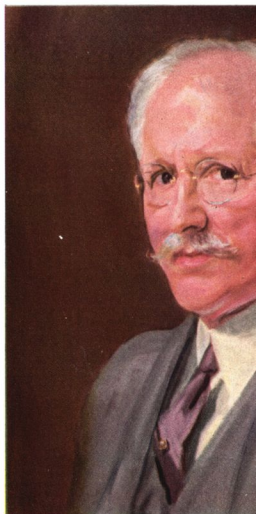


FIFTEEN CENTS (IN CANADA, 20c)
(Reason: Tariff)

TIM

The Weekly New



Volume XVIII

JAMES HENRY BRECKINRIDGE
A.M., PHARM.D., PH.D., LL.D., HON. B.
*"Man's course is a rising
(See SCIENCE)"*

Circulation Office, 350 East 12nd Street, Chicago.

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



\$4.95

Real Italian Marble or Onyx Base; docked edge; complete with Parker Pocket-Desk Pen with colored taper.



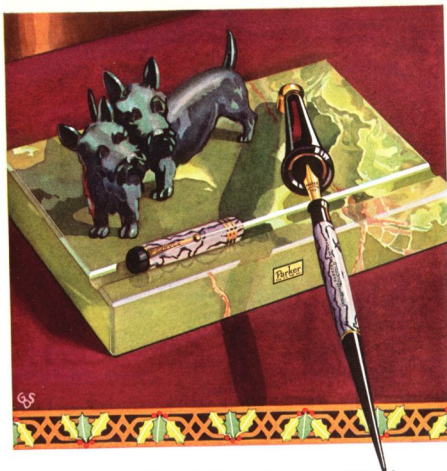
\$10.00

Enamel Base, in Burgundy, Green, or Black. With convertible Pocket-Desk Lady Duofold Pen.



\$8.75 Travel Set

Base of inlaid Ebony enamel with Parker Pocket-Desk Pen—complete with Permanent Bakelite Case. (Right)—\$17.50—Argentine Green Onyx Base, with Duofold Jr. Pen with Black and Pearl Duofold Jr., \$21. May be mounted with ornament or statuette at slight additional cost.



New Gifts at Thrift-time Prices

By PARKER

Works of Art with a PURPOSE—and each an utterly wonderful value



\$8.75
New Burgundy
and Black

Parker Duofold Jr. Matched Pen and Pencil Set. The season's smartest—as radiant as wine colored crystal. Lady Duofold Set \$8.25. Duofold Sr. Set \$11.25.

We combed the world to fill your Christmas list. From Italy and Argentine came beautifully figured marble and colorful onyx for Parker's Christmas Fountain Pen Desk Sets. From the world's exclusive studios, we selected interesting bronzes. We engaged gifted designers. And all of them carried out these special requirements—that Parker creations must excel in beauty and originality, so that anyone who sends a Parker gift, can be sure that it will be the one thing "different."

Yet, Parker gifts must be more than artistic—they must be daily necessities, for daily use. And each must be finer than equal money has ever obtained in the past, or can obtain elsewhere now.

All good pen counters have fresh arrays of these Parker creations—Pen and Pencil Sets, and Desk Pen Sets. With styles in Desk Bases plain, or mounted with needed accessories—Clocks, Lamps, Ash Receivers, Letter Racks, and Calendars, or Statuettes.

MORE THAN THIS—with every Parker Desk Pen this Christmas, goes a "Pocket Cap" with clip, so the tapered pen can be removed and the pen changed over to pocket use in a twinkling.

Because Parker Duofold is the pen of highest mechanical excellence and is guaranteed for life, be sure to look for this name, "George S. Parker—DUOFOLD," stamped on the barrel.

Parker Duofold

PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE \$5 • \$7 • \$11

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

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

SUCCESSFUL FOR 21 YEARS



YOUR BASEMENT • • *can be as dry as your attic*

● It's entirely unnecessary to have water standing on the floor or running down the walls of your basement. It shouldn't even be damp. New and existing basements can be made as dry as your attic. Use Medusa *Waterproofed* Portland Cements for solid concrete foundation walls and floor or for mortar if masonry walls are used. These cements have been "SUCCESSFUL FOR 21 YEARS." They insure permanently dry interiors either above or below grade. Complete information on making new and old basements dry is found in the Medusa Book "How to Make Good Waterproofed Concrete." We will be pleased to mail you a complimentary copy.



MEDUSA
WATERPROOFED PORTLAND CEMENTS

• White and Gray •

Originated by Medusa—Proved by Time

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

Manufacturer of Medusa Gray Portland Cement (Plain and Waterproofed) . . . Medusa Waterproofing (Powder or Paste)
... Medusa White Portland Cement (Plain and Waterproofed) . . . Medusa Portland Cement Paint . . . Medusa-Mix,
the Masonry Cement . . . and Medusa Stone-T Cement



PUZZLE:

Find the Better Ad

... and how it got that way

THE quick facts are these: In copy, headline, art, these two Barbasol ads are identical. But one ran in *LIBERTY*. The other in another mass weekly.

Both appeared during the period when Dr. George Gallup and his associates were counting up what people had seen, what people had read in the four mass weeklies*.

And that count showed that this Barbasol ad in *LIBERTY* stopped 71% more men and women per dollar invested than the same ad in Weekly A!

How Did It Get That Way?

While Dr. Gallup was checking ads, he also checked editorial pages. Here he made two discoveries:

First: The most widely read type of article was most widely read regardless of the magazine it ran in. The best-read articles in all magazines were much alike in their dramatic, sentimental, fast-moving simplicity.

Second: *LIBERTY* carried more of this more-highly-popular type of editorial material than any other magazine.

By direct count (see Panel opposite page) the average editorial feature in *LIBERTY* had a reader-interest 1% higher than that in Weekly A—6% higher than that in Weekly B—and 41% higher than that in Weekly C.

These variations in editorial interest directly paralleled the variations in advertising interest!

Paced to the Public

Eight years ago, *LIBERTY* was born. Into a changing generation. Into a world altered in thinking, in living in attitude.

Into a world speeded up—emotionalized—stirred—swift-moving times packed with one fresh miracle after another.

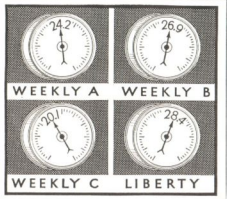
Deliberately—*LIBERTY* paced itself to this postwar public.

Called in such writers as Winston Churchill, Ben Graham, Ben Hecht, Adela Rogers St. John, S. S. Dine, H. G. Wells.

Liberty ... America's Best

Writing an ad is only half of the job. An *Editor* must do the other half. Tests show that *editorial* interest in different magazines may vary stopping power of the same ad as much as 153%. (With Barbasol it was nearly 71%) . . . In his 6-city census of

reader-interest in the 4 mass weeklies, Dr. Gallup* measured the editorial "steam-pressure" each magazine puts behind your ads. Here are his gauges—showing the percentage of readers actually reading the average *editorial* feature in each.



Such artists as Bainsfater, Benda, Flagg, Held, Knight, Tomaso.

Paid writers by the 'script, instead of the word, for brevity's sake . . .

And published their stirring writings under such heads as "Will Americans and the English Ever Understand Each Other?" (Winston Churchill on Anglo-American relations)—"To Hell with the Admirals!" (Smedley Butler saying good-bye to the Navy)—"Is Franklin Roosevelt Physically Fit to be President?" (the most widely-read article in any of the 4 weeklies during the Gallup Reader-Interest Census*).

Nor Is That All . . .

To carry all this LIBERTY provided a new format. Compact, easy-to-handle, free of uncomfortable bulk. An easy-reading make-up, with no run-overs, no ads buried but all next to live reading matter.

Finally—LIBERTY *tested* everything by *offering* itself to the public.

By letting magazine readers *buy for themselves!* By banning subscription drives, premiums, cut-rates, help-me-to-go-through-college pleaders! By making every issue sell itself—week after week—without benefit of subscription lists!

Today more people ask for LIBERTY than for any other magazine. More people buy it week after week throughout the year.

99% of the circulation you pay for is circulation bought because it's *wanted* to be read—only 1% is circulation-sold-a-year-in-advance!

Let LIBERTY Help Make Your 1932 a Better Year

If you are spending money in the mass weeklies during 1932, you owe it to yourself to give that money every chance to do a job.

You may get along without LIBERTY.

But you may be *more* successful with it!

Why not examine all the facts thoroughly before you decide?

Why not study the report of the 6 studies made by Dr. Gallup—made, in three of the cities, under official observation by the A.N.A.—and get the story on other ads

which, like Barbasol's, ran in duplicate in LIBERTY and other weeklies?

The stopping power of hundreds of ads is summarized in this report. And the reader-interest "score" of many stories, articles and features in LIBERTY and other magazines.

To obtain a copy, simply express a desire for it. Without further obligation, it will be delivered to any mass advertiser by his nearest LIBERTY representative. Address LIBERTY, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

*6 SEPARATE STUDIES

The first attempt to measure reader-interest in terms of things actually seen and read was made last July and August by Dr. George Gallup, of Northwestern University.

Accompanied in 3 cities by official observers from the A.N.A., Dr. Gallup led his researchers into Springfield, Mass.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Greensboro, N. C.; Columbus, Ohio; Topeka, Kansas, and Sioux Falls, S. D., during 6 consecutive weeks.

In each city, researchers carried then-current, fresh copies of the four mass weeklies. At each door—15,000 were visited during the 6 weeks—they asked, "Have you a copy of any of these magazines?"

Where the answer was "Yes," the person replying was asked to leaf through the entire magazine, indicating what had been noted, what had been partly read, what had been read all the way through.

These facts were noted down by check marks, and the marked copies returned to headquarters as records. The actual magazines bearing these crayon checks are on file in New York, and are available for responsible study.

Students will discover from them two paralleling facts:

- (1) The average editorial feature in LIBERTY was read by 17% more people than in Weekly A; 6% more people than in Weekly B; 41% more people than in Weekly C; and . . .
- (2) The average advertisement in LIBERTY stopped 48% more people than in Weekly A; 23% more people than in Weekly B; and 112% more people than in Weekly C.

Read Weekly

•
your
smile
is worth
protecting

So MUCH of your personal attractiveness depends on the radiance of your smile! Good teeth are worth guarding, not only by periodic visits to the dentist, but by twice-a-day care at home with a reliable dentifrice.

Squibb Dental Cream provides this care safely, effectively, by methods as scientific as modern dentistry. It contains no grit, no astringent—nothing that can injure teeth or gums. It cleanses and protects your teeth through the healthful action of Milk of Magnesia, a product used by modern dentists everywhere in the care of teeth and gums. Squibb Milk of Magnesia forms more than 50% of Squibb Dental Cream.

Try Squibb's. See how beautifully it cleans—how soothing and refreshing it is to your entire mouth. Children enjoy using it as much as grown-ups. Make it your family dentifrice!

Copyright 1931 by E. B. Squibb & Sons

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



SQUIBB
DENTAL CREAM

Black Cow

Sirs:

Shame on TIME for defaming the time-honored "black cow"! (TIME, Nov. 16).

Guzzlers know the "black cow" is composed of root beer and cream. . . .

WILLIAM L. VALLÉE

New York City

Sirs:

THE STATEMENT REGARDING BEVERAGE SUPPLIED THE COMMITTEE AT THE METROPOLITAN CLUB CONTAINS IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE CONCLUDING PARAGRAPH OF THE COMMITTEE'S REPORT TO THE PRESIDENT [on the Navy League's attack on the Hoover naval policy] QUOTE MANY INACCURACIES FALSE ASSERTIONS AND ERRONEOUS CONCLUSIONS UNQUOTE THE BEVERAGES INDULGED IN BY THE COMMITTEE WERE COFFEE AND CREAM AND PLAIN WATER CHEMICALLY REPRESENTED AS H₂O STOP ALAS

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

New York City

Dry Georgia

Sirs:

We are so thankful here in this South Georgia county that we have had a few light showers of rain in the last several days. It's the first rain we have had since about the 15th of August, 1931. So much dust and such heavy smoke and dense fogs each morning, staying so gloomy all day, and so unpleasant to breathe natural, especially at night. Forest fires have raged continually in all sections of the country, in dry swamps destroying millions of lovely loblolly pines. The Forest Rangers had water hauled from deep wells in cities, trying to stop some of these fires, but found that their work was too feeble to battle with the flames. So there have been in the near counties of Clinch and Lanier 10,000 sq. mi. burned over, according to the report sent to our local paper Valdosta Times last week. I have been an interested reader of TIME several months, so decided to report this longest dry time which the oldest or middle-aged inhabitants can remember experiencing in this locality. The river Withlacoochee is so near dry, hogs walk in centre of river bed just knee deep. The water is generally 15 ft. or 20 ft. deep when of normal depth. TIME is very wonderful.

Mrs. L. E. McLENDON

Oasley, Ga.

Georgia's current drought and forest fires are without parallel in the State's history. Mean total rainfall in November was .24 in., surpassed only by the .01-in. low of November, 1922 which, however, was not preceded by such weeks of drought as this year. Fires cut a line through the middle of the State to the coast. Many people were killed in automobile accidents in the smoke pall. Airplane operations were resumed only last week. Wild life suffered badly. Reported the United Press last week: "Bird life including every known species from sparrow to mammoth owls present a pitiful sight with scream-

ing and chattering. The noise is deafening—wired sounds around occasional water holes where wild life flocks and fights for existence. Waters formerly productive of fish are now barren, the fish left baking in the sun on the banks. Suwannee (of song fame), Satilla, Alapaha, and Setto Rivers are now mere excavations with occasional mudholes, wild and domestic hogs feeding upon fish left marooned by drought."—Ed.

Boxer Roosevelt

Sirs:

Owing to illness I am forced to do this in long hand at home. Page 15, TIME, Nov. 23 *in re* Pringle's Roosevelt under paragraph *After Lee*—this is the most barefaced egregious manufactured history ever conceived. The writer saw this only appearance of T. R. as an aspirant for honors in lightweight boxing class. I knew both of his opponents but not him. I was a boxer and soon after a contestant and winner in 1881 and 1882. There is no dispute; the records show it, and I have two cups to show. Incidentally I sat perched atop a partition at this meeting by the side of Classmate Owen Wister. . . . The contest was held in the old gym, about the size of a small Round House for engines of that day.

So ladies, were present.

There was no balcony.

T. R. did not of course strip to the waist while she, Alice, sat in the balcony. This mushy apocryphal tale will be "scotched" by the writer in the proper place and was evidently taken and elaborated from another author who has, or will, also correct it and has written me acknowledging his error. But to me this is ridiculously inaccurate.

The caption under the picture of T. R. is most significant. T. R. in his autobiography says, "I forget whether I got into the finals or semi-finals." Your line reads as follows, "As he recalled it he was champion." This brings up an old and unfortunate controversy in about the year 1910 to 1912. The writer took a small part in the newspaper discussion; many others disputed and argued. All the writer advanced was to give the name of actual winners for all the terms T. R. was in college, namely: Hanks (over Roosevelt), Fred Sharow, George Heilbron. . . .

GEORGE F. SPALDING

Newton Center, Mass.

Biographer Pringle cites as his source p. 4 of *Roosevelt, the Story of a Friendship* (Macmillan, 1930) by Mr. Spalding's Classmate Owen Wister. Biographer Pringle was not aware Classmate Wister stood corrected. For the statement that Roosevelt at one time thought he had been champion, Biographer Pringle refers to the legislative scrap-books at the Roosevelt Memorial Association, N. Y. C.—Ed.

Neutral Academy

Sirs:

I have been a reader of your magazine for quite some time. I have always regarded the

"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 _____

Socks

ARE LIKE THAT

by Rube Goldberg



It's always with renewed vigor and enthusiasm that a writer or an artist attacks a fresh theme. . . . I've written stories and drawn pictures about trees, politicians, scientific inventions, Bulgarian cheese-bounds; the five-year plan, whiskers, speak-easies and mice. . . . But never has it been my privilege to devote my meagre talents to the wholesome, upstanding, comprehensive subject of socks.

SOCKS are the keynote of married life. When the bride and groom leave on their honeymoon they should be pelted with socks instead of rice. Their whole future happiness depends on socks. It is the wife's duty to watch her husband's socks. If he puts on a sock in the morning with a hole in the end of it, his whole day is spoiled. He is irritable and cannot concentrate on large business affairs. His mind is constantly on that prominent toe sticking out. His sock-satisfied competitors are more alert and get the better of him in big deals. He fails and goes to the poor house.

On the other hand, if his wife is not looking after his socks, what is she doing? She is out dancing with gigolos and playing backgammon for five dollars a game. She falls for the grand manners of a phoney Spanish count and lands in the divorce court. If she had only stayed at home and thought a little more about her husband's socks, she and her husband would have lived happily ever after.

AGAIN, socks clothe the feet and the feet are supremely important in the human machine. Feet take us to the bank to save our money. Feet give our vast army of tap dancers something to keep them busy. Feet give us the

means of kicking out undesirable young men who come to call on our daughters. Feet furnish the ground-work for woman's glorious beauty. Feet supply a home for corns and bunions. And feet cannot perform these important functions without the soothing caress of socks.

The old idea of the barefoot boy winning his way to fame and fortune is obsolete. When a boy goes out barefooted these days he continually steps on slugs from racketeers' guns and is in such pain he is in no mood to win his way to fame and fortune.

PERSONALLY, when I put on a pair of Realsilk socks, I feel that my day has been given a flying start. I know there will be no holes, no wrinkles and no discomfort.

How do I know these things? The Realsilk Representative told me—right in my own home, and I proved his words right on my own feet.

Speaking of baseball, I get these socks on a double play: Realsilk to postman to Goldberg. That means I have them at home where I can wear them, instead of buying them downtown and leaving them on the subway.

With my feet taken care of so handsomely I can devote my brain to the pleasant and poetic diversions of the daily routine. A Realsilk sock is a sock on the button of happiness.

IN NO OTHER SOCKS AT ANY PRICE

1 Six-Ply Toe—instead of four or less—the best wearing toe ever built. (Patent Pending.)
2 High-Spiced Heel—two-ply—a wall of protection where back of the shoe rubs.
3 Double-Layer Sole—two-ply—double wear.
4 More Compact Weave—9% more closely woven—firmer fabric—better appearance.
5 Longer Silk Leg—graduated length increases with foot sizes.
6 Double-Thick Garter Bands—made to fit the leg—another feature of comfort and wear.
7 Triple-Fast Hygienic Dyes—fast to light, washing and perspiration. No color can harm the feet. . . . Realsilk products sold only by representatives; . . . Realsilk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, U. S. A. World's largest manufacturers of silk hosiery. Branches in 250 cities.

REALSILK



Note—Not known for his fantastically humorous drawings, Rube Goldberg is also a writer of distinction. . . . Realsilk asked Mr. Goldberg to write an essay on "Socks." He gave his imagination free rein and the above article is the result. Realsilk was happy to buy it from him.

To Women—Realsilk also makes a complete line of women's hosiery—with seven features found in no other stockings; also a line of fine fingeries; and sold the "Shop-at-Home" way.

THE SOCKS WITH 7 EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

Sold only in office and home



THE BUSINESS LEADERS OF TODAY

ARE THE I. C. S. STUDENTS OF YESTERDAY



Empire State Building

STANDING in architectural grandeur above the sidewalks of New York, the Empire State and Chrysler Buildings are the tallest structures in the world. Necessarily built of the finest materials, all hollow metal swing units and running members in these buildings were manufactured by the Metal Door and Trim Company, of La Porte, Indiana. The Daily News Building, the Chanin Building, the Lincoln Building, New York Central Railroad Building and others throughout the country are also equipped with products supplied by this company.

E. J. Zahner is president of the Metal Door and Trim Company. Founded immediately after the World War with a personnel of 400 men, Mr. Zahner, long experienced in metal manufacturing, cites spare-time study of International Correspondence Schools courses as one of the most influential factors in his success. He says:

"Text of International Correspondence Schools courses is solid reading that requires study and application. I have been in the past, and are now enough of your conscientious students in this plant to demonstrate that you can help toward success a man who makes it possible for you to help him through work of his own. For this reason your work here is encouraged by us. Before I was twenty-one years old I was studying an I. C. S. course in commerce and engineering elements. It helped me!"

Whatever your profession, an I. C. S. course can help you as it has done thousands of business leaders throughout the world for forty years. Why not begin today preparing yourself to earn more money? The I. C. S. students of today will be the business leaders of tomorrow!

MARK AND MAIL THE COUPON



Chrysler Building

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 9148-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X:

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Electrical Engineer
☐ Electric Lighting
☐ Mechanical Engineer
☐ Mechanical Draftsman
☐ Machine Shop Practice
☐ Railroad Positions

☐ Gas Engine Operating
☐ Civil Engineer
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ Plumbing and Heating
☐ Steam Engineering
☐ Radio
☐ Architect
☐ Analytical Blueprint
☐ Refrigerator and Boiler
☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Structural Engineer

☐ Chemistry
☐ Pharmacy
☐ Automobile Work
☐ Aviation Engineer
☐ Agriculture and Horticulture
☐ Mathematics

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

☐ Business Management
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Personnel Management
☐ Mechanical Management
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Accounting and C. P. A.
☐ Coaching

☐ Cost Accounting
☐ Bookkeeping
☐ Salesmanship
☐ Secretarial Work
☐ Spanish
☐ French
☐ English
☐ International Correspondence
☐ Shorthand and Sign
☐ Lettering
☐ Stenography and Typing

Name _____ Age _____ Street Address _____
City _____ State _____
Occupation _____

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Ltd., Montreal

information contained therein as accurate a authentic. I note that whenever mistakes have been made, you have generously and willingly corrected them.

On p. 40 of the issue of Nov. 23, under the heading of Cinema, in the column, near the top of the page, you state that producers used the Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences a weapon to defeat the Actors' Equity Association's attempt to organize the cinema acts.

As a member of Equity and as Vice President of the Academy at that time, as well as present, I beg to inform you that the Academy remained absolutely inactive and did not sit either with the actors or producers through the attempted Equity strike two years ago. The Academy was most careful at that time to maintain an impartial and absolutely neutral attitude throughout the entire strike. . . .

You can confirm these statements by communicating with Mr. C. Levee, Paramount Studio, Hollywood, Calif., President of the Academy, or with Doctor Clinton Wundt, The Academy, Hollywood, Calif.

CONRAD NAGEL

En Route
Advance 20th Century Limited

Frog Taft, Fish Swanson

Sirs:

A big frog in my fish pond answers read in the name Bill Taft. Our favorite pet hove was a large flying fish christened Gloria Swanson. Her diet was difficult, but this was off by a most affectionate disposition. Gloria visit the house frequently, flying from her po through a patch of bamboo, between coconut trees, entering open windows and doors, frequently alighting at the canary's cage, exclaiming chirps with the imprisoned singer. Gloria's death was a natural one. She "caught cold" while moulting and all efforts to rescue her from double pneumonia were vain. Bill Taft was chairman.

ED TOWSE

Honolulu, Hawaii

Hobo Harrington

Sirs:

With interest I note in your issue of Nov. 23, a statement made by James J. Harrington, the effect that Northwestern University had made a hole of his son. And yet the same sets forth the information that not the University, but Mr. Harrington himself, had given this youngster a \$1,000 automobile! I graduated from Northwestern, and in four years of the (expensive years of 1919-21), my total expenses were less than the cost of above-mentioned automobile by several hundred dollars. . . .

ADA C. ROSE

West Lafayette, Ind.

Rolling Sister-in-Law

Sirs:

The head-off letter of your Nov. 23 issue caused me deep chagrin when I learned that four years an Oregonian miss has been rolling on the floor each week with MY gift of TIME. I am going to request that from 1932 on I pay you direct for her weekly roll as she merely my sister-in-law.

JOHN C. POWERS

Cleveland, Ohio

X

Sirs:

Would TIME's editor kindly publish the re for the use of the newspaper (&) in TIME text? Does TIME employ a printed style box and is it available to readers interested in both TIME and the printing art?

V. C. SHERWIN

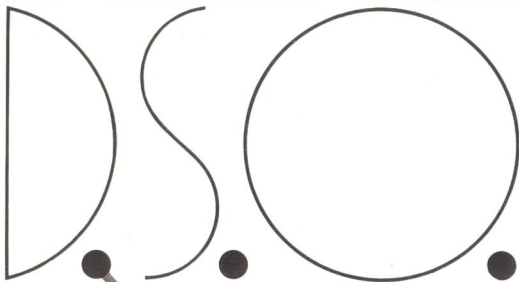
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

TIME's rule is to use & only between words commonly twinned, as "pepper salt," "more & more." Gallagher Shearn. TIME has a style book, but I spare copies.—ED.

"Saoul Comme un Américain"

Sirs:

I observe that Dr. Clarence True Wilson quoted (TIME, Oct. 19) as saying, in explanation of having seemed to insult the American

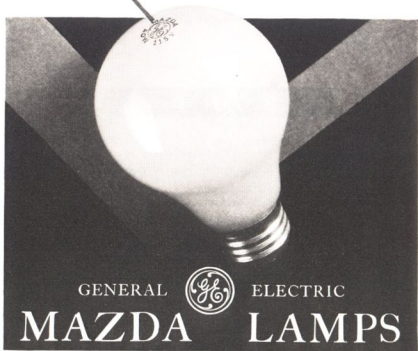


General Electric MAZDA lamps . . . As prodigal in value as the famous G. E. Refrigerator . . . As niggardly in current consumption as a G. E. Electric Clock . . . Matching in softness and beauty of light the harmonies of G. E. Radio . . . The standard bearer of that great regiment of fine electrical appliances bearing the citation for Distinguished Service to the home and industry known as the "initials of a friend." . . .

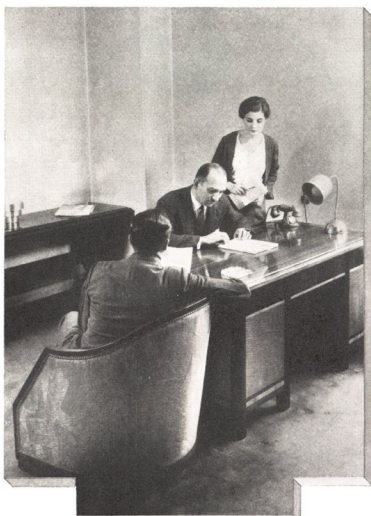
GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., NELA

PARK, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Hear the "G-E CIRCLE", . . . the women's club-of-the-air . . . over N. B. C. coast-to-coast network of 34 stations, at twelve, noon, E. S. T., every week-day but Saturday . . . Also every Sunday, at 5:30 P. M., E. S. T., with the world's finest voices singing the world's favorite songs.



GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS



CRANE'S BOND

AN ESTABLISHED REPUTATION—this is an asset of real value today, when buyers are becoming wary of goods of lean quality, unidentified services.

Capitalize this return to quality . . . convey to your customers a sense of your stability and integrity . . . put your time-honored reputation into action . . . by writing your letters on Crane's Bond.

Crane's Bond is a paper with a reputation . . . a reputation for quality, distinction and durability. Your letters on Crane's Bond will help inspire confidence in the present and future of your business . . . renew the impression that relations with you are based on solid foundations.

CRANE & CO., INC. • DALTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Legion in some earlier remarks, that some of the American Legionnaires have "dropped . . . into French customs."

Is Dr. Wilson the only American not to be aware that among the French there is hard any drinking to excess, and that if a Frenchman sees a "staggering drunk" in Paris, he assumes that it is an American? American customs, observed in France, have even enriched the French language by a new comparison: *ivresse de fero comme un Paloisais*, the familiar expression is now (alas!) *sauvé comme un Autricien* [drunk as an American].

RUTH MORAND

Paris, France

Princeton Boy Cheered

Sirs:

Good for the Princeton boy who had the courage to stand up for culture and refinement against pure muscle and brain (TIME, Nov. 16). We need more of such boys in our colleges too.

MRS. WILLIAM R. WHITMORE
New Haven, Conn.

