

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

TI

The Weekly



Volume XIX

P
Four
(

Circulation Office, 350 East 22nd Street, Chicago.

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

This takes trying

BUT MAN! IT'S WORTH IT!



The grandest fling in all tobacco-enjoyment! . . .
Mouth-happiness!
Here it is . . . in 3 steps:



2 Try one pack of Spuds. Don't stop . . . simply because you're hardened to instant tobacco kick.



3 Try one week of Spuds. Watch that noticeably cool taste disappear. Watch the tobacco taste get keener and keener. And, notice, *how fresh, how clean, how all-around swell* your mouth begins to feel.

That's it . . . mouth-happiness . . . the grand, new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment

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

SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES

20 FOR 20c (U. S.) . . . 20 FOR 30c (CANADA)

A lot Depends

*on the Antiseptic
you use . . in times of great
human emergencies*

LET US become specific about the strength of antiseptics. Let us strip the subject of technicalities and stick to plain English and to proved facts.

Some antiseptics work better against one kind of germ and some against another. In order to arrive at a standard of value, some one particular microbe must be taken as a basis. The first to be so taken is the well-known germ of pus or suppuration (staphylococcus pyogenes aureus).

In this first pus-germ test, nine antiseptics were employed. They all belong to the non-poisonous class and they were tested just as they came from the bottle. They were not obscure brands, but the nine best-known brands in America according to general opinion. The germs were exposed an equal length of time in all cases.

Zonite was one of the brands tested, and it ranked at the top. In fact, it showed an effectiveness 6 times as great as its nearest rival. In compari-



ZONITE BELONGS TO BOTH CLASSES

As powerful as the poisons yet as safe as pure water

son with the next three antiseptics in order, Zonite showed from 12 to 100 times their power, while the remaining four showed no effectiveness at all against the staphylococcus germ.

Additional tests will shortly be made public dealing with other varieties of germs. All results will be given in specific terms and not in vague generalities.

A lot depends, in times of physical emergency, on having a genuine

antiseptic at hand, with power and reserve power behind it, to combat not only one kind of disease germ but all bacteria. Zonite when used on human flesh, is thoroughly safe and non-poisonous, but in strength and effectiveness it stands up in comparison even with the poisons. Keep Zonite on hand for protecting mouth, nose and throat, and for use wherever the skin is broken. At all druggists. 30¢, 60¢, \$1.00. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Zonite



THE WORLD WAR ANTISEPTIC

LETTERS



good old coffee!
WELCOME IT BACK AGAIN!

HAVE you had to give up coffee because the caffeine steals your sleep—frays your nerves—upsets your digestion? Then welcome good old coffee back again! Revel once more in its satisfying goodness! Drink Sanka Coffee—a blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees—with 97% of the caffeine removed. You can enjoy it without regret! To prove it—make the night-test. Drink your first cup of Sanka Coffee at night. Next morning you'll know you've discovered a perfectly grand coffee that is free from caffeine's penalties. Sanka Coffee comes in vacuum-sealed cans—ground or in the bean. Absolute satisfaction—or your money back. Get a pound of Sanka Coffee to-day!

drink it and sleep!

© 1932, S. C. CORP.



Accepted by the highest medical authority.
REAL COFFEE • 97% CAFFEINE-FREE

Omaha's Sarah Joslyn

Sirs:

In your article concerning the Joslyn Art Museum at Omaha you describe its donor, Mrs. Sarah Selleck Joslyn, as eccentric and sometimes known as the "Corn Belt's" Hetty Green (TIME, Jan. 11). Several years ago Mrs. Joslyn was voted Omaha's most useful citizen by the American Legion, and the only true companion to Hetty Green, is her possession of wealth. She should not be described as eccentric, unless this word is used to describe philanthropy and unselfishness—two attributes Mrs. Joslyn possesses and Hetty Green lacked.

You have also sacrificed accuracy for sensationalism in describing the creation of the Joslyn fortune. It was chiefly gained through the success of the Western Newspaper Union, much better described as an institution to make country newspapers more interesting to their subscribers and profitable to their publishers than purveyors of boiler plate. . . .

Omaha, Neb.

C. G. CARLBURG

Never again will TIME compare Sarah Joslyn with the late Hetty Green. But TIME is not convinced that the Western Newspaper Union was chief source of the Joslyn fortune.—Ed.

Sirs:

As a subscriber and constant reader of TIME it gives one a stranger feeling, a cross, last night and shame, on reading your answer to John Thomas in which one can readily read between the lines your displeasure although camouflaged as news. May we, with due respect for your opportunity to dispense facts, remind you that the greatest pleasures of life are not derived from an ironic discrediting of the good intentions of others, but rather from encouraging their endeavors?

Sioux City, Iowa.

H. S. JOSLIN

To all concerned, TIME offers regrets for its unintended "discrediting" and hereby points with pride to Sarah Joslyn, to her good works and to the Memorial.—Ed.

Sirs:

Your answer calling attention to the business of Mr. Joslyn is, to say the least, in extremely bad taste. . . .

The building is not intended to be a museum, but is to be used generally as a centre for liberal arts. The building, newly completed and while it is true that there are not yet a great number of well-known paintings, these will be added from time to time.

EUGENE N. BLAZER

Omaha, Neb.

Sirs:

The early venture in the peddling of a remedy was only a small matter compared to Mr. Joslyn's other laudable ventures and philanthropies. Even if true, why bring that up to the detriment of the citizens of Omaha and surrounding country? . . . Draw a large heavy line through my name as a subscriber to TIME and give the balance due me to some needy one you meet on the street

with the compliments of a Westerner. There are several other magazines that will appreciate Western subscriptions and Western spirit. You will probably hear more of this as time goes on.

DR. J. W. HELLWIG

Omaha, Neb.

Outrageous Paish

Sirs:

"If my information is correct, and I think it is, nothing can prevent a complete world breakdown within the next two months."

Why did TIME print the above outrageous statement by Sir George Paish? (TIME, Dec. 21.) What if he is an eminent British economist? . . .

If you have any sense you will suppress for the duration of this Depression any further remarks by Sir George Paish or other "eminent" knockers.

RALPH B. STONE

Chicago, Ill.

Knocker Paish, rapped by many a critic for his Major Knock, has recanted and is now Booster Paish. Boosts he in his latest critique of Depression: "I haven't any doubt that we are going into the greatest period of prosperity the world has ever seen if the necessary measures are taken. I'm sure there are enough reasonable people in the world to see that these measures are taken. . . ."—Ed.

Palindrone

Sirs:

As a reader of TIME for several years I have no criticism to offer. TIME lends itself so nicely to a palindrone that I take the liberty of submitting the following:

Live on, Time, emit no evil.

CHARLES E. BUNNELL

President

The Alaska Agricultural College and School of Mines
College, Alaska

Crank Letters

Sirs:

"Publications such as yours, in which appear articles on a diversity of subjects, without doubt provoke innumerable "crank" letters. Perhaps you have observed the interest with which they are read by the people around your office.

In the belief that the "crank" letter is a phenomenon of definite interest both psychologically and socially, I am compiling a collection of representative specimens. The sources are the unsolicited mail of newspapers, radio stations, celebrities and officials. These are to be published in book form later.

My own experience in the press leads me to be sure that this type of communication has often appeared on your desk. The mail has brought you appeals, demands and advice, absurd, humorous or patently idiotic. You've been commanded to "do something" about everything from the modern girl to the density of the atmosphere. And more likely than not, you've been told what to do.

May I respectfully request that you lend me a few of these curios with your permission to

"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 _____

ADVICE TO MEN

who are discouraged

with present conditions

BUSINESS today is new and complex. There is a new sales strategy, new production methods, a new export situation, new methods of determining security prices, a wave toward bigger consolidations, a new banking and real estate situation—in short, an entirely new era of business.

The old rules no longer work. This is a sober fact: from now on you must know the new rules if you want to make progress.

Some men are acquainting themselves with new business methods by actually taking time off to attend University Schools of Business. Others, in increasing numbers, are enrolling for the NEW Service offered by the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

Just where you acquire your knowledge of this new business strategy doesn't matter. The important thing is to *get that knowledge somehow*—not next week—not next year—but NOW.

This Booklet tells about the Exceptional Income Opportunities in the next 5 years

THE Alexander Hamilton Institute has published an interesting 44-page booklet. This booklet points out the exceptional income opportunities for exceptional men which will occur in the next 5 years. It also announces an unusual Service, available to you *in your own office or home*, which enables you to prepare yourself to take advantage of these rich opportunities.

The ablest business minds—the men who have had most to do in shaping present-day tendencies—have contributed greatly to this new Service. Read the names of a few of them: Alfred P. Sloan, Jr.,

President, General Motors Corporation; Bruce Barton; Dr. Julius Klein, *The Assistant Secretary*, U. S. Department of Commerce, and H. T. Parson, *President*, F. W. Woolworth Company.

Men who are satisfied with departmental jobs and small earnings will not be interested in this type of Service. It is offered to the

kind of men who want to become officers of their companies or go into business for themselves.

The booklet, "What an Executive Should Know," is well worth half an hour of your time. Many men have said that in 30 minutes it gave them a clearer picture of their business future than they ever had before. Send for it today.

To the ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE, 596 Astor Place, New York City.
(In Canada, address Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto.)

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

Name.....Age.....

Business Address.....

Business Position.....

She can't even spell c - a - t



but she's on her way
to college • thanks to

United Mutual LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

© U. M. L. I. CO. - 1932

THIS little girl is going clear through school—happy, well clothed and absolutely protected from want or worry—all because her Daddy has safeguarded her future with United Mutual Insurance. Even if her father should be taken away or disabled, her future is still protected, without further payment of premiums. This fine, stalwart old company is chartered under a Special Act of the United States Congress, to shoulder the burdens of men, to protect their

families, to educate their children, to insure a future free from financial uncertainty. Its helpful guardianship over the welfare of beneficiaries has made its name revered in homes throughout the land. United Mutual is more than an insurance company. It is a great protective force—ever prompt and



faithful in the fulfillment of its duties to those who avail themselves of its advantages.

Write to us for complete, interesting information about our modern safeguarded policies.

United Mutual Life Insurance Company • Harry Wade, President
Indianapolis, Indiana



United Mutual has good, open territory for capable men



use them? If there are none on file now, will you send me the next few received? The writers' names, of course, will not be printed in the book, nor, if you so desire it, will yours. . . .

D. P. RYAN

Chicago, Ill.

Few indeed are the "crank" letters which TIME receives from its able-minded, articulate readership. But when "cranks" do write, their handiwork will gladly be placed at Psychologist Ryan's disposal under the conditions stated above.—Ed.

Extraordinary Costs

Sirs:

In TIME Jan. 4 quote "After two weeks of work, Congress . . . scattered for two weeks of rest. President Hoover had tried to induce Congress to forego its usual holiday. . . . Gently they hinted that his present anxiety would be more becoming if he had summoned a special session last summer or autumn."

Could you give me an idea how much such a special session would have cost the people of the U. S.?

E. C. HAFF JR.

Elkins, W. Va.

Congressional salaries are paid on an annual basis whether members sit or not. To assemble an extraordinary session approximately \$200,000 would be needed for mileage & travel expenses. Other average per diem costs: *Congressional Record*, \$5,610; printing bills and committee reports, stationery, etc., \$6,000; 78 pages at \$4, \$312; telephone & telegraph, \$500; total, \$12,422. A three weeks' special session of Congress would thus roughly cost: mileage, \$200,000; printing and services, \$260,862; total, \$460,862.—Ed.

Gun Notches

Sirs:

. . . When several numbers of TIME were issued without any mention of our book I became a bit vexed because of Stokes having failed to send you a copy of *Gun Notches* in time, and wrote to them about it. . . .

Were it not that the book has received unstinted praise from one end of the country to the other I would not have been surprised at your failure to give it some mention; but we have been informed that seldom has a volume of its nature received such universal commendation from the critics. To quote two reviews from the East and West, out of hundreds—or rather brief excerpts from the reviews—Struthers Burt in the *Saturday Review of Literature* writes: "It is another *Trader Horn*, but far better than *Trader Horn* and more veracious. Indeed, it is minutely genuine from start to finish, which is by no means the case with the average history of the pioneer, especially when this history is autobiographical."

Othman Stevens in the *Los Angeles Examiner*: "Some time ago a story of Billy the Kid was issued and called a 'Saga.' If that was a *Saga*, *Gun Notches* is an *Uliad*, also an *Odyssey*. . . . The story of a prairie fire is a bit of as exquisite pure painting as ever was written; the incident when Bill Greene at La Cananea and Tom would have taken the State of Sonora from Mexico if Tom could have hog-tied General Kosterlitzky is a new matter of history."

Of course, if you don't give us our due meed of praise in your valuable magazine I shall be forced to write you a painful distich when next I visit your seaport; that is to shoot you so full of holes they can sit baled hay through you.

JOE CHISHOLM

Hollywood, Calif.

Capt. Rynning careered the West from Wisconsin to Texas in the wild & woolly days. He started as a stair-builder but his good dancing got him a job with a Texas cattleman. He rode in many a stampede when "all you can do is ride blind and hope to Christ." At 19 he joined the cavalry to fight Apaches; marched through the 800-mi. prairie fire of 1880. After rough riding with Roosevelt in Cuba, he

Ten world-famous Artists take the "BELIEVE YOUR OWN EARS" test



In a tone-test at McClelland Barclay's studio, General Electric Radio won its victory of victories! Competing against three other famous radios, with all sets hidden by a screen, its truer tone earned it a *unanimous vote*.

Not one of the internationally-known artists who came to this experiment as Mr. Barclay's guest knew the names of the contesting sets! All they saw was a screen. All they knew was that four unnamed radios were hidden behind it. They were asked to pick, by number, the set whose tone they preferred. *To the last man*, the listeners picked General Electric!

Here is strong evidence of better tone.

But even more convincing will be the evidence of your own ears! Go now and hear the General Electric!

No claims, no arguments, will impress you as much as what you actually hear. For your ears will tell you at once that here is a truer-toned radio than any you have listened to! An instrument whose tone will add immeasurably to your enjoyment of radio.

If technicalities interest you, your own G-E Radio dealer will point out a host of improvements. He will show you the G-E Tone Equalizer, a G-E development in the G-E Popular Console, which tremendously improves tone. But the best of all reasons why your radio should be

a General Electric will be given you by your own ears.

All of the many G-E sets are reasonably priced, ranging from \$37.50 to \$345.00, tubes included.

•
Of special interest to women—join the G-E Circle—on the air every week-day (except Saturday) at noon, E. S. T. For the entire family, "Just a Song at Twilight" every Sunday afternoon 5:30—6:00 E. S. T. over a nation-wide N. B. C. Network.

•
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 RADIO



City Fathers turned down Copper ...TO THEIR REGRET

A WELL-KNOWN architect in a large Eastern city was urging the use of sheet Copper for the 500-foot tower of the proposed city hall—explaining that the added cost of using Copper would be more than offset by the upkeep expense it would eliminate.

But the city fathers were unmoved. "Too expensive," they said . . . "Use something cheaper."

"If the tower is constructed of any other metal it will cost at least \$10,000 a year to paint and preserve it," counseled the architect. "I urge you to use Copper."

"No!" . . . chorused the city fathers.

So another metal was used, supposedly rust-resisting, and cheaper. It served for a number of years—then came the inevitable trouble. The sheets developed holes and leaked. Scaffolds were hustled up—and a swarm of nimble workers came to the rescue.

When they had finished their task and the damage to the huge tower had been repaired, the city

received a bill—for seventy-five thousand dollars!

America's penalty for using "something cheaper" than Copper, Brass and Bronze is estimated at \$600,000,000 yearly. Of this the home or factory owner pays a liberal part—when rustable plumbing and sheet metal work fail and need repair or replacement. The manufacturer pays, too—when rustable metals detract from the appearance and performance and salability of his product.

Where corrosion can destroy, Copper and its alloys are more economical in the long run. And many manufacturers are actually making *savings in production costs* by using these durable metals—because less time and labor are needed in stamping, spinning and machining.

Write us. Perhaps a saving can be made in the making of your product. We will gladly cooperate with you in seeking the most economical application of these metals to your specific needs.

COPPER & BRASS

RESEARCH ASSOCIATION

25 Broadway, New York

TIME HAS PROVED THE SERVICE OF COPPER, BRASS AND BRONZE

became captain of the Arizona Rangers, finally penitentiary warden at Yuma (1907). All in all he calls it "a pretty good old life. Bullwhacking, cowpunching, soldiering, border ranging, she's been a grand old *pasear*."—Ed.

Japan, Joy & Jimmu

Sirs: Perhaps I show my ignorance in asking the question that I do, but I see the following in your Dec. 28 issue:

"Cheerily a Japanese aide-camp spoke of 'taking over Chinchow by Christmas.'"

And again in your Jan. 4 issue I see the following:

"In Tokyo the Japanese Diet met briefly, passed a resolution 'in appreciation of the Army's efforts in Manchuria,' adjourned over the holidays."

Are the Christian Yule-tide holidays recognized to that extent by the pagan Japanese? I wonder!

C. C. SCHOPPE

Andmore, Okla.

In Japan Dec. 25 is a national holiday not because of Christmas but because of the anniversary of the death of Taisho, the last Emperor. Nevertheless in the chief Japanese cities Christmas is celebrated with almost occidental joy and good cheer. Businessmen and government officials exchange Christmas cards, mostly supplied by Ito-ya, Tokyo's largest stationer. Some cards are old Japanese prints; others are thoroughly Western in design and sentiment; nearly all carry New Year's greetings. Big department stores like Mitsukoshi in Tokyo decorate their windows with Christmas trees, gilt stars, bells, streamers and station live Santa Clauses in their lobbies. On street corners stand Salvation Army Santa Clauses with their tripod pots into which passersby drop 5, 10 & 25 sen pieces (1 sen = $\frac{1}{100}$) for the poor. Some bartenders in Yokohama and Kobe dress up on Christmas night like Santa Claus, serve drinks, cut capers.

The holidays over which the Diet adjourned were not for Christmas but for the New Year, most important among Japanese festivals and officially celebrated from Jan. 1 through Jan. 3. Using the Gregorian calendar for days, weeks and months, Japan injects into its New Year's observance a strong Shinto flavor, rooted in the worship of imperial ancestors. But instead of reckoning its years from the birth of Christ, it counts back to the enthronement of Jimmu, its first Emperor. Thus 1932 in the U. S. is 2592 in Japan.—Ed.

TIME

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

Editor: Henry R. Luce.
Managing Editor: John S. Martin.
Associates: John Shaw Billings, Laird S. Gold-
borough, Myron C. Gifford, Contributors:
Elizabeth Armstrong, Carlton J. Balliet Jr., Noel
F. Busch, Washington Dodge, H. Mary, Foster,
Albert L. Furtth, Allen Grover, David W. Hul-
bard Jr., E. D. Kennedy, Peter Mathews, T. S.
Matthews, Frank Norris, Francis de N. Schneider,
Cecilia A. Schwend, Fred Smith, Charles Werten-
baker, S. J. Woolf.

Correspondence pertaining to editorial content should be sent to 435 East 42nd Street, New York.
Subscription rates: One year in the U. S. and
possession, \$5.00; Canada, Mexico, Panama, Isthmian
Republic, Haiti, Spain, Central and South
America, \$5.00; elsewhere, \$6.00.

Change of address: Two weeks notice re-
quired for change of address. When ordering a
change, please give both the new address and the
old address.

Address all correspondence regarding subscrip-
tion, index, binders, bound volumes, to the Cir-
culation Manager, 350 East 42nd Street, Chicago, Ill.

A Conservative Banking Principle

NO
SECURITIES FOR
SALE



CENTRAL HANOVER
BANK AND TRUST COMPANY
NEW YORK



**9 BUICK OWNERS
OUT OF EVERY 10
BUY BUICKS
AGAIN AND AGAIN**

"A" INVESTMENT THAT 89% INSIST ON RENEWING IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME"

"When I learned that nine out of every ten Buick owners stick to Buick, I decided that Buick was the car for me. And this year especially, with Wizard Control and a larger and even livelier Buick Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine, Buick looks like a sounder investment than ever.

In fact, I'm getting two Buicks. Our family can keep both of them busy."

If you, too, would enjoy complete motoring satisfaction—the pleasure and the economy of driving a Buick can be demonstrated by your local Buick dealer—in a surprisingly few minutes. And remember—there are 26 luxurious models, priced from

\$935 to \$2055, f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL



BUILD THEM . . . PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

THE NEW BUICK *with* WIZARD CONTROL

TIME

Vol. XIX, No. 4

The Weekly Newsmagazine

January 25, 1932

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Candidature

Bringing to completion his climactic plan for ending Depression, the President announced appointment of Chicago's Charles Gates Dawes to be president of R. F. C. As expected, Eugene Meyer, the plan's reputed architect, took the post of chairman of the board (see p. 11). Banker Dawes, who had already resigned as Ambassador to Great Britain, resigned also as No. 1 U. S. delegate to the Geneva Arms Conference. To Geneva will go no less an official than Secretary of State Henry Lewis Stimson.

¶ "To those who have inquired of me whether or not the President would be a candidate for re-election, I have replied that of course he was a candidate. The friends of the President feel that he ought to be renominated and they will take the proper steps to look after his candidacy in various States."

Postmaster General Walter Folger Brown, most politically-minded member of the Cabinet, was talking to newsmen in the lobby of the White House offices. He had just emerged from a long heart-to-heart talk with President Hoover. Now for the first formal time, he was announcing the obvious: Herbert Hoover would stand for another four years in the White House. What gave "General" Brown's words immense authority was the fact that, after the Chicago convention, he is slated to succeed Senator Fess as chairman of the Republican National Committee and manage the Hoover campaign for re-election. Only Republican candidates in the field so far against Mr. Hoover: onetime Senator Joseph Irwin France of Maryland and Mayor Jacob Coxey of Massillon, Ohio. Father James R. Cox of Pittsburgh told a crowd of 50,000 at Pitt Stadium he would run on an independent "jobless" ticket (TIME, Jan. 18).

This year loyal Republicans will vote for a presidential nominee who has aged 20 years since they first voted for him in 1928. The White House has left its scars of service on the President. His hair is greyer. His shoulders seem to droop in discouragement. The lines about his eyes have cut in deeper and those about his mouth have hardened. The round baby-pink face of the 1920's has grown firmer, more mature. Washington has been as cruel to him as to any President in history. And yet somehow, for all the heart-break that has been his, Mr. Hoover has grown in inner stature. To strangers he may appear a beaten man but his friends marvel at his fortitude and lack of bitterness. Thin-skinned, he has learned to shrug off criticism with a philosophy de-

scribed as "almost oriental in its calm." No longer do his fingers drum a nervous tattoo on his chair arm or his eyes rove the floor. He talks in a low, steady, less querulous voice. His words are weighted with patient resignation.

¶ True and loyal friend of President Hoover is Hugh Simon Gibson, Ambassador to Belgium. Of late the Belgian Press has developed a virulent hatred for the U. S. and its "ignorance" on Reparations. Declared *L'Indépendance Belge*: "This ignorance is general, America being too busy recording the doings of gangsters to study politics. It is America's attitude, inspired by its ignorance of realities, that is compromising peace." When the Press began to flay even Herbert Hoover who holds a royal certificate as "Friend of Belgium" and charge him with lining his own pockets out of Wartime relief, Ambassador Gibson decided to act on his own initiative and without orders from Washington. From Foreign Minister Paul Hymans he received an official disavowal of the offensive articles by the Government and a public expression of regret: "Belgium cannot forget the help which the United States afforded her during the War and the admirable tactics Mr. Hoover showed in the organization of relief." The Belgian Press continued to seethe and fume indignantly at "U. S. interference."

¶ As a reward for his "splendid service" in penalizing Chicago gangsters, President Hoover promoted U. S. District Judge James Herbert Wilkerson to the Circuit Court of Appeals. Because Judge Wilkerson had issued the drastic injunction which helped break the railroad shopmen's strike of 1922, U. S. Labor prepared to fight his confirmation by the Senate.

¶ Last week President Hoover selected handsome bushy-browed Joseph Clark Grew, now Ambassador to Turkey, to succeed William Cameron Forbes resigning

as Ambassador to Japan. The choice was approved by the Japanese Government. Ambassador Grew, Boston socialite and Harvard man ('98), has been a career diplomat since 1904. While President Hoover was casting about for an Ambassador to succeed Charles Gates Dawes at the Court of St. James's, political tradition went by the board when Henry Prather Fletcher, onetime Ambassador to Italy and lately chairman of the Tariff Commission, startlingly announced his candidacy for this No. 1 foreign job, telegraphed the Pennsylvania delegation in Congress a request for support.

