fear

Near Alpine, N. J., police removed one David Testori from a narrow ledge on the Palisades 300 ft. above the river. He had lived there two months, with a tarpaulin cover, a newspaper bed, some bread and potatoes, a razor, a fish hook, a bank book showing deposits of \$710. He said he was afraid of people in New York.

Robot

In Manhattan, one "Joe Stone or No Name, the Miracle Man," who makes his living by acting like a robot, was fined \$2 under an ordinance which forbids use of "mechanical or sound-making devices to attract passersby, thereby causing them to block the sidewalk."

Line-Up

In Wallington, N. J., a thief stole \$110 from the cash register of Stanley Ploeger's saloon. A detective arrested a policeman, took Saloonkeeper Ploeger to the court-house to identify him. The policeman stood in line with several volunteers, including Judge Dominick Marconi of the traffic court. Saloonkeeper Ploeger passed by the suspected policeman, clapped a hand on Judge Marconi's shoulder. "This is the man," said he. Embarrassed police released the magistrate, held Saloonkeeper Ploeger for possession of liquor.

Zip

In Los Angeles, Calif., the faculty of Bancroft Junior High School outlawed, under penalty of expulsion, a popular student game called rip-the-zipper, in which any student spying a shirt, trouser or skirt fastened with a zipper would cry: "Rip the zipper!" and zip the garment open.

Crank

In Miami, Fla., Mrs. Lucille McGirt cranked her automobile in gear. With her dress caught in the crank, dragging her with it, the car crashed through a wall into a doctor's office, where Mrs. McGirt died an hour later of a broken neck.

Carp

In Baltimore last fortnight a 30-lb. carp jumped from a stall in the wholesale fish market, bit Mrs. Tillie Levy on the ankle.

Sedan

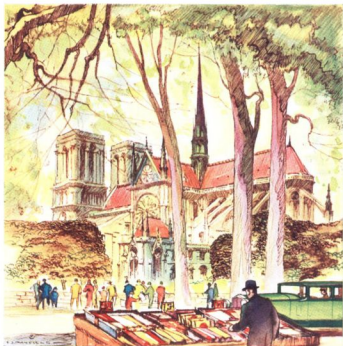
In Quincy, Mass., Sam Venuti was fined \$10 for driving his sedan with 18 passengers inside.

Smoker

In Philadelphia, William Dion was walking along a street smoking. Ever since a throat operation 22 years ago he has had to exhale through a tube in his throat. A passerby saw smoke coming out of his collar, grabbed the spot to put out the fire. The tube was displaced, William Dion fell choking. A fast car got him to a hospital in time to save him from choking to death.

*Published Nov. 2.

*Published Oct. 31.



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**"I have to be
kind to
my throat"**

"I've tried several brands of cigarettes but I prefer Luckies. I smoke them regularly as I have to be kind to my throat. I learned this from my previous stage experience. **Your improved Cellophane wrapper is splendid. A flip of the tab and it's open."**

Kay Francis

When **Kay Francis** left the stage and enlisted in the Hollywood army, pictures got a great recruit! The tall brunette beauty was a great success on her film debut, and she's charged along to even bigger things. She is one of **Warner Bros.**' brightest stars.

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Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

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Zip—
and it's open!**



Cover, 1931,
The American
Tobacco Co.

**It Is Miss Francis'
Statement Paid For?**

You may be interested in knowing that not one cent was paid to Miss Francis to make the above statement. Miss Francis has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 5 years. We hope the publicity herewith given will be as beneficial to her and to Warner Bros., her producers, as her endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to us.