Candid Cameraman

Sirs:

Dr. Salomon and the Candid Camera (TIME Nov. 9) are interesting to the writer who has done a bit of concealed camera shooting himself in these parts, but on spare time only and their force limited.

You may recall the Earl Carroll trial some time ago. The State spent much money as time trying to convince a jury that one Fabi Bacon was inadequately clothed. I felt the police department had been inefficient. The extent of Miss Bacon's drapings could have been photographed and all the verbal testimony rendered unnecessary. For that reason I selected her after a nearby theatre, the Columbia (burlesque) and took several shots, one of which is accompanying this letter. It is convincing. I believe as to the extent of the lady's trappings or lack of them. All censors should have a Candid (or equivalent) camera. It would save the taxpayers' money. . . .

LEON HARTMAN

New York City

Candid Cameraman Hartman's "shot from the Columbia burlesque is convincing, unprintable.—Ed.

Big Peoples Wayne

Sirs:

In your issue of Nov. 30, in speaking of the proposed consolidation of Peoples Wayne County Bank of Detroit and First National Bank, you state that the consolidation will make the new institution "the largest bank between New York and Chicago."

Simply in the interest of accuracy, I wish to point out that Peoples Wayne County Bank is already and, for a period of upwards of year and a half, has been the largest bank between New York and Chicago.

WILSON W. MILLS
Chairman

Peoples Wayne County Bank
Detroit, Mich.

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

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TUNE IN! EVERY FRIDAY!

8:30 p.m.

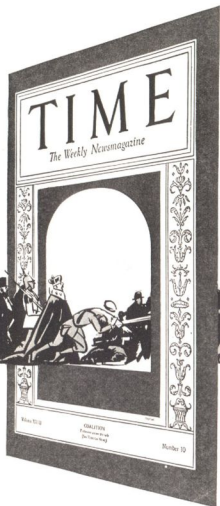
Eastern Standard Time

Columbia Coast-to-Coast System

"The March of Time"



The most memorable, most significant scenes from the news of the week, re-enacted with vivid realism and intense drama—that is "The March of Time." By this new radio technique, the editors of TIME take you to the world's news fronts, to the sides of the great and the humble, into the midst of events significant and strange, thrilling and tragic, in the pace of time's inexorable march.



Stations broadcasting "The March of Time":

Akron 8:30 E.S.T.	WADC	Cincinnati 8:30 E.S.T.	WKRC	Kansas City 7:30 C.S.T.	KMBC	Pittsburgh 8:30 E.S.T.	WJAS	San Francisco 5:30 P.S.T.	KFRC
Atlanta 7:30 C.S.T.	WGST	Cleveland 8:30 E.S.T.	WHK	Los Angeles 5:30 P.S.T.	KHJ	Portland 5:30 P.S.T.	KOIN	Seattle 5:30 P.S.T.	KOL
Baltimore 8:30 E.S.T.	WCAO	Denver 6:30 M.S.T.	KLZ	Minneapolis 7:30 C.S.T.	WCCO	Providence 8:30 E.S.T.	WEAN	Spokane 5:30 P.S.T.	KFPY
Boston 8:30 E.S.T.	WNAC	Detroit 8:30 E.S.T.	WXYZ	New Orleans 7:30 C.S.T.	WDSU	Sacramento 5:30 P.S.T.	KFBK	Syracuse 8:30 E.S.T.	WFBL
Buffalo 8:30 E.S.T.	WGR	Fort Wayne 7:30 C.S.T.	WOWO	New York 8:30 E.S.T.	WABC	Saint Louis 7:30 C.S.T.	KMOX	Toledo 8:30 E.S.T.	WSPD
Charlotte 8:30 E.S.T.	WBT	Fresno 5:30 P.S.T.	KMJ	Philadelphia 8:30 E.S.T.	WCAU	Salt Lake City 6:30 M.S.T.	KDYL	Washington 8:30 E.S.T.	WMAL
Chicago 7:30 C.S.T.	WGN	Hartford 8:30 E.S.T.	WDRG						

TIME marches on!

What is a magazine



made of

LITTLE GIRLS are made of sugar and spice and all things nice.

Little boys are made of sticks and stones and puppy-dog bones.

What is a magazine made of?

Pulpwood? Copper and zinc and acid? Printers' ink? Coal and steam and electricity?

The paper mills grind down trees, the railroads haul big rolls of paper, the engravers etch copper and zinc plates, the printers stick type and pour metal and mix ink and turn presses.

Is a magazine then merely the result of a per-

fectly timed use of all these dead mate-

No. Magazines are made of ideas. *Idea* *what magazines are made of.*

Otherwise any issue of any magazine would be a total only a lopsided junk-pile in the back-

* * *

A FEW years ago a small group of not-fed young people brought a collection of ideas into a plain room.

(The *accouchement*-parlor of any vital magazine has never been hung with Hollywood brocades. How about it, TIME?)

They were the editors of The New York

They had some interesting new ideas.

Ideas like these:

The valiant intention to report the most complex city in the world with simplicity and refreshing candor.

To mirror and appraise the group behavior of lively people, most of whom don't know one another; but all of whom have the sort of minds that think free, and the sort of easy amiability and cash energy to make them subtle but self-assured leaders.

To act as a suave philosopher for such people, offering them the stimulation of wit.

Ideas. Ideas you couldn't get a nickel for from a banker. Fool ideas. Vague, frail, charged with dream-bubbles.

They went to work. Since then they have attracted a readership of as compact a group of mentally awake people as can be found in America—awake to what is new, keen to pick from it what is good, tenacious in loyalty to what is old and good. *Ideas* are what make magazine readers.

* * *

What are advertisements made of?

To make advertisements, you have to use the same materials that are used to make magazines. Advertisements, too, are confections of coal and iron, wood and fire, and acid and steel and copper and zinc. Only so much junk for the back lot—until they are touched alive by ideas. *Ideas* are what advertisements are made of.

The New Yorker, with no peculiar salesman-

ship, has attracted to its pages the second largest amount of advertising of all the magazines printed in America.

What is more, these advertisements are uncommonly full of *ideas*.

As compact a group of mentally awake makers of uncommonly good things as can be found in a fairly smart nation, these advertisers. They are alert to provide what is new, keen to know whether it is good (and therefore saleable), and tenacious in their belief that some people still buy uncommonly good things—especially if they are uncommonly well advertised.

Ideas are what advertisements in The New Yorker are made of.

* * *

THE ideas of the editorial staff couldn't have succeeded without the ideas of the advertisers.

The ideas in the advertisements couldn't have succeeded without inspiration from the ideas of the foolhardy editors.

Together they got results. *Ideas* are what results are made of. (Eh, TIME?)



**THE
NEW YORKER**

BECAUSE OF THIS SPIRIT



THE biggest thing about your telephone is the spirit of the hundreds of thousands of people who make up the Bell System. No matter what their particular jobs may be, they are first of all telephone men and women.

The loyalty of these people to the ideals of their work is reflected in every phase of your telephone service. It shows in the increasing speed with which your local and long distance calls are completed. It shows in the greater accuracy with which they are handled. It shows in the wider and more convenient facilities which are placed at your command—extension telephones, intercommunicating systems for home and office, small and large switchboards, teletypewriters and many others.

Because of this spirit, your needs for complete and inexpensive telephone service are more fully met each year. Men and women of the Bell System are constantly explaining varied telephone services to more and more users. They prepare the way for the new plans and equipment put at your disposal each year. Through their efforts, you receive broader and wider service at a cost made possible by an organization of this character.

Although it does not appear on the balance sheet, the greatest asset of the Bell System is in the skill, energy and purpose of the people who carry on its work. Every time you use the telephone, you get the advantage of this—in better and better service at the lowest possible

★ AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY ★



TIME

Vol. XVIII, No. 24

The Weekly Newsmagazine

December 14, 1931

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Home, Sweet Home

"Next to food and clothing, the housing of a nation is its most vital problem. . . . The sentiment for home ownership is embedded in the American heart [of] millions of people who dwell in tenements, apartments and rented rows of solid brick. . . . This aspiration penetrates the heart of our national well-being. It makes for happier married life. It makes for better children. It makes for courage to meet the battle of life. . . . There is a wide distinction between homes and mere housing. Those immortal ballads, 'Home, Sweet Home,' 'My Old Kentucky Home' and 'The Little Grey Home in the West' were not written about tenements or apartments. . . . They were written about an individual abode, alive with tender associations of childhood, the family life at the fireside, the free out-of-doors, the independence, the security and the pride in possession of the family's own home. . . . Many of our people must live under other conditions. But they never sing songs about a pile of rent receipts. . . ."

Over these warm words and some 1,900 others like them President Hoover had worked with a full heart for two months. One evening last week he took them all, in the form of a keynote address, to Constitution Hall and there, in a voice brimming with emotion, delivered them to the assembled delegates of the President's Conference on Home Building & Home Ownership. At this great gathering President Hoover again demonstrated his ability and leadership in an unofficial activity outside the constitutional realm of the Presidency.

The conference's major purpose, President Hoover said, was "to stimulate industrial action," not "to set up government in the building of homes." To promote home owning the President urged a better system of home financing, thus keying his program in with his proposed Home Loan Discount system (TIME, Nov. 23).

With this problem P. C. O. H. B. A. H. O.'s Finance Committee chairmanned by Mr. Ecker wrestled long and hard. Its members, mostly conservative financiers, appeared slightly out of step with the President's ideas. They found little to remedy in the home credit field, opposed any stimulation of new building on the ground that the market is already oversupplied and must wait for population to overtake it. A minimum 25% down payment was the Committee's recommendation, and only for purchasers with ability to save.

❖ Last week President Hoover cancelled

his third press conference in a row. Reason: preoccupation with his Message to Congress on the State of the Union (see col. 3). Calvin Coolidge used to finish his Messages a week or more before Congress sat, distribute them in advance to the Press in time for mailing to the Pacific coast. Receipt of the Message in confidence automatically estopped all news speculation as to its contents. But because President Hoover was slow finishing his, the public prints last week rioted in guesswork. Asked whether it would be long or short, Private Secretary Joslin gravely declared: "All I can say at this time is that the message will not be a long one—and also that it will not be a short one." For weeks President Hoover has been carrying around a little 5¢ pad of paper in his pocket, jotting down random message ideas with a stubby pencil.

❖ On the Tariff Commission's recommendation President Hoover last week upped the duty on green peas (3¢ to 3.9¢ per lb.) and McKay sewed shoes (20¢ to 30%). He downed the duty on egg plant (3¢ to 1½¢ per lb.), green peppers (3¢ to 2½¢ per lb.), crude feldspar (\$1 to 50¢ per ton), turned shoes (20¢ to 10%), window glass (25%). He left unchanged the tariff on (among other things) lumber, cement, pens, Spanish moss, pineapples, snap beans, cucumbers, okra, fresh tomatoes and lima beans.

❖ For Christmas presents Mrs. Hoover paid \$80 for 40 pairs of candlesticks fashioned from the copper of illicit liquor stills. They were the product of veterans undergoing occupational therapy at Walter Reed Hospital. The Washington Police Department contributed the material following "legger raids about the city."

State of the Union

The President . . . shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the State of the Union and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient.—U. S. Constitution.

Last week President Hoover sent his third State-of-the-Union message to Congress. It was a grave, thoughtful document, shot with hope. Clerks droned it out to a House and Senate which accepted it as the Hoover platform for next year's campaign. Contents:

Depression. "We find fundamental national gains even amid depression. We have witnessed a remarkable development of the sense of co-operation. There has been a notable absence of public disorders and industrial conflict. . . . The country is richer in physical property than ever before. . . . There has been a distinct gain in public health. Business depressions are but transitory. The Nation has emerged from each of them with increased strength and vitality."

Foreign Affairs. "We are at peace with the world. The rights of our citizens abroad have been protected. As our [economic] difficulties have originated in large degree from [foreign] sources, any effort to bring about our own recuperation has dictated the necessity of co-operation by us with other nations to restore world confidence. . . . The difficulties between China and Japan have given us great concern. . . . It is our purpose to assist in finding solutions. . . ."

The Domestic Situation. "The community has co-operated to meet the needs of honest distress . . . [and] cushion the violence of liquidation in industry and commerce. . . . Our citizens have given a magnificent display of unity and action, initiative and patriotism. . . . Committees are now active at practically every point of unemployment. They have been assured the funds necessary which will meet the situation. . . . The Federal Farm Board secured higher prices to the farmer than would have been obtained otherwise. . . . The failure of a large number of farmers and of country banks was averted. . . . The time is ripe for forward action to expedite our recovery."

Credit. "Our self-contained national economy would have enabled us to recover long since but for the continued dislocations, shocks and setbacks from abroad. . . . Vast liquidation and readjustments have left us with a large degree of credit paralysis. If we can put our financial resources to work, I am confident we can make a large measure of recovery independent of the rest of the world. . . ."

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National Affairs—(Continued)

Our first step toward recovery is to re-establish confidence. We must put some steel beams in the foundation of our credit structure."

Federal Finance. "The first requirement of confidence is financial stability of the United States Government. During the [last] fiscal year we incurred a deficit of about \$903,000,000. During this fiscal year we have an indicated deficit of \$2,123,000,000. The budget for the fiscal year beginning July 1 indicates a deficit of \$1,417,000,000. . . . We must have determined reduction in Government expenses. We must face a temporary increase in taxes. We must partially finance the deficit by borrowing. The amount of taxation should be fixed so as to balance the budget for 1933 except for the statutory debt retirement. The additional taxation should be imposed solely as an emergency measure, terminating definitely two years from July 1. . . ."

Banks. "A method should be devised to make available quickly to depositors some portion of their deposits in closed banks. Such provision would go far to relieve distress in a multitude of families. . . . I recommend the prompt improvement of the banking laws. The Congress should investigate the need for separation between different kinds of banking; an enlargement of branch banking; an enlarged membership in the Federal Reserve system."

Mortgage Discount. "I recommend the establishment of a system of home-loan discount banks as the necessary companion of the Federal Reserve Banks and our Federal Land Banks." (TIME, Nov. 23.)

Reconstruction Corp. "I recommend that an emergency Reconstruction Corporation of the nature of the former War Finance Corporation should be established.† It may not be necessary to use such an instrumentality very extensively. It should be in a position to facilitate exports, make advances to agricultural credit agencies, to establish industries, railways and financial institutions which cannot otherwise secure credit. It should be placed in liquidation at the end of two years."

Railways. "They should have more effective opportunity to reduce operating costs by proper consolidation. . . . Approximate regulation should be applied to competing services."

Anti-Trust Laws. "There is wide conviction that some change should be made. I do not favor their repeal. Particular

attention should be given to industries founded upon natural resources."

Unemployment. "I am opposed to any direct or indirect Government dole. Our people are providing against distress in true American fashion. . . . Our expenditures [on public works] this year will reach about \$750,000,000 compared with \$500,000,000 in 1928. . . . It is estimated that the Federal taxpayer is now directly contributing to the livelihood of 10,000,000 of our citizens."

Tariff. "I am opposed to any general congressional revision. Such action would prolong the Depression."

Merchant Marine. "The administrative functions [of the Shipping Board] should be transferred to the Department of Commerce [where] there should be created a position of Assistant Secretary for Merchant Marine."

Public Works. "I recommend that all building and construction activities of the Government be consolidated into an independent establishment under the President to be known as the 'Public Works Administration.'"

Immigration. "The deportation laws should be strengthened. Aliens lawfully in the country should be protected by issuance of a certificate of residence."

"Our System." President Hoover promised subsequent messages on foreign affairs, debt moratorium, criminal-law enforcement, judicial procedure. Unmentioned by him were two stock subjects in most State-of-the-Union messages: Prohibition, the Negro. The President concluded:

"Our system has carried us in a century and a half to leadership of the economic world. It has successfully adjusted itself to changing conditions in the past. It will do so again. . . . Our people have shown qualities as high in fortitude, courage and resourcefulness as ever in our history. With that spirit, I have faith. . . ."

THE CONGRESS

Sitting of the Seventy-Second

One bright noon last week two spand new U. S. flags were run up freshly pair poles on opposite ends of the U. S. Capitol. To many a weather eye they looked storm warnings. They marked the sitting of the 72nd Congress, chosen months ago. The flag over the Set fluttered for a 40-min. session before being hauled down for the day. The one in the House flew for 2 hr. 24 min. Together they will continue to float and flap in soft, Washington air until next May. June, while in the chambers below a tumultuous session moves forward a political prelude to the 1932 campaign for President.

In the Senate the opening was as usual as the most august Senator could die. On his high chair Vice President Curtis and hoped he would still be there years hence. After prayers new Sena were sworn in in bunches of eight. Senator Hattie Caraway of Arkansas could not bear to hear her husband's death pronounced in the chamber, so she stayed her office, her eyes teary. Senator Will Warren Barbour of New Jersey (sen 15) refrained from taking the oath for day out of respect to his predecessor, late Dwight Whitney Morrow. H. Pierce Long was too busy being Governor and political boss of Louisiana to go to Washington and take his Senate seat.

Old Guardsmen, nominally in con of the Senate (Republicans: 48; Democrats: 47; Farmer Laborite: 1) look glum and worried. They knew they were in for a long, losing battle. The insurgents, more than ever before, held balance of power. From last week's publican conference at which Sen. Watson was again chosen floor leader Senator Fess "Whip," the Insurgently absented themselves.

In the House a Historic attend:



OLD GUARD*

Their Whip has no lash.

*Majority Leader Watson (left), Vice President Curtis, Senators Shortridge, Smoot, and Whip Fess.

*For details of the Hoover tax plan see p. 16. Last week the Treasury, to help finance the current deficit, sought to borrow \$1,500,000,000 on short-term securities.

†Created in 1918 with \$500,000,000 capital from the Treasury and a \$100,000,000 bond issue, the War Finance Corp. first made loans to industries producing war supplies. After the Armistice it helped finance the same industries back to peacetime production. It required 11½% collateral from private concerns unable to get cash elsewhere. Over President Wilson's veto in 1921 Congress authorized it to supply credit to farmers and stockmen. Lending closed Dec. 31, 1924, since when the corporation has been in process of liquidation. The Treasury recovered all but \$10,000 of its capital investment.

Interpretation

National Affairs—(Continued)



NEW GUARD & TEACHER PAGE

He taught them how to extend their remarks.

record was made when 433 members out of the elected 434 (in New Hampshire remains one vacancy) appeared for the opening session. Only absentee: Republican J. Will Taylor of Tennessee, convalescing from an appendectomy. In his trim cutaway William Tyler Page, who has served as the bald and brown Republican Clerk of the House since 1919, mounted the rostrum with a heavy heart, called to order the session he knew would cost him his job. Before him on the floor were almost a hundred new faces. They were the New Guard of first-term members, "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker," the plain people incarnate. Clerk Page had, as he always does, conducted a sort of legislative school for them earlier in the week in the House caucus room (see cut). There he expounded parliamentary law, told them how to introduce bills, warned them to address only the Speaker, initiated them into the fiction of the *Congressional Record's* "Extension of Remarks."

After prayers and a roll call by States beginning "Alabama—McDuffie," Democrat John Nance Garner of Texas was nominated for the Speakership amid party whoops and rebel yells. Put up against him was Republican Bertrand Snell of New York (TIME, Dec. 7). The vote: Garner, 218; Snell, 207; Schneider, a Wisconsin Insurgent; 5. None of the three voted for himself. With the House, now Democratic for the first time in twelve years, standing and cheering, Speaker Garner in a brown-speckled suit was ceremoniously led up the new blue carpet to the rostrum, duly installed. With one autocratic sweep he swore in the whole House membership at once. Other Democratic elections: Henry Thomas Rainey of Illinois, Majority Leader; South Trimble of Kentucky, House Clerk; Kenneth Romney of Montana, Sergeant-at-Arms. Rules revision was temporarily postponed as some 5,000 legislative proposals were plopped into the bill basket.

In the Plaza, meanwhile, were congregated some 1,600 "hunger marchers" who had trucked into the capital from the North and Mid-West by Communist leaders for demonstration purposes (TIME, Dec. 7). These tattered demagogues, a forlorn, hollow-eyed crew of whites and blacks, paraded under police escort singing:

*Let us march, let us march
Let us march to Capitol Hill
To fight, to fight*

For an employment insurance bill.

About the Capitol machine guns were nested in high nooks and corners. Policemen carried rifles and tear bombs. An ambulance stood ready in the background. Washington's Superintendent of Police Glassford, smoking a long pipe, dashed about on a motorcycle. When the marchers reached the Capitol plaza they were encircled by police. Except for these jeers and songs, all was peace and order. A committee led by Herbert Benjamin was permitted to enter the Capitol. Benjamin started to push into the Senate chamber. Sergeant-at-Arms Barry blocked his way.

Benjamin: I want to get inside to deliver a copy of this bill.

Barry: I can't let you in.

Benjamin: But I have a petition to present.

Barry: This is the wrong day for petitions.

Benjamin: Anyway, this is the day the unemployed have chosen.

With that, Benjamin and his committee started to shove inside. Police pushed them back with their shoulders, ejected them from the Capitol.

The "hunger marchers" went to the White House, were peaceably turned away at its gates. They ended their demonstration in front of the American Federation of Labor office, there to be-devil President William Green.

Though Congress ignored the "hunger marchers," the problem they represented was No. 1 on the Congressional Work Calendar.

New Jersey Jolt

Studded with good middle-class suburbs are Morris and Union counties in New Jersey. Together they compose the State's 5th Congressional district, hold 10% of its population. Elizabeth is an industrial entity unto itself but in Morristown, Mendham, Madison, Summit, Plainfield *et al.* live countless families whose heads have 9:30-10:4:30 o'clock jobs in the city, who are not quite so socially smart as the residents of Somerset County (Far Hills, Bernardsville, Peapack) with 10-10:4 o'clock jobs, but who do hold a higher head than the 9-10:5 commuters of Essex County (Montclair and the Oranges). They own comfortable homes, drive two cars, belong to country clubs, invest in stocks & bonds, vote the Republican ticket straight. Last week these conservative and substantial citizens of New Jersey's 5th Congressional district staged a major political revolt which augured ill for the G. O. P. and President Hoover.

Not since 1912 has the 5th district gone Democratic in a Congressional election. Last October Ernest R. Ackerman, its Republican Congressman for the past twelve years, died. To succeed him the Republicans nominated Donald H. McLean, local lawyer; the Democrats named Percy Hamilton Stewart. Nominee Stewart, a commuting Manhattan attorney, was once Mayor of Plainfield. His wife is the granddaughter of the late Alexander Smith, carpet tycoon. Since both men were Wet, the Stewart-McLean campaign, brief and bitter, turned only on national issues. Republican McLean asked for a vote of confidence in the Hoover Administration, eulogized the President's attempts to combat Depression. Democrat Stewart flayed President Hoover for "refusing to face the facts," for ducking and dodging economic responsibility. The Republican National Committee sent two second-string speakers into the district to help Nominee McLean whereas J. J. J. Shouse, Democratic executive chairman, and the two New York Senators stumped Morris and Union Counties for Nominee Stewart.

On election day most of the district's 9:30-4:30 Republican commuters—typical of the backbone of their party throughout the land—either went to Manhattan without voting or resentfully cast their ballots for Democrat Stewart. He was elected by 1,900 votes. The late Congressman Ackerman used to carry his district by about 33,000 votes and in 1928 Herbert Hoover rolled up a 49,000-vote majority there. Far & wide the Stewart victory was interpreted as a rebuke to President Hoover, a revolt of worthy middle-class G. O. Partisans against their party because of hard times. The arch-Republican New York *Herald Tribune* called it "the severest jolt the party has yet sustained." The Democrats, to whom it gave a House majority of two, trumpeted it as a bright omen for 1932.

Simultaneous with the Stewart-McLean vote, Republican Governor Larson of New Jersey last week appointed Re-

National Affairs—(Continued)

publican William Warren Barbour to the Senate vice Dwight Whitney Morrow deceased. Aged 43, Senator Barbour is president of Linen Thread Co. of Paterson, N. J. His office is in Manhattan



Acme-P. & A. Thompson
CHAMPION (AND SENATOR) BARBOUR

The Marquess of Queensberry deplored his social standing.

where he also has a Park Avenue apartment. An ardent protectionist, he is treasurer of the American Protective Tariff League which raised and contributed \$40,000 to the Hoover campaign in 1928 (TIME, Feb. 3, 1930). For six years he was Mayor of sporty, hard-riding Rumson, N. J. In 1929 he was trounced for a nomination as State Senator, a fact weighed last week by commentators pondering Mr. Barbour's chances of defending his seat at the polls next year.

But in Washington it was not as statesman, industrialist or tariff lobbyist that big, kinky-haired Senator Barbour was acclaimed, but as the onetime amateur heavy-weight boxing champion of the world. Leaving Princeton his freshman year, young Barbour worked in his father's thread mill, took boxing lessons in a Manhattan gymnasium. In 1910 in Boston as "The Millionaire Kid" he won the amateur championship against Joe Burke. His father was so delighted that he tossed \$10 bills to newshyos on the street. In 1911 Millionaire Kid Barbour knocked out John Garetson with such neatness and despatch that he was urged to turn professional, become a "white hope" against big, black Jack Johnson. He refused, quit the amateur ring, James J. ("Gentleman Jim") Corbett was his ardent admirer. Said he last week: "Barbour was one of the best amateurs I ever saw. A great powerful fellow—he had everything—youth, strength, speed, weight, power—and he could hit like the devil." Even the Marquess of Queensberry regretted that "such a fine specimen of manhood is restrained from coming forward to tackle Johnson because of his social standing."

FISCAL

Taxes for Deficits

Last week President Hoover sent to Congress the budget for 1933. It made bad fiscal reading. For last year, this year and next year the President set forth the following figures (in millions of dollars):

1931	
Expenditures	4,091
Receipts	3,189
Deficit	902
1932	
Expenditures	4,361
Receipts	2,739
Deficit	2,122
1933	
Expenditures	3,996
Receipts	2,576
Deficit	1,420

The deficits included payments on the public debt required by law. Thus the net operating deficit this year (1932) would be the total deficit (2,122 millions) less the statutory sinking fund payment (412 millions) or 1,711 millions which would represent the increase in the public debt.

The President had reduced 1933 estimates \$365,000,000 below 1932 appropriations (major cuts: Farm Board, \$100,000,000; Shipping Board, \$36,000,000; drought loans and highway work, \$49,000,000; Army, \$17,000,000; Navy, \$36,000,000). But economy was not enough to balance the budget. President Hoover had to recommend tax-upping.

His purpose was to raise by new levies enough to meet the net operating deficit of 1933 and thus block an increase in the public debt. The sinking fund payment (\$496,000,000) could be managed by public borrowing which would leave about \$924,000,000 to come from new revenue. The President's recommendation: reenactment for a two-year period of the 1924 tax law "with such changes as may be appropriate." Such a plan, the President estimated, would bring in \$390,000,000 additional this fiscal year and \$920,000,000 next.

The Hoover tax plan would raise the corporation tax from 12% to 12½%. Among the new excise levies would be: automobiles, 5%; cameras, 10%; guns and ammunition, 10%; jewelry, 5%; amusement admissions (above 50¢), 10%. On income taxes the comparative effect would be as follows:

	Present law	Proposed law
Single exemption.....	\$1,500	\$1,000
Married exemption....	3,500	2,500
Normal tax on first \$4,000 of net income	1½%	2%
Second \$4,000.....	3%	4%
Balance	5%	6%
1% Surtax	\$ 15,000	\$ 14,000
10% Surtax	40,000	34,000
15% Surtax	60,000	46,000
20% Surtax	100,000 or over	\$58,000
2½% Surtax	70,000	
3% Surtax	84,000	
3½% Surtax	96,000	
4% Surtax	100,000 or over	

STATES & CITIES

Lake of the Ozarks

A dragon will crawl across future map of Missouri. Its head will be at Bagnall in the central part of the State. Its claws will twist 129 mi. westward, will be labelled Lake of the Ozarks, the largest artificial lake in the world, created by a dam across the Osage River built by Stone & Webster for Union Electric Light & Power Co. (North American subsidiary). St. Louisans and Kansans will have summer shacks and shooting lodges along its 1,300 mi. shore line. St. Louisans, who will consume a large part of the dam's annual 425 million kilowatt hours of electric also hope that Lake of the Ozarks will temper their city's blistering summers.