THE CABINET

Dollars & Diplomacy

Last week the Senate Finance Committee dug deeper into the kind of foreign financing U. S. bankers do not discuss in detail on the front pages of the Press. Chief digger was white-crested Senator Hiram Johnson of California, determined to make political capital for his isolationist theory of foreign relations by exposing the loss of financial capital by U. S. investors in foreign securities. That his tactics annoyed the White House, the Department of State and the bankers, only spurred him on to greater inquisitiveness. Under scrutiny by the committee last week were loans to South American governments of which \$815,000,000 are now in default. Whenever he could Digger Johnson tried to prove that the State Department had been the partner of bankers in foreign fields. A typical yarn from the patchwork testimony:

Colombia. Shortly after his election to the Presidency in 1930, Dr. Enrique Olaya journeyed to the U. S. with all the usual trappings of a good-will visitor. In New York he was welcomed by Mayor Walker. A special train carried him to Washington where President Hoover gave a White House dinner in his honor (TIME, June 16, 1930). Secretary Stimson also gave him a big dinner at which Dr. Olaya met Secretary of the Treasury Mellon. They talked socially about Colombia's financial plight. Though Mr. Mellon later denied it, President-elect Olaya was sure he heard the Treasury Secretary mention Colombia's oil.

Back in New York Senor Olaya, now behind the back of an innocent Press, took up the real purpose of his visit—a loan. He dropped into J. P. Morgan & Co. But Mr. Lamont seemed chilly. He dropped into National City Co. to see Victor Schoepferle, who had visited Colombia. But Vice President Schoepferle did not think a loan could be arranged unless Colombia adopted a "businesslike" administration. Weary of shopping about Wall

CONTENTS

Art.....	Page
Books.....	26
Business & Finance.....	47
Cinema.....	39
Foreign News.....	25
Letters.....	15
Medicine.....	2
Milestones.....	20
Miscellany.....	48
Music.....	46
National Affairs.....	30
People.....	6
Press.....	10
Religion.....	30
Science.....	22
Sport.....	44
Theatre.....	28
	34

National Affairs—(Continued)

Street for cash, President-elect Olaya consented to these terms, and sailed for Colombia with the promise of \$20,000,000 in short term bank credits from National City, payable in installments.

Once safely installed in the President's Palace at Bogota, one of Senor Olaya's



Keystone

VICTOR SCHOEPPERLE

... helped a weary shopper.

jobs was to take up what was known as the Barco oil concession, valued at \$300,000,000 or more. This concession, controlled by Gulf Oil Corp. which is largely owned by Secretary Mellon & Family, had been canceled by the Colombian Government in 1926. The State Department in 1928 gently pressed for its restoration.

In May 1931, the final \$4,000,000 in Colombia's bank credit was unaccountably held up in New York. President Olaya complained to Secretary Stimson who went in person to see the attorney of National City Co. in New York. The bankers were not urged not to be "unduly technical." Mr. Schoepperle insisted that the Colombian budget had not been balanced as agreed and as for the Barco concession, he did not "give a damn." On June 20, 1931 the Barco concession was restored to Gulf Oil Corp., to the large satisfaction of the State Department. On June 30 Mr. Schoepperle released the final \$4,000,000 installment to Colombia, again to the large satisfaction of the State Department.

Had Statesman Stimson, as it appeared circumstantially, played the Barco concession against the \$4,000,000 loan and thus secured a triumph of dollar diplomacy? No, was his indignant answer. The two matters, while parallel, were separate and distinct. The State Department insisted that its sole concern in these negotiations was "the fostering of friendly relations."

House Cat. The State Department's policy of requesting bankers to submit their proposed foreign loans for diplomatic inspection began in 1922. Its purpose then was to thumbscrew European

nations into funding their War debts to the U. S. by denying them fresh credits until they had done so. When all funding was completed, the State Department continued to act as a fiscal censor with the idea of bridging the abyss between Big Business and U. S. foreign policy. While it contended that it did not pass on the security or merits of foreign loans, its method of reporting "no objection" diplomatically to them was often construed by bond salesmen as left-handed approval and used accordingly. Severest critic of this State Department policy was irascible little Senator Carter Glass of Virginia. He exploded:

"The State Department is morally responsible for every dollar lost on these investments. They had a clerk passing on the loans who didn't know any more about it than my house cat!"

THE CONGRESS

Work Done

The Senate:

☛ Adopted a resolution authorizing the expenditure of \$450,000 for the expenses of the U. S. delegation to the General Disarmament Conference at Geneva; sent it to the House.

☛ Passed a bill increasing the capitalization of Federal Land Banks by \$125,000,000, of which an amendment earmarked \$25,000,000 to cover delinquent farm mortgages; sent it to the House for concurrence.

☛ Adopted a resolution by Michigan's Couzens to investigate advertising by radio.

☛ Received a report from the committee on Agriculture and Forestry recommending an investigation of Farm Board activities.

☛ Adopted a resolution authorizing the Committee on Library to buy a \$2,500 portrait of Calvin Coolidge for the White House.

☛ Adopted a resolution by Tennessee's McKellar to investigate air mail and ocean mail contracts.

☛ Adopted a resolution by Maryland's Tydings authorizing the Comptroller General to reopen and adjust the claim of the city of Baltimore to \$171,000 which the city raised and spent for fortifications during the Civil War.

The House:

☛ Passed (335-to-55) a bill creating a Reconstruction Finance Corp. (see p. 11), sent it to the Senate for concurrence.

☛ Received from Pennsylvania's Beck a resolution proposing State legalization of liquor and selected by House Wets for a test of their strength.

☛ Received from Iowa's Haugen a proposal to amend the Grain Futures Act by limiting short selling on grain exchanges.

☛ Received from Pennsylvania's Kelly a bill proposing to permit the bituminous coal industry to form marketing pools, fix prices under Federal supervision—a suggestion made last autumn at the Third International Conference on Bituminous Coal in Pittsburgh (TIME, Nov. 30).

Texas, Texas & Texas

"Mr. Speaker, I rise to a question of constitutional privilege. On my own responsibility as a Member of this House I impeach Andrew William Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, for high crimes and misdemeanors."

Before a silent House of Representatives stood Wright Patman, a pink-cheeked, curly-headed young Democratic Congressman from Texas repeating an ancient and awful parliamentary ritual. A legislative neophyte in his second term, he should, by rights, have been sitting quietly in a back row listening to his elders debate great issues. Instead, he was leaping recklessly forward to invoke the most solemn provision of the Constitution to remove from the Cabinet its most venerable member.

This rather personable impeacher, aged 38, comes from Cass County, in the north-eastern corner of his State, where hillbillies corner their rabbits in hollow logs and take Levi Garrett snuff (between lower lip and teeth) with their politics. Like many of his neighbors, Congressman Patman is a "hard-shelled" Baptist, frowning upon music, dancing, cards. Two years in the Army made him an ardent American Legionary. A good rattle-brouser, with a quick twangy tongue, he served four years in the Texas Legislature, five years as a local district attorney. Elected to Congress in 1928, he refused to be suppressed with other obscure newcomers. Insistently he demanded that the Government cash its soldier bonus certificates in full. Secretary Mellon tut-tutted him as a wild young man. But Congressman Patman kept harping away on his issue until he had started a backfire among the veteran vote that was stopped only



IMPEACHER PATMAN

But Mr. Mellon has no boat.

when Congress, over the President's veto, raised the loan value of bonus certificates to 50%. In that fight was born his dogged antagonism for Mr. Mellon which culminated in impeachment proceedings.

National Affairs—(Continued)

One morning last week the House Judiciary Committee assembled to ponder the Patman charges, to see if they warranted action by the whole House. In the spacious mahogany-trimmed committee room was held a field day for Texans. Congressman Patman prosecuted Mr. Mellon; Alexander White Gregg, Texas-born son of a deceased Texas Congressman, defended Mr. Mellon. Congressman Hatton Sumners of Dallas, Judiciary chairman, presided as judge. Notably absent was Mr. Mellon who at that precise moment was appearing down the corridor before the Ways & Means Committee with his plan for tax-upping.

Congressman Patman spent two days trying to make out a *prima facie* case that Mr. Mellon's services violated a statute of 1789 which provided: *No person appointed to the office of Secretary of the Treasury shall directly or indirectly be concerned or interested in carrying on the business of trade or commerce or be owner in whole or in part of any sea vessel.*

The prosecuting argument: Mr. Mellon is a heavy stockholder in Aluminum Co. of America; for it he had negotiated a business deal in 1925 with the late James B. Duke; *ergo* he is in trade, Gulf Oil Corp. owns seagoing tankers; Mr. Mellon is a large stockholder in Gulf Oil; *ergo* he is an owner of sea vessels. Under him the Treasury has issued a publication called *The Federal Architect* which recommends the use of more aluminum in the current public buildings program, thus drumming up trade for Aluminum Co. He has caused "millions" of dollars in taxes to be refunded to Aluminum Co. and Gulf Oil, "thousands" of dollars to himself. The Treasury literally labels his concerns "Mellon companies." He used his official position to have the Barco oil concession in Colombia restored by that Government to Gulf Oil, following personal conversation with President-elect Olaya Herrera.

To be his personal attorney before the committee, Secretary Mellon chose a man even younger than Impacher Patman. As a young clerk "Alex" Gregg entered the Treasury in 1920, became Solicitor of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, retired in 1927. Last week Lawyer Gregg, now out in private practice, arose before the Judiciary Committee to defend his chief.

The defense argument: Mr. Mellon owns only about 15% of Aluminum Co. The holdings of his family are not at issue. He controls no corporation. He owns no bank stock. Stock ownership does not constitute "trade or commerce." From Hamilton to McAdoo and Glass Treasury Secretaries have owned stock without violating the statute. Mr. Mellon personally owns no sea vessel. He never passes on tax refunds. He was allowed a refund of \$91,000 on his taxes but was also assessed an additional \$209,000, making a net tax loss of \$118,000. A bumptious Treasury employee once labeled papers relating to Aluminum Corp.: "This is a Mellon company." Superior officers immediately ordered off the label. Mr. Mellon never mentioned the Barco concession to President-elect Olaya.

R. F. C.

To inflate or not to inflate was no longer a question last week. The only question: Will inflation succeed? Upon the answer (which many think will soon be apparent) depends the immediate economic future of



EUGENE MEYER

Large plans . . .

the U. S. If it succeeds the downward spiral of deflation will be definitely checked. If it fails, historians may well look back upon 1932 with a shudder. In prospect, however, was not the wind of wild printing-press inflation which afflicted Germany and France but rather a rescue of credit from its enemy, deflation. Success required large plans, bold men.

Forces for inflation worked busily last week in congress where the House whipped through a bill to create a Reconstruction Finance Corp., keystone of President Hoover's whole relief program. The vote was 335-10-55. By a vote of 63-10-8 the Senate a week before passed a similar measure. The thumping big Congressional majorities echoed the nation's great expectations. What opposition there was came from literal-minded gentlemen who could not find the word "food" in the relief bills. Yet to be settled in conference were secondary differences between the House & Senate measures. With R. F. C. as good as law, the Stock Exchange began moving up hopefully while President Hoover, impatient, made ready to sign the legislation before this week is out. The new agency was scheduled to be in operation by Feb. 1. What would happen thereafter was anybody's guess.

President Hoover took the first step toward organizing R. F. C. when he began to name its seven directors, four of whom must be Republicans, three Democrats. By law the Secretary or Undersecretary of the Treasury, the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board (Eugene Meyer) and the Farm Loan Commissioner (Paul Bestor) are R. F. C. directors, accounting for three of the four Republican places. About

the White House last week it was generally assumed that two of the Democratic directors of R. F. C. would be Bernard Mannes Baruch, New York financier and onetime chairman of the War Industries Board, and Edward Nash Hurley, Chicago banker and onetime chairman of the Ship-



Keystone

BERNARD MANNES BARUCH

. . . bold men.

ping Board. For active president of R. F. C. was needed a man with a reputation for vigor as well as for banking. Mr. Hoover chose his week-end visitor, Charles Gates Dawes.

Once organized, the R. F. C. directors will begin immediately to accumulate operating capital. Congress, as a starter, will vote a direct appropriation of \$500,000,000 from the Treasury. Then R. F. C. will move to raise \$1,500,000,000 from the public by the sale of its bonds, debentures, short-term notes. R. F. C. securities will be underwritten by the U. S. Government. Much depends upon this public sale which Wall Street envisages as a sort of Liberty Loan drive. President Hoover hopes that plain citizens, rather than banks and trusts, will be heavy investors. To pave the way for this great flotation the Federal Reserve has already started pumping money out into the market to create the necessary buying power. Last week in New York it whittled down its buying rates for bankers' acceptances.

If, however, the public does not respond to this sale, the Treasury is authorized to sell straight government bonds and turn the proceeds over to R. F. C. in return for its unmarketed securities. One issue still in dispute between the House & Senate: Shall the Federal Reserve rediscount the collateral accepted by R. F. C. for its loans? The Senate, led by Virginia's Glass, said NO on the ground that such collateral will of necessity be inferior and would therefore weaken the Federal Reserve's strength.

With \$2,000,000,000 in hand, R. F. C. will be ready to function as a colossal credit agency. Loan applications are lim-

National Affairs—(Continued)

ited to one year but the President may extend this to two. Loans will run for three years, renewable for two more. After five years the four non-Government directors will be dropped from the Board and five years later R. F. C. must be liquidated. Authorized borrowers: "Any bank, savings bank, trust company, building & loan association, insurance company, intermediate credit bank, livestock credit corporation, agricultural or farmers' association or other bona-fide financial institution"—and the railroads. Individual loans are limited to \$200,000,000 and R. F. C. directors are free to fix interest rates.

What will be R. F. C.'s loaning policy? That is the first and all-important question its directors will have to answer. The law gives them wide discretion, only forbidding them from accepting foreign securities. A sample case: a "sick" railroad comes before R. F. C. for help; it must meet a \$40,000,000 bond issue within the month or go into receivership; the Railroad Credit Corp. has advanced it \$15,000,000 from the increased freight rate pool and taken its last shaky collateral. Will R. F. C. let it have \$25,000,000 on nothing more than its promise to pay? How R. F. C. directors answer that question and others like it will depend in large measure the success or failure of R. F. C.

If R. F. C., controlled by cautious and fuzzy-thinking directors, demands A-1 collateral for all its loans, its services will be little better than that of an ordinary commercial bank. Its friends point out that R. F. C. as an emergency organization must put aside chicken-heartedness, take financial risks, forget about profits and boldly advance its credit on security which, at the moment, looks inferior. Ordinary commercial banking rules must go by the board, it is argued, if R. F. C. is to perform the task the administration has set for it.

One of the first things R. F. C. is expected to do is to take over the activities of National Credit Corp., a private agency launched with an official fanfare at the White House last October, but whose activities have been limited. With a permitted capital of \$500,000,000 it has called for only \$100,000,000 in cash from its subscribers.

R. F. C. credit will be largely used as a bank crutch. It will, its friends hope, relieve the strong banks of the job of carrying the weak ones, thus freeing their liquid assets for more constructive purposes. The one great danger cited is that R. F. C. may so load itself up with all the frozen securities now clogging the banks that it will itself go into a frigid state and sink out of helpfulness.

What gives the greatest hope for R. F. C.'s loan policy and therefore its success is the automatic presence on its board of Eugene Meyer, Governor Meyer is in a sense the originator of the credit club to fight the fears and panics of a Depression (FORTUNE, Jan. 1932). As director of the War Finance Corp. after which R. F. C. is patterned almost item for item, he evolved and put to use his economic theory in the 1921 slump. He knows to

a nicety how many millions or billions of dollars one needs at one's elbow to annihilate this or that bugaboo of deflation. It may not be necessary or practical to use them all but psychologically their very handiness makes them effective.

It was Governor Meyer, perhaps more than any other man, who shaped President Hoover's general policy of relief—a whole battery of credit clubs to be kept swinging in every direction. Out of Governor Meyer's economic experience and wisdom came the figure—\$2,000,000,000—of what was needed to make R. F. C. a real treat to the intangibles of this Depression. His ideas and those of Mr. Baruch run along parallel lines. These two and President Dawes are expected to be the three strong and active men on R. F. C.'s directorate.

Most economists view R. F. C. as inflation—the creation of credit where credit did not exist before. But President Hoover, like many another man to whom words are good or bad *per se*, dislikes the word *inflation*, prefers to call his relief policies *counter-deflation*. Business and banking have been spinning in a downward spiral—bank runs, heavy sales of assets to keep liquid, reduced security values, more fear, more runs, more sales, still lower values. It is to arrest this process that the Government has interposed R. F. C. on the theory that \$2,000,000,000 will cushion the fall, stop it, perhaps turn it up in the opposite direction. Once it turns, however, it becomes to economic realists, inflation. Last week this purpose of the Hoover policy—the artificial creation of credit—was publicly discerned by the Press as far away as France.

One factor generally overlooked in this whole relief program is the source of new capital to be put up by the Government. Cash required from the Treasury: \$500,000,000 for R. F. C.; \$125,000,000 for Federal Land Banks; \$150,000,000 for Home Loan Discount Banks; \$150,000,000 for Depositors Relief Corp. Thus, to make the Hoover program work, a total of \$925,000,000 must be appropriated by Congress from a Treasury already going \$2,300,000,000 into the red this year.

Arkansas Goes First

One cold drizzly day last week Democratic Arkansas did what no other State in the Union has ever done before. It elected a woman to the U. S. Senate. She is Hattie Wyatt Caraway, the small, steady-eyed, straight-mouthed widow of Senator Thaddeus Horatius Caraway. Already sitting in the chamber by appointment of Governor Parnell, Mrs. Caraway did not bother to return to Arkansas to campaign against two feeble independents. So poverty-pinched was the election that it entirely lacked a Republican candidate. The first woman elected to the Senate will serve until March 3, 1933 when Governor Parnell, her political sponsor, is likely to succeed her.

Unlike her late husband, the Lady from Arkansas sits quietly in her rear-row Senate seat, is no floor-pacer, no caustic interjector. She has sat for four weeks without delivering her maiden speech.

HEROES

Black Gulf & Sunset

When the Supreme Court met last week, Associate Justice Willis Van Deventer appeared with his arm in a sling as the result of rheumatism. Associate Justice Louis Dembitz Brandeis did not appear at all because of a bad cold. Associate Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes got to his seat on the bench only with great difficulty. His 90 years settled like a dead weight around his shuffling feet and lumbago stooped his black-gowned shoulders low. A strong steady hand from Chief Justice Hughes finally got him up the steps to the bench, steered him to his high-backed black leather chair. There the oldest man ever to sit on the Supreme Court settled down to read in a voice forced to firmness one of the court's two opinions for the day, an inconsequential thing sustaining a liquor law conviction.

Late that afternoon in his own office at the Capitol, Mr. Justice Holmes closed his books, put away his papers and remarked to his clerks: "I won't be in tomorrow." Then he went home to write a letter to President Hoover. The letter:

"In accordance with the provision of the Judicial Code as amended, Section 260—Title 28 United States Code 375—I tender my resignation as Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States of America. The condition of my health makes it a duty to break off connections that I cannot leave without deep regret after the affectionate relations of many years and the absorbing interests that have filled my life.

"But the time has come and I bow to the inevitable. I have nothing but kindness to remember from you and from my brethren. My last word should be one of grateful thanks.

"With great respect,

Your obedient servant,
Oliver Wendell Holmes."

Thus simply did a great jurist step down from the bench which his presence has graced, honored and liberalized for 29 full and fruitful years.

The event moved President Hoover to a strange new eloquence when he wrote the retiring Justice: "No appreciation I could express would even feebly represent the gratitude of the American people for your whole life of wonderful public service, from the time you were an officer in the Civil War to this day . . . I know of no American retiring from public service with such a sense of affection and devotion of the whole people."

Senators, Congressmen, editors, lawyers, leaders in every field vied to heap the highest praise upon the infirm old gentleman who lives in a red brick house on a Washington side street. To this outpouring, however, he paid no heed. Only when his eight colleagues on the court wrote him a solemn letter of farewell did he publicly reply:

"My dear Brethren:

"You must let me call you so once more. Your more than kind, your

National Affairs—(Continued)

generous letter touches me to the bottom of my heart. . . . For such little time as may be left for me, I shall treasure it as adding gold to the sunset.

Affectionately yours,
O. W. Holmes."

Famed though Mr. Justice Holmes is for the liberalism of his judicial thought, for his vigorous dissents from majority opinions, for his literary grace and phrase-making, it is likely that he will be remembered longest as a great abstract thinker, a philosopher who practiced his profession under the guise of the law. Years ago he gave Harvard students his high intellectual creed in these words:

"No man has earned the right to intellectual ambition until he has learned to lay his course by a star which he has never seen—to dig by the divining rod for springs which he may never reach.

. . . To think great thoughts you must be heroes as well as idealists. Only when you have worked alone—when you have felt around you a black gulf of solitude more isolating than that which surrounds the dying man, and in hope and in despair have trusted to your own unshaken will—then only will you have achieved. Thus only can you gain the secret isolated joy of the thinker, who knows that, a hundred years after he is dead and forgotten, men who never heard of him will be moving to the measure of his thought—the subtle rapture of a postponed power, which the world knows not because it has no external trappings, but which to his prophetic vision is more real than that which commands an army."

RACES

Murder in Paradise, Cont'd

The U. S. S. *Alton*, high & dry on the mudflats of Hawaii's Pearl Harbor, was the prison home all last week of a nervous and overwrought woman and three calm and comforting men, all held for murder. The prisoners: Mrs. Granville Roland Fortescue, middle-aged Washington socialite; Lieut. Thomas Hedges Massie, U. S. N., her young son-in-law, and E. J. Lord and Albert Orrin Jones, naval enlisted men. The charge: they had kidnapped and murdered a Hawaiian named Joe Kahahawai, accused, with four others of mixed blood, of raping young Mrs. Thalia Fortescue Massie (TIME, Jan. 18). Arrested fortnight ago by the Honolulu police as they were speeding the Kahahawai corpse to Koko Head, all four had been turned over to the Navy for safe keeping.

Their quarters were better than those of most alleged murderers. The *Alton* (once the old cruiser *Chicago*) was connected with the shore by a 200 ft. boardwalk, guarded by marines. On her deck had been built a penthouse, bristling with ventilators to cool the neat single cabins within. Each prisoner occupied a room comparable to that on a small liner. The food came from the officers' mess. No third-degree examinations occurred because civilian prosecutors were barred

from the *Alton*. Flowers and messages poured in upon Mrs. Fortescue from the island and the mainland. Her daughter Thalia, staying with friends at the naval base, made her frequent visits.

When arrested, Mrs. Fortescue was a woman of iron. Once on the *Alton*, however, her nerves went to pieces and she



Acme

GOVERNOR JUDD

Sleuths approached him.

was put under the care of a physician. She sobbed and cried on her bed. Her speech was so broken and incoherent that her attorney, Montgomery Winn, could talk with her only a few minutes at a time. Lieut. Massie sat by her hour after hour, trying to console and assure her. Her hysterical condition was aggravated by her anxiety for her husband, Major Fortescue, ill with pneumonia in far-off Manhattan. She wanted him by her side when she went on trial for murder.

By radiophone from the *Alton* Mrs. Fortescue spoke to her mother, Mrs. Charles Bell, in Italy. Lieut. Massie rang up his mother at Winchester, Ky., told her: "I think of you all the time. Please don't worry. My wife? She's fine and right here beside me now."

Heartwarming to Mrs. Fortescue were the messages of sympathy and admiration she received from her old friends in Society—Mrs. Cornelius Bliss, Mrs. Breckinridge Long, Gilbert Grosvenor, Mrs. Edward Beale McLean, Publisher Joseph Medill Patterson. Before leaving to open her Palm Beach season, Mrs. Joseph Townsend Stotesbury of Philadelphia wired:

"Dear Grace: This brings you my love and heartiest sympathy, also my admiration and respect for your magnificent courage in this overwhelming misfortune. I would have done the same in your place and so would any other good mother. If there is anything I can do for you and yours, count upon me."

Alarmed when her message appeared in the Press, Mrs. Stotesbury's lawyers

helped her issue a stiff & stilted statement: "I had no idea her [Mrs. Fortescue's] attorneys would make my message public. They evidently believed this publicity would be of some benefit to her. . . . If so, I am content to endure the personal notoriety aroused. . . . Unfortunately the Press, without any authority from me, has assumed that I believed Mrs. Fortescue herself killed the Hawaiian Kahahawai to avenge her daughter."*

Meanwhile, with the principals cooped up on the *Alton*, the Fortescue-Massie case whipped up a great pother of official excitement and activity in Honolulu and Washington. Governor Lawrence M. Judd of Hawaii, island-born son of an island-born father, found himself under sharp, critical attack for Honolulu's lax law enforcement. Businessmen led by Walter Dillingham, railway tycoon, demanded a clean-up. Worthy citizens held mass meetings to protest against being "shushed" by politicians who fairly screamed that Hawaii's raucous medley of race and sex was all an exaggeration. The Grand Jury met and dawdled while Governor Judd summoned a quick session of the Territorial Legislature, recommended a reorganization of the politics-ridden police force, capital punishment for the crime of rape.

In Washington President Hoover pondered the Hawaiian situation with his Cabinet. Secretary of the Interior Wilbur Lloyd sustained Governor Judd. Secretary of the Navy Adams continued to complain that he was not satisfied with "justice" on the islands.

At the Capital the Naval Affairs Committee after a cursory inquiry, discovered that Governor Judd had "pardoned" one Benny Ahakuelo, who had pleaded guilty to attacking a Chinese girl. Free, Ahakuelo traveled to New York, represented the Territory in an amateur boxing contest at Madison Square Garden. Back in Honolulu, he was one of the five natives later charged with attacking Mrs. Massie. Governor Judd retorted that he had simply discharged Ahakuelo "from parole," that circumstances appeared extenuating and anyway, the Chinese girl had been "willing."

Attorney General Mitchell ordered Assistant Attorney General Seth Whitley Richardson with five Government sleuths to Honolulu to investigate crime and law enforcement, make a report for the Senate.

Chief blame for race troubles in Hawaii was placed by Admiral William Vezie Pratt on the "beach boys"—half-castes hired to instruct tourists in swimming and surf-board riding. These brown bucks, it was explained, do not understand the easy familiarity between the sexes sanctioned in the Occident. They mistake a white woman's smiling friendliness for an invitation to license. According to Admiral Pratt, the laxity with respect to sex crimes

*The theory was advanced last week that Mrs. Fortescue and party did not plan a cold-blooded murder, that the frightened Hawaiian was dragged to her bathroom to wring a confession from him by forcing him to swallow gallons of water. (Cf. *The Leather Face* by Poe.) His frantic resistance smashed the bathroom door, someone shot him in exasperation.

National Affairs—(Continued)

in Hawaii is due "just to the nature of things."

But not every tourist was frightened away from famed Waikiki by the clash of race and sex. From New York last week aboard the Matson liner *Mariposa* sailed Miss Emily F. Wilson, 91, to spend the rest of the winter in Honolulu.

POLITICAL NOTES

McAoodling

In Los Angeles last week, long, lean William Gibbs McAadoo cocked an acquisitive eye across the continent upon the big red leather chair in the U. S. Senate which holds the long, lean frame of Republican



International

WILLIAM GIBBS MCAADOO
... envisioned a madhouse.

Senator Samuel Shortridge of Menlo Park, Calif. Would the son-in-law of Woodrow Wilson step out of the political obscurity which has enveloped him since his retreat from Madison Square Garden in 1924 and offer himself as a Democratic candidate for the Senate? Solemnly Son-in-Law McAadoo announced: "A large number of men and women of standing and character have been urging me to enter the race. I have reached no conclusion but I feel I owe it to them to give the matter thoughtful consideration."

That the Wartime Secretary of the Treasury, irked with the law, has been getting more and more political has been

⁸Born to war-ruined parents at Marietta, Ga. in 1893, William Gibbs McAadoo sold papers as a boy, migrated with his family to Knoxville, entered the University of Tennessee. Thirty-six years later, as Wartime Secretary of the Treasury, he borrowed more money at a single time through Government loans than had any other U. S. official in history. As head of the War Risk Insurance Bureau he issued more life insurance than all other private companies put together. As Director General of Railroads he controlled more miles of track than any other man ever has. He married President Wilson's youngest daughter Eleanor and now lives in Los Angeles with his wife and two daughters.

fairly obvious for some time. A rampant Dry out of step with the dominant eastern wing of his party, he has, it is said, reconciled himself to the fact that he has no chance for the Presidency. Late last year he published his autobiography (*Crowded Years*) which contained some political explosives and, in telling the story of an unparalleled career, again attracted attention to the almost forgotten name of McAadoo. Then last month the students of Southern Methodist University at Dallas listened to some statesmanlike McAoodling. With war and disarmament as his theme, this able Democrat there delivered an address that would have warmed even the critical heart of his famed father-in-law. Excerpts:

"That all men are brothers is a noble and Christian thought but human experience has demonstrated that it is, at best, nothing more than a pleasant theory. . . . To abolish war effectively we must contrive to lessen the intense economic tension. . . . Any reduction in armaments is desirable on the ground of national economy but if we believe that such a reduction would put an end to war—unless the movement is accompanied by profound economic adjustments—we are simply deceiving ourselves."

Mr. McAadoo argued that the next war would "convert the civilized world into a madhouse." He chided the allied powers for not keeping their disarmament promises to Germany, warned that the U. S. could not safely purchase Europe's disarmament with War debt cancellation, viewed the Republican tariff with alarm.

"Contemtable Liar!"

"Smith was a rotten Governor. I did not know it until I got into the governorship myself."

This remark, attributed to Governor Franklin Delano Roosevelt of New York about Alfred Emanuel Smith, was published as gossip fortnight ago in *Collier's* in an article by "The Gentleman at the Keyhole." When newsmen at Albany last week asked Governor Roosevelt if he had ever made such a statement, that usually placid gentleman angrily exclaimed:

"Any man who circulates a story of that kind is not only a liar but a contemptible liar!"

He knew, the Governor intimated, the identity of "The Gentleman at the Keyhole" and would expect "almost anything" from him.

Most newsmen in Washington also believed they knew this keyhole commentator to be Clinton Wallace Gilbert, shrewd, able correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*. Their belief in his identity was strengthened when earlier this month he used almost identically the same story in a despatch to his newspaper. Governor Roosevelt was circumstantially placed at last year's Governors' Conference at French Lick, Ind., and in conversation with "a distinguished Middle Western Democrat" (generally supposed to be James Middleton Cox) saying:

"Of course Smith is against me. But I

don't care anything about Smith's opposition. You know Smith was a fake Governor. I didn't realize it until I became Governor myself. But I have done more constructive work for the State in a few months than Smith did in all his term of office."

Champaigning

The relative of another Big Name in Democracy (see above) swung into the political news when Bennett Clark, only son of the late great Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives, announced his candidacy for the Senate from Missouri. Young Clark was being graduated by the University of Missouri in 1932 when his father was losing the party's presidential nomination to Wilson at the Baltimore Convention. He later served as a House parliamentarian, went to France with the A. E. F., emerged from the War as a colonel in the 88th Division. As much to Col. Clark as to any other man has gone credit for the initiation of the American Legion in Paris shortly after the Armistice. As a St. Louis attorney, he was one of many anti-McAadoo men proposed for the Vice-Presidency at the Democratic Convention in 1924.

Married, the father of twins, Mr. Clark hopes to succeed Senator Harry Bartow Hawes who is voluntarily retiring. Seeking the Democratic nomination against him are Charles Howell and Charles Hay. Mr. Clark has just finished a biography of John Quincy Adams, to be published this winter by Atlantic Monthly Press. Of the sixth U. S. President his biographer



International

BENNETT CLARK

... ran down a coot.

said: "He was such an interesting old coot I had a fine time writing his life."

As a campaigner Champ Clark's son speaks at every opportunity, flays the Farm Board, urges a referendum on Prohibition and never slams his Democratic opponents.

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

State of Europe

More anxiously than for months past, financiers and statesmen scanned the state of Europe last week. On the U. S. horizon optimists had discovered pale streaks of hope (see p. 11). Would Europe stand? There was plenty for them to think about. On the credit side, the week passed without any major political disaster. Stock markets in Paris, London and Berlin all continued to rise. With millions in gold coming from India, the pound sterling rose 11¢ during the week to close at \$3.51, highest since November.

"Let us wait and see," cried the politicians. "Maybe things will get better." Faced with the necessity for doing something about Reparations at the Lausanne Conference, the London *Observer* announced last week that Britain, France, Italy, Belgium had agreed privately that conference delegates will submit a proposal to Washington to extend the Hoover Moratorium from July to Jan. 1, 1933, arrange to resume discussions before that time and adjourn the Lausanne Conference as soon as possible. This was typical of other decisions. Postponement had become a policy—and a hope.

More eager to face the facts was Benito Mussolini. An article in his own newspaper *Il Popolo d'Italia* was generally recognized as coming from the pen of *Il Duce* himself. He wrote:

"Will the governments of Europe again display the tremendous lack of will power which seems to paralyze them whenever they face this problem. . . ? The social and economic structure of Europe is steadily moving toward an abyss, and if it continues it will leave no alternative between repudiation of debts and chaos. . . .

"In the face of voluntary cancellation of reparations by the European states the American people could not insist on payment of the War debts and thus appear in history as the only profiteer of the War. Is it believable that the Americans could resort to hostile acts in the economic and exchange fields? The economy of the world is solid; whoever in any part of the world damages it damages himself; customs reprisals call for counter reprisals. . . . The world needs the United States, but the United States needs Europe and the world as never before."

The French Ministry of Finance published a preliminary estimate of the budget last week omitting all figures on Reparations and War debts.

From Sofia came rumors of a general Balkan moratorium. Premier N. Muchanoff of Bulgaria blurted out that his country must default on its debts if it did not receive more money from the League of Nations (Bulgaria owes the U. S. some \$27,000,000). Greece had already made such an announcement. Two days later Premier Muchanoff thought better, denied that he had "said anything concrete on the subject." Harried Albania set up not one but five separate commissions to think of ways of raising more money. Rumania's Finance Minister, Constantine

Argetoianu, was in Paris, begging. Spectacular King Alexander of Yugoslavia was luckier. He went back from Paris with a \$14,000,000 loan.

A committee of U. S. bankers, trying to work out an agreement between Hungarian banks and their private creditors, gave up in discouragement last week. Month ago Hungary declared a moratorium on most of its foreign debt, excepted the short term loans of foreign bankers but at the same time begged that a "stillstand" agreement could be reached to freeze these for another six months. U. S. short term credits to Hungary total about \$35,000,000. New York bankers agreed to the "stillstand" provided Hungarian bankers would at least



BENITO MUSSOLINI

"Governments of Europe again display tremendous lack of will power. . . ."

pay interest and commissions on the loans falling due in the meantime. No Budapest bank had even that much money to spare. The conference fell through.

The same committee of U. S. bankers did reach an agreement with Austria. Austria has been paying 15% of her outstanding debts to the U. S. every 90 days. By the new agreement she need pay only 5%. "The difference," said a grateful Viennese, "is the difference between solvency and open bankruptcy."

Banker Albert Henry Wiggin went to ground somewhere in Germany where he has been working for the past month, and successfully avoided all efforts of newshawks to locate him. A decision on payment of Germany's private debts was momentarily expected. As for Reparations the choice seemed to be postponement with Brüning or postponement with Mussolini. At the last minute France carried the postponement idea one step further. Premier Laval issued a statement begging postponement of the entire Lausanne Conference: "The opinion is becoming more and more general that it is impossible to arrive now at a detailed and definite solution of the problems of Reparations and War debts."

AUSTRALIA

Naked Threat

Last week a stern-faced delegation of unemployed women let it be known that unless the Hon. H. E. Sizer, Minister for Labor and Industry in Queensland, consented to meet them and discuss a definite program of unemployment relief they would take off all their clothes and parade through the main streets of Brisbane, naked.

This was viewed as an impending calamity. Special orders were flashed to police stations to "take every precaution." State police officers in despair replied that so many women were unemployed that not all the police could keep all their clothes on should a concerted movement get under way. Cabled a worried Brisbane correspondent: "These women have already participated in some extraordinary demonstrations."*

GREAT BRITAIN

Seed for the Soddens

England's dole is a medicine for the disease of unemployment. Last week England learned that the dole brought its own disease. To many a workman, suddenly jobless, mental deterioration comes swiftly. For a few days he enjoys his leisure. Then comes restlessness. He walks the streets, goes home to pace his floor, bite his nails, throw things at his wife. Gradually this energy wears itself out. He stops shaving, becomes dirty, slovenly, soddens. He looks at the world out of dull, defeated eyes. For this condition psychologists have a new term: unemployment shock.

But for that, too, England has a medicine. Last week the country knew that the Ministry of Labor was keeping 175,000 of the 2,600,000 dole-drawers busy for three-to-six month periods in "reconditioning camps." Joan Fry Lakeman, famed tennis, was directing a Society of Friends program which would furnish garden plots, seeds, tools to another 100,000.

INDIA

Lloyd Barrage

Long-nosed Viceroy Lord Willingdon took time off from his troubles with Indian Nationalists last week to go to Sukkur on the Indus, in northwestern India. There on a platform glittering with native princes and staff officers, he threw a switch and opened the flood gates of the biggest irrigation project in the world. With British talent for resonant names it is known as the Lloyd Barrage.

In 1923, when he was Governor of Bom-

*Brisbane police might have taken a lesson from their brothers-in-arms, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. For years Doukhobors, men and women, insisted on parading naked through Saskatchewan villages. Last year Doukhobor women enraged the Mounties by sitting naked on their fences and jorjering. Police officers corrected this by issuing to their men spray guns filled with itching powder.

Foreign News—(Continued)

bay, Sir George Ambrose Lloyd (later better known as Lord Lloyd, Britain's iron-fisted High Commissioner for Egypt) inaugurated the scheme. Besides two dams which are, respectively, the largest and the second highest in the world, the project includes a network of canals and spillways 6,000 miles long. On it 77,000 men were employed for nine years. It cost \$75,000,000 and will irrigate a rainless desert area as big as Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Delaware together. Statisticians figured that the masonry in the Lloyd dam would build a wall six feet high, 15 inches thick and 520 miles long. It should provide farm work for an additional 2,500,000 people.

Immediately after the ceremony Lord Willingdon announced that a knighthood had been awarded to the British designer of the project: Charlton Scott Cholmeley Harrison. Undoubtedly the Lloyd Barrage will do more for the people of northwestern India than anything St. Gandhi has been able to think of, but all its waters could not quench Nationalist pride. India seethed with the news that A. A. Musto, native engineer in charge of construction who spent seven hot summers by the dam site, designed much special machinery, was not rewarded at all.

Krishna Kant

The same mistake that Germany made when she executed Edith Cavell, a British magistrate in Bombay made last week. Outside a Bombay store a small, imperious child shrilly shouted to purchasers to buy nothing but Indian goods. Brandishing their long *lathis*, policemen swooped down, arrested the child as a picketer and hauled him off to court where a short tempered magistrate sentenced him to four years imprisonment. The child's name was Krishna Kant. He was nine years old. Snapped the magistrate:

"If you disobey orders in the reformatory you will be whipped."

"I am ready to die for Gandhi," said Krishna Kant.

Half of India had heard of Krishna Kant next day. Nationalist agitators thanked their stars for an easy martyr. Wholesale arrests continued. Indian papers printed page-long lists of political convictions. In Bombay, crowds searched houses for British cloth, built bonfires of it in the streets. Bengal police fired into a crowd, killed one, wounded two.

Even so India was of great service to Britain last week. In one day \$9,000,000 in gold bullion left Bombay for London to bolster the British pound. Reporters discovered that since Britain went off the gold standard over \$100,000,000 in Indian gold had been sent to Britain. St. Gandhi was fully aware of the importance of this.

Just before his imprisonment he wrote: "If the outflow of gold continues India will soon become bankrupt. England is bankrupt and she is sure to pounce upon our gold reserves by all means, fair or foul. Moreover we are at war with England and we are not bound to help her at present."

GERMANY

Hep! Hep! Oberst Epp!

Adolf Hitler was in a tight place last week. Canny Chancellor Heinrich Brüning had helped to put him there, first by stealing Fascist Hitler's own battle-cry of "No more Reparations!" then by seeking his aid to keep Old Paul von Hindenburg



International

COLONEL (VON?) EPP

Tall, stiff, scowly.

in the presidency after his term expires in May (TIME, Jan. 18). Handsome Adolf would have to think twice before ousting the man who might end Germany's "economic slavery" (Brüning), and four or five times before opposing the "Idol of the Fatherland" (Old Paul). From his conference with Chancellor Brüning Herr Hitler stalked in a huff.

The other man who helped to squeeze him was his own lieutenant, fiery Wilhelm Frick, chairman of the National Socialist Party in the Reichstag. Without waiting for his leader to make an announcement, Nazi Frick blurted out to a mass meeting at Kempten, Bavaria, the flat declaration that Brüning must quit, that the Nazis would take no part in the movement to re-elect Old Paul by popular vote. The meaning was clear: If Old Paul wanted Nazi support he must get rid of Brüning, a thing Old Paul would hardly do. Handsome Adolf's mustache wiggled convulsively. Here was possible rebellion in his own party.

All Germany immediately wanted to know: If not von Hindenburg, whom would the Nazis support? They must have a hero, preferably a War hero, a man around whom could be thrown some of the glamour that attached itself to the Hero of Tannenberg. The Nazis had such a man: handsome, stern-faced Franz von Epp.

When the War broke out Oberst (Colonel) Epp was a dashing youthful blade stationed in Munich. He was made a general, held commands in France, Belgium, Serbia, Rumania, Italy. Idolized

by his men, he was many times decorated. He emerged from the War with a *con* before his name, but to oldtimers General von Epp was still known as Oberst Epp. He joined the Bavarian People's Party, became known for his militarism, his patriotism, once testified at a murder trial that he thought political murder was justifiable homicide if committed in the interest of the Fatherland. In 1928 he changed parties, was elected to the Reichstag by the Nazis, re-elected in 1930. At 63, he is tall, stiff, soldierly, with piercing eyes and a fine scowl that to Nazis contrasts favorably with the octogenarian benignity of President Paul.

Last week Chief Arthur Mahraun of the Young German Order started a movement to get a national plebiscite to re-elect President von Hindenburg. Adolf Hitler wrote Chancellor Brüning a belated letter flatly refusing to help prolong the President's term by Reichstag action, whereupon the Government set Feb. 28 as election day. On the subject of election candidates Herr Hitler was glumly silent. Silent, too, was Oberst Epp. With so much almost within his grasp he did not want to overstep.

Death of a Hohenzollern

Stiffly sitting around a white bed in a small sanatorium at Frankfurt-am-Main last week, a deposed king, a discarded queen, a prince & two princesses silently watched tragic death end the tragic life of their mother. As if two abdications, bitter hatred and widowhood had not brought her enough pain, Dowager ex-Queen Sophie of Greece, 61, died slowly, painfully of cancer. In Doorn, Holland, ex-Kaiser Wilhelm, denied permission to visit her, coughed with bronchitis, shivered with fear that the disease which had taken first his father and now his sister might some day kill him.

Daughter of Friedrich III and granddaughter of Queen Victoria, Sophie Hohenzollern was married, brilliantly, to Prince Constantine of Greece. In 1913 her father-in-law was assassinated and she became queen. Denounced as an intriguer for Germany during the War, she was driven from Greece with her husband in 1917. A year later when Constantine was reported near death from an old wound, rumor spread that she had stabbed him. In 1920 King Constantine was restored to his throne. Two years later she again fled with him to Italy. There she watched him die, while her son, King George II, ruled Greece for a year before he too was dethroned. The rest of her life, until a few months before she died, was spent in a villa in Florence with three of her children, Prince Paul and Princesses Irene and Catherine, while another daughter, Helen of Rumania, carried on her family's tragic tradition.

Last week at the memorial services in Frankfurt-am-Main there were no brothers or sisters. Her niece, Princess Victoria Louise, was there with the ex-Crown Prince and Prince Eitel Friedrich. With the death of Sophie there remained in the European deck only 17 queens, ten in play, seven in the discard.

Foreign News—(Continued)

FINLAND

New Liquor Law

When a national referendum last month defeated Prohibition by 3½ to 1 (TIME, Jan. 11), Finland's Cabinet was faced with a serious problem: to legalize liquor traffic and provide machinery to control it before spring, when re-opening of navigation would make it feasible for smugglers to resume their operations. Last week the new bill was ready for Parliament to vote on. Key points:

1) In charge of Finland's liquor traffic will be a control board of seven members selected for three years by the Cabinet.

2) Right to manufacture, import and sell liquor will go to a monopoly company which, after obtaining consent of the control board, will issue manufacturing permits and licenses to retailers, hotels, restaurants.

3) Restaurants must sell liquor at cost. Instead of a profit on their liquor sales, the control board will pay them sums proportionate to their sales of commodities other than liquor.

4) Private liquor dealers will not be permitted to advertise.

5) Home-brewing (which goes on in Finland at the rate of 500,000 gallons annually) will be legal, tax-free.

FRANCE

Nothing Much

Just as everyone expected, the Cabinet of Premier Laval fell and was re-assembled last week; former Premier André Tardieu was pushed into the post he was far from anxious for, that of Minister of War; and M. Laval himself took on the duties of Foreign Minister as well as Premier. Suddenly the Sûreté-Général clamped down a strict press censorship. International cable messages were delayed for hours. Though nothing drastic happened, there were numerous incidents in the week's news that might have been misinterpreted:

❖ The day of the Cabinet crisis groups of Communists and unemployed gathered in the suburbs of Neuilly, Vitry, St. Cloud, and advanced toward the Chamber of Deputies. Gendarmes were out, automobiles full of detectives cruised alongside. Once the 8,000 marchers crossed the Seine the entire line was hustled into the Gare des Invalides, arrested *en masse*. Most of them were released in a few hours. No one was hurt. Albert Grzesinski, chief of the Berlin police whose *schripas* have caused so many deaths in Berlin riots, stood on the curb, marveled.

❖ Though he had been forced to hand in his resignation, sick old Aristide Briand clung to his Foreign Office desk at the Quai d'Orsay until the last minute. Premier Laval called personally, begged him to accept an honorary Cabinet post. Brer Briand issued an acid statement: "M. Briand would prefer to study the juridical and diplomatic form in which he might contemplate eventual collaboration."

❖ French unemployment, still the smallest

of any great power except Russia, mounted from day to day. Thirty-two thousand were added to the rolls last week, giving a registered total of 246,709. Deputies discussed a 200,000,000-franc state lottery for their relief.

❖ Last week the Government published final trade returns for the year 1931, showed that France had the biggest adverse trade balance in her history: \$461,120,000. The tourist trade, a major French industry, was supine. Only 1,200,000 foreigners visited France last year compared with 3,000,000 in 1930, 4,000,000 in 1929. Worst of all, they spent 50% less *per capita*.

One important newcomer to the reorganized Laval cabinet is Pierre Cathala, Minister of the Interior. Unemployment and languishing business are two of the problems he must face. Even more meteoric than that of M. Laval is the career of Pierre Cathala. Thirty-eight years old, he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies at the last general election. This is his great chance. French politicians call the Minister of the Interior "king maker" for he appoints and controls the prefects, and the prefects are the Government's agents in the provinces.

AUSTRIA

Tooth Hoarding

So low is Austria's gold coverage that by recent emergency laws no citizen may take gold out of the country. The Government is doing everything in its power to prevent gold hoarding. A citizen can, of course, still have a toothache.

Several months ago Austrian officials noted remarkable activity among dentists. Cautious peasants were coming down from the mountains eager to fill their honest faces with as many great glittering grinders as possible. Another type of gold bootlegging was springing up: dental supply houses bought gold, sold it at abnormal prices to the timorous. Last week the National Bank abruptly denied all dental supply houses the right to buy and sell gold.

"We have taken the position," said an official, "that temporary fillings will have to do until the crisis is past."

Later the Ministry of Finances relented, overruled the Bank and allowed dentists to buy gold stoppages on presenting special certificates.

RUSSIA

Turksib Cotton

Largest British-Soviet transaction in the history of Liverpool's cotton market was the purchase by a Lancashire company last week of £500,000 worth of cotton from the Russian Government. Thus did U. S. and South American cotton growers feel the first effects of the most spectacular achievement of Russia's Five-Year Plan: completion of *Turksib* (Turkistan-Siberian Railroad), chief purpose of which was to spur cotton production in Central Asia, whose products previously had to reach Europe by camel-back.

MONGOLIA

Again, Semenov

While Japan was tightening its grip on Manchuria last week, a baldish, blue-whiskered dissolute Russian scoundrel-brigand was plotting to tear another strip out of the ragged map of China. In Mukden, Correspondent Victor Koen of the



International

GENERAL GREGORY SEMENOV

Five princes nodded.

New York *Herald Tribune* stumbled into a war council between five Mongolian princes and General Gregory Semenov and emerged to wireless his paper of a move to set up an independent state in Inner Mongolia.