Having already condemned many farm, torn down a county seat, re-inter 2,850 corpses, last week Union Electric Light & Power Co. found itself involved in a seven-figure lawsuit. The weal Snyder brothers of Kansas City—Rob Leroy and Kenneth—wanted \$1,000,000 in damages because the lake floods edge of their 5,400-acre estate at Ha tonka, near the damsite. Onetime Sen. James Reed, the plaintiffs' attorney declared at Jefferson City that Hahaton "was one of the wonder spots of world." Its "castle," lake and sparkling trout-stream drew visitors from all over the world. Mountain-whitt Gutzon Borglum promised to testify the Snyders that he "would have given \$1,000,000 for the estate" before damned waters started to rise, "would have it at any price now." Meanwhile Union Electric Light & Power Co.'s lake kept rising, last week reached high water mark for the first time.

In Praise of Congestion

Viewed with alarm by conservat architects and city planners is skyscraper Radio City, the \$250,000,000 Rockefeller development on Fifth Avenue in midtown Manhattan (TIME, March 16 et seq.). The design of this cultural-commercial group of buildings, as yet nothing more than excavated city blocks, has been flayed as a "monstrosity." Its construction without adequate transportation planning has been called a "crime" because its inhabitants will congest an already over-congested area. Last week his haired Raymond Mathewson Hood, one of the three designers of Radio City, was to its defense in an interview in which praised congestion as a great civilizing force. "Declared Architect Hood:

"Congestion is good. It's the best thing we have in New York. The glory of skyscraper is that it has provided for congestion so well. The larger the city the broader is the opportunity for kind spirits to find one another and to play work together. The wonder of New York is that it is the first place in the world

*Architect Hood designed the Chicago Tribune Tower (with John Mead Howells), the New York Daily News building, is on the Chicago World's Fair planning commission.

National Affairs—(Continued)

where a man can work within a ten-minute walk of a quarter of a million people. Think how this expands the field from which we can choose our friends, our co-workers and contacts, how easy it is to



Acme P. Co. A.

CONGESTER HOOD

"It's the best thing we have in New York."

develop a constant interchange of thought. I don't see why anybody anxious to see civilization and culture develop to its highest standard should complain about the size and congestion of New York. My only regret is that it isn't large enough to include kindred spirits all over the world whom I can now meet only at very rare intervals."

LABOR

On the Levees

From the South last week ugly stories seeped up to Washington of peonage and brutality among workers on the Government's flood control jobs around Vicksburg on the Mississippi. President Hoover received complaints from the Vicksburg Chamber of Commerce. Major General Lytle Brown, Chief of Army Engineers, began a personal investigation on the spot. The American Federation of Labor received a formal report from two investigators of its own.

Along the Mississippi near Vicksburg the War Department has contracted with 19 different companies to move 30,000,000 cu. yd. of earth for new levees at a cost of \$6,000,000. On this unskilled, backbreaking work some 4,500 men, black and white, have been employed. They live mostly in contractors' camps, often deal with company commissaries.

Thomas Carroll and Holt Ross, A. F. of L. investigators, charged that: 1) "slavery in its most hideous form" existed in these camps; 2) workers were floxed with plow lines, beaten with pistol butts to maintain discipline; 3) men were compelled to work up to 18 hr. per day, often without overtime pay; 4) wages ranged

from 75¢ to \$2 per day; 5) workers were forced to deal at company commissaries, pay exorbitant prices; 6) from each man's weekly wage \$4.50 for food, \$1 for tent rent, 50¢ for cook hire were arbitrarily deducted by the contractors.

Other observers on the spot declared that conditions varied in the different contract camps but that all were livable, with ample and substantial food. Commissaries were maintained only at isolated camps. Levee contractors often carried their workers over long periods of unemployment.

Congress, sitting this week, cocked an inquisitive eye toward labor on the levees. William Green, A. F. of L. president, asking for a thorough investigation, exclaimed: "Exploitation of defenseless workers has been practiced in a most vicious and reprehensible way."

PROHIBITION

Brother-in-law Acquitted

In a Santa Monica, Calif. police court last week Judge Charles M. Spencer sat on the bench listening to witnesses tell how they had arrested Cornelius Van Ness Leavitt. President Hoover's brother-in-law, last month as he emerged from a grocery store carrying a gunny sack loaded with 19 pints of whiskey (TIME, Nov. 23). Then Judge Spencer heard Mr. Leavitt explain how he had been taking a drink in the rear of the store* when somebody put the sack in his hand, asked him to get rid of it; how he did not know its contents; how he walked out the back door into the arms of Federal agents. Declared Judge Spencer: "I don't believe there's a person in this courtroom who would find this defendant guilty. He did exactly as any of us would have done under the circumstances. I find him not guilty."

The crowd clapped. Brother-in-law Leavitt, once a plumber, bowed, grinned, shook hands all around.

RACES

Eastern Shore Justice

The only way that Negro Matthew Williams knew to protest his low wages was to get a revolver, kill his boss. His boss was Daniel J. Elliott, 67-year-old lumber dealer of Salisbury, on the eastern shore of Maryland. Last week, a few hours after the crime, the Eastern Shore upheld its reputation for being a fringe of the Deep South. Six men marched into the hospital where Williams lay, only partly conscious because he had shot himself in the chest and his employer's son had shot him in the head. A mob of 2,000 turned out to see rough-&-ready justice done. They strung up the blackamoor, blinded by bandages, to a tree on the court house lawn. After 20 min. he was cut down, taken to a vacant lot, saturated with gasoline, set afire. Maryland, which has lynched 13 Negroes and one White in the past 45 years, had enjoyed a clean record since 1911.

*Last month to the Press Mr. Leavitt declared he refused the offer of this same drink.

POLITICAL NOTES

Gop

The year the Grand Old Party nominated James Gillespie Blaine for the Presidency (1884), a young printer by the name of T. B. Dowden turned up in the shop of the Cincinnati *Gazette* looking for work. The *Gazette* took him on and one morning at 2:30 o'clock, just before the *Gazette* went to press, Printer Dowden took from the news hook a piece of copy marked: "Must go in ten lines." Setting ten lines solid, he frantically tinkered the spacing, then appealed to the foreman: "My copy ends with Grand Old Party and I have two words left over. What shall I do?"

"Oh, hell," exploded the busy foreman. "Throw them away and use your intelligence. Cut 'em short, get 'em in, abbreviate 'em, use initials. Do something and hurry up. This page is late!"

Next morning on the front page of the *Gazette* appeared this sentence: "The Hon. James G. Blaine will address the meeting on 'The Achievements of the Gop.'"

At the meeting that night the Man from Maine was concluding a two-hour Republican harangue when a voice cried from the gallery: "Why don't you tell us something about the 'Gop' and what it did?"

Retorted Speaker Blaine: "Why, my friend, I've been talking about the 'Gop' all evening. The word 'Gop' contains the initial letters of the Grand Old Party and that is its official and abbreviated form."

In a letter signed "The Printer Himself" published in the New York *Herald Tribune* last week, oldtime Printer Dowden, now living in Los Angeles, gave the foregoing version of the origin of the Republican party's nickname. He concluded: "The



Underwood & Underwood

THE MAN FROM MAINE

He obeyed a late page.

audience roared but Blaine never smiled. That settled it right there and 'Gop' held its own for a long time. Then fussy proof-readers got to decorating it with periods and it finally evolved into G. O. P."

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Parliament's Week

The Lords—

Passed the Statute of Westminster confirming the Imperial Conference decisions of 1926 and 1930 that "dominion status" implies among other rights the right of secession (TIME, June 30, 1930); sent the Statute of Westminster to disgruntled King George V for enforced "royal approval."

The Commons—

Recognized with unerring British Parliamentary instinct that Prime Minister MacDonald's declaration winding up the Second Indian Round Table Conference with vague, conciliatory talk of a Third Conference and greater freedom for India, was in fact a move to keep restive India quiet and hitched to the chariot of Empire as long as possible.

Sensing that Scot MacDonald's "weak" policy is really "strong," the House decisively rejected 369 to 43 last week a die-hard proposal by Winston Churchill specifically to bar India from attaining "dominion status" as defined by the Statute of Westminster (see above). Mr. Churchill argued that "India during the War gained dominion status in rank, honor and ceremony" which, for Indians, he thought, should be enough. Excitedly brandishing a copy of the MacDonald declaration, Alarmist Churchill tried to link with "such weakness" the sharp break in the British pound.^{*}

Approved a Cabinet spanking quickly administered to florid, genial James Henry ("Jim") Thomas, Minister of Dominions, who had planned for himself & family a glorious round-the-world junket, visiting all the dominions preliminary to next year's Imperial Conference at Ottawa.

Joyous Jim, who clings to the coat tails of his great & good friend the Prime Minister (having bolted with him out of the Labor Party), was bluntly told last week (reputedly by Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer Neville Chamberlain) that he could not junket about the world at British taxpayers' expense.

Irrepressible Mr. Thomas soon secured the Cabinet's approval for a consolation junket, to South Africa.

INDIA

"Will Be Hell?"

An avalanche of close to 500,000 words buried in London last week the Second Indian Round Table Conference which has cost nearly \$1,000,000.

In rambling, soot-stained St. James's Palace the final plenary session began at 10 a. m. Small grate fires accented the palace chill. Shivering and snuffling, the delegates climbed the crimson-carpeted grand stair. They were grimly resolved to utter 33 prepared orations if it took all day and all night, which it very nearly did.

Oration James Ramsay MacDonald ad-

mitted in 3,000 sonorous words that the \$1,000,000 Conference had virtually failed. It broke down on the specific job of trying to draft a new constitution that would make the Government of India responsible chiefly to an Indian Parliament instead of to Great Britain's autocratic Viceroy of India. The larger issue, namely whether India should receive "dominion status" with its implicit right of secession from the British Commonwealth, was not even considered by the Conference—despite the fact that it was the Second Indian Round Table Conference and should have been the last.

In the circumstances Mr. MacDonald could only announce a Third Conference, to be held next year in India, and repeat the assurances with which he closed the First Conference last January, namely, that His Majesty's Government view with



SAINENDRA NATH GHOSE

"If Gandhi obstructs, Gandhi will be removed."

favor the setting up of an Indian Federation with an Indian Parliament as the supreme authority in all matters except: 1) defense; 2) foreign affairs; 3) finance.

Since control of these three most vital departments of government would continue "reserved" to Great Britain, the Prime Minister offered to the First Conference last January and to the Second Conference last week only the merest shadow of independence for India. Plausibly enough he argued that since the Hindu and Moslem delegates to the Second Conference have been unable to agree, even with each other, upon the proportion of Hindu and Moslem representation in the future Indian Parliament, they must all go back to India and keep on trying to thrash out these and other details among themselves.

"We have met with obstacles," cried Scot MacDonald, "but one of those optimists to whom humanity owes the most of its progress said: 'Obstacles were made to be overcome.' In that buoyancy of spirit and good will which comes from it, let us go on with our common task!"

Facing a third and nobody knows by many more \$1,000,000 conferences, Gandhi, who had a heavy cold, received the Prime Minister's oration with buoyancy of spirit whatever.

"I will study your declaration," he said thickly to Scot MacDonald, "once or twice or thrice, or as often as may be necessary scanning every word of it, reading hidden meaning if there is a hidden meaning in it—and if I then come to the conclusion, as just now seems likely, that far as I am concerned we have come to the parting of the ways, it does not matter to us. . . . The dignity of human nature requires that we must face the storms of life, and sometimes even blood brotches have got to go each on his own way. . . . Call it by whatever name you will, I want complete independence for India."

In dead silence the Conference received this dignified threat that St. Gandhi might again declare civil disobedience to the British Raj ("and then there would I hell!" as Mr. Gandhi earlier remarked correspondents). Meeting the challenge with suavity and energy, Mr. MacDonald shot back: "I do hope we are going to; away determined to co-operate. It is a good going on any other path, let me be sure you! . . . My dear Mahatma, let us go on in this way. It is the best way and you may find it will be the only way."

Midnight had struck. A little after a. m. the Second Indian Round Table Conference finally adjourned. That very afternoon the Prime Minister, defending his Conference declaration in the House of Commons, said: "There is no intention of granting complete independence and India does not want it."

In India, day before the Conference in London adjourned, an utterly drastic ordinance was promulgated by Sir Francis Stanley Jackson, Governor of Bengal, the great eastern province of which Calcutta is the capital. Seemingly the object was to frighten Indians who might otherwise decide to join another Gandhite civil disobedience movement. Under the ordinance Bengal courts were authorized to proceed in camera and in the absence of the accused at discretion of the magistrate special tribunals were established to pass sentence of death or transportation for life upon seditious persons; the Government of Bengal was authorized to demand the services of municipal officials and even school teachers in quelling disturbances; police were granted extraordinary powers to search buildings and over correspondence; Benazalese newspapers were forbidden to report troop or police activities; all private radio sets, either sending or receiving, were ordered suppressed; and sentries guarding prisoners were ordered to shoot at sight "any prisoner attempting to escape or interfering with officials in the execution of their duties."

Having proclaimed this ordinance as a parting gift to Bengal, retiring Governor Sir Stanley Jackson prepared to sail for England. His successor, who will enforce the "Bloody Ordinance" (as it was promptly christened), is Sir John Ander-

^{*}To \$1,291½ last week, the lowest since Great Britain went off gold (TIME, Sept. 28). In 1920 the pound touched a low for the century of \$3.10.

Foreign News—(Continued)

son, famed for his ruthless efficiency in suppressing Irish patriots when a supervisor of the "Black-&-Tans."

Newsgroups of the Gandhite Indian National Congress mourned "the fearful thunderbolt loosed upon the hapless people of Bengal," flayed the MacDonald declaration at London as "a paper which if accepted will condemn India to a self-chosen slavery and will perpetuate Imperial domination and exploitation."

While St. Gandhi hesitated to proclaim civil disobedience his disciples in India were silent, but not so President Sallendra Nath Ghose of the Indian National Congress of America, an obstreperous affiliate. "India will start immediately her civil disobedience campaign," cried Mr. Ghose. "If Gandhi now dares to obstruct the way, Gandhi will be removed from the path of India's onward march."

At Victoria Station a London crowd sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" as Mr. Gandhi entered a third-class carriage with Disciple Madeline Slade. Mr. Gandhi wore a new shawl and loincloth of her weaving.

"Your Christ was crucified," murmured the Mahatma in parting to a Hearst correspondent.

"Do you compare yourself with Christ?"

"Only to the extent that he died for his principle; I am willing to do that. One of your heroes—Nathan Hale—said he regretted he had but one life to give for his country. Had I a thousand lives I would give them for India's independence. It is difficult to convince you Occidentals that nothing short of independence will stem my countrymen's passions."

With Mr. Gandhi, by his request, went two strapping Scotland Yard detectives, "to protect me from my friends."

In Paris the Mahatma told an audience of 2,000, chiefly women, that "if only women could forget that they belong to the weaker sex, they could do more than men to prevent wars."

In Geneva Pacifist Gandhi stopped briefly with his French biographer, Pacifist Romain Rolland (Nobel Prize for Literature 1915), hoped to be received by Pope Pius XI before sailing from Brindisi for India.

CANADA

Dominion Wheat

To London soon after the present National Government was returned by the largest Conservative majority in British history, hurried Canadian Prime Minister Richard Bedford Bennett, rich, pious, ultra-Conservative and politely anxious to sell as much as possible of Canada's towering grain surplus. Last week Mr. Bennett ate the last of several quiet meals with Scot MacDonald and Minister of Dominions James Henry Thomas. Then, without a word for publication, reticent Premier Bennett sailed for Canada while his great and blatant friend, Baron Beaverbrook, trumpeted Bennett achievements.

Not as rumor but as fact Canadian-born Baron Beaverbrook's *Daily Express* reported that Canada's Bennett has per-

suaded the British Government to launch an Empire wheat quota scheme nearly as ambitious in regard to wheat as Baron Beaverbrook's own sweeping proposal for "Empire Free Trade" (TIME, Dec. 2, 1929, *et seq.*).

"When Mr. Bennett arrived," said the *Daily Express*, "the whole situation regarding economic unity for the Empire seemed nebulous. Now the Empire outlook is transformed, for the quota is definitely the beginning of an Empire fiscal union."

The wheat beginning would be made as follows: First the principle would be established that Great Britain, which imported last year from all her Dominions 2,000,000 tons of wheat (37½ bushels to the ton), must import hereafter, on the same basis, a minimum of 2,800,000 tons of such "Empire wheat."

To avoid squabbling and charges of favoritism, the Mother Country would not fix a separate quota for her imports from each Dominion. Instead British wheat importers would be required to show that a certain percentage of all their imports (55% was suggested), came from one or more Dominions. Inter-Dominion competition for the British market would thus be kept keen.

To make the quota law enforceable and prevent wheat legging, certificates of "dominion origin" would accompany each shipment and the British Government would check these certificates at the British importer's warehouse, then double-check at British flour mills, where each miller would be obliged by law to maintain the 55% "dominion proportion" in each and every sack of British flour.

IRELAND

Rebels & Razberries

It seemed like old times in Dublin last week. A military tribunal sat in Collins Barracks (before the War, Royal Barracks) trying men for their lives.

Little better than the rest of the world has Ireland escaped Depression. Irish industries are depressed. Irish dairy products and livestock are a glut. More important, a lot of doors have been closed to Irish immigration. More depressed Irishmen from the U. S. are going back to Ireland than are trying to leave. With nothing to do, no place to go, Irishmen often make trouble, especially when cooped up at home with a lot of other Irishmen.

The "Irish Republican Army," a dihard minority that has never accepted the Free State Government of bushy-haired President William Thomas Cosgrave, has gained hundreds of recruits. Little groups of solemn-eyed young men have been drilling seriously in clearings in the woods. First serious trouble came four months ago when Republicans and Orangemen rioted at Portadown, County Armagh (TIME, Aug. 24). That trouble spread. Just as in the bloody days of 1916, men were found dead in the ditches. On Armistice Day, Dublin was in a turmoil.

Crowds surged up & down O'Connell Street, cheering, singing "Down King! Up Republican Army!" Free State officials were alive to the seriousness of the situation. A Public Safety Act was issued making membership in the Irish Republican Army and eleven other secret organizations illegal.* A military tribunal was set up to try prisoners for sedition. Free State police raided a dozen homes, jailed 20 men in the ancient Arbour Hill Military Prison, where leaders of the Rebellion of 1916 were executed and buried.

Last week the Military Tribunal met. Its members: Col. Francis Dennett, Acting Assistant Chief of Staff of the Free State Army; Col. Daniel McKenna, Deputy Quartermaster General; Commandant Connor Whelan; Commandant Frederick Tuitt; Deputy Adjutant General John Joyce. Considering the fact that the Tribunal had power of life and death, that there is no appeal from their decisions (though the Government may modify or rescind sentences), the first verdicts were remarkably light.

Papers made much of the fact that the first prisoner sentenced was a U. S. citizen, John Mulgrew. He went to the U. S. in 1923, became naturalized, returned to Ireland in 1930. Last week he was charged with being a member of the executive council of Communistic *Sor Eire*, a position to which he had confessed. U. S. Citizen Mulgrew swore that the confession was "twisted out of me by the third degree." Nevertheless he was sentenced to six months at hard labor to be followed by deportation.

Two most unlucky prisoners were Daniel McKiernan and Peter Mitchell, farm boys from Drumdiffer, County Leitrim. Daniel McKiernan had been a member of the Republican Army. Brooding on the risks he was running undetermined his courage. He asked his friend Peter Mitchell to help him dispose of the rifles he had been ordered to hide. Just as the two boys were dumping their contraband in a bog the Drumdiffer constabulary closed in on them. The Military Tribunal again was not unduly severe. The boys were released in \$500 personal bail on a pledge never to have anything more to do with illegal organizations.

Besides John Mulgrew, Free State authorities were worried about another U. S. importation last week. Government speakers had had to stand a barrage of interruptions from a device known as "the rubber razberry," an inexpensive instrument of defamation popular with Hollywood comedians and Bronx hoodlums. Deplored the Dublin *Irish Press*:

"It produces a most derisive and irritating sound. If the movement spreads it may end the career of nervous speakers and nobody can foresee what may happen to debating societies. Only the most experienced orator can carry on in the face of this new menace. . . ."

*Including the still important but rapidly growing Irish Communist league: *Sor Eire* (Free Ireland).

Foreign News—(Continued)

GERMANY

"We Are Not Carthage!"

A three-hour flurry of fear lest Adolf Hitler become Chancellor of Germany and topple the market like Humpty Dumpty off the Gold Standard, gave Wall Street a black afternoon last week. Leading Manhattan bank stocks dipped as much as 20 points. German $5\frac{1}{2}\%$ Young Plan bonds (quoted earlier this year at \$84) sold for \$25.50.

Germans were tardy about scotching Wall Street's scare. The Reichsbank in President Hans Luther's own good time denied officially that the mark would go off gold. Followed an official Foreign Office denial and at the Chancellery it was said that Dr. Brüning, far from handing the Government over to Herr Hitler, planned to attend the World Disarmament Conference next February as Chancellor.

Earlier in the week Fascist brownshirts invaded Berlin's Jewish quarter, shouting: "Down with Judea!" Having jostled a Jewish pedestrian, they were chased by a Jewish mob, read in the evening papers that Leader Hitler had exhorted his followers that very day in Munich thus:

"With inexorable certainty the inherent law of Fate will give power into our hands! Therefore do not allow yourselves to be provoked, incited and led astray—he who fails in the last testing days is unworthy to witness the victory."

On the Atlantic bound for Basle and then Berlin* was Board Chairman Albert Henry Wiggin of Manhattan's Chase National Bank, hurrying to defend the interests of U. S. holders of German short-term credits against the demand of France that Reparations be given priority (TIME, Dec. 7). To Berlin just ahead of banker Wiggin hurried Politician Hitler. Flinging himself into a big armchair at the Kaiserhof Hotel on the afternoon that Wall Street had its Hitler scare, he surprisingly declared: "Germany cannot pay both her political [Reparations] and her commercial [short-term credit] debts. For my part I reject the payment of political debts which are the result of extortion and have no legal basis. On the other hand, I accept the obligation to pay commercial debts which have been contracted as between businessmen."

Never was the favor of U. S. bankers sought more openly. Mr. Wiggin's approach seemed to have been the signal for Herr Hitler, long a hogsman to bankers, suddenly to transform himself into the Bankers' Friend. As for his repudiation of Reparations, many U. S. bankers have become so concerned about the safety of their short-term credits that "the sanctity of Reparations" begins to sound like an old French song sung off key.

Lambasting France from his Kaiserhof

*Sessions of the new Young Plan committee to re-examine German capacity to pay Reparations and repay her short-term credits began this week at Basle with Alfredo Benedicti, its Italian member, presiding. Special problems arising from Germany short-term credits are to be studied simultaneously in Berlin by a "Bankers' Committee" on which Banker Wiggin loans biggest.

armchair last week, fiery Fascist Hitler boomed: "As a party we emphatically reject the system of political extortion indulged in by a nation saturated with arms and gold! . . . We are not Carthage nor is France Rome, and it should be recalled that Rome subdued Carthage single handed" (i.e. France subdued Germany only with the aid of allies who may yet desert France).

So far so good, but some German Fascists have talked of nationalizing private property and other measures smacking of Bolshevism (TIME, Aug. 25, 1930). Prophesying what would happen when he achieved power, Herr Hitler himself said little more than a year ago, "Heads will roll in the sand!" (TIME, Oct. 6, 1930). Last week he said: "It is ridiculous of the German parties now in power to accuse



International

FRANÇOIS COTY & WIFE*

For her smell work, \$5,200,000.

(See col. 3)

us of wishing to expropriate private property. . . . Ours is the only party that has not compromised with the Communists. Five thousand, five hundred members of our party have been killed or wounded in clashes with Communists in the last year. The decisive battle against Bolshevism will be fought in Germany . . . and . . . we . . . will win it!"

By just such talk Benito Mussolini won support and cash from Italian bankers and industrialists, suppressed Italian Socialism and Italian Communism, then hit both banking and industry to the chariot wheel of his Fascist State.

French reaction to the Hitler blast last week was to take extremely seriously the Fascist Leader's boast that he will be German Chancellor before long. "There is only one way of rendering the Hitlerites harmless," grimly observed Paris' semi-official *Journal des Débats*, "and that is to face them with force. . . . We are going to have to do with a Germany more disquieting for Europe than the Germany of 1914."

*Ten years ago.

FRANCE

Catastrophic Coty

Louder than any tenor in *Rigoletto*, Perfumer François Coty complained last week of the fickleness of women. Women he smiled upon his perfume business, built up his fortune until it reached nearly \$52,000,000 in the lush days of 1929, allow him to buy newspapers, attempt to become Senator from Corsica.

The senatorial campaign was very expensive. Perfumer Coty lost partly because, misjudging the people he wished to represent, he dined publicly in Ajaccio with a Corsican bandit. In 1929 came the Wall Street crash and Publisher Coty divorce. His two papers, the conservative *Figaro* and blatant *Au du Peuple*, have lost money consistently. He lost more subsidizing the unsuccessful Paris-Tokyo non-stop flight of Aviators Lebriz & Doré. The Coty perfume business has felt D. pressure. And last week the former M. Coty obtained a court order forcing François Coty to pay her an additional \$5,200,000.

Mme Coty, so said her petition, he been more than a wife to the perfume. He borrowed money from her brother, set up his first laboratory. She had worked day & night in the laboratory in the early days so that the secret of his smells should not escape. Because there was no marital contract stating the exact financial right of the wife, Mme Coty claimed half of M. Coty's fortune at the time of her divorce. Last week Perfumer Coty bitter protested that his business would not be able to stand the strain of obeying the court's order.

"I have already paid out more than \$20,000,000" said he, "and that during hard times. To be forced to pay out at other vast sum at one blow would be catastrophic."

RUSSIA

First Red Lady

First U. S. newsgatherer to obtain formal interview from Dictator Joseph Stalin was United Pressman Eugene Lyon (TIME, Dec. 1 & 8, 1935). First and only correspondent to chat with the grim Dictator's sweet-faced, cackling old mother was Hubert Renfro ("The Red Traitor Menace") Knickerbocker (TIME, Dec. 1930). Last week cheerful Ralph V. Barnes, comparatively a newcomer in Moscow and correspondent of Manhattan's *Herald Tribune*, was first to report Mrs. Josef Stalin, First Red Lady. He reported her:

Age: 29
Height: medium
Figure: slightly stout
Face: broad, intelligent
Complexion: clear, ruddy
Eyes & eyebrows: dark
Hair: brown, knotted behind
Only ornament: large shell comb
Name: Nadya Alliluyeva

Men-about-Moscow have known for some time in a general way that the Di-

Foreign News—(Continued)

FINLAND

Wet Threats

tator's wife was "studying," but what or where has been Mrs. Stalin's secret. Last week Correspondent Barnes discovered her in the All-Union Industrial Academy at Moscow. When Mr. Barnes entered the Academy's laboratory two male students were assisting a female classmate to heat a mess of chemicals in a small flask. The earnest female wore a laboratory smock. Intent on her experiment, she would not be interviewed. Such is the First Red Lady.

Diligent Mr. Barnes pried out of other students that Mrs. Stalin's ambition is to be named supervisor of an artificial silk factory. Specializing in the chemistry of synthetic silk, she has studied two years, completes her course this year.

Fellow students call Mrs. Stalin merely "Comrade Allilueva," consider it right and natural that she should have her six-year-old daughter Svetlana and eleven-year-old son Vasily at home, while she pursues "important studies." As every Russian knows, Dictator Stalin thinks that women should get out of the home and work, preferably in industry or, if they are too stupid for that, then sweeping streets, digging ditches, plowing & sowing.