Few people outside of Asia know, or care, anything about Mongolia. It is under-populated, isolated by great mountain ranges. Once an entity, it has been split up. Outer Mongolia, with Soviet help, became an independent Republic in 1924 and is still closely tied to Moscow. But fertile Inner Mongolia is still under Chinese rule. To break this rule is the task General Semenov and his willing Mongol allies have set themselves. That Japan was behind the movement, would dominate the new state if it was formed, not even the Mongol princes took the trouble to deny.

General Semenov said he wanted to make Inner Mongolia independent of both Soviet Russia and China, would make it "a haven of refuge for homeless White Russians." The five Mongols solemnly nodded their heads. Up went the general's Satanic mustachios. "I can provide 50,000 trained White Russians who have served in the Tsarist forces," said he. "The Mongolians can provide 100,000 trained cavalymen."

Those familiar with General Semenov's career had little doubt that he was far less interested in a White Russian haven than he was in the money he was getting from Japan. Grandson of a Mongolian woman and onetime Captain in the Russian Im-

Foreign News—(Continued)

perial Army, he first attracted outside attention in 1918 by his guerrilla warfare in Siberia at the head of a band of Cossacks against the new-born Soviet régime. England, France and Japan supported him for a while, later he drew his pay from Japan alone. Once, with 16 men, he drove a large Soviet force out of the stronghold of Manchuli in Northern Manchuria. In 1922 he went to the U. S., spent six days in New York City's Ludlow Street Jail when a Soviet company sued him for \$500,000 worth of woollens he had seized in Siberia. He claimed Japanese-Seized bankers had seized \$60,000,000 the Tsarist government had entrusted to him.

Russia did not take news of General Semenov's plans lightly. In Tokyo, Soviet Ambassador Alexander Trojanovsky was pressing a proposal for a Russo-Japanese non-aggression treaty, with little success. At Lake Baikal, 1,000 miles northwest of Manchuria, Russia was reported to be building "strong defensive works."

JAPAN

Imperial Carrots

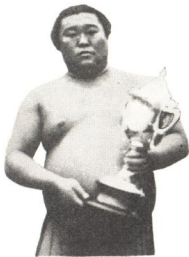
Fortnight ago a strangely ineffective bomb thrown in his direction left His Imperial Majesty, Emperor Hirohito, son of Heaven, untouched (TIME, Jan. 18). But it inflicted slight flesh wounds on the rears of two horses of the Imperial Guard. Into their stables last week came two Imperial grooms carrying two baskets brightly bedecked with the Imperial colors. By curious Japanese signs they tried to explain to the horses that these were a gift from the Emperor. Then they watched the two horses appreciatively devour their eight pounds of Imperial carrots.

Few days later the Emperor bowed before the Kashikodokoro ("Place of Awe") in the Imperial Palace and informed his ancestress, the Sun Goddess Amaterasu O-mikami, of his fortunate escape.

Sumo Strike

To make them tough, Japanese wrestlers are trained from the cradle, fed on underdone beefsteak when normal children are still milk-bibbing. They grow to enormous size, sometimes are seven feet tall, weigh 400 lb. Like Samson's, their hair is uncut. Their early training consists mostly of walking around looking for a movable mass of stone or wood; when such a mass is sighted the would-be wrestler gathers himself together, gets a running start, and hurls himself at it with a mighty grunt. After several years of displacing boulders the candidate is considered tough enough to begin learning the 48 tricks & dodges of Japanese wrestling, or *Sumo*. In a 12-ft. ring a Japanese wrestler grunts through a brief career of trying to squash his opponent into submission. If he becomes a *yokozuna* (champion) he may tie a piece of straw rope around his waist and consort with the highest personages, but even for the *yokozuna* pay is small, consisting mostly of patrons' contributions and roast pigs and bottles of sake sent

*Not to be confused with jujitsu, which requires more agility, less flesh.



International
CHAMPION MIYAGIYA
To him came Thought.

by admirers. Soon the wrestler has his hair cut, retires to a lethargic O-shaped old age.

But even to a wrestler thought comes occasionally. Last week 32 of them including Champion Miyagiya struck, demanding better pay, shorter hours, cheaper seats, a mutual aid society, retirement pensions.

Explanations

Kenkichi Yoshizawa, lately Ambassador to France, new Foreign Minister of Japan, arrived in Tokyo last week. After changing his clothes in the gentlemen's wash room of the Tokyo railroad station, he paid his respects to his Emperor. The Foreign Office took the occasion to publish ostentatiously the full text of a secret treaty that has been no secret to the world Press ever since strife started in Manchuria last fall.

In 1905, at the close of the Russo-Japanese war, the coral-and-sapphire-buttoned mandarins of Her Celestial Majesty the Empress Dowager signed a treaty guaranteeing the security of Japanese subjects in Manchuria, promising not to construct any Chinese railroads parallel to the Japanese-controlled South Manchuria Railway or prejudicial to its interest. At China's request, the terms of the treaty were kept secret. The world has long known of its existence. Violation of it was Japan's excuse to the world for the invasion of Manchuria. Last week it was published.

Foreign Minister Yoshizawa's first official duty was to proffer yet another explanation. He answered Secretary Stimson's note of Jan. 7 which invoked the Kellogg anti-war pact and the Nine Power Treaty guaranteeing China's integrity. Other nations failed notably to back the Stimson stand, but Kenkichi Yoshizawa returned a soft answer: Japan would never, never dream of annexing Manchuria, and as for the policy of the "Open Door" in China, the Japanese

Government promised to maintain it "in so far as they can secure it."

Meanwhile, besides raiding Tsingtao (see below) Japan continued to fight in Manchuria. For once Chinese made serious resistance. A ragged volunteer force of about 5,000 men rose out of the frozen plains, captured the Japan-held railway junction of Talushan, killed 200 men, then rubbed out a little Japanese detachment at Chinski. It was a short triumph. Japanese reinforcements rolled up from Mukden, wreaked swift, bloody vengeance.

CHINA

Jewel Raided

In red-roofed Tsingtao, chief port of famed Shantung Province, China, the biggest newspaper came out one day last week describing the attempt to assassinate Emperor Hirohito of Japan as "an unfortunate failure." A mob swept out of the Japanese quarter of the city and methodically kicked the offices of the *Min Kuo Daily News* apart. Then they burned the local headquarters of the Kuomintang (Nationalist) Party. Thousands of Chinese gathered up their belongings and fled to the back country.

Suddenly at nightfall the windows and roof of the Japanese consulate bristled with machine guns. Japanese ships were in the harbor. Their turrets swung toward the city. Batailions of marines chugged ashore. For 24 hours the city was completely in Japanese hands. Then the 500 marines returned to their ships.

The rest of the world seemed too busy to pay much attention, but to thoughtful observers of Far Eastern affairs the seizure of Tsingtao was a hair-raiser. Tsingtao is not in Manchuria, has nothing to do with Manchuria. It is in China proper, a magnificent harbor, terminus of an important railroad.

By 1897, imperialistic Germany well realized that the rest of Europe had scooped her in collecting vast colonies throughout Africa and Asia. Therefore when two missionaries were providentially slain in Shantung, Germany demanded, and got, for reparation: a 99-year lease on the port of Tsingtao, and many miles of surrounding territory plus the right to build a railroad through Shantung Province. In 1914, Japan's first act as one of the Allies was to besiege Tsingtao. It was defended with extreme gallantry by the German garrison, for the Kaiser had bombastically called it "the jewel of my heart." Japan held Tsingtao through the War and after. But its attempt to stay out the 99-year lease was solemnly thwarted by the Great Powers at the Washington Conference (1921-22) and by the Sino-Japanese Treaty of 1922 when Japan solemnly swore to leave Tsingtao alone. Tsingtao remained, nevertheless, a jewel.

Observers interpreted last week's raid as a feeler. If the world grew incensed at this invasion of Chinese territory, Japan had an excuse: there was a riot, she had landed troops to suppress the riot. If the world, as it seemed to, overlooked it, Japan could try again.

PEOPLE

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

Walter Smith, 22, youngest son of Alfred Emanuel Smith, was arraigned on a charge of manslaughter after his automobile struck and killed an elderly unemployed man in upper Manhattan. He was accompanied by an instructor in Manhattan College, whither they were returning at 2.30 a.m. Police first gave out the youth's name as "Walter Slith, 35." When newsmen learned his real identity they were barred from the room where the charge of manslaughter was being entered against him. During the arraignment photographers were expelled from court. Walter's brother, Lawyer Alfred E. Smith Jr. and his cousin, Lawyer John J. Glynn defended him, got a week's postponement on \$1,000 bail so that he could attend college examinations. They told newsmen that the victim had stepped in front of Walter's automobile, that Walter tried to swerve out of the way but was blocked by another car. The city toxicologist reported finding alcohol in the dead man's brain. In Boston Leo Curley, 16, son of Mayor James Michael Curley, had his driver's license revoked. Last month he was freed of charges after his automobile killed a woman.

Timoor Tash, Grand Vizier of Persia's Riza Shah Pahlavi, making a "visit of courtesy and friendship" to Soviet Russia,



TIMOOR TASH

... was protected from the bitter cold.

was entertained by his hosts at the trotting races in the Moscow hippodrome. Surrounded by fur-hatted Russian officers and highest diplomats, the so-called "brains of the Persian State" sat protected from the bitter cold in a glass-sided box while the rubber-tired sulkies skimmed around the track in the light of electrolights and a crescent moon. At Timoor Tash's side, talking of "Asia for the Asiatics," sat General Budenny who, like the Grand Vizier's own sovereign, was once a Cossack sergeant.

On Form 10161 J, complete with "article submittal notice" and return envelope, the technical press editor of Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co. offered newspapers an illustrated story stating that Westinghouse engineers had examined the hair of Film Actress Jean Harlow with a Westinghouse color matcher and found it real platinum color.

When the porter who opens packages addressed to Assistant Secretary of Commerce Julius Klein found a heavy wooden box he was wisely suspicious and promptly summoned building guards. The guards called police. The police suggested the Bureau of Standards and the Bureau of Mines. The Bureau of Mines thought the bomb should be opened at the Naval Research Laboratory. At the laboratory a squad of marines fired several rifle bullets into the box. Then an expert, working with mirrors and long implements from behind an iron shield, pried the lid open. They found the box packed full of small white tablets. Next day Claudius Hart Huston, onetime G. O. P. chairman, revealed that he had sent the tablets—a new form of concentrated heat—on behalf of an inventor friend who wanted an opinion on their marketability from encyclopedic Julius Klein.

Berthed for \$5,000 aboard the S. S. *Monowi* from New Zealand, Phar Lap (Senegalese for "Wink of the Sky"), the "red terror" of the Australian turf, arrived last week in San Francisco. A long-limbed chestnut gelding, Phar Lap (son of Night Raid, English horse, and out of Entreaty, New Zealand mare) has won 32 out of 42 races and \$267,675 prize money in Australia. He was taken to Heather Stock Farm near San Francisco for conditioning before being sent to Agua Caliente to race in the \$50,000 handicap there in March.

Mrs. Martin W. Littleton, dressed in Arab costume, gave a lecture in her Holy Land garden and shrine on Long Island. Said she:

"The Depression is just another link in the chain of evidence which is fulfilling the scriptural prophecies about the second coming of Christ, of Armageddon and the 1,000 years of peace to follow. . . .

"Get a flock of goats and sheep and live on their milk and cheese, and clothe yourself from their fleece. . . . Get back to Abraham . . . when subways and elevated railroads and skyscrapers were not dreamed of."

"Everything has stopped moving. The world is waiting for something . . . for Christ is coming soon to take His children who believe in Him out of the world."

"Don't think that I am just raving. Read your Bibles. It's all there."

Small, dusky-faced, kinky-haired Crown Prince Asfaou-Ouassan, 15, of Abyssinia, with his sister Princess Tananie-Ouorq and entourage of nine, spent a whirlwind week in London before going to Paris in their tour of European capitals. The imperial children, neither of whom

speaks English, went to Sandringham to have luncheon with King George & Queen Mary and to deliver the greetings of their father, Emperor Haile Selassie. They took tea with the Archbishop of Canterbury and stopped the show at the Drury Lane where they went to see Noel Coward's *Cavalcade*. Princess Tananie bought \$20,000 worth of jewelry and clothes, including 21 pairs of shoes. The



International

IMPERIAL CHILD

A fondness developed.

Prince collected bicycle catalogs, conferred lengthily in his suite with cycle salesmen on pneumatic tires and coaster-hubs, developed a fondness for English porridge, consuming three servings of the latter at breakfast before bacon & eggs which he attacked with a spoon.

From the Long Island home of smart, slim Floyd Bostwick Odium, president of Atlas Utilities Corp., leisurely thieves took four prized paintings, frames and all. Among them: a Gainsborough, a Watteau, a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, a landscape by Richard Wilson, valued together at about \$50,000. Detectives arrested a butler and cook recently discharged by the Odiums, recovered the paintings.

Injured were: Josephus Daniels, 69, Wilsonian Secretary of the Navy, publisher of the Raleigh (N. C.) *News & Observer*, when the automobile in which he was riding was forced over an embankment near Atlanta and struck a tree; severe lacerations of the scalp and a broken wrist. Chain-Publisher Frank Ernest Gannett & Wife, when their automobile skidded and overturned near Camden, S. C. Mrs. Gannett was taken to a Camden hospital, suffering a broken collar bone. Publisher Gannett proceeded to his Miami Beach home before he discovered he had three broken ribs. British Statesman Winston Churchill, struck by an automobile in Manhattan last month, extended his convalescent visit at Nassau, because his recovery was so slow that he could not raise his arms above elbow-height.

M E D I C I N E

Room to Breathe

Telephones rang in the sanatoria and hospitals of Tucson, Ariz. last week. St. Mary's Hospital was calling: "Have you an extra oxygen tent? We have a 12-year-old boy here who's failing. . . . Operation for mastoid." Not one extra tent was



Underwood & Underwood

OXYGEN CHAMBER IN USE

Tucson had none such.

there in all the dozen institutions. Patten Levings, son of the city editor of the Los Angeles *Evening Herald & Express*, would have to die for lack of oxygen-rich air.

Another newsmen heard of the impending death. Robert Worth Bingham, publisher of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and Louisville *Times*, had flown to Tucson from Atlanta a few days before because his long ailing step-daughter, Alice Hilliard, 25, had an attack of pneumonia there. She was using one of the tents which young Levings needed. When she heard the news she insisted her tent be sent over to St. Mary's. A quick conference followed between her mother, brother (who had flown with Mr. Bingham), step-father, and doctors. The girl could do without the apparatus. Could a plane bring in extra equipment in time? Probably. From where? New York City, 2,300 miles away. Instead of a tent it would be wise to get a complete oxygen chamber. Miss Hilliard's bed could be placed inside. She would be more comfortable than under a tent.

Decision was reached. Miss Hilliard's tent went to Master Levings, who was very low. Long distance to Manhattan roused the Oxygen Therapy Service, ordered them to truck one of Dr. Alvan Leroy Barach's collapsible oxygen chambers to Glenn H. Curtiss Airport, North Beach, L. I. A Curtiss-Wright Travel Air was waiting, with Stewart Reiss as pilot.

All Tucson watched the triangular action. In St. Mary's Hospital Patten Levings was unconscious. In Desert Sanatorium wan Alice Hilliard was ex-

pectant. That first day wind and rain forced Pilot Reiss down at Bellefonte, Pa., and McKeesport, Pa. He stayed over night at Columbus, Ohio. The second day winds up to 100 m. p. h. forced him to hedgehop past Indianapolis and Oklahoma City to Fort Worth. When he landed there near midnight he learned that he was no longer a savior, only a freight deliverer. Patten Levings had died. Miss Hilliard was in no great need of oxygen relief. Next day he proceeded to Tucson, delivered his anticlimax.

Envelopes v. Cans

An engineer last week predicted that paper envelopes of dried fruits and vegetables will in not many years replace canned foods in city kitchens. Machines have been perfected to bring this about. Charles Walter Thomas told a Manhattan assembly of mechanical engineers. The machines remove 90% or so of water from the foods (leaving them in a compact, dry condition), remove oxygen (which helps spoil foods), wrap and hermetically seal the dried products. When thus dehydrated, carrots or spinach are reduced to one-tenth of their volume weight, but when again watered cannot be detected from those taken fresh from the garden.

Stored Vitamin

The King of Norway listened intently, likewise the Crown Prince and members of the Norwegian Academy of Science, to a report made fortnight ago by bright young Dr. Ottar Rygh. Dr. Rygh had learned how to store the mother stuff of Vitamin C, anti-scurvy. Because the process is important, U. S. nutritionists were impatient for his complete paper to reach this country. Significant quotations available last week: "It seems simple enough now. My task was to find a method by which Vitamin C could be produced in the laboratory in such form that it could be kept in storage without losing its power. Vitamin C is mainly to be found in fruit, vegetables or fresh milk from cows that have been grazing in the open. In my experiments I used the juice of oranges. . . . In the unripe oranges I found the so-called pro-vitamin—that is, the product which, when the fruit ripens, develops into the vitamin. I found that it was identical with what the chemists call narkotin. . . . Having arrived at this conclusion, my next task was to find a mechanical process to deal with narkotin, which proved to be very difficult to deal with, because it simply disappeared in storage.

"I got at the narkotin in the following way: the juice was pressed out of the unripe orange, and carefully evaporated under vacuum at a very low temperature. The juice after this treatment was pure. A solution of carbonate of soda was added and the juice again treated with ether, which then was again steamed off. The result was a yellow oil containing some needle-shaped crystals. When these crystals had been treated with ultra violet rays they proved able to withstand stor-

age, and when they were given to a porpoise suffering from scurvy in its acutest form, the porpoise was completely cured after a short time."

Livers into Blood

After pouring some cow's liver into a patient's veins last week, Professors Cyrus Cressy Sturgis and Raphael Isaacs of the University of Michigan told the fellow to get along and return five or six weeks



International

DR. STURGIS

His needle is nicer than swallowing hog livers.

hence. Theirs is the newest method of alleviating pernicious anemia.

Since Professors George Richards Minot & William Parry Murphy (Harvard) and Dean George Hoyt Whipple (University of Rochester) showed that something in liver causes red blood corpuscles to grow, they and others have sought some simple way of getting the liver into an anemic's system. Eating half a pound of liver a day will do the trick. But most patients balk at eating liver so often. Liver juices taken by mouth are not much more palatable.

Last week Professors Sturgis & Isaacs—the first trained at Johns Hopkins the other at the University of Cincinnati; both are 40—dried some hog stomachs, removed the fats, fed the residue to anemics. Hog stomachs also created new blood cells. They were easier to swallow because they lacked liver's surfeiting taste, and a dessert-spoonful in water or tomato juice once a day was sufficient for health.

Last week's product is even more convenient. Heretofore it has been dangerous to inject liver extracts directly into the blood stream. The extracts behaved like protein poisons. By fiddling with the liver juices after a method which has been patented, Professors Sturgis & Isaacs developed an innocuous fluid. Once introduced into a vein it whips the blood into a fury of red cell reproduction. The fury lasts for four to six weeks, when another intravenous injection becomes necessary. That is more pleasant, anemics find, than swallowing hog stomachs once a day or eating beef liver at every meal.

When excitement runs high in Havana



Bring back an action record of the day...in Home Movies

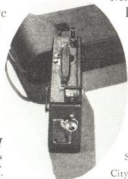
HERE THEY COME! Pounding hoofs. Jockeys molded into glistening, rhythmic backs. The fight for the pole. The thrill of the finish. And all the delirious antics of a race-mad crowd.

Fragments of travel excitement are born with one tick of a watch, gone with the next. But caught forever with the whirl of your Ciné-Kodak.

Ciné-Kodak Model M is a favorite with travelers. Trim, compact, light, convenient to carry. And easy to use.

\$75 with case—Ciné-KODAK Model M

Into this compact little camera, Eastman has concentrated all the essentials of movie making. No focusing. Loads with full 100 feet of 16 mm. film.



You make clear, sharp movies . . . alive with action . . . the first time you try.

Ciné-Kodaks as low as \$75, with case to match. Kodoscope projectors as low as \$60.

Many dealers offer easy terms. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

FREE—All about Taking Movies at home and abroad.

Send me FREE illustrated booklet telling me all about making my own movies. T.1-23

Name

Street

City State

CINÉ-KODAK

RELIGION

Helen Against Revolution

"They want to take away from people their belief in God and make man a law unto himself, doing what he thinks will make for his own individual happiness. What kind of country would we have if this were done?" So last week spoke a New York lady whom everyone knew



Keystone

HELEN GOULD SHEPARD

"Bring people back to the word of God."

to be as good as she is rich. She was flaying that horrid bogey, ATHEISM. If there was any apparent incongruity in her denunciation of a "law-unto-one-self," it was because she was Mrs. Helen Gould Shepard, favorite daughter of that prodigious, puny, black-bearded buccaner, the late Jay Gould, who made a fortune, knew no law. But there was no incongruity.

When Jay Gould precipitated the famed "Black Friday" of 1869, Helen Gould was a small tot of a year and a half. It was not until 1913 that she married Railman Finley Johnson Shepard. In the 45 years of her spinsterhood—she was plain, plump, not much concerned with "Society"—she dedicated herself to good works while her brothers and sister went out in the world. She scarcely approved of Sister Anna, who spent much money, married successively Count Boniface ("Bon") de Castellane and the Duc de Talleyrand; or smart Brother Frank Jay twice-divorced, who dabbled (and still does) in French gambling palaces; or her late Brother George Jay, whose second wife (Guinevere Sinclair) bore him three children before he married her in 1921. Helen Gould stayed by her father, who trained her in finance, took her in his confidence before he died of tuberculosis in 1892.

In succeeding years Helen Gould endeavored to better her father's reputation. This was difficult; but her almost angelic piety, against the crass background

of rich Manhattan 20 years ago, almost accomplished it. Today Mrs. Shepard has only a few millions. She has given away many; to hospitals, to educational institutions, to the New York Hall of Fame, to Spanish-American and World War funds. Every week, applications for money come in to her busy secretaries. Simply, almost dowdily dressed, Mrs. Shepard goes out seldom socially (and then in an outmoded automobile) and occupies herself with what may be called the D. A. R. period of her life.

Some ten years ago Mrs. Shepard began campaigning against Bolshevism and Communism. Well-beloved by members of her generation, she is now vice president of the Daughters of the American Revolution, member of the Colonial Dames of America. She may go to Yonkers to speak to Sunday School officials, or to White Plains for a political rally. Last November she canceled an engagement to speak in Albany, retired to her country house. It was reported that she had received threatening messages from "Reds." Last week she addressed a meeting in Manhattan of the American McAll Association, affiliate of *La Mission Populaire Evangelique de France*, a Protestant mission group. Headlined the New York Times: MRS. SHEPARD LISTS DANGERS TO YOUTH. Said she:

"In our country there seems to be a movement toward atheism today, and many teachers in our schools and colleges have become agnostic or atheistic. Under the spell of their teaching many of our young people are losing their faith." Referring to the work of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism and to meetings in Manhattan and Chicago of the League for Industrial Democracy, Mrs. Shepard said: "The League . . . is a society trying to win college boys and girls in a radical movement. They met [in Union Theological Seminary] under the title 'Guiding the Revolution.' . . . [From the meeting at the University of Chicago] they sent a telegram to the New York meeting. I am told, reading, 'Swell conference. Twenty-three colleges represented. Yours for the revolution. . . . and saddest among the movements for breakdown is the effort of a Modernist clergyman in this city who heads reconciliation tours,' taking theological students to visit Anarchists, Communists, I. W. W.'s, Socialists and union labor leaders. The breakdown of things our ancestors stood for urges you to do everything possible to bring people back to the word of God."

Miracles

Greatest of missionaries since Apostolic times was, in Roman Catholic opinion, St. Francis Xavier, who helped to found the Society of Jesus, who died in 1552 on an island near China. His body was placed in the Church of Bom Jesus in Goa, Portuguese India. Canonized in 1622, though him were performed miracles which church authorities recognize as "stupendous." Last month the embalmed corpse of St. Francis Xavier was exposed. For the 13th

time since his death, for public veneration. It was declared to be in good condition (TIME, Dec. 14). Last week it was replaced in its silver sarcophagus. Officials checked up. In 40 days, 2,000,000 pilgrims had filed through the church, kissed the feet of St. Francis Xavier. Thousands of miracles had occurred. These will be verified, listed.