First Lady Nadya is the younger daughter of one Sergei Alliluev, a locksmith. As a little girl she looked up to Josef Stalin, a strong, violent, darkly brooding visitor who not only broke locks but held up banks and dynamited safes to secure money for Comrade Lenin and the Communist Party. Romantic, this desperate character had, however, a wife and a son only six years younger than the locksmith's daughter.

The first Mrs. Stalin, Ekaterina, died of pneumonia before the 1917 Revolution. In 1919 Josef Stalin, not yet Dictator but already high in the Soviet Government, made a dazzling visit to the still humble shop and home of his old friend Sergei Alliluev.

Dazzled, the locksmith's younger daughter, then just 17, fell promptly in love with the fortyish Strong Man whom she had admired as a child, married him proudly.

Grand Smash

Confidently Bolsheviks expect that sooner or later all nations will join the Soviet Union as constituent republics. About 15,000 delegates, they estimate, will gather in Moscow from the ends of the earth to legislate in the Palace of the Soviets. Last week the palace site was cleared.

Expert Red wreckers had placed dozens of small liquid air cartridges in the towering granite walls of Moscow's largest church, the Cathedral of the Christ Redeemer (capacity, 10,000 worshippers), a towering edifice with five domes dominating the Moscow skyline.

Boom! and Boom!—thundered cartridge after cartridge. But a whole day of blasting left still standing two towers of the Cathedral of the Christ Redeemer. Next day they crashed. By the end of next year the Palace of Soviets will be ready for the future "World Revolution of the World Proletariat."

Presidents of the only two republics with Prohibition are Herbert Clark Hoover and Pehr Evind Svinhufvud. Not to be literally translated, "Pighead" is the name—aristocratic in Finland—of President Svinhufvud, meaning "Boar's Head" (the device on the Svinhufvud family crest). No pighead, no bigot, the President takes an occasional glass of wine. Told last summer that President Hoover "never drinks," twinkling-eyed old President Svinhufvud chuckled: "It is the same in Finland. I don't drink either."

Early last week Finland's Minister of Interior, Freiherr Ernst von Born, told Finland's Diet that the State was threatened by a *coup d'état* from increasingly



Wide World

PRESIDENT BOAR'S-HEAD

(Chuckling) "It is the same in Finland. I don't either."

violent anti-Prohibition groups. "Prohibition and the economic crisis," said Freiherr von Born, "have greatly irritated the nation, making it susceptible to direct action propaganda. . . . Extremists are openly challenging the Government, thereby inciting large sections of the populace to lawlessness. . . . Secret bodies have been planning to form 'direct action cells' in both the Army and the Civic Guards. The Government is determined, however, that the constitutional life of Finland shall not be interrupted."

Two days later Premier Juho Sunila presented to the Diet a Government bill to set Dec. 29 and 30 as days on which the Finnish people may choose by national referendum one of three courses:

- 1) Continuance of Finland's present Prohibition law, which since June 1, 1919 has banned beverages of more than 2% alcoholic content.
- 2) Legalization of 3.2% beer and 12% wines to be sold at restrictively high prices by a national monopoly—as in Sweden.
- 3) Total repeal of Prohibition.

Based on the report of a Wickershamian commission which recently probed Finnish prohibition, the preamble to the Government bill declared: "In the past twelve years Prohibition has not produced the changes in the nation's habits which were expected. . . . On the contrary, the law has been openly and persistently violated."

Debate on the bill was expected to split party lines. Seemingly Premier Sunila, whose coalition Cabinet is adroitly balanced, thought he could win anti-Prohibitionist votes from the officially dry Labor Party, Finland's largest.

Wrathful Drys charged Wet Freiherr von Born with inventing his "threatened" *coup d'état*. Finland they declared must not, will not be scared Wet.

ITALY

Oath Explained

Ever since Italian schools opened this year Catholic teachers have been writing to Pope Pius XI. What was the Holy Father's opinion, they asked, of the Italian requirement that every school-teacher take an oath of allegiance to "the King, his royal successor, and the Fascist régime," when His Holiness in his encyclical of last July had condemned the Fascist oath of allegiance and urged Catholics to take it "with mental reservations."

After deep thought the Holy Father pointed out that the oath as administered to teachers was different from the regular oath of allegiance to the party, therefore this oath could be taken with no reservations "except those always expected of Catholics regarding the rights of God and the Church."

Fascism in turn gave way to the Vatican last week. Giovanni Giuriati, long in bad odor with the Papacy, resigned as Secretary of the Fascist Party, was succeeded by his assistant, Achille Starace.

SPAIN

No Little Trip

Among the changes which life has brought to Alfonso XIII, whilom King of Spain, is that he who always used to appear in the press as the Merry Monarch, the Gentleman-Sportsman, the Genial Host, has lately been thrust into the less popular rôle of Stern Father. Only last month he abruptly broke the engagement of his daughter Beatriz on learning for sure that she and her sister Maria Christina were "carriers" of haemophilia, the family scourge. Last week he smashed the romance of his big-boned 23-year-old second son, the Infante Jaime. Prince Jaime is no haemophile, but until a few years ago he was a deaf mute. Even now it is a little difficult to follow his conversation. Early last week Don Jaime said something which was interpreted to mean that he was going off on "a little automobile trip." At the last moment the family discovered that what he really intended to do was rush off to Bayonne and marry an unknown Spanish girl. Don Jaime's Spanish father talked to him like a Dutch uncle. Sadly Don Jaime wrote a letter of renunciation, took no little trip to Bayonne.

Foreign News—(Continued)

JAPAN

Pagan Deeds

In peace times such good deeds as "picking up women who faint in the street" and "seeing that the trains are kept clean" are done by 2,000,000 maidenly members of the All-Japan Young Women's Association, pagan.

Recently the A. J. Y. W. A. decided that new and appropriate good deeds would be "comforting our brave soldiers in Manchuria." Seven socialite maidens

Delegate Dr. Alfred Sze to advise his Government that the only thing left to do was for Chinese troops to evacuate Chinchow and retire south of the Great Wall, thus withdrawing entirely from Manchuria, abandoning it to Japan.

"Never!" retorted Dr. Sze. "China will defend Chinchow to the Death!" Not quite sure of himself, however, Dr. Sze cabled his resignation to Nanking, was requested to withdraw it, settled down at the League tea party.

In Nanking much the same quaint

king's reported rejection of the proposal neutral zone may, it is feared, have most unfortunate effect on Japanese military authorities, who regard it as an act of bad faith on China's part.

Next day both Foreign Office and W. Ministry said that a second Japanese offensive against Chinchow was being prepared, would be launched if Chinese did not evacuate. In Mukden, Field Commander General Honjo joked: "I want get our Japanese boys home by New Year's, but that depends on the Chinese. Three days later the joking General heard that 1,000 Chinese handis or disbanded soldiers" had gathered 20 miles north of Mukden, dispersed them by an air raid in which Japanese bombs slew 300 Chinese.



SEVEN SHINTO SOCIALITES, PRIEST & CHAPERONES
... tubes of tooth paste, of shaving cream.

were picked out of the 2,000,000 and solemnly blessed by a Shinto priest (see cat). Last week, the socialite Misses Tsuneyo Ishii, Fumiko Yamaguchi, Sakiko Yendo, Toshiko Odai, Masako Aoyagi and Chisato and Kijo Chiba were busy in Manchuria, comforting.

Unlike the U. S. actresses who comforted the A. E. F. in France with whoopee, Japan's modest seven neither danced nor sang last week. Kissing in any case is repulsive to Japanese. Carrying little bags they pattered among the troops, chaperoned by Mrs. Fusako Yamawaki and Director Matsuei Noda of the A. J. Y. W. A. (left and right center in cut). Out of the little bags they took and presented to Japan's brave soldiers large tubes of tooth paste, larger tubes of shaving cream.

MANCHURIA

"Home By New Year's"?

Tap, tap, tap League of Nations typists wrote about Manchuria last week in Paris. They gossiped, chattered, primped their hair. The portable League Secretariat, pitched like a gypsy camp in the spacious salons of the French Foreign Office, settled down as though for a long winter in cubicles formed of red burlap screens six feet high. Every afternoon there were two kinds of tea—tea with vintage port for League Councilmen, and tea with port. Efforts to cajole Japanese troops out of Manchuria had practically ceased.

Instead Council Chairman Aristide Briand, after consulting U. S. Observer General Dawes, strongly urged Chinese

course was followed by Chinese Foreign Minister Dr. Wellington Koo who, last fortnight, broached to Japan a proposal for evacuation of Chinchow and establishment of a "neutral zone" between China proper and Manchuria (TIME, Dec. 7). Last week Chinese students, who have already beaten up one Chinese Foreign Minister for his "weak policy" this year, massed in Nanking and menaced Dr. Koo.

Promptly he took the line that China would not evacuate Chinchow, then resigned.

Chinese President Chiang Kai-shek, who announced three weeks ago that he would go north and fight Japan (TIME, Nov. 30), held prayer meetings in Nanking last week, did his best to calm the students, persuaded Dr. Koo to withdraw his resignation.

In Tokyo the Imperial Japanese Army once again asserted itself, perhaps to the discomfort of the Japanese Civil Cabinet which advocates in public a policy of peace and non-aggression. Fortnight ago Foreign Minister Baron Shidehara could point to Japan's "peaceful" withdrawal of a Japanese offensive already launched against Chinchow (TIME, Dec. 7). But last week War Minister General Jiro Minami impressed on even the Foreign Office his "realistic" viewpoint. Announced the Foreign Office press spokesman: "As the withdrawal of the Japanese Army toward Mukden, after the operations in the direction of Chinchow, was due to the assurance that the Chinese were prepared voluntarily to withdraw their troops within the Great Wall, Nan-

SALVADOR

Bijou Revolt

A little gem of a Central American revolution occurred in El Salvador last week. There were no obscure cause. The government of President Arturo Araujo, in its anxiety to economize,* has simply forgotten to pay the army officers' salaries for three months. Chief of Salvadoran Police was President Araujo's brother-in-law. The police were paid. The police remained loyal.

Altogether in the middle of the night the guns of San Salvador's Fort La Artilleria began blazing away at the handsome colonnaded Presidential Palace. Office of Fort El Sapote on the other side of the city, unaware of the revolution, tumbled out of bed to return the fire, but soon messenger broke through with the news. Then El Sapote too blazed away at the Palace. Policemen with their p in their pockets bravely tried to defy the chief of state, as did a few loyal troops. Whether it was true or not, rumor circulated that Finance Minister Francisco Jose Espinosa had something to do with the hold-up in the officers' pay. Finance Minister Espinosa was promptly killed.

President Araujo, whose British wife the former Miss Dora Morton, seemed disinclined to listen to reason, Revolutionary troops chased him to Santa Ana on the Guatemalan border where he signed his resignation.

A military junta of twelve officers, the oldest of whom is 42, the youngest is 27, took over the government, inaugurated Vice President General Maximilia Hernandez Martinez as Chief of State. General Martinez, a model General, is not only an officer: he is a vegetarian, temperance advocate, an authority on agricultural reform. Even so the U. S. State Department refused to recognize him last week. Within 48 hours after the revolution the only visible signs were gaping holes in the Presidential Palace and the fact that cautious motorists traveled about the streets with flags tuck on their radiators.

*Wall Street reported last week that Salvador's external finances were in excellent shape that she has been making payment on some of her foreign debts ahead of schedule.

SCIENCE

East Gone West

(See front cover)

Three hundred cheerful, sociable, well-dressed Chicagoans of the class which, well-off mentally as well as financially, is out to make Chicago a great cultural center as well as the country's biggest railroad junction, assembled last week in a new million-dollar building on the citified "campus" of the University of Chicago. Henry and Stanley Field, Rufus Cutler Dawes, Thomas Elliott Donnelley, Harold Higgins Swift, *et al.*, mingled with a learned collection of archaeologists and other scientists. Neatly bespattered, with waxed mustache almost as shiny as his horn-rimmed spectacles, the Egyptian Minister to the U. S., Sesostri Sidarous Pasha was there, beaming at one & all, and especially at the rosy little man with fluffy white hair and bright blue eyes whose day and party it was, Dr. James Henry Breasted, foremost Egyptologist of the U. S.

The new building is John Davison Rockefeller Jr.'s latest munificence to the University of Chicago. The Oriental Institute is its name and behind it lies an endowment of between twelve and 14 million dollars, the entire income of which is at Dr. Breasted's disposal to pursue and make permanent his life work: the study of the birth of civilization in the eastern end of the Mediterranean Basin.

Happy, beaming Dr. Breasted, congratulated on all sides as the party and speech-making got under way, beamed more brightly when the Rockefeller Foundation's Dr. Raymond Blaine Fosdick paid him this compliment: "If there had been no Breasted there would have been no Oriental Institute, and without an Oriental Institute the story of the rise of man would today be far less vivid and far less complete."

In his own speech Dr. Breasted interrupted an account of the Institute's work to take a rap at "old school theologians" whom he blamed for claiming that man's character was produced by divine inspiration. Bright eyes flashing earnestly behind his spectacles, he declared: "It was the outgrowth of man's own social experience. It sprang out of his own soul, and no outward theological doctrine of inspiration, no conception of a spotlight of Divine Providence shining exclusively on Palestine, shall despoil man of this crowning glory of his life on earth, the discovery of Character."

Dr. Breasted's Province. From the Persian Gulf up the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates, then along the coast of the Mediterranean to Jerusalem lies a great "fertile crescent," skirting the Arabian Desert. By continuing the western tip of this crescent into Egypt to the equally fertile Nile basin, a 3,500-mi. semi-circle can be drawn from the Persian Gulf to the upper reaches of the Nile. It is this semi-circle that Dr. Breasted has chosen for his field. All along it his expeditions are camped. They include: *Luxor*, up the Nile, headquarters for all Egyptian explorations; *Abydos*, lower down; *Sakkara* and *Cairo*, at the delta; in Asia Minor,

Megiddo, on the Jordan; *Cabneh*, at the Eastern tip of the Mediterranean. Leaving the crescent, an offshoot expedition has settled in *Alishar*, halfway between the Mediterranean and Black Seas. Inland on the Tigris is the *Khorsabad* expedition, near the site of Nineveh; down the Tigris in ancient Babylonia, the neighboring expeditions at *Tell Asmar* and *Khafaji*. From



SARGON'S BULL

Chicago Daily News

Just as U. S. tycoons had cast-iron beasts on the lawn . . .

these strategic points the Oriental Institute can send out small parties to other sites. Thus it has at its finger tips the whole of Asia Minor, the entire Valley of the Nile. From them it has drawn a rich store of knowledge of the civilizations of Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, and of prehistoric man back to the Stone Age.

Sargon's Bull. No great number of Chicagoans, even of the select 300 who attended the Oriental Institute's opening, could begin to comprehend the myriad minute implications of the million-&one mummies, skeletons, sculptures, potteries, cuneiform tablets and other miscellaneous objects with which the new building was nearly packed. Yet even an early Swift or Cudahy would have understood and taken solid satisfaction from Dr. Breasted's prize exhibit—a monster, 40-ton stone bull, set up in the main (Egyptian) hall facing the big bronze gates. No U. S. bull was ever like this one, with magnificent wings, a beard, three sets of horns and five legs. But an unmistakable bull it is. Even as U. S. tycoons of a past generation put cast-iron animals on their lawns as symbols of wealth and security, so King Sargon II of Assyria had this stone bull—and another one just like it—placed at the gates of his palace 2,600 years ago to celebrate his conquests and, superstitiously, to ward off evil spirits. Dr. Breasted's sharp-bearded little col-

league, Dr. Edward Chiera, dug up both bulls two years ago at Khorsabad on the upper Tigris. The Iraq Government kept one but after much sweating & swearing, an expensive ocean carry, a perilous rail trip, Dr. Chiera got his bull to Chicago. He kept it out on a football field under tarpaulins until the new building was ready. Now, until Chicago decays and disappears and future diggers wonder if Sargon's Bull is a monument to the prehistoric Chicago stockyards, it will stand as a most tangible piece of archaeological

evidence, an irrefutable argument for digging into humanity's past.

Rising Line. Dr. Breasted's basic theory, the keynote of all his work, he has stated succinctly: "Man's course is a rising line." Since his student days at Yale he had believed the beginning of man's upward course was in Egypt. The results of his diggings have given him abundant evidence with which to support this thesis, now generally accepted. Along the dry bed of the oldtime First Nile his Prehistoric Survey has found stone implements, first evidence of the appearance of man in Egypt, possibly a million years ago. Before that, Paleolithic man lived in the well-watered area that is now the Sahara Desert. When that region dried up (in the middle of the Old Stone Age) he fled to the Nile Valley.

Into Asia Minor Dr. Breasted has followed his upward-struggling human animal, to uncover layer upon layer of successive towns—layer cakes of civilization—over a range of 5,000 years. By this time man had learned to write in cuneiforms, and in cuneiform tablets at Alishar Dr. Breasted brought to light the last remnants of Hittite speech. Meanwhile the Egyptians were going forward, had learned to write on the sides of their cedar coffins. Texts of these writings which the Institute has been translating for nine years, reveal, says Dr. Breasted, "the

dawn of conscience." In Sakkarra man was learning to paint pictures, facsimiles of which Dr. Breasted considers good enough to hang in his new office. Architecture flourished in Thebes; Dr. Breasted has uncovered a royal palace. In Luxor he found records of the migration of the Etruscans to Italy—Europe's first immigrants. In Asia Minor the Assyrians had built their civilization, Sargon II had raised his great palace, put the two giant bulls to guard it; the Hebrews had made history, Solomon had left his stables for the Institute's diggers to uncover. From Solomon on man's course was rising faster. At his party last week Dr. Breasted read a communication from a man who was known by name to everybody—Nerxes. The Persian expedition had just cabled that it had discovered a marble slab on which Nerxes had written:

"A great god is Ahuramazda, who created this earth . . . that heaven . . . man . . . peace for mankind, who made Nerxes king . . . My father is Darius . . . He wrought many excellent things . . . When my father Darius went away from the throne, by the grace of Ahuramazda I became king . . . I wrought many excellent things . . ."

Happy Hunter. Many excellent things has Dr. Breasted wrought, and his course, too, has been a rising line. In 1894 the University of Berlin had just given him his Ph.D. and he was on pins & needles to get to Egypt. He had just been married, owed his wife a honeymoon. He got the University of Chicago to give him \$500 to collect relics and set out full of enthusiasm, no whit deterred by his light purse. With his own money he bought a donkey on which his bride could ride if she grew tired, and set out from Cairo. The more relics he collected the more his wife had to walk, but Bridgemoor Breasted tramped all the way and enjoyed it. He had been a runner at school. When he took his relics back to Chicago, President William Rainey Harper made him Assistant in Egyptology—the first chair of Egyptology in any U. S. university.

He was well trained for the job. At the Chicago College of Pharmacy he had got his pharmaceutical degree while trying to decide what to make of himself. After being graduated from Northwestern College he had attended Chicago Theological Seminary. That showed him where his interest lay. He neglected his theology, pored over Hebrew history, learned the language, decided to learn all there was to know about Egypt and the Hebrews. At Yale he got his M.A., would have got a Ph.D. if he had not been so impatient to learn more. It was Professor Harper, then at Yale, who sent him off to Berlin to study under famed Egyptologist Adolph Erman.

By 1905 he was Chicago's Professor of Egyptology and Oriental History, had written several books, ranging from an academic *New Chapter in the Life of Thutmose III* to the lively *Ancient Times* and a *History of Egypt*, which was translated into many languages, including Braille. His hair was growing a little thin above his forehead, but he was ambitious and enthusiastic as ever. He got the University to stake him to another trip to Egypt—this time at the head of a

small party. They went 1,000 miles up the Nile through the dangerous rapids of the Fourth Cataract, stayed in Egypt until money ran out. When Dr. Breasted returned he had the seed idea for his Oriental Institute which did not begin to materialize until 1919.

That year he wrote a letter to John Davison Rockefeller Jr., who was director of the General Education Board. Enthusiasm brightened his ink. "The career



International

BRIARCLIFF THICKSET, OWNER & KEEPER

They proved to Eastern farmers . . .

(See col. 3)

of early man . . . can now be written out in a much fuller form. The materials out of which we can recover and put together its lost chapters lie scattered among the buried cities of the Near East. This whole region is about to come for the first time under western rule, and for the first time in history the birth lands of religion and civilization lie open to unobstructed study and research. In the entire history of knowledge this is the greatest opportunity . . . for the study of man and his career. . . . The noblest task in the study of man is to recover the story of the human career, which culminated in the emergence of a religion of divine fatherhood and human brotherhood. . . ."

Mr. Rockefeller was impressed. Here was a man worth giving a trial. Out of his own pocket he gave \$10,000 a year for five years. Dr. Breasted went to Asia Minor. The trip was hazardous. Arabs were in revolt. The first party of white men to cross the Syrian Desert after the War was Dr. Breasted's. When he returned to the U. S., both the General and International Education Boards gave him money. Mr. Rockefeller gave more. Five years ago came endowment by the International Education Board Foundation, and the Institute had come to stay.

Small, neat, at 66 Dr. Breasted is nearly as full of vigor as he was when he bought his donkey. His smile still sends the ends of his silky white mustache curling upwards. He has the unusual faculty of making casual listeners as enthusiastic about digging as he is, has been known to excite even blasé newsmen. Ancient kings he has disinterested he refers to as "my friends," jokes about his duty to intro-

duce them to modern civilization. The shrewdness of his Colonial van Breests ancestors undoubtedly had been of service to him in raising money for his project but he does it unostentatiously, with selfishness—for science. In his long career he has written 21 books, many papers, still writing, compiling. He now has 35 degrees. In 1929 he was awarded the Rosenberg Medal for his contribution to civilization. He has three children: Charles, 34, executive secretary of the Institute; James Henry Jr., 22, a Princeton senior; Astrid, 17, in boarding school. S. Charles, as energetic as his father, goes visit all the expeditions every year, traveling mostly by air.

ANIMALS

Steer of the Year

While a monster bull from Assyria v exciting admiration on one side of Chicago last week (see p. 23) a chunky little steer from New York was being admired on the other side of town, at the annual International Livestock Exposition in Union Stockyards. He was Briarcliff Thickett, a glossy Aberdeen Angus eleven months old whose 1,140 lb. of bone, gristle and good red meat were formed so well and in so good condition that the judges named him world's grand champion. Steer of the Year Being a steer, Briarcliff Thickett was good for nothing but the slaughter house. Pennsylvania packing company bought him for \$12.27 per lb. on the hoof, low price paid for Steer of the Year since 1923. Nevertheless, in more ways than one Briarcliff Thickett made history. I breeder and owner was not a Midwest cattleman but a retired New York financier, Oakleigh Thorne of Pine Plains, N. Y. And not in 31 years had an Eastern steer beaten all the animals of the West at a Southwest. Runner-up was a short-horn called Illini Major, raised on the Collis Farms of the University of Illinois.

Gentleman Farmer Thorne, whose central acres stretch over the high-rolling hills of Dutchess County, was highly pleased. "It proves," he said, "what have been trying to convince Eastern farmers all along. . . . They can compete with other regions in beef cattle as well as in dairy herds."

Elsewhere in the stockyards other animals were competing for titles. Adjunct headliners of their kind were Gertrude Heikes, 16, of Dakota County, Neb., and William Saunders, 18, of Johnson County, Ind., winners of the health contest of 4-H Clubs. Champion Heikes scored 99.97, only her teeth counting against her. Pink-checked Miss Heikes eats big meals a day, drinks water and wears broad-toed, low-beeled shoes. Champion Saunders, who scored 99.1 not only had imperfect teeth but a ping. He shuns tobacco and stimulants, eats what he wants.

*In 1929, James Cash Penney, chainstore co., paid \$8.25 per lb. for 920-lb. Wor Grand Champion Lucky Strike. World's Champion beef commands fancy prices when served in hotels or dining cars, brings its own publicity.

C I N E M A

The New Pictures

Blonde Crazy (Warner) shows a few of the tricks whereby an enterprising bell-hop, equipped with light fingers and curly hair, can live handsomely on his wits. The bell-hop (James Cagney) is so much interested in dishonesty that he keeps a scrapbook of variations of the badger game, methods of stealing diamond bracelets, false money transactions and likely methods of beating persons who think they can beat the races. By the practice of these wiles, he manages to keep luxurious quarters in the best hotels, preying mostly upon persons no more honest but less versatile than himself. But he is an over-confident confidence man. His one act of outright burglary—the theft of the diamond bracelet—finally has had consequences. Detectives corner him in his rooms, chase him down a street in automobiles, shoot him with a machine gun. He is last seen in jail, making sentimental overtures to his blonde partner (Joan Blondell).

This conclusion serves the purposes of law & order. It is not in keeping with the rest of the picture, which is a chipper, hardboiled, amusing essay on petty thievery. In his first starring performance, James Cagney has a rôle in which he is more mischievous than wicked. He makes rascality seem both easy and attractive as he did in *The Public Enemy* and *Smart Money*, two previous works by Authors Kubec Glasmon and John Bright who wrote *Blonde Crazy*. Good shot: Cagney casting hungry glances at the female patrons of a nightclub.

James Cagney was born over a saloon owned and run by his father in a Manhattan slum. By the time he reached high



JAMES CAGNEY & BLONDES

... keeps a badger game scrapbook.

school he had started that series of heterogeneous occupations which occur painfully at the outset of many a cinematic career. He was a copy boy for the *New York Sun*; a department store

bundle-wrapper; a librarian; a neophyte painter. He left Columbia University to be a chorus boy. From this traditionally effeminate occupation, he presently was graduated to vaudeville, musical comedy (*Grand Street Follies*), legitimate plays (*Women Go on Forever* and *Outside*



FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER & ANESTHETIST

Squeaking and grunting, it is at last burned to death.

Looking In for which he was selected because he had red hair). His 1930 performance, opposite Joan Blondell, in *Penny Arcade*, got him to Hollywood, which, since talkies, has been the final up-step for an actor's progress. Noted for his impersonations of unscrupulous and phylandering heroes, he is less airy when out of the camera's eye. Recently in a Hollywood café he was roundly cuffed by Mrs. James Cagney for looking at another lady. Last autumn he won a celebrated salary argument with Warner Brothers. This is his first starring picture.

Frankenstein (Universal). Mary Wollstonecraft (Mrs. Percy Bysshe Shelley) wrote this story, supposedly to win a bet from her husband and Lord Byron. It is a grisly conceit about a young doctor who, experimenting with synthetic animation, produces a live, dangerous and somewhat human monster. Universal, encouraged by the success of *Dracula* to produce a series of horrific weirds, in which Poe's *Murders in the Rue Morgue* will be next, entrusted the direction of *Frankenstein* to James Whale. He did it in the Grand Guignol manner, with as many queer sounds, dark corners, false faces and cellar stairs as could possibly be inserted.

The doctor's laboratory is amazingly macabre. It is situated in a cavernous windmill on top of a small mountain. Having infused life into his monster by hoisting him up to the ceiling on an operating table, causing electricity to crackle from all quarters, the doctor (Colin Clive) is stupid enough to leave him in the basement with an inadequate guard. The mon-

ster (played by Boris Karloff, who wears a square skull, tubes in his neck, scarred wrists, thick-eyelids and an immobile expression) throttles an assistant doctor who is trying to anesthetize him, stumbles angrily away from his operating table, escapes from the mill. After ravaging the country side, he assaults the doctor's fiancée (Mae Clarke) on the morning of her wedding day. Finally there is a monster-hunt by night, in which a whole

township and several noisy dogs take part. The monster, squeaking and grunting, is burned to death in the mill.

Good shot: Karloff sitting down with a little girl, later shown as a corpse, to play with flowers.

At a preview in Chicago, 27-year-old Inventor Leonarde Keeler tried out on two members of the audience his "Lie-Detector," which police have found handy for questioning recalcitrant suspects. The "Lie-Detector" is a device which, by means of arm and chest bands, records on a paper chart changes in blood pressure and pulse action, presumably resulting from emotion. At last week's test, it worked so well when attached to two De Paul University students that Inventor Keeler said: "The results are . . . even more pronounced than in many cases in which suspects are being questioned in connection with murders."