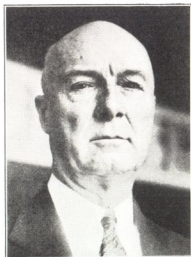
Prayers

The women of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's Riverside Church (Rockefeller) in Manhattan were asked last week to join the Women's Bible Class and the Women's Society* in praying daily during February "that the Disarmament Conference in Geneva may accomplish much in devising plans which shall annihilate war and that Dr. Mary Emma Woolley may be divinely guided as she represents myriads of women who desire the peaceful settlement of all differences between nations."

United Baptists

The two brothers were estranged, cinema-wise, over Slavery. Last week, 87 years having passed, they were reunited. In Washington, D. C., on the same platform, stood President Mattison Boyd Jones of the Northern Baptist Convention and President William Joseph McGlothlin of the Southern Baptist Convention. With the kindly approval of 24,000 Baptist churches in the South, 8,000 in the North, they had made a joint speaking tour of Cincinnati, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Boston, Brooklyn, Manhattan, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh. Never, all agreed, had the two Baptist sects been so amicable.

To the executive secretary of the Northern Convention, came inquiries last spring



International

SOUTHERN PRESIDENT MCGLOTHLIN

How break through the fog? How kindle the blaze?

from James Hughes Anderson, rich businessman of Knoxville, Tenn. who has tied his wealth, in increasing amounts, to his church. Mr. Anderson, most potent of

*Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr. is vice president of the first, an officer in the second.

Let Him Hear



MANY a bright child is unjustly blamed for dullness because he cannot hear what his teacher says. She may not know that his hearing is defective.

There are hundreds of thousands of such children in school now. If their ears are neglected, they will probably repeat grades much more often than other children.

Any school which is equipped with a phonograph audiometer can discover its hard of hearing children, a large proportion of whom can be saved from lifelong deafness provided they receive expert care and attention.

Common colds, especially when involving the nasal sinuses, are a frequent cause of deafness. Noses should be blown gently, or infected mucus may be forced through the tubes into the middle ear and cause deafness.

After an attack of measles, diphtheria, scarlet fever, meningitis or infantile paralysis, the ears should be examined to see if any condition which might cause deafness remains in the tubes leading to the ears. Diseased tonsils, adenoids, or running ears often lead to deafness. Undernourishment may have a definite relation to impairment of hearing.

For more than 12 years a national service organization has been warning against quack remedies and giving information concerning hearing aids, vocational and employment problems, hearing tests for children and lip reading instruction.

It has also assisted in forming local leagues for the deafened which have helped thousands to readjust their lives. Many of these leagues have auditorium earphone sets, amplified radios and demonstrations of standard hearing aids.

It is prepared to help those who have few social contacts and who are isolated in small villages and remote places. If you have any sort of hearing problem which you long to talk over with some one who will listen—and understand—write enclosing a self-addressed envelope to the American Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing, Inc., 1537—35th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

There are millions of adults in the United States whose ear troubles were neglected in their childhood, or later, and who are now permanently deafened. Their number cannot be known since many of them are so reticent, so sensitive about their handicap that they make every effort to conceal it.

With increasing deafness, year after year, there often comes to the hard of hearing a feeling that there is a constantly growing barrier—an invisible wall—between themselves and their fellows.

Deafened persons are often persuaded to buy worthless devices and nostrums which do more harm than good. The victims suffer in silence.

However, there are scientifically constructed instruments which amplify sound and do aid impaired hearing. Ear specialists can advise regarding them.

But when all scientific aids to hearing fail, lip reading offers a rescue to old and young. It should be an essential part of the education of every child whose hearing is impaired.

Much of the deafness among adults, now incurable, could have been prevented if the cause had been detected and properly treated during childhood.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Southern laymen, wished to know about the successful Yankee "Every Member Canvass" scheme. Soon Northern President Jones was touring the South, helping the brethren promote their canvass. So enthusiastic was the Baptist Association of the District of Columbia, whose churches support both conventions equally, that it memorialized the Northerners for reunion. This, a matter for committee consideration, is not likely to result in any organic union, is at least certain to be a lengthy business. But it resulted in the two leading Northern and Southern brothers going off, arm-in-arm, to barnstorm for friendliness.

No Yankee is Northern Brother Jones. He was born 62 years ago in Kentucky, went to the University of Kentucky where he later taught Mathematics, Military Science. A man of parts, he became a lawyer, an ardent Mason, went to Los Angeles whose climate he now praises incessantly. He helped organize Los Angeles' Temple Baptist Church, has been president of nearly every important Baptist body on the Pacific Coast, is probably the tallest president the Northern Baptist Convention has ever had.

Smaller is his Southern Brother. Dr. William Joseph McGlothlin, 64, is president of Furman University (Baptist, Greenville, S. C.) whose enrollment has more than doubled since he took the post in 1919. Poised, scholarly, a Ph.D. from the University of Berlin, Dr. McGlothlin can give his hearers rich metaphor, did so in New York: "How can we break through the fog which dulls our vision? How can we kindle the blaze of spiritual power

which will enable us to overcome the material age in which we live? The answer is that no one can bring peace and happiness back to us except Jesus Christ."

Question of Conscience

What shall a pious citizen believe? Shall he obey his God or his State when both claim allegiance? To most plain men an academic matter, this question has become increasingly engrossing to certain thoughtful U. S. religionists. Last week a large section of them, and their journals, were marshalled stoutly behind the assertion that:

"... the essence of religion is belief in a relation to God involving duties superior to those arising from any human relation. . . . One cannot speak of religious liberty, with proper appreciation of its essential and historic significance, without assuming the existence of a belief in supreme allegiance to the will of God."

These are words of four eminent jurists: Chief Justice of the U. S. Charles Evans Hughes, Associate Justice Louis Dembitz Brandeis, Harlan Fiske Stone and Oliver Wendell Holmes (who resigned from the Supreme Court last week—see p. 12). But it was a dissenting opinion. The three "Liberal" justices and the pious Chief Justice who wrote the opinion, were a minority in what has since become a *cause célèbre*. The Supreme Court, by 5-4 decision, denied U. S. citizenship to two Canadians, Rev. Douglas Clyde Macintosh, professor of theology in Yale Divinity School,

Wartime chaplain, and Marie Averill Bland, wartime nurse. Professor Macintosh announced that before bearing arms for the U. S., he should prefer to mull over moral causes. Miss Bland would not promise to bear arms at all. The majority of the Court solemnly pronounced: "... We are a Christian people. . . . But we are also a nation with the duty to survive . . . whose government must go forward upon the assumption . . . that unqualified allegiance to the nation and submission and obedience to the laws of the land, as well those made for war as those made for peace, are not inconsistent with the will of God."

Aliens Bland & Macintosh went about their work but their names, paired as tightly as Sacco & Vanzetti, Mooney & Billings, became Symbols. Last October, under the leadership of vigorous Professor Reinhold Niebuhr of Union Theological Seminary, was published a manifesto signed by 49 U. S. religious leaders. They—Harry Emerson Fosdick, Mary Emma Woolley, Sherwood Eddy, Kirby Page, Rabbi Stephen Samuel Wise, *et al.*—said they, too, would weigh issues before fighting. Some swore they would never war. Last week, under the leadership of Editor Charles Clayton Morrison of *The Christian Century*, the U. S. religious press—both conservative and liberal, urban and provincial—squared off, prepared to line up its readers. The Roman Catholic press had already voiced sharp protests.

Sponsored by 27 journals was a petition: a "Declaration of an American Citizen." Because the Supreme Court decision in the Bland-Macintosh case held that a native-born U. S. citizen is obliged (as is supposed to be inherent in the oath of allegiance) to bear arms, the petition makes the following declaration: "I, a citizen of the United States, solemnly refuse to acknowledge the obligation which the Supreme Court declares to be binding upon all citizens, whether native-born or naturalized. I have not promised, expressly or tacitly, to accept an act of Congress as the final interpretation of the will of God, and I will not do so. In my allegiance to my country I withhold nothing, not even my life. But I cannot give my conscience. That belongs to God. . . ." This petition, containing many a "whereas," is to be signed by as many people as possible and sent off to Congress. Copies will also be run off to be distributed at public gatherings.

In the vanguard of the petition-circulators last week were *The Christian Century* and *The Living Church*. Not only did they print the declaration, but both analyzed the case, gave much space to emphasizing its significance. Editorialized *The Living Church*: "IF THIS BE TREASON. . . We had supposed that it was generally recognized that it is not only our right but our duty to disobey a law which we deem to be immoral and contrary to God's will—and to take the consequences. . . ." Said *The Christian Century*: "Our readers . . . are listening to the almost unanimous voice of the Christian press of the nation. . . . The only way in which a spiritual faith can be kept alive in the United States under this decision is to protest . . . repudiate . . . work for its correction. . . ."

NASSAU

BAHAMAS

COME by smooth sky-ways and sea-roads to Britain's Isle of June . . . Nassau Bahamas. The first hour of your stay . . . and winter became an unpleasant dream . . . summer is all about you in the swaying palms and the brilliant blooming flowers.

Come to Nassau . . . to all the sports your heart desires . . . to the magnificent hotels and the charming cottages . . . to the coral-tinted bathing beaches . . . to an unforgettable land of summer!

AVERAGE TEMPERATURE

70 DEGREES



Write for further information 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

DEVELOPMENT BOARD

NASSAU Bahamas

No passports needed



WORLD SUPREMACY



China World-wide Packard preference is well typified in the Far East by the fine car registrations in the great city of Shanghai, China. There Packard cars outnumber—by more than two to one—all other makes of comparable price combined



Since the announcement of its Continental Series cars, Packard has received a veritable flood of congratulations on the supreme luxury and performance of these advanced models. Never before in Packard's thirty-two years of fine car building have owners been so enthusiastic in their voluntary praise of new Packard cars. ¶ The most popular model of the Continental Series is the Packard Eight Five-Passenger Sedan. Big, powerful, distinguished in appear-

ance—and moderately priced—it has appealed, like its predecessors, to a discriminating clientele both at home and abroad. ¶ Before you buy any Sedan be sure to see the Packard Eight—if you drive yourself, be sure to drive it. Save for the larger, more costly DeLuxe models, today's Packard Eight is the finest, most luxurious car Packard has ever built—a masterpiece developed from a long line of distinguished straight-eight models, each

the leader of its day. The Packard Eight, you will find, is completely modern, embodying every advanced improvement and refinement a fine car could have. Packard engineers have overlooked nothing which contributes to supreme comfort, safety and ease of control. ¶ If you desire a large, roomy, superbly luxurious car—if you would enjoy the height of motoring prestige—then discriminately choose the world-famous Packard Eight Sedan.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE
Packard

EXTRA STRENGTH EXTRA SAFETY EXTRA MILEAGE

AT TODAY'S low prices, everyone can afford to equip their car with the strongest and safest tires made—and at today's speeds, your life and the lives of your family often depend upon your tires.

Here are the three most important reasons why Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires give you Extra Strength, Extra Safety and Extra Mileage.

1. Gum-Dipping

—By this Firestone patented process the cotton fibers in every cord are saturated with liquid rubber—preventing internal friction and heat and increasing the flexing life of every cord by 58%. This process makes the cord body *tougher and stronger*.

2. Two Extra Cord Plies Under

the Tread—This patented construction gives 26% greater protection against punctures and blowouts and 56% stronger bond between tread and cord body. You are assured of *safety at any speed*.

3. The Non-Skid Tread

—The scientifically compounded and designed Firestone Non-Skid Tread grips and holds the road, giving maximum safety and *longer wear*.

There's a Firestone Service Dealer or Service Store conveniently located near you. Drive in today and see for yourself the Extra Values in Firestone Tires.

Protect yourself and family with the strongest and safest tires at no additional cost.

Why did

6,928 Tire Dealers join
with FIRESTONE in 1930

and

8,613 Tire Dealers join
with FIRESTONE in 1931?

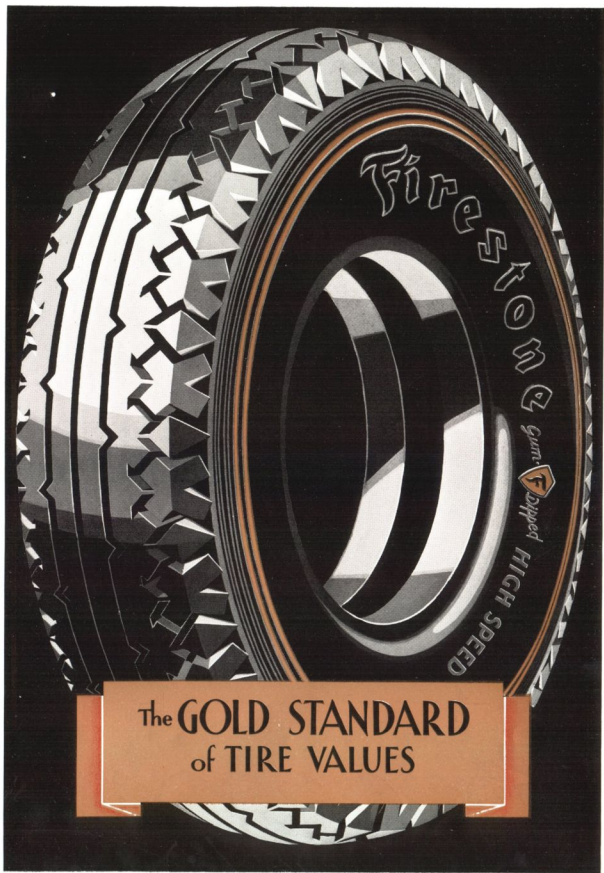
To Sell and Service the Best
Tire Values in the World

— Listen to the **"Voice of Firestone"** Every
Monday Night over N.B.C. Nationwide Network —

Firestone

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Copyright, 1932, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.




The **GOLD STANDARD**
of TIRE VALUES

"STANDARD OF THE WORLD"



Twenty-seven years ago, the Cadillac Motor Car Company won the famous British Dewar Trophy for excellence in design, performance and precision manufacture. And with the award went the judges' citation—"Standard of the World." Not once in all the years that have intervened has Cadillac forgotten this premier ranking. Always, its products have been designed and built to offer everything which makes a motor car useful, as well as desirable. Today, in the four new cars which comprise its distinguished family, Cadillac has given its greatest emphasis to this established leadership. In fact, it is Cadillac's honest opinion that these four new creations represent the greatest general advancement ever effected since the automotive industry began. You are cordially invited to verify this at your Cadillac-LaSalle dealer's—today. LaSalle prices range from \$2395, Cadillac from \$2795, f.o.b. Detroit.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.



C I N E M A

Best Pictures

List of the ten best pictures of the year, selected by *The Film Daily* after a poll which this year included 339 cinema critics on newspapers with 30,000,000 readers:

<i>Cimarron</i>	273
<i>Street Scene</i>	200
<i>Shipley</i>	178
<i>Bad Girl</i>	172
<i>Min and Bill</i>	164
<i>The Front Page</i>	162
<i>Five Star Final</i>	138
<i>City Lights</i>	128
<i>A Free Soul</i>	114
<i>Sin of Madelon Claudet</i>	99

Little Caesar was the eleventh on the list, *Smiling Lieutenant*, twelfth, *Trader Horn*, 13th, *Public Enemy*, 15th.

A list to which cinemamakers may have paid closer heed was compiled by *Variety* of the six pictures which drew the largest gross box office profits in 1931. Alphabetically, the six were:

<i>Cimarron</i>
<i>Daddy Long Legs</i>
<i>Little Caesar</i>
<i>Min and Bill</i>
<i>Smiling Lieutenant</i>
<i>Trader Horn</i>

The New Pictures

Union Depot (Warner). Douglas Fairbanks Jr. is an alert hobo who, after stealing a hat and coat from a men's washroom, reconnoitres in the station until he has a good suit of clothes, a roll of bills and a girl. His tramp companion picks up a parcel check which Fairbanks cashes for a violin case full of counterfeit money. Detectives looking for the counterfeiter find Fairbanks, when he is helping his girl to rid herself of a perverse admirer who wears dark glasses and a crippled foot. Eventually Fairbanks clears himself, but not until the counterfeiter, trying to retrieve his bills, has killed a policeman. In the meantime, Fairbanks and the counterfeiter play rough hide-&-seek among the shunting trains in the station yard.

Prompted, doubtless, by recent activities of Clark Gable and James Cagney, Fairbanks speaks rudely to Joan Blondell. At one point he fetches her a light clip on the jaw. Though Authors Kubec Glasmon and John Bright wrote dialog in their own idiom, the original authors, Gene Fowler and Joe Laurie Jr., were obviously thinking of *Grand Hotel* and possibly *Transatlantic*. But the cinema—artistically at least—is a good borrower and the fact is that stories in the pattern of *Grand Hotel*, *Transatlantic*, *Union Depot* are magnificently suited to cinematic expression. Fast, brief, unlikely and compact, this one is almost over before you remember to take your coat off. When you leave the theatre, you realize that you have been fooled, which is the purpose of such entertainments. Good shot: Fairbanks and his hobo companion (Guy Kibbee) walking along the track on which Joan Blondell's train for Salt Lake City is quickly disappearing.

Two Kinds of Women (Paramount). According to one of the minor articles in Hollywood's credo, all citizens of Manhattan who are not in the headline or the



WYNNE GIBSON

... exhilarated ... saturated ... numb.

bootlegging business live in severely modernistic penthouses. People who live in penthouses should not throw themselves out the window, but the villainess of this

picture (Wynne Gibson) does so while intoxicated, mistaking a pair of glass doors which open on an airshaft for those which lead to the room where her inebriated guests are querulously listening to the barking of a rolytop radio. The death of the villainess removes the last element of gaiety from the picture, permits Phillips Holmes, as a mustachioed playboy, and Miriam Hopkins, as a nice girl from the West, to obtain parental consent for matrimony. The involved train of events in *Two Kinds of Women*—adapted from Robert E. Sherwood's play *This is New York*—makes for comedy of a sort. One reason it fails to achieve it, is possibly Phillips Holmes, whose gloomy, dazed and polite impersonation is identical, except for the mustache and his lines, with the one he gave in *An American Tragedy*.

On her way to a Manhattan public school, Wynne Gibson one day met two friends who were going to see a theatrical agent. She went with them, became a chorus girl in *Tangerine*. Like Stuart Erwin (who also appears in *Two Kinds of Women*, comparatively sober), she has distinguished herself by an ability to simulate drunkenness. Erwin is a happy toper, wayward, confident and dazed. Wynne Gibson, when simulating the effects of alcohol, grows querulous and sly. Her voice becomes a gentle whine, her hands dangle nervously as though she hoped to make a gesture, but had forgotten how. Small, slim, with red hair and green eyes, she is exhilarated in *Two Kinds of Women*, saturated in *The Road to Reno*, almost numb in *Jaraguan*.

MIAMI
hotel

BILTMORE
CORAL GABLES
MIAMI FLORIDA

RONEY
hotel

PLAZA
MIAMI BEACH
FLORIDA

M. B. T. Roney

Marcel A. Gutacki, Managing Director

Wm. G. McMeekin, Managing Director

London Office: Savoy Hotel

Paris Office: 3 Rue Aubert



Under new ownership and new policies . . . with its many improvements . . . its special arrangements through new affiliations for guests' golfing, fishing, tennis, bathing, and other sports, the Biltmore will be a colorful center of the southern resort season. Although the Biltmore is the world's most elaborate resort hotel, built without regard for cost during the "peak" season of all Florida's history, its accommodations are now available at popular rates.

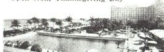
Open from January 19th



Miami Biltmore Country Club adjoining the Hotel

Innovations this year include reductions in room rates and a la carte dining service . . . club breakfasts at sixty cents to a dollar and the Cabaña Club Luncheon at a dollar fifty, without sacrificing in the least the traditional European service and niceties of America's finest ocean-front hotel. Pool and surf bathing, without extra charge, and all the pleasures of the Roney Plaza's palm gardens, promenades and beach are privileges of every guest.

Open from Thanksgiving Day



Roney Plaza Cabaña Sun Club and Palm Gardens



WHO says these Moderns are unresponsive to subtle flavors has never seen them tempted at demi-tasse time by the snow white, old-time delicacy known as "Philadelphia" Cream Cheese

The World's Finest Cheeses are made or imported by Kraft: Old English, "Philadelphia" Cream, Edam, Roquefort, Limburger, Camembert, Switzerland, "Cave-Cured", etc.



1932 IS THE YEAR TO GO TO EUROPE

Never before could you buy so much for so little... transatlantic rates are lower... hotels are more anxious than ever to accommodate you.

TOURS DE-LUXE — CABIN CLASS TOURIST CLASS

By highest class steamers; sailings via North Atlantic and Southern routes. Special Cruise Tours by Airplane; General Airplane and Private Automobile Travel.

INDIVIDUAL INDEPENDENT TRAVEL

To suit your personal requirements, your budget and your convenience... at any time... with or without courier escort.

PASSENGER AGENTS FOR ALL STEAMSHIP LINES

COOK'S TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

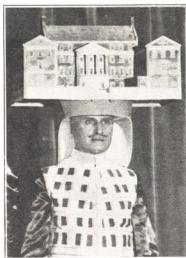
Literature and full information at your request

**THOS. COOK & SON
WAGONS-LITS INC.**

587 Fifth Avenue, New York and Branches

Civic Museum

To young reporters it looked as though Resurrection Day had come to the graveyards of Trinity Church and St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie. The occasion was the opening last week, two years after the building was completed, of the Museum of the City of New York. Present in the flesh



International

ARCHITECT FREELANDER

...with his house on his head.*

were ancient Van Rensselaers with bonnets tied under their chins, Schuylers leaning on ivory-headed canes, minor de Peysters covered with bugles and smelling of camphor. There were old gentlemen with blue-veined noses and square-crowned derbies, middle-aged ladies who had not been seen in public since the last Padewski recital, clergymen, school-teachers. It was strictly a New York party, but it had national significance. Historical societies abound in the land, but this was the first U. S. museum dedicated to the history of a city and its people.

Famed civic museums are the Museo Correr of Venice, the London Museum, the Historical Museum of the City of Vienna, the Provincial Museum of Berlin, the Musée Carnavalet of Paris, oldest of them all. In imitation of these, the Museum of the City of New York was or-

*Georgian houses, correctly proportioned, should not be more than three stories high but the problem of designing a five-story one, high enough to house all the museum's properties, did not weigh heavily on Architect Freeland. He solved it by putting the extra floors at the bottom, starting the Georgian house one story above the ground, with pillars above, instead of in front of the door (see cut).

Founded in 1888 by Jules Cousin, librarian of the arsenal of Paris. He gave the city his own immensely valuable collection of books and prints relating to Paris, which were housed in the palace where once lived that greatest of letter writers, Mme de Sévigné. The Carnavalet gained world fame under the late great Georges Cain, who knew more about Paris than any man who ever lived, originated the plan, later adopted by museums of all sorts all over the world, of humanizing his exhibits by taking them out of show cases, placing them in completely furnished rooms of the period he wished to illustrate.

ganized in 1923 under the leadership of Harry Collins Brown, longtime editor of *Valentine's Manual*, with the enthusiastic support of Banker James Speyer, Supreme Court Justice Phoenix Ingraham. For several years it occupied the old wooden Gracie Mansion on the East River, between 88th & 89th Streets, onetime country place of Clipper Ship Owner Archibald Gracie. A modern fireproof building was imperative. The city donated land, a building fund was raised, an architectural competition was held. The competition was won by dapper little Joseph Henry Freedlander, an architect high in Tammany favor, who designed the bronze Fifth Avenue traffic towers removed two and a half years ago as traffic obstructions, and the equally expensive curbside traffic lights which took their place, hopes to build a shrine to Washington Irving opposite the new museum.

The museum is a U-shaped building of pure Georgian design containing a New York rarity—a real garden in its fore court. Only two floors of exhibits were on view last week but these contained enough shows to stir the civic pride of the most callous. There was Peter Stuyvesant's sword, Alexander Hamilton's desk, a set of George Washington's false teeth and the last of his real ones—extracted by Dentist John Greenwood and worn on his watch fob for many years, an idea later adopted by members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. There was Boss Tweed's fire engine, *Americus No. 6*, whose dashboard was decorated with the original Tammany Tiger. There were ship models of every carrier that has plowed the harbor from the *Half Moon* to the *Bremen*. Brigadier General Clinton De Witt Falls gave a collection of the uniforms of the old 7th Regiment (the original National Guard), from 1823 to 1931. Banker Speyer, who lives almost next door, gave a Gilbert Stuart portrait of Washington with the stipulation that he might take it home from time to time.

New to civic museums was the painstakingly wrought series of wax models showing great incidents in the city's history, scenes of the city as it was: Peter Stuyvesant defying the British, the arrest of Nathan Hale, Bowling Green in 1831, etc., etc. They were the work of Sculptors Dwight Franklin and Ned J. Burns. That the models might be as accurate as humanly possible, a corps of assistants have been studying books, maps and documents for four years. Sculptor Franklin is proud of the fact that his Nathan Hale is much fatter than the famed statue by Daniel Chester French, posed for by Cinemactor Francis Xavier Bushman.

Carrying the idea of preserving relics of old New York one step further, the museum's press agent is none other than touslehaired Don Carlos Seitz, best known business manager of the defunct New York *World*.

Every Court But China

President Hoover, said Painter Philip Alexius László de Lombos, seemed to be "an all-around man"; Mrs. Hoover he "like enormously" and praised for being

"a wonderful mistress of the White House." Nor were these the only compliments which Painter de László last week paid Mr. & Mrs. Hoover. He had just hurried to finish their portraits—a three quarter length study of the President, a smaller sketch, done as a surprise for her husband, of Mrs. Hoover—so that he would be able to get them into his loan exhibition of portraits, admission proceeds of which were for the Emergency Unemployment Relief Fund, at Knoedler's Galleries, Manhattan.

In order to have your portrait painted by de László it is advisable to have a firm and masterful face if you are a man, an expression of graciously patrician elegance if you are a woman. This will make it simpler for Painter de László to inject these qualities into his portraiture, but they are by no means the only requirements for being a de László subject. You will also need \$14,000 if you want a really first-rate product, full length, executed with all the Sargentian splendor at his command. For \$10,000 you can have a neat three quarter length affair, much on the order of the Hoover portrait which de László finished last week. For \$3,000 he may consent to do a sketch, a little like the one of Mrs. Hoover, warm, sympathetic and technically graceful, but without much detail. Naturally, these qualifications are likely to belong to notables. Last week's show, like all de László exhibitions, was an imposing concordance of *Who's Who* and the *Social Register*, a tribute to the eminence of the



Keystone

COURT PAINTER DE LÁSZLÓ & FRIEND
He stopped doing things humbly.

László sitters and his ability to do them justice.

The Hoover portrait, of course, attracted most attention. Erased from the President's face were lines of strain and worry. Painter de László showed him in majestic mood, narrowed slightly by a becoming shadow, equipped with the dignity which Presidents so frequently require. His hands were white and soft upon his lap. On Mrs. Hoover's kind face maternally warmth was mingled with, but did not interfere upon, a hauteur fitting for her station. Other faces on the walls—solemn



THE AOI FESTIVAL HONORING THE KAMIGAMO JINSHA AND SHIMOGAMO JINSHA SHRINES.

An Economical Travel Opportunity for 1932 . . .

Ceremonials out of the 6th Century offer one key to the real life of Japan today—fast limited trains and the great hotels offer another! 1932 visitors may enjoy it all—the ancient and the modern—at unexpected low cost on a series of scientifically planned inclusive tours prepared by the Japan Tourist Bureau, a non-commercial organization.

On a 14-day trip, for a small average expenditure per day, you may enjoy Yokohama, Tokyo, Kyoto, Kobe, see Miyasohita, the shrines of Nikko and the Kamakura Buddha, motor to Fujiyama, feed the sacred deer at Nara, glimpse the choicest regions of the Empire. In 21, 28, 33 or more days an even wider territory may be covered at correspondingly low cost. All tours may be made independently or with a talented courier.

1932 is the year for your Japan visit . . . Steamship fares are the lowest in the world, considering service and the distance traveled, hotel and living expenses are most reasonable. Start your plans by sending for illustrated literature describing the above tours.

Japan, Korea, Manchuria and China are reached from the United States and Canada by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Osaka Steamship, Canadian Pacific, the American Mail Line and the Dollar Steamship Line. Full information will be furnished by any of these lines, any tourist agency, or by the Japan Tourist Bureau c/o Japanese Consulate-General, 100 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. or c/o Nippon Yusen Kaisha, 345 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

J A P A N
TOURIST BUREAU

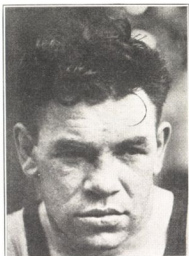
S P O R T

Andrew William Mellon, wise Elihu Root, martial John Joseph Pershing, temperate Frank Billings Kellogg—made it apparent that the distinction of appearing on a de László canvas could only be surpassed by that of appearing on a postage stamp. King Fuad of Egypt was painted from the side against a tan background which suggested deserts, with a black cloak wrapped around his neck and an expression of monarchical preoccupation. Socialites—who compose the majority of Painter de László's subjects—included Mrs. David Bruce, Mrs. James B. Duke, Mrs. Harvey S. Firestone, Jr., Miss Hope Iselin, Mrs. Ogden L. Mills, Anne Morgan, and Mrs. Jesse Isidor Straus.

One of the portraits in last week's show was of a dark and spectacularly one-eyed Hungarian nobleman, Count László Széchenyi. Count László Széchenyi is no relative of Painter de László who was humbly born at Budapest in 1869. After a few years in Budapest Industrial Art School, he stopped doing things humbly. At 25 he was summoned from Paris to the summer palace of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria to paint the Archbishop Gregorius. His portraits of the Archbishop, the Prince and his wife, gave his work the cachet it needed. Since then he has immortalized almost the entire *Almanach de Gotha*, visited every royal court except that of China. Like every brilliantly successful court portraitist, he has had to be a diplomat as well as an artist. The Countess Greffulh is almost unique among his subjects in that she considered his painting of her insufficiently lovely. Immensely popular with his patrons, Artist de László is somewhat less admired by artists, who doubtless envy him his income. He can console himself for the slights of his confrères by reflecting on the fact that he is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor; Knight of the Austro-Hungarian Order of the Iron Crown; Chevalier of the Order of Pius IX; Commander of the Order of Jesus Christ of Portugal; Commander of the Royal Spanish Order of Isabella La Católica; Commander of the Hohenzollern House Order; Commander of the Royal Greek Saviour Order; Commander of the (Swedish) Wasa Order; Grand Officer of the Crown of Italy; and equipped with medals, crosses, stars.

Fights

In Manhattan, a Philadelphia heavyweight, seasoned Tommy Loughran, one-time light-heavyweight champion of the world, and young Steve Hamas, who was on the Pennsylvania State football team the night Loughran was knocked out by Jack Sharkey, climbed into the ring at



Acme

OLD PAULINO UZCUDUN

... a woodchopper chopping block.

Madison Square Garden where Loughran was beaten last month by King Levinsky (see below). Loughran, the favorite, came out cautiously, trying to push Hamas away with the left jab which was once the fastest punch possessed by any U. S. heavyweight. Hamas, unskilled but savage, won the first round by ignoring Loughran's left jab and punishing his body. His first punch in the second round, on Loughran's mouth, really ended the fight. Loughran got up after a count of eight, went down again immediately from a right to the jaw. When he fell for the third time, dazed and helpless, Referee Gunboat Smith stopped the fight.

In Chicago, Old Paulino Uzcudun, once a Pyrenean woodchopper and now a chopping block for young ambitious heavyweights, showed his gold front teeth at King Levinsky, onetime Chicago fish-peddler whose manager is his sister, Mrs. ("Leaping") Lena Levy. As usual, when he is fighting someone with a punch, Uzcudun tucked his chin against his chest, allowed Levinsky to pound the top of his Neanderthal skull. After ten rounds of these tactics, one of the judges voted to call it a draw. The other judge and Referee, Phil Collins, overruled him because Levinsky, though comically inaccurate, had been energetic enough, particularly in the last three rounds, to win.

At Lake Placid

The beady eyes of the Japanese popped with disgust. Astonished Norwegians mopped their faces and unbuttoned their sweaters, too polite to mention the

weather. The Swedes, disconsolate, nibbled brown beans, salt herring, oatmeal and knäckebröd which they had carried all the way from Stockholm. An unprecedented thaw at Lake Placid, N. Y., had spoiled the ice, melted the snow, made practice for the Olympic Games, which begin Feb. 4, impossible. Undiscovered by this dismal turn of events, the Olympic Committee announced the full schedule of events.*

Figure skaters were cheered by the dedication of Lake Placid's new \$220,000 indoor rink, built of brick, concrete and steel, with nine miles of brine pipes and seats for 3,000. The new rink, where curling, figure skating and hockey will be played next month, was one of many improvements made at Lake Placid since the Olympic Winter Games, held at Chamonix in 1924, at St. Moritz in 1928, were awarded to the U. S. Budget for this winter's games was over \$1,000,000 of which \$200,000 came from Lake Placid, \$500,000 from the State of New York. Improvements on the bob-sled run cost \$225,000. Designer Stanislaus Zentzyski, imported from Berlin, built into the side of Van Hoevenberg Mountain a deep stone-lined trench, a mile and a half long, with 22 minor curves and three major ones, on which Olympic bobsleds, which weigh 500 lbs. and cost \$700, average 40 miles an hour.

First of the sixteen foreign teams to arrive in the U. S. were the Norwegian skiers, who won the championship in 1924 and 1928. Sigmund Ridd, whose 265-ft. jump three years ago is the world's record, was one of the 18 members of the team, as was Johann Grottnumbratzen, clothes dealer of Oslo, a slight, baldheaded man of 32, whom most Norwegians consider the greatest skier in the world. The Swedes brought a woman to cook their food, a crack team for the 50-kilometer ski-race.

Who Won

Fred Morrison, huge, bald-headed, 31-year-old golf professional from Culver City, Calif.: \$15,000, first prize in the Agua Caliente Open: with 284 for 72 holes, to 286 for trig little Gene Sarazen, who won the tournament two years ago, when first prize was \$25,000.

*Feb. 4—Opening ceremonies, hockey, curling (demonstration), 500-meter and 5,000-meter speed skating.

Feb. 5—1,500-meter and 10,000-meter speed skating, hockey, curling (demonstration).

Feb. 6—10,000-meter skating (finals), hockey, dog sled races (demonstration).

Feb. 7—Hockey, dog sled race (demonstration).

Feb. 8—Two-man bobsled races, men's figure-skating (school figures and free figures), hockey.

Feb. 9—Two-man bobsled races, women's figure-skating (school figures and free figures), hockey.

Feb. 10—18-kilometer ski race, figure-skating (couples), hockey.

Feb. 11—Four-man bobsled races, ski jump, hockey.

Feb. 12—Four-man bobsled races, ski jump, hockey.

Feb. 13—10-kilometer ski race, award of prizes and diplomas.

*Austria, Canada, Czechoslovakia, Finland, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Norway, Poland, Rumania, Sweden, Switzerland, Hungary, Belgium.

The WAY TO SOUTH AFRICA

Across the Atlantic to England—on from Southampton in one of those great new Union-Castle motor liners—ultra modern—ultra comfortable—ultra luxurious—a stop at Madeira—then the thrill of South Africa itself—eternal contrasts—splendid modern cities—a healthful, stimulating climate unequalled anywhere—a land of boundless opportunities for the man of business.



Sailings also from London
Information and literature from

UNION-CASTLE LINE

General Passenger Representatives

THOS. COOK & SON

587 Fifth Ave., N.Y. or Local Steamship Agents

SOUND SLEEP

Instantly Tonight, Without Drugs

*Feel Like
A New Person
Tomorrow*

THOSE ghastly hours of night-time tossing! Those exaggerated worries that loom like mountains when you cannot get to sleep. How they sap your strength—unstring your nerves—and unfit you for your work.

Why suffer them any longer? Why endure the physical and mental handicaps they inevitably bring?

For 20,000 doctors will tell you that sleeplessness is needless folly now. Will tell you there is now a drugless way that brings you sleep—naturally, quickly.

It is a delicious food-drink that you take before you go to bed. As free from drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you give your child.

You fall asleep almost as soon as you touch the pillow. And you get 8 hours of sound, natural sleep.

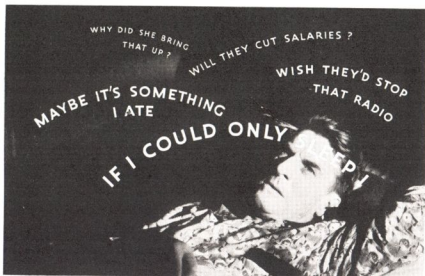
Next morning you notice the difference the instant you arise from bed. You feel refreshed—rejuvenated. Nerves calmer—mind clearer by far. No longer a prey to the worries that always seem so mountainous when your system is starved for sleep.

For this new way does more than induce sound sleep. It rebuilds your nerves, your body, your tissues—during the hours you sleep.

Millions are now using this remarkable discovery. Millions are turning to it largely on doctors' advice. In fairness to yourself, your health, your nerves—try it without fail. See how quickly you fall asleep—how vastly refreshed you feel next morning.

What It Is—How It Acts

It is called Ovaltine—a pure food-drink you take at night with warm milk. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. They found it does 3 things no other food in the world will do.



STOP TOSSING AND LYING AWAKE LIKE THIS

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a wholly natural process.

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

Third, Ovaltine aids digestion. This is because it contains a high proportion of a food element known as dinstase—an element which has the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs—and helps your stomach "rest." And in this way combats digestive unrest—one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

At the same time—by stimulating and aiding digestive processes—Ovaltine tends to draw excess blood away from the head. And helps reduce the congestion that is present in brain capillaries when a person lies awake at night thinking and worrying instead of sleeping.

Thus a state of mental calm is induced. And normal sleep follows quickly.

You'll Sleep Tonight!

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. Even disregard, if you wish, the fact that it is endorsed by 20,000



FALL ASLEEP AS SOON AS YOU GO TO BED

doctors. Forget the fact that its use has spread to 54 different countries . . . Try it and see for yourself.

So start tonight! Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonsful in a glass of warm milk and drink it just before you go to bed. You will sleep more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months. You'll be delighted with the sound, refreshing sleep you get and the redoubled energy that's yours next day.

(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—nursing mothers, convalescents and the aged.

873-RA

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

Made and bottled under license in U. S. A., according to original Swiss formula

M U S I C

Conductor's Comeback

A grave, hulking German came on to the stage at Carnegie Hall, Manhattan, last week, made a solemn bow and, turning around, flipped his coat tails in the face of a smart Philharmonic-Symphony audience. The gesture was not one of disrespect. German Bruno Walter was just preparing to sit down before a keyboard, to play the harpsichord part of Handel's G Minor Concerto for Strings, also to conduct the orchestra. Sometimes his right hand, sometimes his left, flew from the keyboard long enough to let his will be emphatically known to violinists, cellists, viola and contra-bass players. But he conducted for the most part by facial expressions slightly stern.

Walter's double-barreled feat was not new. Conductors sat at harpsichords before they ever thought of standing up in front of their orchestras, waving the first stout batons. In just such a fashion big, be-wigged Handel made music for the Londoners of King George I. In the U. S. Karl Muck and Willem Mengelberg have conducted from keyboards.

Last week's performance attracted unusual attention because it was Walter's Philharmonic debut, his first attempt to please a public still hypnotized by the beauty of the farewell concerts Arturo Toscanini gave, the pain in his right arm apparent to everyone who watched him.

Bruno Walter was no stranger to the audience which cordially applauded his entrance last week and cheered him when the concert ended. In 1923 Walter came to Manhattan to conduct the New York Symphony and it became known then that his real name was Schlesinger, that he had taken the more euphonious name Walter after the hero of *Die Meistersinger*, an opera he conducted brilliantly when he was very young. After the long administration of Walter Damrosch, the New York Symphony was in a hopelessly lethargic state. Conscious of failure, he returned to Europe to increase his honor.

Because Walter was the man chosen as most worthy to relieve Toscanini, no audience this season has waited with more curiosity to read the criticisms in next day's papers. How would the big German please Critic Lawrence Gilman, sitting languid and aloof on the left side of the house? How would spare, dry William James Henderson react to him? Or Olin Downes, sitting a few rows behind Henderson? Gilman wrote to the *Herald Tribune* office, wrote poetically of the program's "deathless" beauty, praised Walter as "a conductor of secure and confident musicianship, of rare artistic integrity, of refreshing modesty and simplicity of attitude." Henderson let his *Sun* readers believe that things had been just so-so. In the *Times* Olin Downes wrote heavy, rhapsodic sentences about a great triumph: "For once the music of Handel was properly enunciated. It had the lordly sweep, the songfulness, the strength which inhere in Handel's glorious art, and it was clothed in sumptuous tone that rang and chanted through the auditorium."

Gypsy Dancer

Spaniards have rhapsodized over Gypsy Vicente Escudero ever since, at the age of 9, he danced in the streets with his Gypsy relatives, went through the crowds passing his worn cap for *reales*. Escudero hated asking for money. He felt that it



Cosma News Photo

VICENTE ESCUDERO

Gypsies hate & fear the sea.

degraded his art. But because he was a bold child with an attractively insolent manner he came back always with his cap well filled.

Escudero developed his swaggering, insolent way along with an amazing foot technique, a thorough acquaintance with Spanish classical dancing and all its varied and intricate rhythms. Paris took him up. Artist Pablo Picasso designed his costumes. The late Anna Pavlova saw him, chose him for her partner on her next U. S. tour.

Pavlova did not live to make her farewell tour (TIME, Feb. 2, 1931), so Escudero arrived on his own last week, still yellow with the fear of the sea which besets all Gypsies. Spaniards filled a Manhattan theatre for his debut, shouted so loudly that he and the two girls with him repeated nearly everything they did. Escudero strutted about like a cock, clicking his heels and tapping his toes through dances loosely designed. His conversational castanet-playing impressed Americans most. He barked with them brutally, whispered insinuatingly. For the end of one dance he snapped a finger-nail accompaniment.

Added Attraction

Noisy, frizzy-haired Eva Tanguay was headliner at the gaudy Metropolitan cinema in Boston last week. *Two Kinds of Women* showed loose living in a Manhattan penthouse (see p. 25). A yodler, a tap dancer and a funnyman did clipped, automatic turns but there was still an "added attraction," sparsely advertised. After the newsreel the curtain went up

again, showed a dumpy, henna-haired old lady standing perched on a platform, her immense bosom shining with sequins as the Old Lady hesitated, looked at the words she had written on a paper before her, began a little gingerly to sing the first staccato notes of the *Caro Nonno* from *Rigoletto*.

The homely old lady should not have hesitated. She was Luisa Tetrazzini. But Tetrazzini had never counted on singing her farewell turn to cinemaddicts who scarcely knew of her. Tremblingly, with oldtime sweetness she sang "The Last Rose of Summer," hesitated, quavered when she came to "all her lovely companions have faded and gone." In her concerts ten years and more ago Tetrazzini had to sing encore after encore. . . the house darkened for a comedy called *Oh My Operation!*

P R E S S

Gossip Silenced

When the late plug-hatted, snow-whiskered Col. William D'Alton Mann published *Town Topics* 30, 40 years ago, he made a straightforward if unpleasant practice of "borrowing" large sums from individuals who did not want unkind things printed about themselves in the gossip sheet. Return of the money customarily was not made or expected, but the pompous colonel had a peculiar means of repayment at his command each Tuesday night when the magazine was being made up. On those nights he presided noisily over the editorial rooms, his lawyer at his elbow, reading and initialing proof of every item which had been set in type for that issue. Now and then he would snort angrily at the "injustice" of some barbed paragraph, turn an infuriate glare upon his quaking underlings and announce that the story could not be true! For years the colonel had known the family under discussion and could believe no ill of them. Strike it out!

The late famed William Travers Jerome, crusading district attorney of Manhattan tried his hardest to prove that the notorious colonel's faith in human nature was limited to his creditors; in short, that he was an extortionist. But victims of extortion are rarely willing to testify that they bought silence. For 55 years *Town Topics* thrived; and Col. Mann's estate, at his death twelve years ago, was valued at \$500,000.

Since the days of Col. Mann, *Town Topics* has used different tactics—tactics also employed by *Tatler* & *American Sketch*, another "society" talebearer. The editors did not ask people for loans, but they did offer them stock in the magazine, allegedly punishing in print those who declined to buy. The Attorney General's New York investigation (TIME, Dec. 21) last week *Tatler*, which had sold \$500,000 worth of stock in the past five years, was enjoined by the New York County Supreme Court from selling any more. *Town Topics* did not even wait for such an injunction to be asked, but simply suspended publication. Its publishers admitted the publicity of the investigation forced them to close up shop. *Tatler*, despite the fa-

A MANUAL FOR ISLANDERS



or Why not

THE NEW YORKER?

Wherever you live, New York life somewhere touches yours. Love it or hate it, the Big Town is yours . . . You might read, with more than a flicker of interest, a certain paper of the Town; it might even become a habit. Here is the menu of the table it has set fifty-two weeks a year for seven years:

1. The New Yorker reports the news of the town. It combs the town for the brighter front-and-sidelights on current behavior.

2. The New Yorker tells the plays to see, the music to hear, the pictures to look at, the books to read, the few movies not to miss.

3. The New Yorker caricatures the town. It holds a funny mirror up to the foibles and madresses of the town; but there is salt on the mirror.

4. The New Yorker shops for the town, searching the Avenue and its near-streets for unusual things

to wear, unusual objects to live with, unusual things to use and eat and drink. Mostly they are things wanted by people who move in the world called (for want of a better word, and there ought to be a better word) *smart*.

5. The New Yorker reports the restaurants and the supper clubs, and tells where to dine and dance.

6. The New Yorker reports the sport events of the week. Sportsmen and sportswomen praise its technical accuracy, its enterprise, and its thrifty way of telling a clear story.

7. The New Yorker speaks for the New York point-of-view. It talks of new things or old as a New Yorker would talk of them, and as a bright citizen sometimes does.

8. The New Yorker is dressed in type and pictures which have led a new fashion in the form of the magazines you read.

9. The New Yorker contains unusual advertisements. Most people find them uncommonly interesting. That is because the finer department stores, specialty shops, and makers of unusual things have put into their advertisements something of the spirit which soaks The New Yorker's own pages.

10. The New Yorker (though it may be witless to say so) is clearing-house for the town's wit. Drawings and prose and verse come to it from artists and writers who cannot help turning out the sort of conceit the town likes best to hear.

* * *

The New Yorker is a very readable, habit-forming paper. It could do you no possible harm to indulge the habit by tasting it off your newsstand, or even subscribing for a year (five dollars) with a note to 25 West Forty-fifth Street in New York.

She's Leiodermatous!



but if she were Hirsute...

Man, those are clumsy words. They just mean, "she's smooth-skinned. But if she were bewhiskered" ... then her sense of modern ease and skin-care would lead her to Frostilla Brushless Shave!

Old ways of shaving are as clumsy as big words. And unnecessary—thanks to Frostilla Brushless Shave. No more old-fashioned brush, lather, rub-in, rawness. Frostilla Brushless Shave brings better shaves—simple, speedy—saving your time and your face.

You wet your whiskers, spread on this velvety cream, and—zip—you've had the grandest shave of your life—close, clean, no nicks or after-burn.

A big statement, that. But we'll prove it. Even if you're a twice-a-day shaver—send the coupon for our free trial tube. That'll convince you!

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 lather 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! Send all druggists. Or if inconvenient, by mail from the Frostilla Co.



FROSTILLA BRUSHLESS SHAVE

This offer expires Jan. 1933

The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N.Y. (Dept. T1-25)
(In Canada, address 216 Richmond St., W., Toronto)
I'm modern minded. Send me, free, a week or more of better shaves in your trial-size tube.

Name _____

Address _____

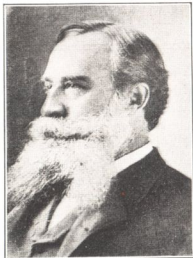
City and State _____

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

that it has never made money, announced that it would continue publication. But in his presumptuous "grading" of debutantes in the January issue it was observed that Editor John C. Schemm dealt only with grades "A," "B," "C" and a list headed "And Also." Gone were the dreadful "D" and "E-Z" classifications which were alleged to include names of young ladies whose parents had chosen not to become *Tatler* stockholders.

Investigation of both magazines was set in motion by news stories in the *New York Sun* gathered by Reporter Edmund S. DeLong, contributing editor of the Princeton *Alumni Weekly*, and written by Mabel Greene. The *Sun*, however, made no "crusade" of the business, took no public credit for it.

If the plight of *Town Topics* is ignominious compared to its flamboyant rascality of three decades ago, so is Editor Augustus Ralph Keller colorless, small-scale compared to the vivid colonel. Editor Keller is already awaiting trial on a charge of criminal libel. Col. Mann had the temerity to sue the late Publisher Peter F. Collier and Editor Norman Hapgood of *Collier's* for libel. As a result of that fruitless sortie, the colonel was prosecuted on a charge of perjury for his



N. Y. Public Library

THE LATE COLONEL MANN

Death came ignominiously.

barefaced denial that the "O. K. W. D. M." at the bottom of a document was his signature. Famed Lawyer Martin Wiley Littleton won an acquittal by rehearsing for a spellbound jury the story of the publisher's life, loud-pedaling the part about his brilliant Civil War record, notably his service with Custer at Gettysburg.