Likewise pleased was Universal's publicity department and Universal's General Sales Manager Phil Reisman, who saw in the "Lie-Detector" a mechanical means of forecasting the efficacy of mechanical entertainment. Said he: "Instead of the old hit or miss previews we can now know exactly the emotional effect of any film, can cut out the 'dead' spots, and generally improve the pictures distributed." A live spot in *Frankenstein* as revealed by the "Lie-Detector": one in which the ugly face of Frankenstein's dwarfish assistant pops up from behind a graveyard fence. Dead spots: the reappearance of the dwarf's face in subsequent scenes when familiarity has made it less frightening.



Dear Jim:

This Myrtle Bank is some inn, take it from me — a bit of old "Lunnon, bah Jove." Palms everywhere, and not in tubs either. They almost reach in and tickle your face while you're spooning your mango in the open-air dining room. Don't let anybody kid you they haven't any good roads down here in Jamaica. And they keep 'em up too. Had a swell drive over to Port Antonio yesterday. Another slick hotel over there — Titchfield. Well, bo, got to ring off — going swimmin' with the wife in this nifty pool they've got — outdoors, and it's warm as June.

By the way, drop the United Fruit Company a line, and get the dope on their cruises to the Caribbean and West Indies. Best investment I know, and these boys have got the only boats.

Bob

(*Pier 3, North River, Dept. N
New York, N. Y.)

GREAT WHITE FLEET

Three sailings weekly from
New York and New Orleans.

Cruises from New York 18 to 22
days—\$145. and up.—From New
Orleans 10 to 16 days—\$100.
and up.

N. B. Bob is sitting pretty. He has bought the all-expense Jamaica tour from New York—11 glorious days for \$140. and up. He may stay on another week, or he may hop a Great White Fleet liner on the Colombia or Costa Rica Cruise.



Arrowsmith (United Artists—Samuel Goldwyn) is a faithful and brilliant facsimile of what most critics considered Sinclair Lewis' best novel. Compressed to two hours, the story of young Dr. Martin Arrowsmith (Ronald Colman) starts when he meets Leora Tozer (Helen Hayes), proposes marriage when they are sitting in a cheap restaurant near a mechanical piano. The story continues in South Dakota, where Arrowsmith tries to practice medicine, cures cows as a sideline. Arrowsmith's sojourn at an elaborate research institute—where Author Lewis reverted to his familiar flair for making fools of characters who were fools to begin with—is telescoped a little, but the magnificent climax—when Arrowsmith goes to the West Indies to fight bubonic plague—is more impressive, because more explicit, in pictures than in print. In the West Indies, Arrowsmith's friend Sondelius (Richard Bennett) dies, wishing he could have one more drink. Leora dies too, while Arrowsmith is away inoculating natives against plague and making friends with a lady who, in the picture, does not become his second wife. Arrowsmith comes home to tell Gottlieb, who started him on his career as a scientist, that he has broken his promise to experiment on the natives, been contemptibly humane.

Director John Ford avoided the cinematic equivalent of fine writing which usually attaches itself to such ambitious reproductions. Ronald Colman's British accent and pleat-waisted trousers do not fit Arrowsmith's Midwest origins but his performance is valid in other respects. The magnificently, minutely true characterization which Helen Hayes gives to Leora is one of the events of the year. Good shots: rats, outlined in fire, leaving a burning brush village; Leora's reply to Arrowsmith's proffer of marriage: "Have you got a nickel? I want soft music."

PEOPLE

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

In the *Chicago Tribune* appeared the following proclamation, typewritten over the signature of Mayor Anton J. Cermak: "I earnestly request all citizens who may have placed their money in safety deposit vaults, as well as owners of real and personal property who will soon be paying taxes, to assist their City by purchasing 1930 Tax Anticipation Warrants—a guaranteed security paying 6% interest."

Into a women's rummage sale in Washington curiously wandered Congressman **Vincent Carter** of Wyoming. Respectfully, he put down his hat while he walked around. He returned to find his hat had been sold for the benefit of a hospital in Ketchikan, Alaska.

Berkeley George Andrew Moynihan, Baron Moynihan of Leeds, president of the Royal College of Surgeons, had a look at Sculptor **Jacob Epstein's** *Genesis*, grotesque figure of primitive pregnancy. Wrote he "to his newspaper: 'I regret to say that, in my opinion, Epstein

is almost certainly guilty of an error in diagnosis. The lady, I think, is not pregnant. . . . The abdominal tumor in position and in salience is not that of pregnancy. . . . The mammary condition is that of an adipose virgin and not of a primiparous woman whose delivery is drawing near. . . . On the available evidence . . . I believe that the hopes of her admirers will be disappointed, and that no new birth is about to reward her for her obvious suffering. I can almost fancy that her expression indicates that she herself is beginning to realize this."

In Waldemar Kaempfert's science column in the *New York Times* it was revealed that the late **Sir Henry Segrave**, racer of motorboats and automobiles, solved the problem of buoyancy in his boats by lining the hull with thousands of ping-pong balls.

Ill lay: **Queen Mary**, in Sandringham, of a cold; **Edward of Wales**, in York House, London, of a chill suspected of indicating malaria; Editor **Charles H. Dennis** of the *Chicago Daily News*, in Chicago, of overwork; Sculptress **Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney**, in Manhattan, following an operation for acute mastoiditis; **Dr. Hjalmar Schacht**, former President of the Reichsbank, at Warin, Germany, of injuries suffered in an automobile crash; **John Work Garrett**, U. S. Ambassador to Italy, at his Baltimore home, with a broken foot suffered when he tripped on a rug; **Lieut.-Commander George Otilie Noville**, companion of Admiral Byrd on his North Pole and transatlantic flights, in Manhattan, of alcoholism and grave injuries suffered when he stepped in the path of a taxicab; **Sheila MacDonald**, youngest daughter of Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, following an operation on her foot; **Jane Addams**, famed social worker, in Chicago, of bronchitis; Film Actress **Ann Harding**, in Jacksonville, Fla., of a dislocated shoulder caused she knew not how.

Manhattan Reulestatesman **Robert Walton Goellet** gave a shoot at Chateau Sandrincourt, near Paris, for the Duke of Toledo (**Alfonso of Spain**).

For loss of memory suffered when the steel-toed slipper of a girl dancer in the Folies-Bergère flew off and struck him on the forehead, **John G. Hopper**, explorer, onetime mining partner of **Herbert Clark Hoover** in Mexico, collected \$6,600. He had sued for \$12,000, settled out of court.

The **Earl of Harewood**, son-in-law of **George V**, the **Earl of Ellesmere**, the **Earl of Rosbery**, the *London Times* and the *Racing Almanac* were ordered to pay £16,000 damages to the racehorse Trainer **Charles Chapman** in the latter's libel suit in which he claimed he had been falsely accused of doping the racehorse Don Pat at Newmarket Heath two years ago.

Secretary of War **Patrick Jay Hurley** bought 1,200-acre Belmont Plantations near Leesburg, Va., recently sold under foreclosure by Publisher **Edward Beale ("Ned") McLean** of the *Washington Post*; denied a report that he had loaned \$100,000 to Publisher McLean.

O. K. for more service after 80 years

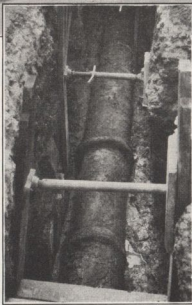


Inspecting 80-year-old cast iron pipe in Chicago. (Left to right) P. C. McArdle, Engineer of Tests, R. C. Williams, Asst. Engineer Water Dept.; J. B. Eddy, Engineer Water Dept.; M. B. Reynolds, City Engineer; B. W. Galien, Superintendent Water Dept.; W. B. Weldon, Asst. Engineer Water Dept.; and D. W. Anglim, District Superintendent Water Dept.

TOO good to scrap! Seven Chicago engineering officials recently inspected an old cast iron water pipe and found it in good condition after 80 years of continuous service. It was part of Chicago's original water line laid in 1851. A section of this old cast iron line has recently been abandoned due to other underground construction but some of it is still in service at a most important point in Chicago's distribution system—State Street, in the heart of the retail district.

When the rugged old pipe shown above went into service 80 years ago, water was available for only nine hours a day, and none was pumped on Sundays. A population of 65,000 was served by a system consisting of but 30 miles of pipe. Today, Chicago's three-and-a-half millions require 3652 miles of water mains from 3" to 54" in diameter. Over 80% of the original pipe is still in service. Can you wonder that the entire system now consists, as it always has, of nothing but cast iron pipe?

The salvage value, as well as the unequalled long life, of cast iron pipe for water and gas mains has effected enormous savings to taxpayers. Old mains are frequently re-routed or replaced by larger mains. If they are cast iron mains the old pipe can be salvaged, or relaid



Part of this 80-year-old cast iron pipe line is still in service in State Street, the heart of Chicago's retail district. The section shown has been abandoned due to other underground construction.

elsewhere to serve indefinitely. In a number of our older cities cast iron mains are still in use after a century of continuous service. Direct and indirect savings in taxes or rates have amounted to many millions. For the expense in replacing shorter-lived mains is far more than the cost of pipe alone.

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

Every taxpayer should take an active interest in the kind of pipe being laid, or to be laid, in his community. For further information write to The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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

© 1931 by C. I. P. R. Assn.

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

CAST IRON PIPE

THRILLING ITINERARY
REGAL LUXURY
SENSATIONAL RATES



AQUITANIA MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

OUTWIT THIS WINTER OF YOUR DISCONTENT

The *Aquitania* . . . beloved of many voyagers, gay and exquisite hostess to the world's most-front-page people . . . is cruising south this season . . . for the first time . . . sailing toward spring . . . February 3rd and March 5th.

Algeria, Egypt, Greece, Rhodes, the Riviera, Gibraltar . . . where else under heaven would you care to be this winter? You can jump ship at Nice, if you like, for twelve days on the Cote d'Azur, or in Italy . . . Or at Port Said . . . You can, if you will, make pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

And whenever you return to your ship . . . it will be not just a ship . . . not just a room and a bath, and a place to leave your luggage . . . but the *Aquitania* . . . so dowered with atmosphere and charm that we shouldn't blame you if you never left her at all. Unquestionably, the two *Aquitania* cruises will be the cruises (socially, sartorially, and aesthetically speaking) of the more or less bright New Year. And the whole scintillating month will cost you less than a month at a good hotel. \$540 UP FIRST CLASS \$250 UP TOURIST CLASS

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EDUCATION

Mussolini v. Sousa

A sharp critique of over-expanded U. S. universities a year ago was Dr. Abraham Flexner's *Universities: American, English, German* (TIME, Dec. 15, 1930). Critic Flexner, a onetime Carnegie Foundation expert, onetime (1925-28) director of the division of studies and medical education of the Rockefeller General Education Board, specially denounced Columbia and the University of Chicago for their widely advertised home-study courses. Dr. Flexner's ideal college is a sober academy where only the wisest and most serious may study. Under his direction such a place will soon rise in New Jersey: the Institute for Advanced Study, built with \$5,000,000 given by retired Storekeeper Louis Baumberger and his sister Mrs. Felix Fuld. From this, Dr. Flexner's chief present concern, he took time last week once more to flay Columbia and Chicago. They, said he, "and many State universities, go into the marketplace, advertising their wretched claptrap in newspapers and in magazines. Some of these activities are little short of dishonest."

"Cultural standards must somehow be upheld. . . . The universities of America must learn to play the part of Mussolini in these matters and not the part of Sousa."

No Harvard Gigolos

Harvard University was complacent last week when the Harvard Student Employment Office announced that more than half of the student body earned part or all of their college expenses, that total annual earnings were estimated to be near \$500,000. But Harvard was surprised at reports current in the press: that the Employment Office discreetly, quietly furnished dancing partners to a young ladies' seminary near Boston—gigolos!

Investigation revealed what published accounts had not: that one lady had asked the Employment Office for the names of six lonely men who might like to attend the annual Prom at a small suburban school. There were no conditions attached to the invitation. No pay was offered. Harvard evinced no great enthusiasm.

Results, Not Fish

Stanford University students may study fish at the Hopkins Marine Station which the late great Ichthyologist David Starr Jordan helped found in 1892. But they have no course in hooking, playing and catching fish. Last week it was announced that such a course would be instituted next month. It does not guarantee to inculcate Fair Play, Sportsmanship, Patience *et al.* as does a course in Hunting & Fishing announced at Rollins College last September (TIME, Sept. 28). Stanford's five-week Fish Course will be part of the physical education program, promises "results but not fish. Students will be taught fly and bait casting. They will learn to tie flies and repair rods. But fish no. We would not even guarantee Isaac Walton fish, could he be here to take the course."



A GIFT, MESSIEURS, OF KINGLY ELEGANCE

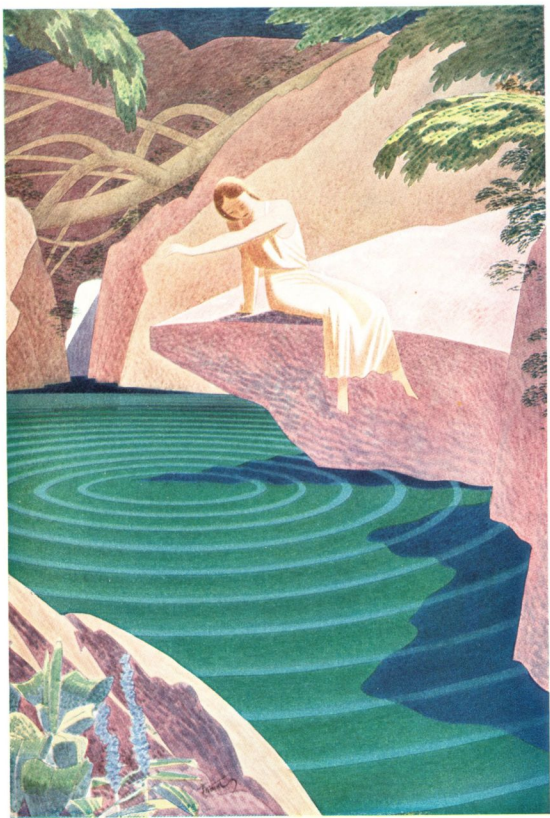
A perfume by Guerlain is the epitome of elegance, the consummate gift among luxuries. For it is a gift which enhances the elegance of women. Shalimar is the reigning perfume of the world. Women of elegance in all the great capitals bow to its power and its beauty. Liu, ballerina of the modern scene, is for her who is modern, one accent of the casual elegance of today. L'Heure Bleue, supreme in softness and delicacy, is a famed scent, the favorite of many women. Choose as you will, but let the fairest name on your Christmas list be the one matched with a perfume by Guerlain. For to enhance the charm of fair women is an art, an art that has no master equal to Guerlain.



GUERLAIN

PARFUMEUR
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*Shalimar is \$12.50 and \$25
Liu is \$30
and L'Heure Bleue is \$5 and \$15.*



GROWTH OF AN IDEA



Let an idea, however vague, catch hold of a man's mind, and no one can tell to what

it may lead. As the ripples from a pebble dropped into water will travel in ever widening circles across the whole surface of the pool, what seems but an incident may produce effects that touch the very limits of human life.

When Watt observed the power of steam to lift the lid of the kettle, he conceived the mere thought that this principle might be put to practical use. But, as a result, came the steam engine; then through variations and extensions, the machine age. In consequence, not only economic conditions but the world's whole social and political aspect has been changed.

Something of this same thing began with the coming of Fisher Bodies. It would be absurd to say that closed-body development ever equalled in importance the development of the automobile itself. But the automobile without a closed

body was but a short-season sporting turnout, not a year-round conveyance needed or even desired by the people as a whole.

Then Fisher, believing that closed bodies were practical, proved its belief. The attitude toward the automobile changed. Thousands who never desired a car before now wanted one. The new demand opened the way to new methods of quantity production. Cost per car, in consequence, went steadily down. The lower the prices reached, the larger the market grew; the larger the market, the lower the prices. The endless chain was welded.

So, too, with Fisher itself, one result has followed another. The success of its basic ideas has opened, year after year, new avenues for the development of resources and facilities which, in turn, have again and again advanced the possibilities of Fisher achievement. True to the laws of cause and effect, Fisher Bodies are finer every year . . . and by the same laws you can expect them to be still finer in the future.

Give a man a Gift he will Use!



Sure of a welcome, certain to summon a quick, appreciative smile from every man on your list—Williams Holiday Package. It's only a dollar, yes—but it's the great gift for men.

This cheerful, colorful gift-box contains five things that every man needs, every day. A big tube of Williams Shaving Cream—to keep his Face looking Fit. A bottle of bracy, fragrant Aqua Velva, the perfect finish for the perfect shave. A can of Williams Tale, of the color and lightness men like. A cake of toilet soap—his personal soap. And—he will thank you



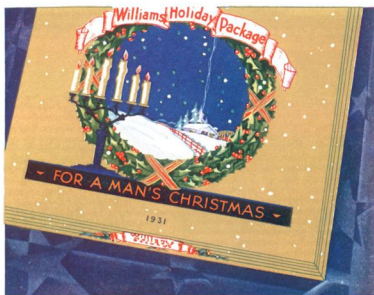
Williams Holiday Package

again when he sees this—a convenient safe for his razor blades . . . a place for *used* blades, and a storage place for *new* blades.

Here's Christmas in a package—a big, golden, generous package. You'll want three—six—ten or more of them for those names on your list. And you can get them wherever toilet goods are sold. Just say "Williams Holiday Package"—One Dollar.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
Montreal, Canada

\$1⁰⁰

A decorative illustration of holly leaves and red berries at the bottom of the price tag.

All men SHAVE. Most men PREFER Williams. EVERY man will welcome this gay, golden gift. You'll need several Holiday Packages. Get them wherever toilet goods are sold.

A R T

Poet & p (aiN)ter

Not all the brownstone basements in Greenwich Village are speakeasies. One that is not leads to the Painters & Sculptors Gallery where hung last week the first Eastern exhibition of the paintings of Edward Estlin Cummings, a curious gentleman who sometimes calls himself e cummings, and writes poetry puzzling to the laity.

Poet & Painter Cummings was born in Cambridge, Mass. 37 years ago. At Harvard he was class poet in 1915, and took



EDWARD ESTLIN CUMMINGS*

He also exhibits his scrawls.

his M.A. degree the following year. He was one of the group of undergraduate esthetes whom the late great, cigar-smoking Amy Lowell used to gather round her, and a leading contributor to a volume entitled "Eight Harvard Poets."⁴

During the War he served in France as a driver for the Norton Harjes Ambulance, ended his military career as a private at Camp Devens. In 1922 he published *The Enormous Room*, a novel of his experiences in a French War prison, considered by most critics one of the few important War books. He followed it in 1923 with *Tulips & Chimneys*, a book of poems which almost anyone could understand. Then began his soul-searching struggles with punctuation and capital letters, resulting in such volumes as *XLI Poems*, *Is, 5, &* and the recently published *W (firs)*. He became a regular contributor to the defunct, arty *Dial*, in 1925 won the \$2,000 *Dial* award for his poetry published in that magazine.

Poet & Painter Cummings is a good looking, unassuming, generally disheveled young man who hates functions, celebrities and talking about his own work. His interpreters explain that he does not write poems in the ordinary sense but "calligrams," poems which are at the same time

cryptograms to be unravelled, and visual designs on the printed page. Thus a poem about a grasshopper will appear:

r-p-o-p-h-e-s-s-a-g-r-
who
a)s w(e loo)k
upnswath—

Just to make things more difficult Poet Cummings has a vivid if erratic sense of humor. Many of his more intricate effects are meant as jokes. Plodding enthusiasts cannot always tell which is which.

The same thing is true of his painting. He has a natural talent for drawing, a refined sense of color. He is capable of producing such a solid piece of work as the self portrait with his second wife (the late Cartoonist Ralph Barton's second, Anne Minerly) and stepdaughter in the background. This was exhibited at the Painters & Sculptors gallery last week together with some splendid line drawings and at least one excellent landscape. There were many other pictures strongly reminiscent of the advanced strivings of a Businessmen's Art Class. In a book of reproductions of his paintings entitled *CLOPP* (Charcoal, Ink, Oilcolors, Pencil, Watercolors) he solemnly included little figures he had scrawled on the back of publishers' royalty checks.

Poet & Painter Cummings collects miniature elephants, inspired by a wedding present from his good friend Critic Edmund ("Bunny") Wilson. He also has a Persian pressagent named Samuel Jacobs who is an authority on metaphysical verse, prepares the topography of the Cummings opera. Pressagent Jacobs is loth to give his full name in Persian, admits that part of it is Samuel Yakob Airvaz Sheraaobode Azerbajode Muradkhan.

Eternal Theme

More cats than a critic could shake a pencil at were assembled in the rooms of New York's Maurel Gallery last week in one of the most amusing exhibitions of the season. Persian, Manx, Maltese, Siamese, Angora, tortoise-shell and tabby were all there in wood, pottery, glass, ivory, lead, bronze, marble, in oils, etchings, lithographs, water colors. Enthusiastic cat collectors and neighboring art galleries had loaned over 700 different representations of cats which, according to the Maurel Gallery's foreword, are one of the "eternal themes in art."

Listed in the general pussification was an original Rembrandt etching ("The Holy Family With Cat"); an Egyptian tomb cat from Cairo; a 15th Century German woodcut; prints by Whistler, Pennell, Félicien Rops, Fougita, Wanda Gag; Currier & Ives lithographs; needlepoint and embroidery cats; and a fine carved cat by Sculptor William Zorach.

News of the Mulptor cat show spread through the art world last week. Within three days arrangements had been completed to move it to Chicago on its close in New York. Chicago will see intact the *opera* of what the catalog describes as "the anonymous masters of ancient Egypt, the mysterious priest-artists of infatigable China, the prodigious chiselers of Japan."

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WHEN you sign our register, we'd like to have you feel as if you were writing your names in a Guest Book in a friend's home. You tell us, so to speak, that you've come to stay a while with us; that it will be our pleasant, privileged duty to play host to you. We'll escort you to your room to let you "freshen up." A little later in the day, if you like, we'll show you around our little estate, and you'll forgive—won't you?—almost a natural pride in his belongings. And when we ask you to tell us if there's anything we can do to make your visit happier, please remember that we mean it. Because, when you finally take your leave of us, we hope you'll want to accept our invitation to "come again."

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



*Self portrait.

⁴The other seven: S. Foster Damon, John Dos Passos, Robert Hillier, R. S. Mitchell, William A. Norris, Dudley Poore, Cuthbert Wright.

M I L E S T O N E S



"Honors change Manners"

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN must have seen that honors made some people of his day "high hat"... from this remark of his.

But some carry honors lightly. We haven't gotten high hat because so many distinguished visitors honor The Benjamin Franklin Hotel by stopping here. We're pleased, of course. But we're pleased because it shows that our hotel offers something more than the usual. When you come to Philadelphia let us show you.

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CHESTNUT AT NINTH STREET

Horace Leland Wiggins, Managing Director

Engaged. Horace Brisbin Liveright, Manhattan publisher and theatrical producer; and Elise Bartlett Porter, actress, divorced wife of Actor Joseph Schildkraut.

Engaged. Anita Grew, daughter of U. S. Ambassador to Turkey Joseph Clark Grew, and Robert English, secretary of the U. S. legation in Bangkok, Siam. Able-bodied Miss Grew swam the Bosphorus from the Black Sea to the Sea of Marmora last August (TIME, Aug. 31).

Engaged. Peter ("Pan") Llewellyn Davies, British publisher, nephew of Actor Sir Gerald Du Maurier; and Hon. Margaret Hore-Ruthven, onetime mannequin and dancer with her beautiful twin sister, Hon. Alison Mary. Publisher Davies, orphaned in youth with his four brothers, became a ward of Sir James Matthew Barrie, was the inspiration of *Peter Pan*.

Eloped. Marion Snowden, 21, of Minneapolis, daughter of the late Oilman James Hastings Snowden (Snowden & McSweeney Co.); and Prince Geronimo Rospigliosi, 24, scion of one of Italy's oldest houses; in Rome. Miss Snowden's family, it was reported, made determined efforts to forestall the marriage.

Married. Elsa Armour, daughter of Chicago Packer Andrew Watson Armour; and Washington Irving Osborne Jr., Chicago socialite; in Chicago.

Married. Clara Bow, 26, film actress; and George F. Belham (Rex Bell), 28, Nevada cattle rancher and film cowboy on whose ranch she has been living since last June; in Las Vegas, Nev.

Married. Eugene R. Grasselli Jr., scion of the Cleveland industrial chemists; and a Mrs. Louise Hammond Blatt of Joliet, Ill.; in Manhattan.

Honored. La Argentina, Spanish dancer; with the Rosette of Isabella the Catholic, first decoration awarded by the Spanish Republic; in Madrid.

Birthdays. General August von Mackensen (82); Dr. William Temple Hornaday (77); Lord Jellicoe (72); Edward Hugh Sotherton (72); William Crapo Durant (70); Robert Patterson Lamont (64); Joseph Leiter (63); Gerard Swope (59); Newton Diehl Baker (60); Arthur Atwater Kent (58); Winston Churchill (57); Frank Jay Gould (54).

Died. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, 52, famed poet (*A Handy Guide for Beggars*, *The Chinese Nightingale* and *Other Poems*, *Rhymes to be Traded for Bread*, *Every Soul is a Circus*); of heart disease; in Springfield, Ill. Born into a pioneer Springfield family (he was later to become preoccupied with local history, with

Springfield's Abraham Lincoln), he studied for the ministry at Hiram College (Ohio) then at the Chicago Art Institute and the New York School of Art. From 1905 to 1910 he did Y. M. C. A. work, lectured for the Anti-Saloon League. Rugged, unkempt, Poet Lindsay liked to vagabond about the land, trading verses for food and shelter. His rules for hoboes: Be "neat, deliberate, chaste and civil... preach the gospel of beauty," avoid cities, cash, baggage, railroads; ask for dinner at 10:45 a. m., supper, lodging and breakfast at 4:45 p. m. Vachel (rhymes with Rachel) Lindsay's poetry was rich, loamy, indigenous in praise of the U. S. and its heroes. His most famed verses, however, were rhythmic, jazzy ones like *The Congo*, which he recited with various booming, chirping, droning, whispering effects. He was the first U. S. poet to recite at (and bewilder) Oxford University. Lately he recorded 36 poems for the Columbia University Library.

Died. Robert C. Hupp, 55, early motor-maker; of a heart attack on a handball court of the Detroit Athletic Club.

Died. William Carl von Hammer, 61, founder, secretary & treasurer of the Philadelphia Grand Opera Association; of heart disease; in Philadelphia. First founded to gain local support for the San Carlo Opera Company, the Philadelphia Opera assumed independence under the able guidance of Founder Hammer and his wife, Mrs. Kathryn Cecil O'Gorman Hammer, produced, notably, *Wozzeck* (TIME, March 30).

Died. Clarence Henry Howard, 68, longtime (1904-29) president of Commonwealth Steel Co. before it was merged with General Steel Castings Corp.; of heart disease; in Boston. Philanthropist, altruistic employer, Boy Scout council member, he once refused a \$2,000,000 contract to make shells, believing war barbarous.

Died. Charles Hitchcock Tyler, 69, one-time law partner of Owen D. Young; at Beverly, Mass.

Died. Rev. William Orville Shepard, 69, Bishop of the Mediterranean Area of the Methodist Episcopal Church (Southern Europe, Northern Africa, Liberia); in Paris.

Died. Charles MacVeagh, 71, onetime (1925-29) U. S. Ambassador to Japan, onetime (1907-25) general solicitor and assistant general counsel to U. S. Steel Corp., father of Publisher Lincoln MacVeagh; after long illness; in Santa Barbara, Calif.

Died. Paul Marie Théodore Vincent d'Indy, 80, French composer (*Star-Wallenstein*, *Fervant*), pupil of the late César Franck, co-founder (1894) and director since 1911 of the Paris Schola Cantorum; in Paris.