No widely famed character is Editor Keller. But few socialites of the gaslit era were unaware of Col. Mann, who regally gorged himself on gargantuan meals at the Lotos Club or at Delmonico's, kept an expensive house on Riverside Drive and a summer home at Lake George, strutted about at opera and horse show, a conspicuous figure with his whiskers, flaming red tie, frock coat, plug hat, and heavy

walking stick which could make a highly effective bludgeon.

The colonel would not have been proud could he have observed how ignominiously death came, at least temporarily, to his magazine last week. But he surely would have emitted his favorite snort of satisfaction to see researchers in the *New York Public Library* poring over his famed *Pads & Fancies*—an ultra-elaborate "Who's Who" of society for which the subjects listed paid staggering "subscriptions." Twice during his life Col. Mann offered the book to the Library; twice, to his indescribable indignation, it was refused.

Dirt Swept

As widely expected, public authorities were finally provoked to action by the new crop of dirty magazines (*TIME*, December 28). The sweeping began several weeks ago in cities scattered throughout the U. S., was made conspicuous last fortnight by arrests of newsmen in Washington, D. C. As its publishers had feared would happen, *Ballyhoo* was included in the clean-up of its much dirtier imitators, *Hokey*, *Slapstick* and the defunct *Tickle-Me-Too*. In every city where the cases were finally disposed of—Memphis, Knoxville, Atlanta, Richmond, Elizabeth and Newark, N. J.; Spokane, Bellingham and Yakima, Wash.—*Ballyhoo* was permitted to resume sale. In Manhattan newsmen were warned by the license commissioner not to sell *Brevities*, *Paris Models* and *Artists' Notebook*.

Cases still pending last week were in Denver, Jersey City, N. J. and Washington where the *Post*, copying a biennial custom of righteous Washington *Star*, had begun a "crusade." Owlsh District Attorney Leo A. Rover bought one of the offending magazines in a drugstore, read it on his way home. Whatever his first reactions may have been, the effect of finding his young daughter reading the same magazine was galvanic. He ordered the arrest of 150 newsmen, six of whom were to be tried this week. In partial defense against the obscenity charge Publisher George T. Delacorte Jr. could point to a list of unsolicited subscribers to *Ballyhoo* including the Metropolitan Club, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Deputy U. S. Attorney John Hayes, the U. S. Consul at Istanbul, the secretary of the U. S. Legation at Cairo.

¶ Trouble of a different sort beset *Ballyhoo* and its distributor American News Co. in a pending Federal suit of United Cigar Stores Co. of America charging conspiracy in restraint of trade. Reason: American News Co. refused to supply United Cigar stores with copies of *Ballyhoo* unless they would take some of the less successful magazines also.

¶ Cleveland department stores last week offered the "Ballyhoo" scarf (with "Ballyhoo" clip), made with a crazy quilt design like the magazine's cover border. Also there are a Ballyhoo dress, necktie, cuff links, rings, night club (in Manhattan), song, game, birthday card, convalescent card, saloon (in Havana, formerly the American Bar), a statue of Gandhi with a copy of *Ballyhoo* under his arm. Except for the game, all the other enterprises are independent of the publication which takes its royalties in the form of free advertising.

**SAFE
BEHIND
SAFETY
GLASS**

SOMETIMES it takes a serious accident to impress a motorist with the ever-present need for Safety Glass. But to most of us there is not a single sound argument against it, except possibly its cost.

Today, even that barrier has been removed by Studebaker, motordom's great pioneer and pacemaker. The Triumphant New Studebakers come to you protected all around—in all windshields and all windows of all models—with the very finest kind of Safety Plate Glass. And for this insurance against injuries and disfigurement—this shield of safety—Studebaker charges you nothing extra.

This decisive step in safety is one of the 32 sweeping betterments that place Studebaker farther than ever in the forefront of motoring progress. It starts a movement that will startle other car makers into similar action eventually just as car after car has followed Studebaker to Free Wheeling,

But why should you wait? Every light of common glass that smashes, shatters and maims this year will be a counterpart of an accident that might as readily occur in your car, if it is unprotected by Safety Plate Glass. And remember Safety Glass in the windshield alone is not enough.

Studebaker not only gives you Safety Plate Glass all around, *at no extra charge*, but such further safety assurances as armor-plated bodies, exceptionally low center of gravity, automatic starting, reflex tail lights, non-breakable steering wheels, no-

glare windshields, steel running boards, extra powerful brakes, and vastly finer Free Wheeling plus new *fast-action* Synchronized Shifting.

And you actually pay less than ever. Even with Safety Glass all around, the Triumphant New Studebakers are drastically lower in price!

PRESIDENT EIGHT . . . \$1690 to \$1890
122 horsepower, 135" wheelbase—Reductions up to \$560

COMMANDER EIGHT . . . \$1350 to \$1465
101 horsepower, 125" wheelbase—Reductions up to \$235

DICTATOR EIGHT . . . \$980 to \$1095
85 horsepower, 117" wheelbase—Reductions up to \$120

STUDEBAKER SIX . . . \$840 to \$955
80 horsepower, 117" wheelbase—Prices at the factory

The Triumphant New
STUDEBAKERS
*give you Safety Glass at no extra charge
in all windshields . . in all windows . . in all models
as well as 31 other Betterments*

THE THEATRE



Winter? What of it!

HAVE A
SUN BATHwith this convenient, new
G-E Bathroom SunlampOnly \$26⁵⁰
(installed price
slightly higher)

Don't let gloomy weather depress you this winter. Keep up your healthy optimism, and that bubbling-over feeling of good cheer by getting at least one "sun" bath every day—or night. With a new G-E Sunlamp in your bathroom, it's so simple...so easy. Just turn it on when bathing, shaving, shampooing. Let the whole family enjoy it...benefit by it.

A genuine G-E Sunlamp, equipped with the new Mazda Sunlight Lamp, gives you practically all the beneficial ultra-violet rays in mid-summer sunshine. Cheery, convenient, helpful, and safe as the sun itself! Can be installed on wall or ceiling—out of the way, yet ready for instant use.

Get one today from your G-E dealer, and make your own "sunshine" this winter.

Other G-E Sunlamps, for living room, sun room and office, range in price from \$34.50 to \$59.50. Send for our booklet which tells you more about the benefits of ultra-violet. And see all these Sunlamps at your G-E dealer's.

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

GENERAL
ELECTRIC
SUNLAMP

Merchandise Dept., Section L-921

General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

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

Name.....

Address.....

Give to your local welfare and relief organization, to your community chest or to your emergency unemployment committee, for unemployment relief.

Angel Like Lindbergh

(See front cover)

The audience was still on its feet and applauding long after the critics had left, traffic was hopelessly jammed in 44th Street because Mayor James John Walker refused to leave the theatre and get into his motor when Playwright Philip Jerome Quinn Barry's eleventh play concluded its Manhattan premiere one night last week. A new Barry play is always a social event. This one, *The Animal Kingdom*, gave evidence of being one of the season's theatrical events as well.

The Story. Tom Collier (Leslie Howard) left Harvard after two years, took up and gave up the study of law, got into the publishing business. He caused his irascible and wealthy father a great deal of trouble, particularly when he went to live with a chirrupy little magazine illustrator named Daisy Sage (Frances Fuller). When Daisy goes abroad to study art, Tom falls under the spell of a luscious blonde siren (Lora Baxter) who lures the dazzled young man into marriage, to the anguish of Daisy and to the disgust of Tom's Bohemian cronies and of Regan, Tom's red-headed, ex-prizefighting butler.

By fleeing implication, Mr. Barry would have you believe that Tom's marriage undermines his integrity. He takes to issuing cheap books, stops seeing the old crowd. Just as the World, the Flesh, the Devil and his pumps are about to submerge Tom forever, almost inexplicably he rebels. For this rebellion Playwright Barry has contrived a convincing scene and setting.

The lights in Tom's living room are lowered. A small table for two has been set intimately, with a small rosy lamp and a bottle of bubbly. Never has the siren been more seductive than now, when she tries to woo her husband out of his dark mood, a mood which is running to ironic quotations. "Waiter," he orders his butler, "waiter, another small bottle, please.... Regan, dost thou know who made thee?"

Leaving her door invitingly ajar, Mrs. Collier retires. Butler Regan packs his bag, prepares to leave the house, as if he feared the lightning were about to strike it. Unknown to the siren, Tom Collier is about to leave, too. Months before he had said: "Any good man who leaves his work for the world, leaves it for a whore." On the mantel he places a check. Then he claps his hat on his head, stalks toward the door. "I am going back to my wife," decides Tom, meaning, as is by this time clear, Daisy.

The Playwright. An author's characters are often a gallery of surreptitious, fragmentary self-portraits. The world he provides for them to live in is often not unlike his own world, transformed as though seen through a refracting glass. Last to deny this would be Playwright Barry, whose Adrian Terry of *In A Garden* (1925) lost his wife because he could not cease making dramatic copy of her.

If one tries to interpret the character of Philip Barry through the iconography of the people and situations he has created,

a marked spiritual conflict suggests itself. Richard Winslow of *The Youngest* (1924)—written two years after Mr. Barry was turned out of Professor Baker's 47 Workshop—and Johnny Case of *Holiday* (1928) are two Barry heroes with much in common: they hate the world of affairs, view big business with distrust. But another Richard, the composer who almost runs off with the well-to-do hero's wife in *Paris Bound* (1927), is moved to remark: "I used to curse into my beard whenever I passed a house like this. I used to spit on the pavement whenever a decent-looking motorcar passed me. I don't any more because I've found two among you whom I know to be of absolutely first importance in all ways I value."

It is not without significance that two-minded Playwright Barry, when in the U. S., lives in smart Mt. Kisco, a Manhattan suburb alive with stockbrokers. One of his closest cronies is his classmate Robert A. Lovett of Brown Bros. Harriman & Co., banking house. And although no one loves the free life more than Playwright Barry, paradoxically he drives as shrewd a bargain for his work as Edgar Wallace.

There are other artistic disparities for Playwright Barry. On the one hand (*Paris Bound*) he excoiates what he calls the Art Boys; on the other (*The Animal Kingdom*) he does not conceal an admiration for people who are perilously near being Art Boys themselves. Stated and restated in his work, the problem for Philip Barry would appear to be the very one faced by Tom Collier, who suddenly found the World considerably too much with him: which way to jump?

Mr. Barry is a product of what was called the Yale Literary Renaissance, a microscopic affair which began vigorously with Stephen Vincent Benét, John Farrar, Thornton Wilder *et al.* but was soon washed from the campus in an ocean of afternoon tea. The war took Philip Barry to the U. S. Embassy at London because weak eyes kept him out of military service. The desire to write plays took him back to the 47 Workshop. The need to make a living temporarily shunted him into the advertising business (McCann-Erickson, Inc.). When he heard that *The Youngest*, his first professionally produced play, was to be presented on Broadway he was on his way to Europe, with very little money, on his honeymoon. The bride was Ellen Semple, daughter of the late Lorenzo Semple, law partner of Coudert Brothers.

Not only has Playwright Barry concerned himself so far with writing about only one group of characters—the domestic equivalent of These Charming People—but these are the only kind which attract him. To play in his two ultra-socialite comedies, *Paris Bound* and *Holiday*, was chosen the Barry's friend Hope Williams, a smart young woman who had never set foot on the professional boards before. And his good friend Donald Ogden Stewart acted the funniest rôle Playwright Barry has created to date: Nick, the easy-going gentleman in *Holiday* who

Use a Gargle with Purging Action

IF YOU WOULD STOP A COLD AT ONCE

Physicians Now Urge This Special
Type of Treatment To Get Rid of
Germs EMBEDDED In The Mucus
... A Really Scientific Way To
Check Fresh Colds Quickly

MODERN science practically agrees that there is one best way to stop a fresh cold. Killing loose surface germs won't do it. For it's the germs embedded in the mucus that attack your mouth and throat. And 90 per cent of the time ordinary gargles, no matter how strong, don't touch them. Because they don't get under the mucus.

That's why the advice of doctors is—At the first indication of a cold, use a PURGING TREATMENT. Cleanse the membranes of the mouth and throat. Get rid of every vestige of germ-breeding mucus. And give tissues a chance to exercise their disease-resisting functions.

That is why Lavoris is being so widely specified by physicians as the first step in treating colds.

How It Acts

The action of Lavoris in the mouth and throat will be a revelation to you.

First: It loosens, "cuts" and removes dangerous, germ-laden mucus. Turns it into a "curd" so you can expel it easily and quickly.

You see the shreds with your own eyes.



Thus you know that bacteria are washed out because the mucus that they lodge in is flushed out.

No longer can mucus hold germs in contact with the tissues where they breed and multiply. It leaves the tissues clean and sweet.

In all this, its effect is soothing. It cannot harm the most delicate membranes or disturb the important gastric juices or digestive process.

Second: After the tissues are purged, cleansed and soothed, Lavoris stimulates circulation and fortifies against other germs.

Accept Trial Offer

At the first sign of a cold—do as physicians now advise. Use this purging type of treatment. *Mix Lavoris with hot water, half-and-half.* Gargle frequently until you get relief. Get Lavoris at any drug store. Or accept the trial offer at the right. And receive a gener-



ous bottle for the cost of packing and mailing.

See how swiftly it gets the sticky mucus out. Note the quick relief. See how speedily cold is checked.

LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minnesota

ACCEPT A TRIAL BOTTLE

LAVORIS CHEMICAL CO.
Dept. T
932 North Third Street,
Minneapolis, Minn.



Please send me your large, generous sample of Lavoris. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.



Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

C-108

LAVORIS
THE GARGLE WITH
SCIENTIFIC PURGING ACTION



Lower Broadway, New York—Guaranty Trust Company's Buildings at left

Your Business and Banking Service

AMPLE resources, exceptional facilities, and long experience in rendering commercial banking service to important organizations in every major line of American industry, place this Company in an advantageous position to serve your business. We invite you to discuss your requirements with us.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

140 BROADWAY

FIFTH AVENUE at 44TH STREET

MADISON AVENUE at 60TH STREET

LONDON

PARIS

BRUSSELS

LIVERPOOL

HAVRE

ANTWERP

© G. Y. CO. OF N. Y. 1931

extemporized on the invention of the bottle.

It is possible that Mr. Barry prefers to leave certain of his earlier plays out of consideration in any appraisal of his work. Not to be omitted, surely, is *Tomorrow and Tomorrow*, produced last year and regarded at that time as his best, or *Hotel Universe*, a metaphysical diversion, or *White Wings*, a theatrical fantasy which gathers more and more admirers as the years roll on. Up to last week the Barry theatrical score stood: four hits (*Holiday*, *Paris Bound*, *Tomorrow and Tomorrow*, *You and I*); four runs—though some were brief (*In A Garden*, *White Wings*, *Hotel Universe*, *The Youngest*); two errors (*Cock Robin*, *John*).

That Mr. Barry's score is so high is largely because of his peerless tragicomic technique. It came with plenty of hard work, is unequalled among his contemporaries. It also came from a sort of dramatic fearlessness. He is not afraid to make his characters do or say anything. Lines at which many a playwright would blush and discard. Mr. Barry twists off with lyric brilliance. Through his sparkling glasses, the world about him appears or is made to appear subtly unreal, fantastic, wistful. And yet he can be caught eschewing this very unreality, this wistfulness which is his capital stock in trade.

In *Paris Bound* one of his characters outlines a fantastic ballet in which an angel named Mike is detected, through a microscope, dancing on the head of a pin. Here again is evidence of conflicting Barry emotions. Like a little boy caught playing with girls, Playwright Barry shyly slips in the following dialog:

Mary—I love it. But watch out that your angel doesn't go whimsical on you.

Richard—Not a chance.

Mary—That's the danger, though.

Richard—This angel is a real guy. He's superb, this angel. He's a kind of Lindbergh.

Other Plays in Manhattan

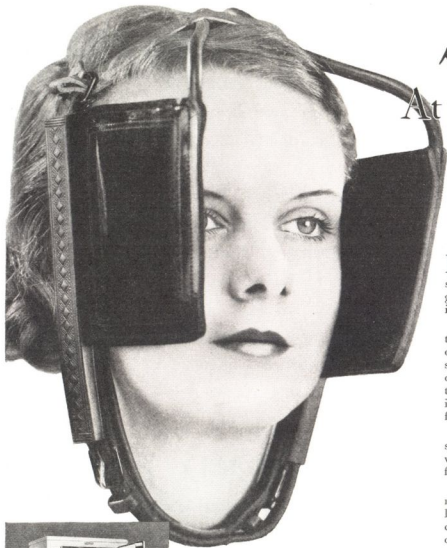
Three Men and a Woman. Demonstrating that sex can raise its ugly head "down under" as well as any other place on the Globe, *Three Men and a Woman* is concerned with the doings in a lighthouse on Cape Forlorn, New Zealand. Why the God-fearing keeper (William Desmond) married his lecherous wife (Franc Hale) is something Australian Playwright Frank Harvey does not explain. When her husband goes to the mainland, she betrays him with his assistant (old Melodramatist Walker Whiteside). When an absconder turns up with the loot of an investment company to which her husband's savings are entrusted, she promptly switches her affections to him. When the absconder jumps off the lighthouse and kills himself, she steals the money and goes off with a lighthouse inspector. The whole business is strictly second-rate entertainment.

Black Tower tries to frighten you with the antics of a maniacal physician who has a gallery full of corpses, mummified and *glacé*-coated, to which he wishes to add a young girl he has picked up. And fails. Co-author is Lora Baxter, who appeared last week in *The Animal Kingdom* (see above).

Blinders... *because she*

Shies

At New Ideas



FLYING MACHINES, horseless carriages — they had their skeptics. Every new idea, every great advance, does. Electrolux is no exception.

We don't mind that. For though Electrolux is four years old, has enjoyed a phenomenal success and is today in hundreds of thousands of homes, it is still the new idea, the big radical improvement in automatic refrigerators.

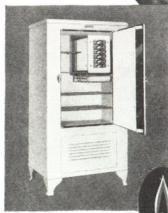
All we ask is that you go and see Electrolux with your eyes wide open. Judge the facts at first hand.

You will find that Electrolux not only freezes ice cubes quickly and provides perfect constant cold always, but does this without sound, without machinery, and at much less cost than any other refrigerator.

Is it any wonder that Electrolux sales in 1931 were far ahead of 1930?

You certainly owe it to yourself to see this remarkable refrigerator that has so greatly changed the old order of things. It is on display at the showroom of your gas company.

And if you'd like complete information by mail, write to us direct for free literature. Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., Evansville, Indiana.



ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR



The old order changeth — a tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts



*I*F YOU wish to do more business in New York State, an account at a Marine Midland Bank may prove most helpful. The 19 banks in the Group are in intimate touch with business throughout this area. They serve several hundred thousand customers. Their 307 directors are also directors of 915 other large concerns.

These banks know well the opportunities that their communities hold for your company.

MARINE MIDLAND BANKS

COMBINED RESOURCES OVER \$500,000,000



There are Midland Banks in these New York State cities

NEW YORK CITY
BINGHAMTON
JOHNSON CITY
ENDICOTT
CORTLAND
TROY

BUFFALO
ALBION
LOCKPORT
SNYDER
EAST AURORA
OSWEGO
NIAGARA FALLS

ROCHESTER
BATAVIA
LACKAWANNA
TONAWANDA
NO. TONAWANDA
JAMESTOWN

BUSINESS & FINANCE

Reynolds' Record

Rare is the corporation president who, taking office in 1931, can point to his first year as record high in the company's profit history. But such is the accomplishment of large, suave, meticulous Samuel Clay Williams, who became president of R. J.



SAMUEL CLAY WILLIAMS
From Mr. Hill, what next?

Reynolds Tobacco Co. in June 1931. Last week Mr. Williams reported net 1931 earnings of \$36,396,816. The previous high (1930) was \$34,256,665. In contrast to his predecessor, Bowman Gray (now chairman) who is a great tobacco salesman, and to William N. Reynolds, executive committee chairman, who is a great tobacco buyer, Mr. Williams must be described as a great tobacco lawyer. He was born on a North Carolina farm and always had more fun watching his father's lumber mill and cotton gin than he did doing chores. Moving from the practice of law in Greensboro, N. C. to Reynolds' assistant general counselship, he dropped the assistant portion of the title in 1921, added a vice-presidency in 1925. Now 47, he conceals beneath a soft North Carolina drawl a hair-trigger mind and a hair-splitting passion for accuracy in both spoken and written word.

Reason for Reynolds' record lay partly in the depression-resist nature of the tobacco business, partly in the Camel brand resulting from the famed humidor (cellophane) pack. Introduced Jan. 2, 1931, to the accompaniment of a \$50,000 prize contest for most moving description of its advantages, the cellophane-wrapped Camel occupied the cigaret-publicity spotlight which George Washington Hill of American Tobacco Co. had previously almost monopolized. Exactly 952,228 U. S. citizens submitted letters testifying to *Humidor Pack* merit.

But credit must also be given to the cigaret itself, which (all brands) increased from about 47 billion cigarets produced in 1920 to nearly 120 billion in 1930.

Since 1922 the Big Cigaret Three (American Tobacco, Reynolds, Liggett & Myers) have collectively and individually made every year a record year. From the Reynolds report cigaret vitality has apparently survived 1931 doldrums.

Meanwhile George Washington Hill, whose spectacular year of personal accomplishment was 1930 (during which his American Tobacco Co. first exceeded the highest net earnings of the entire, old monopolistic American Tobacco Co.), remained greatest tobacco earner. His 1930 earnings—\$43,298,000—topped Reynolds by \$9,000,000; and last month he said that the first ten months of 1931 had been more profitable than the corresponding months of 1930. Yet if cellophane wrapping be accepted as great 1931 cigaret milestone, Mr. Hill with about 20,000,000 advertising dollars played second fiddle to Mr. Williams with probably not more than \$16,000,000. Which raised but did not answer speculation as to what Mr. Hill will do next.

Consolidated

Last week, Prairie Oil & Gas Co., Prairie Pipe Line Co. and Sinclair Consolidated Oil Corp. united to form a half-billion dollar oil company. There was little news in the mere event, for the merger had been brewing for almost two years (TIME, Jan. 27, 1930). Nor was there much news in the company's size, for so gigantic is the oil business and so gigantic the constituent parts that it became only sixth biggest (see table). Nor was there anything but corporate dullness in the name which the new corporation took—Consolidated Oil Corp.

Nevertheless the event made many people happy. It cheered business. The more the oil industry can be consolidated the more hope there is of combating its major problem—overproduction.

It cheered Harry Ford Sinclair. For the merger was the realization of his ambition to dominate a country-wide, integrated oil company. Ever since he began buying up and re-selling oil lands many

years ago with never-varying success he has looked forward to a unit like Consolidated. Harry Sinclair is of that second generation of oil pioneers who found the fat plums unknown to the Standard Oil Trust when they began to study synclines and anticlines. And his legion of friends were happy, for he had vindicated his reputation as one of the best-liked men in oil.

If Harry Sinclair, who will be Consolidated's chairman, was the power back of



Blank-Stoller, Inc.
HERBERT RICHARD GALLAGHER
He spoke English.

the merger, the man who stepped into the spotlight last week was Herbert Richard Gallagher, who will be president. Since 1910 Mr. Gallagher has been selling oil on the Pacific Coast for Shell Union Oil Corp. His own talent was selling, and for that particular reason Consolidated chose him. Nowadays it is no feat to produce oil, refine it and transport it. Of Consolidated's three component parts, two have made little effort to retail oil or gasoline. Prairie Oil & Gas owns almost 2,000,000 acres of rich producing lands in the mid-continent fields but has only a small re-

Name	Assets Dec. 31, 1930	Biggest Refinery	Big Stockholders	Active Head
Standard (N. J.)	\$1,776,093,801	Linden, N. J.	Rockefeller	Teagle
Socoyn-Vacuum	\$ 960,851,541	Beaumont, Tex.	Rockefeller Barneson	Arnot
Standard (Ind.)	\$ 801,184,071	Whiting, Ind.	Rockefeller	Seubert
Standard (Calif.)	\$ 610,296,133	Richmond, Calif. El Segundo, Calif.	Rockefeller Transamerica	Kingsbury
Texas Corp.	\$ 381,807,146	Port Arthur, Tex.	No one stockholder except trustee for employees owns more than 1%	Holmes
Consolidated	\$ 532,510,022*	East Chicago	Sinclair	Sinclair
Royal Dutch	\$ 330,052,953	Curaçao, Dutch West Indies	Detending Queen Wilhelmina	Detending
Gulf	\$ 488,723,136	Port Arthur, Tex.	Mellon	Drake
Shell Union	\$ 471,912,753	Domínguez, Calif. Wilmington, Calif.	Detending	Detending
Tide Water	\$ 248,302,323	Bayonne, N. J. Avon, Calif.	Banking interests are First National of N. Y., and Bancamerica Blair	Byles

*Combined statement as of May, 1931.

tailoring subsidiary. Prairie Pipe has about 13,000 mi. of trunk and gathering lines that honeycomb the country from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, but its business is to carry oil, not sell it. Thus, on Sinclair's retail outlets depends Consolidated success and, as a great oil salesman, that is the new president's problem.