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CHRISTMAS CRUISE to the WEST INDIES**12 Days—\$175.00 up. Dec. 23 to Jan. 4**

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2 CRUISES to the WEST INDIES and SOUTH AMERICA**16 Days—6 Calls—\$215 up. Feb. 3 and 22**

Conte Grande... Long daylight calls, thanks to unusual speed at sea. San Juan, La Guaira (port for Caracas), Curacao, Colon (Panama Canal), Kingston, then two days and nights in Havana! Twelve full days of cruising, and nearly always in the Gulf Stream or Caribbean.

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE**34 Days—10 Calls—\$575 up. Feb. 25**

Conte Biancamano to ancient Greece, the Holy Land, Egypt... with 4½ days at Alexandria for a leisurely stay in the timeless land of the Ptolemies! Ten calls including Gibraltar, Rhodes, Italy and the Riviera, with optional shore excursions arranged. Second Class de Luxe... \$310 up. Tourist Class... \$250.

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M E D I C I N E

Turtle Folk

At Houston, Miss. a Mrs. C. keeps a tub of water in her back yard for an extraordinary purpose. It is a ducking tub for her five-year-old son. Every time he feels uncomfortable he jumps in, clothes & all. Mrs. C. does not scold. For that is the only way the boy can keep comfortable. He lacks sweat glands, which in normal people dissipate two to three quarts of cooling perspiration every day.

Mrs. C. has another son, an infant, who likewise lacks sweat glands. He is too young to go ducking himself. So she drowns him from time to time with scuppers of water. Neither child can sleep unless his night clothes and mattress are wet. They take daytime naps in their damp cellar, with moist sacks for pillows.

Nearby at Vardaman, Miss. are two farmer brothers similarly afflicted. Each works alternate half days. While one plows the other soaks himself in a creek. Every once in a while the worker saunters to the creek for a cool dowsing. The brothers have a sister who dunks herself in the cistern back of their house.

They have a sweatless neighbor woman who must also wet herself for comfort.

At Vicksburg, Miss. there is a seventh of these folk who, like turtles, must periodically submerge themselves. The Vicksburg case is a 12-year-old boy, handled by Dr. Guy Jarrett. The others are cases of Dr. Ralph Bowen of Memphis.

Dr. Bowen last week had on hand a medical report concerning the phenomenon. The seven suffer from "hereditary ectodermal dysplasia of the anhidrotic type." That is, they lack sweat glands, and the lack is hereditary. However, the seven Mississippi cases are related only as indicated above. This suggests that the failing is not so uncommon as heretofore believed (only 23 cases have been reported previously in medical literature). The ailment must often escape medical attention. Along with the lack of sweat glands goes a lack of teeth. None of the seven Mississippi cases has more than two teeth.

Mercy Murder

A young grass widow, a middle-aged baron who was her father, and a preacher whom she made her confessor formally presented themselves before a Copenhagen magistrate last week. The young woman deposited herself to be Fru Else Wille Bang, 32, not domiciled with her husband since seven months after her marriage, for a period (after the separation) a student of singing in Paris, now of no occupation. She wished to impeach herself for the murder of her invalid mother, the Baroness von Dueben, and at the same time arrange for exculpation.

Denmark was startled by so naïve a *culpa mea*. The astounded magistrate asked for particulars. These, as Fru Bang stated them for record, caused discussion all over the world. For, like the young man who shot his invalid mother in France (TIME, Nov. 18, 1929), Fru Bang poisoned her invalid mother for mercy to her body.

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Last month we announced three new lines

To date, none of our salesrooms has been stormed by clamoring crowds of new car prospects.

The automotive industry, as a whole, has taken the news with admirable calm.

The streets of the country haven't blossomed overnight with brand-new, shining 1932 Stutz cars.

And the Stutz factory is still large and resourceful enough to take care of all orders received.

In other words, new Stutz automobiles are of interest to only a small proportion of a gigantic motoring public.

• • •

But to Those Who Know What Stutz has been in the Past; and What Stutz Promises for the Future, We Say This:

—the three new lines announced last month are the finest cars ever built by Stutz

—their basic engineering was worked out by a group of the foremost engineers in this country

—they are produced in a plant with lower overhead than any other in the industry

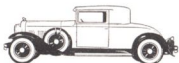
—they are better cars—in performance, beauty and safety—than their 1931 predecessors, yet they sell for less money

—they are built by a company that has fought through previous depressions and has emerged stronger after each

—they are produced under the direct supervision of a group of America's most eminent businessmen and industrialists, controlling 72 per cent of Stutz stock

—they will always be constructed for—and sold to—that group of individualists in this country, numbering in the thousands, not the millions—those men and women who know good cars, who love good cars; who choose a car as they would a personal possession—by the way it appeals to them; not the way it appeals to the multitude.

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But unlike the young man, to whom God was "only a religious belief," she was concerned with the salvation of her mother's soul. The baroness' ailment, the two women believed, was incurable. Her suffering, they perceived, was unbearable.

Stated Fru Bang very simply: "I gave mother eternal life. Once she tried suicide and I was afraid she would make another attempt and lose eternal life. Therefore I had to do it. I gave her an overdose of her regular medicine."

The preacher, Rev. Johannes Engel, contributed: "We all thought the Baroness had died of natural causes. Fru Else came to me. . . . I was obliged to tell the Baron. . . ."

The Baron von Duchon: "We implored her not to go to the police. We tried to impress on her that the death constituted something between herself, her mother and God. . . ."

Fru Bang silenced everyone and declared: "Should I meet the man I chose for my husband, I would have to tell him and he would shrink from me. Nor could I conceive children, who one day might ask me whether rumors were true that I slew my mother. The only way for me is to confess publicly and regain my peace of mind and soul."

Expressions of sympathy and commiseration were heaped on Fru Bang last week from far & wide. The Danish Minister of Justice, C. Th. Zahle, who is responsible for her just trial, sympathized: "To me there is no evidence of criminal temperament in this case. But, on the contrary, love and pity for suffering. The new Danish penal code contains a provision for reducing the punishment to a minimum in cases where the sufferer asked assistance to die. Unfortunately for Else, however, the new code does not come into force until 1933, and the code of 1866, which is still in force, is rather severe."

Minister Zahle rued this statement, which seemed premature when the late baroness' physician came forward and declared that the melancholy baroness' only physical ailment was gallstones. Her body was ordered exhumed, her daughter remanded for examination of her mentality.

"Varsatility"

Football killed 40 boys and young men during the 1931 season. To approximate that record of deaths it is necessary to go back to 1905 when more than a score of players died and President Roosevelt stopped the roughness of play.

Among this year's dead 40 were Joseph I. Johnson, 13, of Lafayette, Ind., who shot himself in the abdomen because he could not "make" his grade school team. Another fatality was Coach Ray Pardue, 24, of Statesville, N. C. High School team, cuffed to death by Garfield Jennings, 20, vexed linesman of the Taylorsville, N. C. High School, which was playing Statesville High. Almost all the other deaths followed bashing on the football field. Most discussed of the deaths from violence were those of Army's Richard Brinsley Sheridan (TIME, Nov. 2) and Fordham's Cornelius Murphy. Murphy, 22, died fortnight ago from a ruptured brain blood vessel. Eleven days prior he had been buffeted into unconsciousness.

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He was hospitalized for concussion of the brain, released prematurely.

Injured last week was Jerry Dalrymple, crack right end and captain of the brilliant Tulane (New Orleans) team. Two days after the Washington State game, he discovered he had a contusion of the kidney.

New Haven Hospital contained Yale's Captain Albert J. ("Albie") Booth Jr. for a week. He had taken cold after the Harvard game which his dropkick won for Yale (TIME, Nov. 30). The cold changed to bronchitis, the bronchitis to "pleurisy with effusions." All pleurisies are grave matters. They very often indicate a latent or incipient tuberculosis. Footballer Booth at the end of last week was taken to Gaylord Farm Sanatorium, a tuberculosis rest cure operated at Wallingford, Conn. by Dr. David Russell Lyman, lung specialist.

There Footballer Booth was swathed under warm blankets, exposed to cold, clean, healing air. He must remain completely idle for at least four months—no work, no study, no excitement, very few visitors. He was to captain Yale's basketball team this winter, to play on the varsity baseball team next spring. He was scheduled for graduation next June, must now wait until at least February 1933. In June he and Marion Noble were to marry. The marriage will in all probability be postponed. Miss Noble and his mother visited him at the sanatorium last week end. His greeting: "Gosh, it's quiet here."

Yale also was quiet, with a self-defensive silence. For editorials and letters, clubs and individuals, dockhands and doctors were denouncing an athletic system which debilitated any young man to a condition where disease could so rapidly invade him. "Murder!" cried Columbia University's *Spectator*, which rampaged against football professionalism last month.

"Albie" Booth, 25, stands 5 ft. 6 in.; weighs 145 lb. For ten years he has played strenuous academic sports. At Yale for four years his labors began with mid-September football practice. As soon as the football seasons ended, and with only a few days respite, he went in for basketball. Baseball began when basketball ended. While baseball practice proceeded, spring football practice began. Meanwhile he was attending classes, studying and socializing. No one restrained him, and he developed what Sports Writer Robert Harron of the New York *Evening Post* called "varsatility."

Remedies for "varsatility" were pounded last week. One widely acclaimed, was to forbid a school athlete participating in three sports consecutively during the year. "Jumping from one sport to another throughout the year is undoubtedly too much for anyone," admitted John M. Cates, Yale's director of athletics.

Dr. Beverly Randolph Tucker, Richmond, Va. neurologist, advised President Hoover to appoint a National Commission which would prevent sports becoming too rough for human anatomy to withstand.

Dr. Henry Ottridge Reik, executive secretary of the Medical Society of New Jersey, urged New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania doctors, who were meeting at Atlantic City last week, to campaign for the complete abolition of college and high school football.



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AERONAUTICS

Astronautics

Up over tiny, bleak Wangeroo, easternmost of Germany's crumbling chain of East Frisian Islands in the North Sea, one day last week shot a five-foot model rocket plane. Up it went with a fearful roar, faster & faster, higher & higher until its noise was inaudible; higher still until the projectile was invisible; up, up, four, five, six miles—higher than any model had ever flown. Long minutes later it drifted into sight again, gliding this way & that on wings which had sprouted automatically at the peak of its ascent. Five miles from where it had been shot off, the model slid gently to rest.

A smile of satisfaction spread over the wide face of a German who watched. He was Reinhold Tiling, 35, War flyer, one of Germany's most promising rocketeers. Besides making an altitude record this test convinced him that, even using powder instead of liquid explosive, he could make his model take off without a destructive jerk, gain speed gradually. How he achieved that important result, Herr Tiling did not divulge.

The descent-mechanism of Herr Tiling's craft is not entirely new. Last April at Osnabrück, where he directs a flying school, Herr Tiling shot both "passenger" and "mail" model rockets to 6,000 ft. The passenger type descended on wings which unfolded as soon as the craft headed downward, as in last week's test. Supposition: A pilot would maneuver it like any glider, to considerable distance if he chose. The mail type descended vertically, supported by three revolving winglets like the vanes of an Autogyro. A pilotless rocket with mail cargo might be set off with just the amount of explosive to carry it over a specified point, where the wings would ease it down.

Herr Tiling, one of the few important rocketeers who still use powder for propulsion,* is aware that before contemplating long distance flights he must apply a system of liquid explosive, for reasons of weight and control. Liquid fuels can be stored in less space, can be fed more accurately, pumped into the combustion chamber under pressure. Many experiments in liquid fuels have been undertaken, notably by Germany's Dr. Paul Heylandt and his colleague Max Valier, who was killed last year when the fuel container of a rocket-car exploded; and by Professor Hermann Oberth and lately by Fritz von Opel. Commonest liquid fuel is a mixture of liquid oxygen & gasoline. Other combinations are liquid oxygen & alcohol, liquid hydrogen & liquid oxygen. Dr. Robert Hutchings Goddard of Worcester, Mass., foremost U. S. rocketeer, works with liquid oxygen and an unnamed hydrocarbon.

While Germany is far in the lead in rocketeering experiment (her German Interplanetary Society has 1,000 members, including many leading scientists), France points with pride to Robert Esnault-Pelterie. A student of space-travel for 25 years, he recently established with his friend André Hirsch the

*Fritz von Opel worked with powder, but has lately been inactive.

Rep-Hirsch Fund which awards 10,000 francs annually to the author of the most original contribution to "astronautics." Russia has her Professor Nikolas Rynin. In the U. S. the only important practicing rocketeers are Dr. Darwin O. Lyon and Professor Goddard. Professor Goddard is now working on experiments at Roswell, N. Mex. under patronage of the Smithsonian Institution and a Guggenheim fund. His *magnum opus* is a proposed turbine rocket ship by which the exploding gases will drive propellers while the ship is in



Keystone

REINHOLD TILING

He smiled at a roar.

lower atmospheres, change to direct rocket action in the upper strata where propellers lose efficiency."

Also in the U. S. are a large number of students of space-flight who have formed the American Interplanetary Society. At their meetings they discuss current experiments, also proposed flights to the moon, to Mars, to Saturn, and regular passenger service across the Atlantic at 30 mi. altitudes in three hours, two hours, even a half hour. Most working rocketeers (unlike the super-enthusiastic Esnault-Pelterie who foresees a trip to the moon in 20 years) are wary about making predictions.

Among astronautical problems: fuel perfection; discovery of an alloy light enough for flight yet strong enough to withstand the tremendous outward pressure above the atmosphere; discovery of alloys which will hold their strength at the terrific heat of explosion and the terrific cold of liquid gases; pumping fuel for combustion; steering & braking; stability; protection of ship and occupants against stratospheric conditions.

Speed

Speed flyers flashing along the Pacific Coast, the Atlantic Coast, and over a measured course at Detroit, made news last week.

*At Dessau, Germany, the Junkers factory is completing its first "stratosphere" plane, a low-wing monoplane of 40 ft. wingspread with a sealed cabin and a special air compressor to permit the engine to operate at altitudes greater than 7 mi. Claimed speed: 1,000 m. p. h.



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Hawks v. Wedell. Within a few hours of each other, Capt. Frank Monroe Hawks shot southward from Vancouver, B. C. and Pilot James Wedell rocketed northward from the airport at Agua Caliente, Mexico. Each was intent on breaking the border-to-border record of 7 hr. 43 min. set last June by Broker-Crusader James Goodwin Hall. Wedell even intended to turn about at Vancouver and chase after Hawks back to Mexico. He paused for fuel at Reno, zipped over Vancouver Airport in less than 6 hr., flew 100 mi. farther before he realized he had passed his goal. Turning back, he landed with a new record of 6 hr. 42 min. Awaiting Pilot Wedell was a note from Hawks: "Best of luck, Jimmy. See you in Mexico tonight." But Wedell had enough for one day. Meanwhile Pilot Hawks had flown only as far as Granada, Calif., near the Oregon border, where he landed in a field, nearly unconscious from carbon monoxide fumes.

Reichers v. Hawks. In Publisher Barnard Macfadden's low-wing Lockheed *Golden Eagle*, Pilot Lou Reichers roared from Newark, N. J. to Havana in 6 hr. 41 min., beating Capt. Hawk's record of last July by 22 min.

Bayles v. the Clock. Official timing cameras of the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale clicked at Wayne County Airport, Mich. while Pilot Lowell Bayles flew his fat little Gee-Bee racer four times around official pylons 1.8 mi. apart. When Pilot Bayles landed his average speed had apparently smashed the world's landplane record of 278.4 m. p. h., held by France. On one lap he was checked at 295.86. Final calculations, however, gave him an average of only 281.9, less than the 4.97 margin allowed him to receive official credit. Moreover, no record would have been allowed because the timing camera failed to show his plane passing the pylon at the end of the final lap. Few days later he tried again, crashed to death at 300 m. p. h.

End of the R-100

Sledgehammers clanged the knell of Britain's airship program in the great air dock at Cardington last week. The hammers, swung by workmen of Elton, Levy & Co. Ltd., buyers of scrapmetal, fell against the frames of the airship *R-100* which flew from England to Canada and back last year, and has been in her shed ever since. Following the catastrophic crash of the *R-101*, the *R-100* fell victim to an economy program. After all the metal has been flattened by steamrollers, some of it will be made into souvenirs for sale. British lighter-than-aircraft enthusiasts mourned the *R-101*'s end, which, they felt, would also sound the knell of the government-operated Cardington dirigible plant and throw many a skilled technician out of work. The U. S. Navy has offered to take over a portion of British airship personnel, keep it in training.

Crasher

In Paris Pilot Albert Sauvaut offered to demonstrate his double-walled "safety plane" by crashing with it from 3,000 ft. He said he had dropped six eggs and a sheep safely from 500 ft. in a model of the ship.

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RELIGION

Quauhtlatohua's Tilma

Colorful and jolly as are most Roman Catholic festivals in Latin countries, they might have seemed sedate beside one which began last week at the Basilica of Guadalupe near Mexico City. There were noise, dancing, eating & drinking. From all parts of Mexico and Latin America had come 50,000 pilgrims. Ultimately, 100,000 were expected. Indians, *mestizos*, pure-blooded aristocrats—every class except government (anti-religious) officials—were present to do honor to *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*, patron saint of Mexico. With smashing crescendo of clanging bells, electric illuminations, masses, there will be celebrated this week the Feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe. There is an especially composed Guadalupe Hymn. Next year has been officially designated Guadalupe Year. In the archdiocese of Guadalajara, all female infants baptized in 1931 have been named Guadalupe, all boys José Guadalupe. This, by the archbishop's decree, has caused considerable confusion but much pious feeling.

On Dec. 9, 1531, a lowly Indian named Quauhtlatohua left his home in Cuauhtitlan to go to mass in Tlalotelco. His name had been changed at baptism to Juan Diego. As he passed by the barren, rugged hill of Tepeyac, site of old Aztec shrines which the Spaniards had overthrown, there appeared to him, amid rainbow colors and heavenly music, a beautiful woman. It was the Virgin Mary! She addressed Juan Diego as *hijo mio* (my son), told him to go at once to the bishop and say that she wished a church built on the hill. Juan Diego went, but the Bishop did not believe him. Three days later the Virgin appeared again to Juan, told him to ascend the hill, where only cactus grew. There he found fragrant roses blooming, plucked them, took them in his *tilma* (rough blanket) to the bishop. When the *tilma* was unfolded, imprinted on it was a miraculous image of the Virgin. A chapel was speedily built on the hill; the image became an object of veneration, was named Guadalupe after the famed Spanish shrine. In the 17th Century the validity of the apparition was accorded Papal recognition; in the 18th Century the Virgin Mary was by a Papal Bull declared Mexico's Patroness and Protectress. Religious enthusiasm was unbounded and Dec. 12 was set apart forever as a day for holy *fiestas*.

A baroque Collegiate Church (Basilica), erected to supersede the chapel, was completed in 1709 at a cost of \$3,000,000. This, says skeptical Terry's guidebook, "is no doubt a gross exaggeration." By last week, some \$800,000 had been spent in alterations, and clerics and pilgrims were ready for the opening ceremonies of the 400th anniversary *fiesta*: resecration of the altars, high mass, a view of the *tilma*, its holy image and the bejewelled Sacred Golden Crown of the Virgin, quoted at \$250,000.

Because the Indians regard the Virgin of Guadalupe as their own special patroness (possibly identified also with pre-Christian goddesses), their celebration of Dec. 12 is exceedingly lively. Says Terry:

It's Sun-Time Now at NASSAU BAHAMAS



DEVELOPMENT BOARD, NASSAU Bahamas

No passports needed

Nassau, England's treasure island... the isle that knows no winter... called Isle of June... a climate as rare as the tropic beauty nature has created here... the winter playground of the discriminating... Nassau Bahamas... for travellers and the winter-weary... for those who love swimming in a perfect sea from a perfect coral-tinted beach... for sportsmen who know their golf and tennis, fish, bird and boar... for the meticulous about hotels and cottages, service and cuisine.

Sixty swift hours from New York... overnight from Miami or two hours by plane. For information write to Munson Steamship Lines, 67 Wall Street, New York; Canadian National Steamships, Montreal; Pan American Airways, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York; All Tourist Agencies, or

TWO AIDES TO SUCCESSFUL ENTERTAINERS—



White Rock
The leading mineral water

Mr. —

Would she put up with it?



No woman would submit to men's old-fashioned, time-wasting shaving ways. If women shaved, they'd have demanded a speedier, more satisfactory method years ago...

Frostilla Brushless Shave is new, modern. This velvety, white cream has turned men's shaving habits topsy-turvy! No more brush, no lather, no irritating rub-in. No more smarting, drawn faces. Instead—*ease, speed, comfort*. You spread a thin film of Frostilla Brushless Shave on your wet face, then slide your razor swiftly over your beard. Once over is plenty. Feel your chin—it's smooth at the first razor-stroke! That's a shave—in half the time. Your face is cool, soothed, refreshed—for in this new shaving cream are ingredients never used before, that condition your skin without after-lotions!

Don't let habits or prejudice cheat you of this great shaving treat! It's the far better shave, in less time. The thousands who've tried, will echo that gladly!

TRY IT... "YOU CAN'T LOSE"

1 Use the coupon for FREE tube—a generous trial.

2 If you like it (and you will!); you'll never want your razor again. Send it to us and we'll send you, free, a large-sized tube in exchange.

3 Buy a tube of Frostilla Brushless Shave. Your money back if you don't get the best shave of your life! 25¢. 50¢ all drug stores. Or if inconvenient, by mail from the Frostilla Co.



FROSTILLA BRUSHLESS SHAVE

©F. Co., 1135

This offer expires Dec. 1932

The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N.Y. (Dept. T-12-14)
(In Canada, address: 220 Richmond St., W., Toronto)
I'm honestly minded. Send me, free, a week or more of better shaves in your trial-size tube.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

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

"Foreigners find this unique, but trying. The unhygienic and ignorant Indians overrun the village to such an extent that the problem of preventing pestilence is a serious one. . . . The ch. is usually packed to suffocation: the devotees bring habits and an entomological congress as varied as they are astonishing, all the ch. decorations within reach are kissed to a high polish and thoroughly fumigated later, and all breathe freer when the frenzied shriners have returned to their different homes. . . ."

Last week the Indians were ready to outdo previous frenzies. Many brought ancient costumes, decked with beads, feathers, shells for their traditional dances. Others set up stands and sold native products to visitors. Through the crowds circulated vendors of the real, authentic Basilla cigars, proceeds from the sale of which were to be given by El Aquila Cigaret Co. to the alteration fund of the Basilla. El Aquila had first christened the cigars Cuarto Centenario, but an impious competitor had quickly produced a brand known as Centenario, necessitating change of name and an advertisement denouncing the upstarts as crass mercenaries.

To bless the alterations of the Basilla had come Most Rev. Pascual Diaz, plump, jolly, Indian-blooded Archbishop of Mexico; Archbishop Leopoldo Ruiz y Flores, Apostolic Delegate to Mexico; ten bishops and the entire clergy of Mexico City. Tourists warned by all-wise Guide Terry brought binoculars to gaze at the *tirna* above the high altar. After High Mass there began a solemn procession through the Basilla.* At its head was the Sacred Golden Crown, covered with brilliants, emeralds, rubies and turquoises. Suddenly, just before it was to be hoisted in place above the Virgin's portrait, sharp-eyed Archbishop Diaz saw two brilliants tumble to the altar. Archbishop Diaz stooped, puffed, fumbled, handed the brilliants pontificaly to an attendant, and the *fiesta* went on.

In Goa. Guns boomed, bells pealed, fireworks flared in Goa, Portuguese India last week as 10,000 persons killed through the Bom Jesus Church to kiss the feet of St. Francis Xavier, whose coffin was opened for public veneration for the 13th time since his death in 1552. The corpse was officially reported to be "in good condition." During the next month a million pilgrims are expected to view it. St. Francis Xavier, one of St. Ignatius Loyola's associates in founding the Society of Jesus, is regarded by his church as the greatest missionary since the time of the Apostles. The church in Goa was made a shrine to his memory, but the Society of Jesus secured his right arm in 1614, placed it in the Jesuit mother church, Rome's Gesù.

"Civil law forbids religious ceremonies outside churches. Despite tension between Church and State in Mexico, the Government offered reduced excursion rates to pilgrims, announced it would 'give all facilities and guarantees . . . but will apply strictly the penalties . . . to violate the law of cults.' Only evidence of celebrating the *fiesta* outside of churches was that illuminated triumphal arches were put up on the road to the Basilla, that 5,000 pious Mexico Cityites plan to illuminate the façades of their houses between Dec. 8 & Jan. 8.



Character a blend of dignity and age marks the veteran pine even as a blend of flavory tobaccos creates character that wins you to

Old Briar TOBACCO

● There is something unusual about this fine tobacco that gives it preferred standing with men of critical judgment. They find it pleasing to the taste, of course, mellow and fragrant, but in addition they find in Old Briar a quality of life and sparkle that endows it with a character never met amongst old familiar blends.



15¢
size

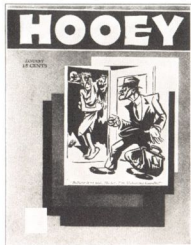
UNITED STATES
TOBACCO COMPANY
RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

P R E S S

Hooley

When a publisher finds himself with that rare phenomenon, an instantly successful new magazine, whatever its type, he must expect a quick upcropping of imitations. The popularity of genteel-mannered *Golden Book* attracted four imitators.* At the other end of the scale of politeness, rough-&-tumble *Ballyhoo* last week had its third imitator; and at the same time its first serious threat of competition.

First to ape *Ballyhoo* was *Hullabaloo*, published by George T. Delacorte Jr.



WHIZ BANG'S BROTHER

... bawdry, scatology, shade,

(who also publishes *Ballyhoo*) in a half-hearted effort to forestall real competition (*TIME*, Nov. 16). Next came a disorderly little magazine called *Tickle-Me-Too*, published by Harold Hersey, who publishes magazines for Bernarr Macfadden, who had engaged in a bitter quarrel with Publisher Delacorte. *Tickle-Me-Too* was so inferior that Publisher Hersey promptly killed it (but in a few weeks he will offer another called *Slapstick*). Last week newsstands were dotted with *Hooley*.

Outwardly *Hooley* resembles *Ballyhoo* so closely, particularly in its cover of red, yellow, blue & black squares and a bold black-&-white drawing, that Publisher Delacorte began to look up the copyright laws. Inspection of *Hooley's* contents revealed touches of bawdry, sexy *doublé-entendus*, shady epigrams, scatological jokes and the like which immediately reminded knowing readers of *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang*, *Jim Jam Jems*, *Smokehouse Monthly*. There, in fact, was a true clue to *Hooley's* publisher, listed in the masthead as Popular Magazines Inc., of Louisville, Ky. Popular Magazines Inc. is controlled by Wilford H. ("Captain Billy") Fawcett and his brother Roscoe (*TIME*, Dec. 29, 1930).

According to Roscoe Fawcett, who put up at the swank Hotel St. Regis last week on one of his periodical visits to Man-

**Good Literature*, *World's Greatest Stories*, *Amulet's* (revised), *Famous Story Magazine* (absorbed by *Golden Book*.)

NOW EVERY MAN CAN SMOKE A PIPE

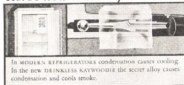


NEW
Drinkless
KAYWOODIE

mellows your smoke...
no other pipe does it

Here's the Christmas gift every man will value and use! Give him the beautiful New Drinkless Kaywoodie, the only pipe every man can smoke. Different from any other pipe, it does to pipe smoking what a modern refrigerator does to food. Cools smoke! No harsh "bite," no hot "sting." Years work in our own laboratory and tests by a great University make it possible. Beware of imitations, all genuine pipes stamped with Clover Leaf and "Drinkless." The gift that every man will enjoy for years. Above, No. 7204 (Suntan Finish), \$3.50. In Dark Finish No. 7604, \$3.50. Thorn Finish \$4.

Here's how it cools your smoke



And for cigarette smokers: New Tobacco Yello holder

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



TWO VERMOUTHS! Nice, gentlemanly Christmas Eve visitors. Italy neck label is a stealthy dry, prowls on palate, softly snaps lock of appetite! Dry neck label is a porch climber dry, cracks taste safe! They often work together. Rich haul of cocktail tangs by Martini & Rossi offered below. (See Rogues Gallery for taboo sweet mixtures and imitation labels)
IMPORTED, non-alcoholic

MARTINI & ROSSI
VERMOUTH



Write Name and
Address in Margin

for recipes "World's 12 Most Famous Cocktails." Send to W. A. Taylor & Co., 12-14 T Vestry St., New York

hattan, the Fawcetts were implored by large independent distributors of magazines to publish a competitor to *Ballyhoo*, which is circulated solely by American News Co. At first they demurred, until they heard that Bernarr Macfadden was about to enter the lists. Then, because it promised to be a free-for-all and not a private Fawcett v. Delacorte feud, the Fawcetts decided upon *Hooley*. First issue of 400,000 copies appeared to be a sellout. The first issue of any such publication might sell well, especially with the earnest aid of big newsdealers. But the publishing world was inclined to think that "if anyone can give *Ballyhoo* a race, the Fawcetts can"—barring intervention by the police.

Some characteristic features of *Hooley*:

1. A burlesque advertisement of "the million dollar can opener," showing a lock-&-key replacing the old style wooden catch for an outhouse door.

2. Cartoon of a fat female, rear view, at a railway ticket window. She: "Can I get my trunks off on this train?" Agent: "I doubt it, lady!"

3. A double page of purported clippings from newspapers with ribald "typographical errors." Only two of the newspapers quoted could be found in N. W. Ayer & Son's directory of U. S. periodicals.

While the Fawcetts frankly admit that *Whiz Bang* was the foundation of their prosperous publishing business, they deplore the fact that they seldom are publicly identified with the respectable magazines of their group, such as *The Amateur Golfer* & *Sportsman*, *Screen Play*, *Modern Mechanics* & *Inventions*. A few months ago they acquired *Screen Book*, disposed of by the Mackinnon-Fly Publications. They cut its price from 25c to 10c, boosted its circulation from 100,000 to 300,000. Next year they will offer *Mechanical Package Magazine*, each copy of which will be delivered in a box containing also the parts of some mechanical gadget to be assembled by the reader according to instructions in the magazine.

With a print order of 1,000,000 copies for the February issue (to appear next week) the publishers of *Ballyhoo* were not inclined to take the threat of *Hooley* seriously. The February *Ballyhoo* will contain its first paid advertisement, written by Editor Norman Hume Anthony. The advertiser, Beech-Nut Products, was said to have paid \$7,500 for the back cover, and \$90,000 for a campaign of posters and car-cards ballyhooing its own *Ballyhoo* advertisement. Advertising rates announced for *Ballyhoo* after Jan. 1: \$10,500 for the back cover, \$5,000 for an inside page.

Newspapers & Newsboys

Familiar in the U. S. saga, glorified by literature of the Horatio Alger school, is the newsboy. The soul of independence, he buys his papers with his own money, sells them by his own energy and wits, pockets the profits for himself or hands them over to his needy family. He often grows into a tycoon who in later years can point with pride to his youthful enterprise.* For the Curtis-Martin newspapers

*Some onetime newsboys: Cyrus Hermann Kotschmar, Curtis, Roy Wilson Howard, Henry Latham Doherty, John Haydock Carroll, Thomas Alva Edison, William Wrigley Jr., Adolph Simon Ochs, Edward William Bok.



The New
and "Different"
CHRISTMAS
GIFT
that solves your
WHAT-TO-GIVE
PROBLEM

Easy-Out
ALL-METAL TWIN ICE TRAYS

All that the Name Implies



In Special
CHRISTMAS
GIFT BOXES

A Practical Gift For These Practical Times

Every electric refrigerator owner on your Christmas list will appreciate Easy-Out convenience. You will be remembered every time they take ice out of their refrigerators.

No more holding the tray and grid under water with the Easy-Out. A quick pressure on the end of each grid enables you to remove it. Then by simply twisting or flexing the grid the ice pops out in the newest shape—Ice Bars. You can remove one or as many Ice Bars as you need without ruining the whole trayful.

Easy-Outs are now on sale at nearly all refrigerator dealers, department and hardware stores. Each special Christmas Package contains a coupon for easy exchange in case the Easy-Out you give is not the correct size. If you do not know the Easy-Out dealer nearest you, write us.

REFRIGERATION ACCESSORIES DEPARTMENT
M'CORD
RADIATOR & MFG. CO. - DETROIT, MICH.



C O R D

FRONT DRIVE
greatest fine
car value

\$2395

L. O. L. Auburn, Indiana

Equipment other than standard at extra cost
Prices Subject to Change without Notice



AUBURN AUTOMOBILE CO., AUBURN, INDIANA

of Philadelphia the tradition of newsboy self-reliance was a saving fact last week. It prompted a State Supreme Court decision permitting the newspapers to deal with newsboys as "independent vendors," to supply them with papers or not, as Curtis-Martin saw fit.

The court decision grew out of a long, bitter circulation fight between the Curtis-Martin *Ledgers* and *Inquirer* and Publisher J. David Stern's *Record* (TIME, May 5, 1930; Aug. 24). The *Evening Ledger* accused the *Record* (morning) of bringing its bulldog edition out before 7:30 a. m., cutting into late sales of the *Ledger*. Curtis-Martin Company refused to supply *Ledgers* and *Inquirers* to any newsboy who handled the *Record*. Backed by the *Record*, the newsboys formed a Newsboys Protective Association, got a court injunction compelling Curtis-Martin to cease its "discrimination."

In a Detroit hayloft one morning last week, "Floyd's Club" met in special, solemn session. The members, all newsboys, heard one of their younger brothers, Longin Jendzyski, 11, tell how he had been beaten up by Joe Przystas, 15, another newsboy but not a Floyd's Clubber. With Longin as their guide, a delegation of three members—Stanley Orienski, 14, Joe Sawicki, 14, and Anthony Mazur, 14—set out for vengeance. They found Joe Przystas at home carrying a scuttle of coal upstairs. Stanley drew a rifle from his trouser leg, fired at the coal scuttle to frighten Joe. The bullet drilled Joe's heart, killed him.

Josey for Sterling

Governor Ross Shaw Sterling of Texas, who reputedly has lost in deflated real estate large wads of the fortune he made from oil, last week lost his newspaper, the *Houston Post-Dispatch*, to an insurance man named J. E. Josey. The surrender of the newspaper, heavily burdened by notes, was not a surprise; but, to many, its acquisition by Mr. Josey was.

Last October Governor Sterling placed his affairs in the hands of a friendly trusteeship headed by his good friend Banker Jesse Holman Jones. The trustees, who loaned Governor Sterling \$800,000, found one of his properties could be sold immediately—the *Post-Dispatch*, only morning paper in the city, which the Governor established in 1924 by merging his newly acquired *Dispatch* with the old, moribund *Post*.

Two bids were received: one from rich lumberman James M. West, who held a claim on some of the newspaper's stock as security for a \$250,000 note to Publisher Sterling, and who had quietly bought up enough more stock to give him control. The other bid came from Mr. Josey, another good friend of Trustee Jones. After some court wrangling, Lumberman West sold his interest to Mr. Josey for \$485,000, after which he went off with Governor Sterling to the latter's ranch to hunt deer.

The Scripps-Howard Press and the *Chronicle* (published by Banker Jones) reported the sale; but not the *Post-Dispatch*.

Many Texans nodded sagely, insisted that Mr. Josey was merely a dummy for Banker Jones who would eventually take over the *Post-Dispatch*. Both men firmly denied it.



Camelot
A GAME BY GEORGE S. PARKER

**The Latest Fashionable Game
for Young and Old**

A new kind of fun—a new pleasure in life! No other game of skill compares with Camelot in activity of movement, in the fascination of its plays, or the thrill of its problems. Camelot may be played for points—furnishing a new form of excitement.

Be sure to play Camelot!

CAMELOT—CASTLE SET

The New \$5 Set with Ivoroid Pieces



The Red and White Ivoroid Pieces are a delight to handle, and double the fun of playing! Until now, they have been obtainable only in \$10 and higher priced sets.

Ask for the new Five Dollar Set with Ivoroid Pieces . . . Price, \$5.00

TOURNAMENT Edition: with Large Squares and Large Eight-sided and Felted Playing Pieces, Cloth bid. \$7.50

POPULAR Edition: Red Bound . . . \$1.50

Other Editions, \$1 to \$50.

AT DEALERS' or by mail

What Experts Say of Camelot

Milton C. Work writes—"In Camelot, Mr. Parker has originated a new and brilliant game of extraordinary fascination. Easily learned, its liveliness of action opens the held for adroitness and strategy of the highest type. Camelot is one of the few really great games."

E. V. Shepard calls Camelot "A masterpiece in games—a new delight!"

**Write for information about the
\$1000 CAMELOT Contest!**

Other Famous PARKER GAMES: Patity, Ping-Pong, Rook, Pit, Touring, Lindy, Halma, Five Wise Birds, Derby-Day, Pastime Picture Puzzles, etc.

"The Standard of Excellence in Games"

PARKER BROTHERS INC.
SALEM, MASS., NEW YORK, LONDON



This new model, \$26.50 (installation a little extra)
Others, for home or office, \$34.50 to \$59.50.

Sun-bathe all winter!

With the wonderful
new General Electric
Sunlamp built for your
bathroom.

Only **\$26⁵⁰**

Bring back the thrill of June sunshine! With its glorious ultra-violet rays so vital to well-being. Let it drench your body...every dark, gloomy day...all winter long...right in your own bathroom.

Built for Your Bathroom

The ultra-violet rays of this wonderful General Electric Sunlamp closely approximate those of midsummersunshine. The fixture, with its new Sunlight Mazda lamp, is installed on ceiling or wall of your bathroom. At a snap of the switch you walk into glorious sunshine. Use it as you bathe...shave...shampoo. Bask under it. You can read by it, too. Eye protection is no more necessary than from outdoor sunshine itself.

Ideal for the Whole Family

It is so safe...so conveniently located...that every day, everyone in the family can bask under its beneficial rays. Little children, particularly, need its kind help. For their sake and yours, see your General Electric dealer, and get this new Sunlamp at once. Send for a copy of "Sunshine and Health," that tells more about the beneficial qualities of ultra-violet.

When wiring or re-wiring your home, specify the G-E wiring system. It provides adequate outlets conveniently controlled, and G-E materials throughout.



GENERAL ELECTRIC SUNLAMP

Merchandise Dept., Section L-911
General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

Please send me free booklet "Sunshine and Health," telling all about the benefits of ultra-violet.

Name.....

Address.....

S P O R T

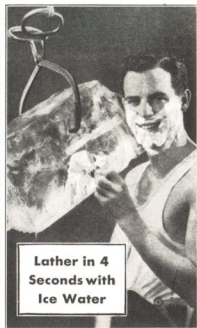
Football

The South has two great teams this year. Tulane, the only major team in the country which has won all its games, last week beat Washington State 28 to 14, later accepted an invitation to go West to play Southern California in the Tournament of Roses, Jan. 1. Tennessee, which since 1926 has won 52 games, lost two, tied three, went North to play N. Y. U. It was a triumphant trip. Smalltown citizens—especially firemen in full uniform—cheered the team at station after station. Liveliest demonstration occurred at Bristol, whose main street is the State line between Virginia and Tennessee. Citizens escorted Tennessee's most famed back, Eugene Tucker ("Wild Bull," "Bristol Blizzard," "Black Knight") McEver across the platform so he could exchange a word with his parents, then carried him back to the train. When the team arrived in Manhattan, two stowaways were found in the baggage car.

In 1929 Gene McEver scored more points than any other back in the U. S. An injury to his right knee the next summer might have ended his football playing; instead, it made him better than ever. After a season on the sidelines, he has learned how to plunge straight through a line instead of shifting through a broken field, how to shake off tacklers instead of dodging them, how to throw forward passes that sometimes travel 60 yd. Stocky, black-haired, grey-eyed, McEver wears a helmet that always falls off. Tennessee footballers remember only once when he took time out—on a rainy day, when his trousers fell off as well as his headguard. Left end Merton Derryberry of Columbus, Tenn. has the highest scholastic average of any Tennessee student for the last three years, has earned his scholarship every year. Younger than many footballers (20) he is likely to follow his brother Everett to Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship next year. Younger than Derryberry is roly-poly Herman Hickman, 230 lb., 19-year-old guard, who "once took out the whole side of an opposing line with one sweep of his arm."

In last week's game, the team coached by N. Y. U.'s Chick Meahan was a little too well-prepared. Expecting long forward passes, they were surprised in the second period when a Tennessee halfback named Beatty Feathers ran 65 yd. for a touchdown. Expecting Gene McEver's line drives, they were surprised a minute or two later when an alternate halfback, Herbert Brackett, behind brilliant blocking, ran 75 yd. for another touchdown. Except for Gene McEver's extra point—by a line plunge—after the first touchdown, there was no other scoring. The Tennessee defense—headed by Herculean Herman Hickman—held N. Y. U. once at two inches, later at five yards, from the Tennessee goal line.

The members of the Southern Methodist band protested a ruling which prevented them from accompanying the team to play St. Mary's in San Francisco. What the bandsmen missed: Southern Methodist's first beating of the year, 7 to 2.



Lather in 4
Seconds with
Ice Water

It's time men got sensible
about

SHAVING CREAM

25¢ is enough to pay

Not many years ago, this company bought first-rate materials, pared production cost to the bone and produced a tooth paste at 25¢. Today it is a leader in the field. Its price was appealing, but merit and results gave it this leadership.

Now we're doing the same thing with Listerine Shaving Cream. We've made it as good as a shaving cream can be made. Like the tooth paste, it is winning men by thousands. Also like the tooth paste its price is 25¢. Anything over that, we think is extravagance.

Here's a satiny cream that will lather in four seconds. In hard water, cold water—even in ice water. That cools and soothes skin and softens the beard so that your shaving is a delight instead of a nuisance.

To produce this shaving lather you use a bit of cream no larger than your little finger nail. The tube seems to last forever.

A quarter isn't much to risk to find out how swift and economical a shave it can be. Get a tube today from your druggist. Lambert

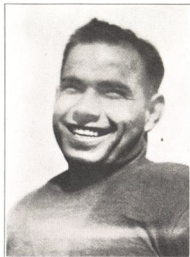
Pharmaceutical Company,
St. Louis, Mo.



25¢

At a round-robin charity tournament in the Yale Bowl, Yale beat Holy Cross 6 to 0, in a 24-minute game. Then, when Brown had beaten Dartmouth 0 to 0 by decision of three judges, Yale beat Brown, 0 to 0, the same way.

After a supposedly weak line had surprisingly stood off Penn's Perina and Keltell for 50 minutes, a long pass (Kirm to



Robin Thompson, Inc.

"WILD BULL," "BRISTOL BLIZZARD"
Firemen turned out along the way.

Tschirgi) gave Navy a touchdown and the game, 6 to 0.

At Southern California there was a furor over the matter of Substitute Centre William Hawkins. A week before the Notre Dame game, Centre Hawkins had been injured. While standing on the sidelines, teammates had jokingly asked him if he were scouting the team for Notre Dame. Assistant Coach Gordon Campbell heard the jokes, took them seriously, suspected Centre Hawkins of disloyalty. Centre Hawkins had had to allow his home to be searched for "papers," had allowed himself to be held in custody by two private detectives in a cottage at Topanga Canyon while the search was made. Finding the suspicions unjustified, Coach Howard Jones apologized to Centre Hawkins in the presence of the Southern California football team. This apology did not satisfy the parents of Centre Hawkins. They brought the matter to public attention by demanding an apology from President Rufus B. von Kleinsmid. President von Kleinsmid said he had turned the whole matter over to Director of Athletics Willis O. Hunter. While the Hawkins case—which might have been one of the more gloomy inventions of a Hollywood hack-writer—raged last week, Southern California's mighty footballers retained enough morale to meet and defeat Washington, 44 to 7.

Football was almost over in the Midwest. Officials of the Big Ten added up gate receipts, found them lower by 10% than last year. Nebraska, Big Six champion, played a charity game, improved by the presence of six bands, against Colo-

rado Aggies and won it, with three touchdowns in the last quarter, 20 to 7.

Who Won

Richard K. Mellon's 11-year-old steeplechaser Glangesia, ridden by Gentleman Jockey J. E. Ryan: a gold cup, provided by ex-King Alfonso of Spain, \$6,620, and the plaudits of 15,000 socialites and others, for finishing first in the second running of the Grasslands International Steeplechase, at Grasslands Downs, Tenn. Second by 15 lengths was Mrs. T. H. Somerville's Troublemaker.

Alfred Letourner and Marcel Guimbretiere, French "Red Devils": the 51st riding of Manhattan's Six-Day Bicycle Race,

at Madison Square Garden. Second, by a lap lost in the last hour, was a team of French unknowns, Georges Coupry & Michel Pecqueur.

Willard S. Karn, natty Manhattan oil-heater salesman and fat Philip Hal Sims of Deal, N. J.: the contract pair champions of the National Bridge tournament; at Philadelphia. Salesman Karn, who also holds (with Mr. Sims, Oswald Jacoby, and David Burnstine of Manhattan's Knickerbocker Whist Club) the Vanderbilt Cup for teams of four and the National "Masters" championship, is the only man in the history of bridge tournaments to have all three major titles at the same time.

Stop SUFFERING!

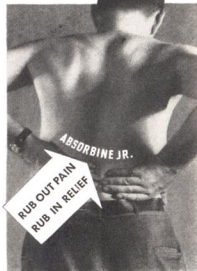
Don't risk your job with aching muscles!

WHEN damp days start up muscular aches that threaten to lay you up, can you afford to miss several days from work by staying home to nurse away the pain?

Many people can't; and in most cases it's entirely unnecessary. For all those ailing muscles need is the *double-acting relief* that this treatment can give. Simply douse on Absorbine Jr., and as you massage it in, you can actually feel a flow of fresh, warm blood—easing into the congested muscles—easing out the impurities—easing out the pain.

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MUSIC

Montemezzi's Zoraima

When Composer Italo Montemezzi wrote *L'Amore dei Tre Re*, Poet Sem Benelli provided him with a libretto which cried for music of exquisite passion and tenderness. The fact that parts of it recall the music of *Tristan & Isolde* never seemed important. Montemezzi's score has surge and spontaneity of its own, enough to arouse high hopes for his one-act *La Notte di Zoraima* (The Night of Zoraima), given its U. S. premiere last week at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera House.

In every way *Zoraima* disappointed. The setting among the Incas of 16th Century Peru was new for opera but the story was just another version of the one where the soprano saves the tenor by promising herself to the baritone, then cheats by committing suicide and boasting about it beforehand. The soprano in this case was Rosa Ponselle who sang superbly but looked funny in a Pocahontas get-up luring the Spanish tyrant (Baritone Mario Basiola). The tenor was Brooklyn-born Frederick Jagel who increased his stature but not his dignity by wearing an enormous headpiece ludicrously like the Mad Hatter's.

No one had music of any deep emotional content. Choruses had momentum but little real vitality. The love music was pallid and uninteresting compared with *L'Amore*, where Fiora forgets even the stalking blind king who she knows is coming to kill her. In a box last week sat Mary Garden, greatest of Fioras, with Signora Montemezzi, whose husband would appear more & more to be a one-opera composer.

Million-Dollar Offer

Everyone knows now that great Richard Wagner was a selfish, mercenary person who used everyone, lived on the bounty of Otto Wesendonck while philandering with his wife, borrowed money right & left always with the air of conferring a favor. Wagner made Germany pay heavily for the honor of fatherland himself and his operas. No other composer has ever lived to see a theatre existing solely for the production of his own works. But not until last week did it become known that Wagner had offered himself to the U. S. for a million dollars.

Wagner stated his terms in a letter to his American dentist, Dr. Newell S. Jenkins, who practiced for a time in Dresden: "It seems to me as if, in my hopes regarding Germany and her future, my patience would very soon be exhausted, and that I might then repent not having long ago confided the seeds of the ideas embodied in my art creations to a more fruitful and promising soil. An association would have to be formed which would offer me, upon conditions of my permanent settlement there and as an indemnity once for all for my exertions, a sum of one million dollars, of which one-half would be placed at my disposal upon taking up my residence in some State of the Union with favorable climate, the other half being invested as capital in a government bank at 5%." Dr.

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Port of GALVESTON

Jenkins was to sound out U. S. opinion but his non-committal reply proved him wise on subjects other than bridgework. The correspondence was published last week. Dentist Jenkins' son, Leonard A. Jenkins of New Haven, let Writer Julian Seaman have it for the *New York Times*.

Aerophor

In Cincinnati's radio station WLW there works a smallish, bespectacled man of 55 who plays the great tuba without ever huffing, puffing or straining himself red for breath. He is James Austin Houston, only U. S. tubaman who, despite mediocre diaphragm development, can perfectly sustain a note for 20 measures, make tuba



International

WLW's TUBAMAN HOUSTON

Woodwinds need no longer lead to madness.

music which could be represented graphically by a long, unbroken line instead of by telegraphic dots and dashes. Last week Tubaman Houston's secret became known: He uses a German wind-saving contrivance called an "aerophor" which cost him \$40.

Tubaman Houston lets his right foot do some of the work that ordinarily requires mighty chest expansion, highly developed breath control. His foot, instead of idly marking time, operates a bellows which shoots auxiliary air up through a tube into his mouth. That the air may reach the mouth at lung temperature and humidity, the tube passes through a small tank of water heated by an electric light bulb. Mr. Houston admits that the aerophor presents its difficulties. It takes a big mouth to hold the forked tube on either side of the big tuba mouthpiece, a special facial-muscle technique to switch from lung to bellows air without interrupting the tone or affecting its quality. But hitherto players on the big horn have had to have the heart and lungs of athletes. Oboists and bassoonists need outside help even more because of their tiny, double-reed mouthpieces. The legend that all woodwind players eventually go mad is based on the fact that they must take in vast quantities of air, then let it out like a thread, very slowly and evenly.

The \$40,000 MYSTERY of the Half-Open Hotel

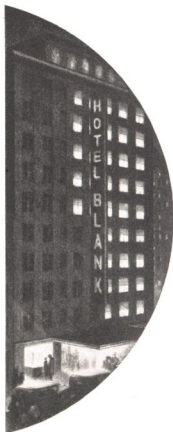
"GIVE me a room away from the street noise," said the tired traveler, eager for bath and dinner.

"Sorry, sir," the room clerk replied apologetically, "but we're all filled up . . . you see, part of the hotel is closed during remodeling."

Just how many times the above scene was repeated during the long weeks the hotel was half-closed for repairs is hard to say. The management estimates that its rental loss, plus the cost of tearing out and replacing the pipes that caused the trouble, totalled approximately \$40,000! All because a substitute for Brass pipe was installed to "save" \$3,500 when the hotel was built.

\$40,000 was the cost of this "economy". It may seem incredible. But this true story is taken from a bulging file of actual cases in which Copper, Brass and Bronze have been called upon to remedy the damage caused by substitutes. If you could study just a few of these cases, you would be deaf forever to the urge to save by the use of short-lived materials.

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

Cigarets, Cigars

Last week P. (for Pierre) Lorillard Co. moved into a class by itself as the only major industrial concern in the U. S. to resume dividends in 1931. Lorillard shares had not paid since 1926. From 1925 through 1929 when most companies increased earnings, Lorillard showed a steady decline to a low of 29¢ per share, but last year they jumped to \$1.48. The dividend resumption was partly made possible by the calling, last fortnight, of \$13,758,000 Lorillard 5½% bonds (TIME, Dec. 7).

Nobody was more pleased than Benjamin Lloyd Belt, oldtime, Virginia-born tobaccoman. In the business 40-odd years, he has been with Lorillard since it became independent in 1911, a result of American

Auction Riot. Lexington, Ky. is the scene each year of the biggest tobacco auctions in the U. S. But last week tobaccomen watched the smaller towns of Owensboro and Henderson instead. At Owensboro some 3,000 farmers collected around the main warehouse or "floor" for the year's first auction. A big, one-story frame building, covered with sheet metal, the "floor" is a store room where buyers can see the actual lots of tobacco they buy, while each seller plainly hears what his neighbor gets for his crop. Most tobacco growers are tenant farmers. Their whole living for the next year is the cash they get at the auctions. Quiet and soft-spoken, the farmers at Owensboro listened to the auctioneer's jargon as last week's sale began. "The farmers understood this queer, rapid language perfectly; the quiet was short-lived. Tobacco began to sell at an average of \$4.61 a hundred pounds against last year's \$8.47.

Discontented murmurs rose to muttered threats, curses. Prominent beside the auctioneers stood W. G. Crabtree, 50, vice president and general manager of Owensboro Loose Leaf Tobacco Co., operator of six of the seven "floors" in the town. Farmers rejected bids right & left, began to mill about excitedly shouting, "You can't take our tobacco that way!" In the confusion someone began throwing apples at six-foot Mr. Crabtree, who dodged handily. But the auction, now a riot, was called off. Only 78,000 lb. of dark leaf tobacco, mostly for export to Europe for making cheap cigars, have been sold.

Afterward the farmers held a mass meeting in Owensboro's public square, passing some resolutions. Most important were: 1) no crop to be planted next year; 2) a committee to go to Washington to confer with the Federal Farm Board on a tobacco pool. The farmers expected aid from the Board since its stated purpose has always been "to further co-operative marketing." Besides this, the Board's much-criticized chairman, James Clifton Stone, once organized southern tobacco growers into the Burley Tobacco Growers' Co-operative Assn., saw it become inactive, would know from experience what the Kentuckians were up against. After the demonstration in Owensboro, auctions were broken up in Henderson, Russellville, Franklin. Other imminent auctions were postponed.

Red Readers. The late great Samuel Gompers started life as a cigarmaker's "reader." Cigarmakers long ago found they could work better if their minds were occupied by having one of their number read aloud to them, the workers making up by pro rata contributions the cigars the reader would have made. Sam Gompers used to read from Dickens, Thackeray, John Stuart Mill, and for a time from Karl Marx, though he got over that after he founded the A. F. of L.

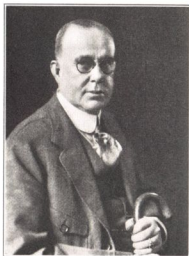
Last week 8,000 cigarmakers struck in Tampa, Fla. Their "readers" had been dismissed. Plant managers had caught

*Very rapidly: "Thirty-two dollars bid; 32 dollars bid; 32, doo, doo, doo, diddy, doo dollars bid; . . . Thirty-eight dollars bid; thirty-eight dollars bid; 38, nate, nate, nate dollars bid. . . . All done—sole to. . . ."

them slipping bits of Communist literature into their offerings. The workers struck in protest, claimed that only they could dismiss the readers since they paid them. The strike got serious when the workers went back, found the factories locked as the operators had warned they would be. Now deadlocked, the cigar industry is Tampa's biggest. Normal daily output is more than 1,000,000 cigars, the monthly payroll above \$1,000,000.

Personnel

Last week the following were news: Paul Mellon, 24, son of Andrew William Mellon, last week went to work for Mellon National Bank, Pittsburgh. He arrived early, met many people, sat at other people's desks to be photographed, went home at 4 p. m. with his father. Only son of the Secretary of the Treasury, Paul Mellon wrote poems and stories for the undergraduate publications of Choate



Underwood & Underwood

BENJAMIN LLOYD BELT

For him, horses and Old Golds.

Tobacco Co.'s dissolution as a trust. In 1925 Lorillard got a thorough shaking up and Belt for president. When he took hold he found the company had everything except a popular cheap cigar. Beech-Nut, Lorillard's first venture into the blended field, had failed. American Tobacco Co. had its *Lucky Strike*, Liggett & Myers its *Chesterfield*, R. J. Reynolds its *Camel*. Fat and quick-tempered, Ben Belt is still an excellent horseman, a better salesman. He decided Lorillard should have its *Old Gold*, in fact must have it if it would stay in the race. The name *Old Gold* then belonged to a Lorillard brand of smoking tobacco whose sales were almost nil. The name appealed to Belt and the cigar became his chief care and enthusiasm, still is except for his horses. But cigars are not made popular in a day. Lorillard earnings shrank almost to nothing during the promotion years. It took many months and millions of dollars to make *Old Golds* successful enough to pay dividends on the common stock.

Two other bits of tobacco news last week threw sidelights on the industry.



International

THE MELLONS

Son Paul turned from "old stuff" to banking.

School (1925) and Yale (1929). For the past two years he quietly attended Clare College, reading, writing and rowing, receiving last June a degree while his father was given an honorary one. Although Son Mellon spent one summer working for Mellbank Corp., holding company for banks around Pittsburgh, he has frequently stated that he planned to have a literary career, to be a writer or a publisher. Surrounded by the Press during his first day at work last week, he said: "I'm going to work. . . . I'm going to learn the banking business. . . . I haven't got a job yet. Nobody has been told how to get me started or to take charge of teaching me things. I haven't the slightest idea what I'm to do." Asked about his literary ambitions, he replied: "That's all old stuff and it's all been explained."

Fred A. Povodrell resigned as vice president and treasurer of Montgomery Ward & Co. to devote all his time to McLellan Stores Co. of which he is executive committee chairman. This change follows the election of Sewell Lee Avery to the company's board chairmanship. When Mr.

Audit the Past and Budget the Future

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DETROIT	NEW ORLEANS	WHEELING
ERIC	NEW YORK	WINSTON-SALEM
FORT WAYNE	OMAHA	YOUNGSTOWN
	PHILADELPHIA	

Powdrell assumed his position in Montgomery Ward last year it was thought that he had been selected by J. P. Morgan & Co.

Paul Spencer Clapp resigned as managing director of National Electric Light Association to become vice president of Columbia Gas & Electric. Prior to accepting his N. E. L. A. position in 1926 Mr. Clapp was special assistant to Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover.

Charles Simonton McCain, board chairman of Chase National Bank, was elected president of American Acceptance Council. His position as chairman of the Council's executive committee was filled by Allan M. Pope, executive vice president of First National-Old Colony Corp.

James M. Eaton resigned as general manager of Pan American Airways, succeeded Nicholas ("Nikko") Saltus Ludington as president of Ludington Airline, Inc. Ludington lines, flying an hourly service between New York, Philadelphia and Washington, recently had its first fatal accident after 13 months of operation (TIME, Nov. 16).

More Gibsonizing

On the first business day of 1931, Harvey Dow Gibson, then chairman of the executive committee of New York Trust Co., and a group of wealthy friends bought control of Manufacturers Trust Co. from Goldman Sachs Trading Corp. They paid \$7,300,000. The deal brought an end to much gloomy talk about Manufacturers Trust after its proposed merger with Bank of United States had fallen through (TIME, Jan. 12). When J. P. Morgan one afternoon walked out of his little grey banking house at No. 23 Wall Street and dropped in to see Mr. Gibson in his new office at No. 55 Broad Street, Wall Street felt this unusual act was a confirmation of the impression that Mr. Gibson had the support of the nation's strongest banking powers.

Under Mr. Gibson, who promptly succeeded Nathan S. Jonas as chairman of Manufacturers, the bank undertook the liquidation of many closed "neighborhood banks" and thereby added to its goodwill and number of depositors (TIME, Sept. 21). From Jan. 3 to Nov. 25 its deposits rose 37%—\$186,000,000 to \$253,000,000.

While Manufacturers was waiting fat under its new regime, another prominent Manhattan bank was growing lean. Last Jan. 3 the deposits of Chatham Phenix National Bank were \$17,000,000 greater than those of Manufacturers; on Nov. 25 they were \$9,400,000 less. The loss had been 31% and accompanying it were many rumors, of which caused the bank to order the arrest of a customer's man (TIME, Sept. 7). The case was not pressed, but loose talk continued. Widely expected was a merger involving Chatham Phenix and another large bank, two or three being mentioned.

Last fortnight Banker Gibson returned from a Thanksgiving Day spent in the country and began to figure and plan. Last week his directorate and the Chatham Phenix directorate had a session, voted unanimously to merge the two banks. The deal, to be completed in February in all likelihood, will consist of an exchange of

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AMERICAN
WAREHOUSEMEN'S
ASSOCIATION

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stock. The Gibsonized banks will have total resources of about \$550,000,000, deposits in excess of \$400,000,000, creating the seventh biggest Manhattan bank.* No name had been chosen last week but it was announced that Banker Gibson will be chairman of the board and president. Louis Graveraet Kaufman, president of Chatham, was to be made chairman of the executive committee. General Samuel McRoberts, Chatham chairman, will resign from active banking, remain a director.

Wabash Blues

Of the Wabash Railway it has been said that "it begins nowhere and ends nowhere." That is not very complimentary to Buffalo and Omaha, its terminals, or to the mining districts of northern Michigan, which it reaches from Toledo with its Ann Arbor Railway (99% owned). But "somewhere" to a railroad is either a great seaport or the gateway of a populous, raw-producing hinterland. The Wabash developed a system 2,500 mi. long, with 4,500 mi. of track, 701 locomotives, 26,000 freight and 411 passenger cars. Last week this whole property, \$358,000,000 in assets, passed out of stockholders' hands into receivership. The railroad industry saw its first major bankruptcy since Depression. It looked on glumly as the stockmarket absorbed the news like a draft of poison.

Wabash 5½% bonds of 1975 broke 19 points, the 5s of 1939 17 points. Average price of 20 listed rail bonds made a new bear market low at 72.7 against 102.2 a year ago. The receivership surprised rail investors more than it should have. Bankers & brokers had known for months that Wabash must have help or failure was inevitable. The public, shocked at the news, had supposed aid would come from one of three sources: the Government, the road's bankers (Kuhn, Loeb & Co.) or Pennsylvania Railroad Co., largest stockholder. The Wabash management tried all three sources before they gave up. The Government has a revolving fund supposedly to aid ailing roads but no adequate machinery has ever been devised to arrange the loans.† Kuhn, Loeb shied off. Last resort, the Pennsylvania, decided it had invested enough in a venture which now stands it a loss of \$60,000,000. Pennsylvania's interest in Wabash began in 1927 when it anticipated that the Interstate Commerce Commission would allocate the Wabash to it under the Eastern railroads' four-party consolidation plan. Pennsylvania's wholly-owned subsidiary, Pennsylvania Co., was busy for the next two years buying up Wabash securities. By 1929 48.9% of all Wabash stock outstanding had been acquired. Pennsylvania Co. paid \$63,041,000 for \$67,530,000 par value of preferred and common stocks purchased. On the day of the receivership this investment had a market value of \$2,744,000.

In 1930 the I. C. C., still pushing its own consolidation plan, ordered Pennsylvania to get rid of its Wabash stock.

*According to latest New York Clearing House figures on deposits.

†During government control of the railroads (1917-20) War Finance Corp. had power to aid the carriers financially. Recently there has been talk of similar aid. Last week major roads were reported sounding out Congress on a \$500,000,000 relief fund.

A Practical Gift for Her



... he bought from Income and kept his Savings !

HE gave her an electric refrigerator for Christmas—a practical gift. And he bought it on Commercial Credit terms—a practical way to buy!

He visioned the trash can after Christmas. Its contents of tinsel and knick-knacks represented precious dollars expended for a brief period of happiness. Right then he made up his mind that this year he would salvage those dollars; put them into something worth while—make them give lasting joy throughout the years to come.

He thought of an electric refrigerator—a practical gift. He talked to the refrigeration dealer who explained Commercial Credit's purchase plan—a practical way to buy. The down payment could be covered with the dollars, many of which in past years had gone so promptly to the trash can. The balance could be paid off in convenient monthly fractions.

She was pleased, of course, with her gift. She was doubly pleased when he told her that he had bought it from income, keeping their savings intact.

COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY

COMMERCIAL BANKERS

CASH CAPITAL AND SURPLUS OVER \$50,000,000

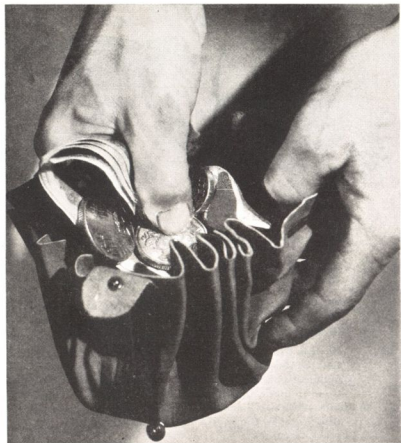
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Oregon wheat values jump from 17 to 25 million dollars in 30 days



OCTOBER 5, 1931, Oregon May wheat drops to 51%. One month later, November 5, it climbs to 76½, and Oregon farmers are eight million dollars richer thereby.

Bumper Oregon nut crop

Meanwhile 5 million pounds of walnuts (a bumper crop of this infant Oregon industry) are reported oversold. Despite

slightly lower prices, income from 1931 nuts will be the largest in history, totaling over a million dollars for Oregon farmers.

And now, the newspaper that taps this buying power.....*The JOURNAL*. It is the largest daily of the Pacific Northwest with the largest, most intensified coverage of the compact Portland market, plus the largest circulation in Oregon.

The **JOURNAL**
AFTERNOON
SUNDAY
PORTLAND • OREGON

I. C. C.'s plan was to consolidate Wabash and Seaboard Air Line (put in receivership December 1930) into a fifth eastern trunk line to be known as System No. 7. This scheme has pretty well collapsed but the I. C. C. order has not been withdrawn.

Immediate cause of the receivership was a petition of T. J. Moss Tie Co. which said that the road was "completely insolvent," could not pay a tie bill of \$49,651.95. There was no question of mismanagement in the petition. Federal Judge Charles B. Davis heard the petition in St. Louis, appointed as receivers Walter S. Franklin of St. Louis, Wabash's newly-elected president,* and Assistant General Counsel Frank Nicodemus Jr. of New York.

Embarrassing as it is, a railroad receivership does not affect the routine of the company in striking fashion, especially where there is no question of bad management. Employees go to work as usual, trains run on schedule, salaries and wages are paid promptly. But all of this will be done in the name of Receivers Franklin and Nicodemus, not in the name of Wabash Railway Co. Instead of "President," Mr. Franklin's office door will be labeled "Receiver." Many rubber stamps, much red ink, scores of reprinted forms will be required for the new régime, but routine will not change much. Chief sufferers under the receivership are the bond holders. If they did not hear the news last week they will when they send in their next coupons and get them back instead of checks for interest.

A clue to the big bond holders' identity came when the protective committee was announced a few days after the receivership. Chairman of the committee is John W. Stedman, vice president of Prudential Insurance Co. Other members: George W. Bovenizer of Kuhn, Loeb & Co.; James H. Brewster Jr., vice president and treasurer of Aetna Life Insurance Co.; Treasurer Henry W. George of Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

Fulcrum of the I. C. C.'s five-party plan, Wabash has had a strenuous career in its 94 years of operation. In 1877 it was reorganized after its original 1½-mi. line from Mercedosa to Morgan, Ill. had grown to 67½ miles. Twelve years later it was again reorganized but escaped receivership. Twenty-six years of financial peace followed, ended abruptly in 1915. The company went into receivership, was sold under foreclosure for \$18,000,000 cash and assumption of underlying mortgages.

In the seven years that followed 1915 the Wabash was far from the only major railroad in trouble. This period included government operation under William Gibbs McAdoo. In these years the following carriers went into receivership: Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific; Western Pacific; International & Great Northern; Missouri, Kansas & Texas; Missouri Pacific; St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern; Baltimore & Maine; Texas & Pacific; Denver & Rio Grande.

From 1922 to 1929 the rails fared better but besides Wabash the following Lines

*James Edward Tausig, Wabash president since March 1917, resigned suddenly last September, "to attend to personal affairs." His office was then filled by William Henry Williams, chairman since 1915. A month later Mr. Williams died suddenly of heart disease in St. Louis.

I railroads are now bankrupt: Minneapolis & St. Louis, Seaboard Air Line, Florida East Coast.

The railroad world echoed with much other news last week:

An Aristocrat of the carriers, New York Central Railroad Co., found itself in urgent need of cash, applied to I. C. C. for permission to sell \$100,000,000 of 5% bonds to mature in the distant year of 2013 and to be callable 5% above par in 1951. Never in receivership or reorganized in its 100 years of operation, New York Central faced a grave difficulty. Next month matures a large part of its \$51,500,000 short-term loans and bank debts which it cannot meet with cash on hand. The road did not ask for permission to sell bonds now, just asked for them to be authorized so it could pledge them as collateral against loans. Every \$100 of the loans would be secured by \$125 of bonds, an arrangement apparently acceptable to Central's traditional bankers, J. P. Morgan & Co. and First National Bank of New York. It was estimated that the deal would not only take care of maturing loans but provide the road with fresh working capital.

Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, another major carrier, changed its policy last week, omitted dividends due on both classes of preferred stock. It was the first interruption of these dividends since the stocks were issued in 1917. Said Banker Charles Hayden, chairman: "It is the belief of the board that the best dividend that could be paid to preferred stockholders at this time is to keep the company in strong financial position."

New Rates. After long investigation, contests and disputes the new freight rates authorized by I. C. C. last year went into effect at midnight Dec. 2. According to I. C. C. the new rates will increase revenues of eastern roads \$25,000,000, western roads \$12,000,000. The carriers dispute these figures, say it will amount to much less and in any case, much less than they really need.

These rates are not to be confused with the new schedules offered the roads by I. C. C. in October in answer to the carriers' plea for a 15% all-around freight rate increase (TIME, Nov. 2). This plan offered to increase the December rates if all roads would pool their income from the increase for the benefit of weak-sisters. Thinking this too much like a dole, strong roads balked, counter-proposed to loan the money where needed at a fair rate of interest. Last week the I. C. C. agreed to this by a seven-to-four majority, said individual roads could keep the increased revenues for themselves, without contributing to a common pool. Caustic dissenting opinion, written by Commissioner Joseph Eastman, said there was "no occasion for beating such a retreat. It is impossible to prove such a plan as in the public interest."

With I. C. C. approval roads were free to put increased rates into effect one day after revising their tariff schedules.

In Canada and Chicago. Last week the Canadian Board of Conciliation recommended a 10% wage cut for Canada's 27,000 railroad employees. Closely allied with U. S. unions, Canadian labor leaders were bitterly disappointed, declared they

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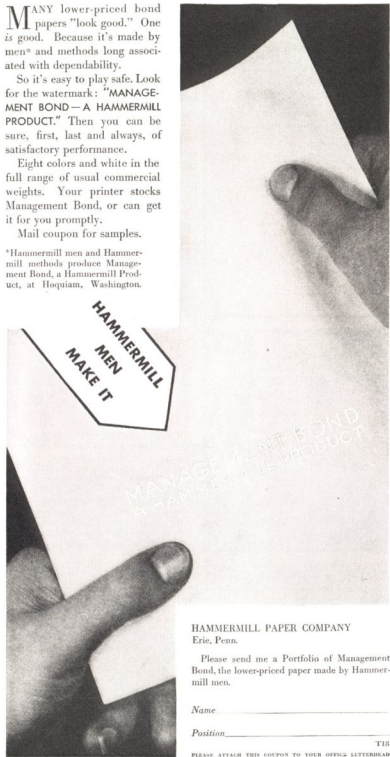
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would submit the matter to arbitration. In Chicago this week the U. S. Railroad Brotherhoods meet to consider the same question of wages. Unmoved so far by pleas of rail executives, their leaders must ponder the Canadian decision, the Wabash failure.

THEATRE

New Plays in Manhattan

After All is the work of John van Druten, whose *Young Woodley*, produced in 1925, was finally allowed to run in London three years after its U. S. presentation. After All is not another *Young Woodley*. It is the sort of play in which a number of worried English folk go about "facing it." In the case of *After All* the situations to be faced are a daughter's going off and living with an architect for two years before he marries her; and her brother's unhappy marriage with a poisonous Bohemian. The parents, particularly the mother, accept their woe with a good deal of self-conscious martyrdom. Spectators, aware that Playwright van Druten has done a faithful job of domestic reporting, leave *After All* with a tendency to remark: "What of it?" Margaret Perry, a pretty girl with eyes that turn up at the corners, easily turns in the best performance and if the actors had something to do or say in the last act the whole affair might have turned out differently. Dwight Deere Wiman, whose cruiser *Moanin' Low* commemorates his (and William A. Brady Jr.'s) highly successful production of the first *Little Show*, is the producer.

Bloody Laughter is strong theatrical brew. It was written by Ernst Toller who has spent a good deal of his time in various German jails since the War for being an incorrigible Red. His *Men and The Masses* was produced by the Theatre Guild in 1924.

Using the stage as a soap box, Playwright Toller now harangues through the character of Egon Hinkmann (Maurice Schwartz). Before he marched off to fight for the Fatherland, Egon was a strapping fellow with a beautiful wife (Helen MacKellar). He returns from the fray an emaciated wreck, "no man at all." To make a living he astonishes side show crowds by biting the heads off guinea pigs. "They want blood!" says his manager. They get it.

Meanwhile things are going badly in the Hinkmann home. Egon constantly hears imaginary laughter ringing in his ears, pitiless, mocking laughter at his infirmity. His best friend seduces, impregnates his wife. She commits suicide. Egon finds himself a piece of rope and walks off the stage to become another victim. Herr Toller would have you believe, of mankind's most savage enemy—War.

Bloody Laughter is frankly intended for theatregoers with strong stomachs. Its characters wrangle, shout, spit in each other's faces. It is loaded to the muzzle with propaganda. Praise is due Actor Schwartz, usually to be seen in Manhattan's Yiddish Art Theatre, for the articulate vitality with which he plays a part that could easily have been just noisy.



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B O O K S *

Inexhaustible Wells

THE WORK, WEALTH AND HAPPINESS OF MANKIND—H. G. Wells—*Doubleday, Doran* (2 vol.: \$7.50).

Francis Bacon took all knowledge to be his province, but though his ambition was large his achievement was a little provincial. Herbert George Wells, in spite of all temptations to remain an English novelist, has gone Bacon one better. Wells's syllabus of knowledge, begun with *The Outline of History*, continued in *The Science of Life*, is now concluded (he says) in *The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind*. Disagreeing with Poet Keats,[†] Wells considers that all you need to know will be found under the heads of history, biology, economics.

Modest, Educator Wells does not regard his one-man encyclopedia as definitive. He says: "As soon as they can be replaced by fuller and more lucid versions of what they have to tell, their usefulness will cease." In 16 chapters, two volumes, 924 pages, he takes a quick, keen look at the economic world-scene, comes to the melioristic conclusion that "this adventure may continue and our race survive." Some of the chapter-headings: The Conquest of Distance; of Hunger; of Climate; How Goods are Bought and Sold; Why People Work; How Work is Paid for and Wealth Accumulated; The Governments of Mankind and Their Economic and Military Warfare. Up-to-date, Mr. Wells has included a section on *The Suspension of the Gold Standard by Great Britain in 1931*.

Nascent Epic?

THE FIVE SEASONS—Phelps Putnam—*Scribrator* (\$2).

Since the days of Michael Wigglesworth (1631-1705) many a poet has aspired to write the American epic. Latest to throw his black Mexican hat into the ring is Phelps Putnam, whose hero, Bill Williams, is wandering through America, which he frankly characterizes as Hell. To Bill's amours and rowdy friends, a small number of readers were first introduced when Poet Putnam's *Trinc* appeared in 1927. In *The Five Seasons*, Bill no longer is a mere collection of verse, but emerges as an American character to whom Episcist Putnam has dedicated his life.

Hero Bill discovers that America is not a young land, but an old woman whom the early settlers violated in her prime:

*Me, a matronly woman, with the Sun my paramour,
Laden and satisfied, with clear streams
cooling my flesh.
I had given suck to races, wonders, and
gods. . . .
The unholy horde came from the northern
lands,*

[†]"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."
—Ode on a Grecian Urn.

*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.

*And the acne slowly destroyed my loveliness,
I grew decrepit and my teeth fell. . . .*

One of Bill's chief difficulties is that women constantly fall in love with him:
*There was one who cherished Bill,
Thinking it was a glory in his head
And not a fault which kept him wandering.*



PHELPS PUTNAM

*"The tiny names of gods will not serve us
now. . . ."*

And another difficulty was that Bill himself cherished many women:

*In Springfield, Massachusetts, I devoured
The mystic, the improbable, the
Rose. . . .
I had my banquet by the beams
Of four electric stars that shone
Weakly into my room.*

But in the fire of such experiences, in his unhappy love for the Daughters of the Sun—

*I understand
That you are sad about a girl.
Good God, forget it, Bill.
Would you pass all your time in slavery
To buttocks and anemia?*

Poet Putnam closes his rugged, colorful work with a Hymn to Chance:

*The tiny names of gods will not serve us
now. . . .
We travel in the belly of the wind;
It is you, Lord, who will make us lame
or swift.*

The Author. Howard Phelps Putnam, 37, Yaleman, was brought up on a farm in Harvard, near Boston. Like his hero Bill, he has wandered. He first became known to literary critics for his "Ballad of a Strange Thing," which appeared in the *American Caravan* in 1927. After the publication of *Trinc* in 1927 Episcist Putnam went West, lived in Santa Fe, be-

came closely associated with New Mexico's connoisseur Senator Bronson Cutting. He now lives in Sandy Springs, Md., is interested in senatorial politics, is engaged in composing some of the major narrative portions of his poem.

Foreign Exchange

THEY WERE STILL DANCING—Evelyn Waugh—*Cape & Smith* (\$2.50).

When precociously successful Author Evelyn Waugh (pronounced Waw) set England snickering with his *Decline and Fall* and *Vile Bodies*, his remarks began to be of interest to literary gossips. When he said he hoped some day to write the perfect travel book, knew just how it should be written; when last year he went to Abyssinia for Ras Tafari's coronation (*TIME*, Nov. 3, 1930), Waugh-minded readers looked forward to a treat. Here it is—perhaps not the perfect travel book, but sufficiently Waughmical, refreshingly out of the ordinary.

Says Author Waugh, the only historical parallel to life in Addis Ababa (Ras Tafari's made-to-order Abyssinian capital) is *Alice in Wonderland*. "It is in *Alice* only that one finds the peculiar flavor of galvanized and translated reality, where animals carry watches in their waistcoat pockets. Royalty paces the croquet lawn beside the chief executioner, and litigation ends in a flutter of playing cards." From Abyssinia he crossed to Arabia; then back to Zanzibar, Kenya Colony, the Congo, Cape Town and so home to England. If the descriptions of the people he encountered are often a little too funny to be true, you do not mind: the U. S. professor faking stomach-trouble to get out of an embarrassing situation; the "delightfully amiable young Greek," unwilling gigolo, with his polite apology: "You won't allow me, won't you?" Traveler Waugh does not actually make you pine to follow his path but he does give you a good vicarious trip: most of it interesting, some of it entertaining, now & then screamingly funny.

Author Evelyn Waugh looks more like a precociously bad little boy than a thriving 28-year-old author. At Oxford he moved quietly among the esthetes; safe now in the same smart world that shelters his elder brother Alec, he knows all the Bright Young People, lately set more than one of their tables on a squeal by turning Roman Catholic.

Just History

THE OLD-TIME SALOON—George Ade—*Long & Smith* (\$1.50).

Funnyman Ade's theme-song in this backward-glancing booklet: "Not wet—not dry—just history." No believer in the saloon's return, he can call up visions of its past with a dry eye, a drily humorous tongue. Though he gives a fair imitation of a man straddling the Prohibition fence, on p. 162 he drops over on the Wet side, admits to membership in the Association Against the 18th Amendment.

Author Ade pokes heavy fun at those who sentimentalize over "the poor man's club," says the brewers brought Prohibition on themselves by the abuses consequent on their forcing the sale of beer. Of the saloon's denizens only the barkeep



emerges unscathed from Author Ade's hands. "He was at least as human and humane as his contemporaries and much more temperate in his habits. Let his epitaph be kindly."

Primarily "just history," *The Old-Time Saloon* is written with serious humor, earmarked here & there as Ade-made. With a crocodile tear in his eye, Author Ade describes an oldtime Kentucky belle: "You could span her waist with your two hands but she couldn't sit down in a tub." He recounts the feat of Tom Heath, who was ejected from an Irish saloon on St. Patrick's Day "because he ate the shamrocks on the bar, thinking they were water-cress."

Author Ade's most astounding assertion: that he has never seen the inside of a speakeasy, never hopes to see one.

The Author. Within the memory of living men, 65-year-old George Ade was accounted one of the three brightest boys in Chicago (the others: Cartoonist John Tinney McCutcheon, Howard Hackett). From a reporter on Chicago's *Record* George Ade rose to the level of "Mr. Dooley" (Finley Peter Dunne) with his *Fables in Slang* which H. S. Stone & Co. printed, Clyde J. Newman illustrated. No longer most up-to-date of U. S. slangsters, but wealthy, still unmarried, Author Ade winters in Florida, lives as a gentleman farmer in Brook, Ind. Golfing enthusiast, football fan, he is known as Purdue's patron saint.

Soviets by Camera

EYES ON RUSSIA—Margaret Bourke-White—Simon & Schuster (\$5).

In 1930 Miss Bourke-White, expert camera-woman traveling free-lance with Governmental blessing, took 800 photographs in Soviet Russia. Artistically in

photographer she soon became their comrade.

In *Eyes on Russia*, 32 selected pictures are accompanied by running comments from under the black cloth. Sprightly travelog, philosophy, technique, anecdotes focus the view through the ground glass. In front of Bourke-White's sympathetic but anastigmatic eye files the Five-Year cake-walk—agricultural, industrial, probably unworkable. The spirit of the proletariat was irresistible; but industrial idealism, sauced with scarce goods and inefficient service, she found hard to swallow whole. Living on cold canned beans, on "hard" trains that gave her few transports, she loved the Great Experiment with a grain of salt.

The photographs range from one-man shots to the greatest dam in the world. The selection includes not too many machines, almost enough men. Her pictures confirm the conviction that photography is an art, that she is a photographer of the first hypo.

The Author. Margaret Bourke-White was graduated from Cornell in 1927, went home to Cleveland where she became a professional photographer when she found her hobby paid. Otis Steel Co. gave her her first big job, which she did so well that Cleveland's Van Sweringen brothers engaged her to take pictures of their Terminal Tower project. Then *FORTUNE* sought her, brought her to Manhattan. Now at 26, her income is \$50,000 a year. Nerve, she has gone where her eye led her, never takes no for an answer. She has shot pictures in Canadian lumber camps at 27° below Zero, on the spire of Manhattan's Chrysler Building, where it took three men to steady the tripod. Her 1930 New York business announcement, an ascending view of the Chrysler spire taken from atop the scaffolding, made recipients gasp. In her recent five weeks in Russia she had five proposals of marriage. She uses an Ansco "view-type" camera (but always carries a Graflex, too); develops her plates herself.

Hosts & Parasites

STUFFED SHIRTS—Clare Boothe Brokaw—Liveright (\$2.50).

U. S. civilization puts a high value on specialized knowledge; but to get full value for inside information you must take it to the right market. Authoress Brokaw knows her Manhattan society. She was born, married, divorced in it. But novel readers are not so interested in dowager-&-debutante doings as are society editors or social secretaries.

In a succession of satirical sketches Authoress Brokaw parades a long line of gilded caricatures: Social Arbitress Mrs. Townley, her chief rival Mrs. Topping, climbing Mrs. Crumb, many another socialite host & parasite. All of them dislike one another, exert themselves to the utmost to do one another down. Though *Stuffed Shirts* is not a continued story, the same stuffed shirts reappear from time to time, and if you are curious about their relationship a genealogical table at the end will make all clear. If you are a constant reader of the society page you may have some fun adventuring among Authoress Brokaw's straw people. If you know the locale, you will recognize familiar faces.



MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

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Sally Eilers

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