Herbert Gallagher's father was president of Canada Business College and Herbert's first job was a lowly clerkship in the Bank of Hamilton when he was 17. After four years of that he left Canada, went to work as a cattle rancher for Butte Valley Land Co. in San Francisco which was partly owned by his uncle James Horsburg Jr., then assistant general passenger agent of the Union Pacific. Several years later when the U. P. was anxious to please Sir Henri W. A. Deterding and a group of Royal Dutch officials, his uncle selected Herbert Gallagher to show them around. This he did so well that when Royal Dutch decided to open a California agency under J. C. Van Eck (who then spoke little English) he was made the Dutchman's assistant. In San Francisco today he is a popular socialite, president of the San Francisco Golf Club. He is still kittenish with the Press but his famed smile has been known to sell many a barrel.

Royal Family Pleased

Fast trains last week drew apart the members of the Royal Family of Industry, scattered them in such motor cities as Detroit, Toledo, Pontiac, Flint. Leaving back, they agreed that their annual coming-

out party, the New York Automobile Show, had been a far greater success than they had expected (TIME, Jan. 18).

While the Royal Family fights for public favor, its fighting has always been ethical. Brother throws mud at another Brother. The reason is clearly discernible in the camaraderie that marks such large meetings of No. 1 motormakers as the New York Show. There was much satisfaction over the presence of John North Willys, much talk of "His Excellency" since he is now Ambassador to Poland. More personal satisfaction came to Walter P. Chrysler. For De Soto's success entitled its Chrysler-son-in-law chief, Byron C. Foy, to full-fledged membership in the Royal Family. Beams were caused in the Nash organization by the election of popular Earl H. McCarty to the presidency, succeeding Founder Charles W. Nash who became chairman. President McCarty joined Nash in 1922 as sales-manager, has worked close to Mr. Nash.

But what caused the most beaming of all was the constant stream of visitors to the Show. Unusually warm, spring-like weather may have boosted the figures. But all exhibitors marveled when it became apparent that attendance was greater than in any year since 1927. How many cars were sold against last year cannot be known, but dealers agreed there was a greater "buying interest"—people who did not actually buy were willing to give their names and addresses for future sales-talks. And many a company reported actual sales gain. Among them was ever-sentimental Auburn, reporting that for the first five days 81% more cars were sold

than at last year's show, and Hudson, proud to say that during the first day it sold 300% more cars than during the entire 1931 Show. Aiding Hudson was a unique publicity stunt. At one swoop 1,207,500 telegrams were sent to persons owning Hudsons and Essexes or cars in similar ranges, urging them to visit the Hudson show-rooms. The telegraphing was done by a special arrangement with Postal Telegraph-Cable, a master telegram being sent to about 700 cities, copied there for local distribution.

While these things were going on, sales organizations were being lunched and dined. Their leaders told them that in 1932 they should sell at least as many cars as in 1931 (i. e., 2,000,000 passenger vehicles). Speakers vigorously attacked the various additional taxes proposed for their industry. Leading attacker was of course the Industry's titular head, Alvan Macauley, president of Packard Motor Car Co. and of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce. "If the motor vehicle had not been so completely necessary it would have been taxed out of existence long ago," he said. Then, more optimistically, he added: "The public is hungry for new things . . . our task as merchandising leaders is to . . . bring about a return of public spending . . . we must break down public fear and . . . get people to buy not just our own merchandise but anything that they can use to advantage. . . . As people buy, they spread prosperity." Heartily applauded by the Industry for these sentiments was Motormaker Macauley, as well as for his company's aggressiveness. At the Show Packard broke its records with sales that were 600% better than last year. Contributing to the success were new models of the Standard Eight and the De Luxe Eight, also two new cars. These were the Twin Six, again established as leader of Packard's line, and the Light Eight at the record price of \$1,750. Total Packard models offered were 41, not including of course Packard's famed individual custom cars.

8 Decades of Expansion

1852—1932

SINCE the first Associated properties began operating 80 years ago, there have been a dozen depressions, including those of 1857, 1883, 1893, 1907, and 1921. Yet, so vigorous has been the growth of the gas and electric industries and so steady the demand for their services that each dull period has been followed by progress unmatched before.

Progress in the Associated System has been especially rapid since 1920. In these years the number of customers increased from 682,469 to 1,442,106; gross earnings from \$51,164,774 to \$111,180,063, and number of security holders from 121 to 231,055.



For information about facilities, service, or rates, write

Associated Gas & Electric System

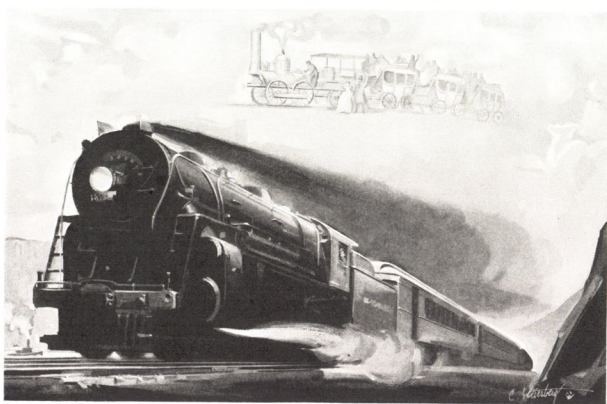
61 Broadway

New York



New President

John Webster Thomas, 51, was elected president of Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., succeeding Founder Harvey Samuel Firestone who became chairman after being president 29 years. Fortnight ago Mr. Firestone pleased stockholders when he told them the company had earned almost four times as much in 1931 as in 1930. Last week, they were reassured, the new title did not mean his retirement. John Thomas started as Firestone's first chemist. He was then 28, got a salary of \$100 a month, a \$10 raise from his previous job. The company employed about 700 men, and a corner of one shop was partitioned off for the laboratory. He had gone to Buchtel College, now Akron University, had a degree and was proud of it, though he was the only college graduate employed by Firestone for many years. Now he is affectionately known to everyone as "J. W." just as Mr. Firestone is called "H. S." Mr. Thomas was a good football player, still plays around Akron golf courses in the low 80's. He is still hard boiled. His 200 lb. are carried on a



Meeting the Needs of Progress

The mighty "Limited" of today is the outgrowth of the crude old "iron horse" of yesterday. Tremendously powerful, swift, dependable—it is meeting the needs of progress in rail transportation.



Thirty thousand friendly Willard dealers help you keep YOUR battery fit. Use them.

Willard developed the Thread-Rubber Insulated Battery, a tremendous forward stride in battery construction. Steadily improved since its inception, it has established a sterling reputation in actual service in millions of cars. Today, the Thread-Rubber Insulated Battery... exclusively Willard... is even more efficiently meeting the needs of progress—is even finer in quality. It has a longer life. It gives more miles and months of uninterrupted service. It is dependable... powerful... alert... ready to give quick starts, and many of them. It is the distinguished leader in a line of outstanding batteries... and is, we believe, the finest battery that money can buy.

Thread-Rubber Insulators are made of vulcanized hard rubber and cotton threads. Rubber for strength and long wear. Threads to give uniform porosity. These features mean uniformly efficient batteries and provide complete insulation. You can get them only in a Willard. All Thread-Rubber Insulated Batteries are in genuine hard rubber containers.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY CO. • Cleveland, Ohio • Los Angeles, Calif. • Toronto, Ont.

Willard

THREAD-RUBBER BATTERIES

Storage Batteries for

QUICK STARTS . . . AND MANY OF THEM

Aircraft • Automobiles • Bus and Truck • Emergency Lighting • Lighting Plants • Marine Equipment • Motor and Pleasure Boats • Radio • Sound Pictures • Telephone and Communications • Taxicabs • Oil Circuit Breakers • Diesel Engines • Ditching Machinery • All Industrial Purposes

I am going to be INDEPENDENT!

How many of us have made this promise to ourselves! Yet without a definite plan, based on sound investment principles, such a promise can never be more than a dream. Today NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES, available to small as well as large investors, provide the basis for such a plan.

● NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES, 1955 (Maximum Cumulation Type) and NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES, 1956 (Maximum Distribution Type) are certificates of ownership in common stock of 34 great corporations, whose combined assets exceed 24 billion dollars. The market value of all outstanding shares of these companies equals approximately 50% of the market value of all common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange. But this group of 34 underlying securities is more than a list of high-grade common stocks. It is a carefully worked out investment program reflecting the relative attractiveness of each industry and of each company within the industry.

● The stock certificates themselves, against which NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES are issued as certificates of ownership, are deposited with one of the largest Trust Companies in the world, which, as Trustee, administers for each trust shareholder all details connected with the deposited property. The holder of NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES merely clips a coupon twice a year.

● Prices of selected common stocks today offer attractive possibilities for long-term investment. NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES make such an investment available even to the person with less than \$100 to invest. And they provide a safeguarded program for those who are planning now for future financial independence.

● Consult one of the 1500 banks and investment dealers who are today recommending these trust shares. Or write today for complete details to

DISTRIBUTORS GROUP INCORPORATED

63 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

(Owned by a nation-wide group of investment houses)

North American
TRUST SHARES

tall, powerful frame. Across a desk his piercing grey eyes make many a junior executive quake as he gets off his favorite saying: "Things don't just happen. You've got to make them happen." On the desk is a card with three questions on it. "What is it?" "How do you know it?"

"What of it?" Away from work he is gentle, soft-spoken, well-mannered. He is married, has five children. Like the polo-playing Firestone boys, Harvey Jr. and Russell Allen, one of whom may some day be president, both of his sons are in the Firestone Co. where they started working in the summer during school holidays.

At the Firestone plant workmen were jubilant over Mr. Thomas' election. They consider him one of themselves. They know him as an experienced rubber man who has had faith in Mr. Firestone for many years and has in turn been trusted and rewarded.

Management Puzzle

U. S. Steel Corp. buzzed like a jigsaw last week with talk of new management, for President James Augustine Farrell had resigned. The news came suddenly in the middle of the night from the steelman's Manhattan home. As he faced the specially summoned reporters the tall, bristly veteran of 34 years of steel showed little sign of his age. His ruddy face, topped by white hair, frames a pair of cold blue eyes. Written in his own handwriting, President Farrell's statement said his resignation had been accepted by the board to take effect April 18 but that he would remain a director. Surprised were the steel trade and Wall Street because his retirement would have been automatic, under the company's new pension plan, when he became 70 years old on Feb. 15, 1933 (TIME, April 27).*

Said Mr. Farrell: "I firmly believe that the time has now arrived for my successor to be appointed in order to establish the management upon a more permanent foundation composed of younger men." This contrasted sharply with his attitude last October. Revived was talk of friction between Mr. Farrell and some other members of the Finance Committee (Myron Charles Taylor, John Pierpont Morgan). In May Mr. Farrell denounced the steel industry for wage cutting, called it "a pretty cheap sort of business," but in October his own company cut wages 10%. Recently there have been rumors of a further cut and Mr. Farrell may have resigned rather than share in the responsibility.

James Augustine Farrell has been president of U. S. Steel Corp. for 21 years. He was selected for that position by the late, great John Pierpont Morgan. He was and is famed as "father" of the country's steel export trade. Son of a ship master who was drowned, Jim Farrell started work at 16 in a New Haven wire mill for \$4.65 a week. Now his salary is \$100,000 a year, his pension will be about \$21,000.

*Birth records at New Haven, Conn., show that James Augustine Farrell was born in 1862. If this is correct he would be 70 next month. When he was asked about it last October Mr. Farrell admitted he was confused, said he might make a special trip to his native city to investigate. On the company's records the year of his birth is given as 1863.

Always fascinated by the sea, he induced the Steel company to build its own fleet. He himself owns & operates the *Tusitala* (Samoan for Tale Bearer), one of the last clipper ships under the U. S. flag.

No successor was named to fill historic Jim Farrell's post. If Steel's tradition is followed, a man trained in the trade will be elected. Mentioned as such candidates were Eugene Peoples Thomas, vice president of U. S. Steel, and I. Lamont Hughes, president of Steel's biggest subsidiary, Carnegie Steel Co. Outside possibility was Sewell Lee Avery, famed Chicago president of U. S. Gypsum, and a director of U. S. Steel, who was last month selected to head Montgomery Ward & Co. with whose affairs the House of Morgan is also concerned.

Failure in Sugar

Last week a big ship (the *Berengaria*) entered a big port (New York) carrying a big man (6 ft. 6 in. and 240 lb. avoirdupois). He was a man who a year ago established probably the most comprehensive cartel ever set up to rescue a world industry from destruction by overproduction. Now, almost a year later, the industry is beyond all question far worse off than before; from opposite sides of the globe rumble ominous rumors of the cartel's imminent dissolution. Last week the man—Thomas Lincoln Chadbourne—on the deck of the *Berengaria* announced: "I am quite certain that further limitations upon both export and production . . . will be made." But he was never more confident of his plan's ultimate success.

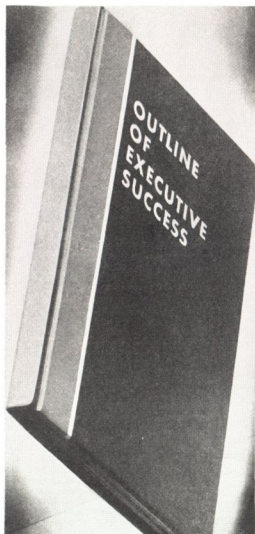
The plan has worked beautifully for the five smaller producers (Czechoslovakia, Poland, Germany, Hungary and Belgium) but Cuba which a year ago had a surplus of 1,300,000 tons, has today, after reducing her production by one-third, a surplus of 1,540,000 tons. Java, which a year ago had a surplus of 700,000 tons, is likely by the first of April to have a surplus of 1,400,000 tons. And the price of sugar (Cuban raw) is 1.14¢ per lb. compared to 1.38¢ a year ago. All because the world used still less sugar in 1931 than it had in 1930.

If the Chadbourne plan is to continue there will be still larger carrying charges on the surplus, still smaller crops permissible to balance production with consumption. Will the producers stand for it? Last week Mr. Chadbourne said they would. The reasons he gave were hard cold facts:

"Java and Cuba together at the beginning of the new crop will have on hand sugar to produce which cost them more than \$110,000,000. If that sugar could be sold at present prices it would yield only \$72,000,000, a loss of at least \$44,000,000. If this same sugar were to be dumped on the present saturated markets, there would be such demoralization in prices that the greater part of the whole of this huge cost-investment would be lost."

If the Chadbourne plan survives, it will be because it would be still more costly to give it up.

1932 will be a Good Year for men with IDEAS



MAIL THE COUPON NOW FOR YOUR COPY

Attach this coupon to your office letterhead, enclose twenty-five cents (stamps or coin), and your copy of "Outline of Executive Success" will be sent immediately, postpaid. There is no further obligation or expense, for the best of the whole thing is, the book shows you how to use *better* the business tools you *now* possess.

*Here's a 96-page pocket-size book
filled with "hows" for getting ahead*

THE chronic complainer is going to be out of luck this spring. Success is reserving its smile for the man who is on the alert with new ideas for quicker, easier, better, more economical ways of organizing work.

That's the attitude that's going to bring results to organizations hungry for business in 1932.

Another thing: Men who are really anxious to get ahead, don't want to be bothered with abstract theories or pretty proverbs.

What they do want is brass-tack help. And if such "hows" can be obtained in an inexpensive book, so much the better.

That is exactly what is being offered in this announcement to every man who is alert to grasp proven ideas that lead to advancement.

The revised second edition of the book, "Outline of Executive Success," is now offered. Without lengthy preamble or theorizing, this book goes straight to the job of giving concise, practical suggestions for organizing work, handling repetitive operations, speeding up routine, freeing your mind and desk for more important things.

Between the covers of this handsome 96-page book are facts which many men have taken years to learn through bitter experience, but which you may have at extremely small cost.

More than ten thousand people in business have already found help in this book. Many readers have ordered additional copies to give to friends, sons, employees. And the second ten thousand copies is already pouring out to a new group of ambitious-minded executives and clerical workers.

In these times when the "survival of the fittest" is truer than ever in business, don't miss *any* such opportunity for help. Even though you may use only *one* of the ideas given in this book—that *one* idea will prove of value far above the slight cost and time of digesting the book's contents.

It's your opportunity!

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PENN.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find twenty-five cents (stamps or coin) for which please send me a copy of the book, "Outline of Executive Success," at once. (Outside of U. S. A. 50¢)

Name.....

Position.....

ATTACH THIS COUPON TO YOUR OFFICE LETTERHEAD

T-1-2

First Choice

of Social Registerites and their Families

In August, 1931, a questionnaire (fourth in a series to various groups of educated and influential people) went to 5,696 men listed in the Summer Social Register. In the form of a letter from the vice president of a large New York advertising agency, the questionnaire asked: "What publication, weekly or monthly, do you read most regularly, most carefully, cover to cover?" In other words, "What is your first choice magazine?"

Among the 1,013 men replying, TIME is again first choice, the favorite over all magazines of whatever circulation.

The score:

TIME	307
Second National Magazine	123
Third National Magazine	108

And the questionnaire reveals that TIME is also first in readership among other adult members of these Social Register families.



TIME's popularity is easily explained. . . . Civilization moves forward on a thousand fronts—politics, literature, business, science—from each of which comes news. But before TIME, no publication had ever adapted itself to the time which the active man can devote to keeping informed. How could he get it all? grasp it? put it together? make it his own? TIME is an entirely new type of publication. It is not a journal of opinion. It is not a digest of opinion. It is a digest of the news. Already adopted by 400,000 nationally-minded, young-minded, busy Americans, TIME is their answer to the problem of keeping up-to-date.

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

SCIENCE

Mosquito Betrayer

The learned & observant electrician & founder of General Electric Co., Dr. Elihu Thomson, 78, inventor of electric welding and more than 700 other patented ideas, onetime acting president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, an unusually practical man, last week proposed to decoy male mosquitoes to a multitudinous death. The idea developed in this fashion:

Last year General Electric was operating a huge electric furnace along the swampy, mosquito-infested Saugus River at Lynn, Mass., where Dr. Thomson has his personal laboratories. None of the furnace attendants was bitten. Yet A. L. Ellis of the works noticed myriads of what seemed to be mosquitoes dead and resting on the furnace top and in its crevices. He told Dr. Thomson, who collected



International

ELIHU THOMSON

He cooked the male.

some of the corpses and found as he expected that they were all males. For he had a shrewd idea.

The three-phase 60-cycle hum of the heaters in the furnace was to his ear "an exact representation of the noise one hears as a female mosquito visits one in the night, and one endeavors to crush the annoying creature by a slap of the hand on the side of the face where the pest appears to be ready to draw blood from the victim of its attention."

Reasoned he: "Can it be possible that this hum . . . serves as an attraction for the males which gather where the noise is prevalent? Certainly, if the male can be drawn to a spot and cooked, then the egg-laying power of the female would be curtailed, and we shall have a great diminution in the mosquito population, provided the above reasoning is in accordance with fact and provided devices are developed to produce a three-phase 60-cycle hum where mosquitoes are bred and spread about, with means for destroying the mosquitoes which are so attracted.

WRIGLEY Digs deeper and hits new PAY DIRT!



When the Surface Gold is Gone

Uses Addressograph and Multigraph equipment in immense mail campaign, achieving dividend quota for 1931 by October 1st. His experience endorses our counsel to "dig deeper," as advanced in Addressograph-Multigraph News reproduced above.

"Tell 'em quick—tell 'em often."

William Wrigley's succinct slogan...the powerful force behind his latest and most successful mail campaign:—monthly sales literature to 900,000 retailers, 43,000 jobber salesmen, 15,000 jobbers!

A rousing Wrigley message produced and speeded out with efficient Addressograph and Multigraph equipment.

Like Wrigley, overcoming general increased sales resistance, thousands of Addressograph and Multigraph users are now increasing sales volume:

"We can truthfully say Addressograph has increased our business 35% to 40%." G. G. Moss Co. Inc., Richmond, Va. (Jobber).

"Multigraph enabled us to sell more honey during the last two months than in the previous year." J. E. Crane & Son, Middlebury, Vt.

What others have done, you can do with profit-raising Addressograph-Multigraph products.

The "PROOF" issue of the A-M News contains scores of sales-building testimonials, from every type of business. Our own successful "deep digging" project is included.

WM. WRIGLEY JR. COMPANY
CHEWING GUM MANUFACTURERS
WRIGLEY BUILDING
400 NORTH NICHOLSON AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILL.
November 20, 1931

Mr. J. E. Rogers, Pres.,
Addressograph - Multigraph Corp.,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Dear Mr. Rogers:

I was quite interested in an article entitled—"When The Surface Gold Is Gone"—which appeared recently in a publication issued by your company.

Here is a story that should be read by every business man in America because it exposes the shallowness of depression. We know that just beneath the surface of this so-called business depression is economic relief and prosperity. But we must there are thousands of men in every enterprise who have not taken the time or trouble to "dig beneath the surface."

I know that you are going beneath the surface by the large expansion program your company has launched. The Wrigley Company always has dug beneath the surface for business, and several months ago we began digging a little deeper. We knew business was there so we dug until we struck it.

To stimulate our digging we increased our Addressograph - Multigraph equipment and began a direct mail campaign to over 900,000 retailers in the United States.

And, we struck pay-dirt! I am firmly convinced that if we had more digging and less talking, confidence in American business would soon be restored.

Sincerely yours,

Wm. Wrigley Jr. Company

Write for your copy (together with a front page reproduction for framing), and ask a representative to prove Addressograph-Multigraph can make and save money for you! There are models to suit every need and purse.

Addressograph Company—Multigraph Company,
Divisions of
ADDRESSOGRAPH-MULTIGRAPH CORPORATION,
1814 East 40th Street, Cleveland, Ohio



Wrigley Building—a monument to Mr. William Wrigley's energy. Addressograph-Multigraph methods have helped him attain leadership.

Addressograph

Multigraph

Most little Pigs
go to Market
But
**THE BEST LITTLE PIGS
GO TO JONES-**



To provide
America's
Favorite
Breakfast

JONES
DAIRY FARM
SAUSAGE

Spencerian
PENS

Send for EMILY POST'S helpful book
"Letters That Must Be Penned"
Enclose 10c in stamps.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway, N. Y.



**BATTLE CREEK
HEALTH
FOOD**



**The Change
Your Body
Needs . . .**

EVERYBODY knows what a change will do for the mind! How we often need a fresh outlook, sweeping away the cobwebs from the brain! Just so the body needs a change!

Lacto-Dextrin is not a laxative, but a remarkable colon food that changes the intestinal flora. That is, it smother the destructive, disease-producing germs out of the intestines. Thus reaching the very source of headaches, lassitude, nervousness, colitis and kindred complaints. For years it has been used with outstanding success at the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium.

Lacto-Dextrin is sold by your Druggist, Department Store and local authorized Battle Creek dealer.

At Battle Creek we maintain a staff of dietitians to advise you on any diet problem. Check your particular diet problem on the coupon below and mail to our Dietetic Department. We will send you suggestions for your individual diet, without charge.

**FREE
DIET
ADVICE**
Mail Coupon
Today

Dietetic Dept., The Battle Creek Food Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to send you a diet plan that will solve my diet problem. I am troubled by:

☐ Constipation ☐ Indigestion ☐ Acid Stomach
☐ Nervousness ☐ Overweight ☐ Endemic Goiter

(Check your diet problem)

Name: _____ State: _____
Address: _____
City: _____

Insist on Genuine **BATTLE CREEK**
LACTO-DEXTRIN

They may be burned, or drowned, or shocked, or cooked."

Before Dr. Thomson could put his reasoning to experiment, the mosquito season passed from Lynn, but not his curiosity. He spoke of the matter to Professor George Howard Parker, Harvard zoologist, specialist on the anatomy and physiology of sense organs and animal reactions.

Very, very possible, said Professor Parker. Only the female mosquito sings or produces its characteristic note when flying. The males are provided with bushy antennae projecting from the head on each side. These are the organs of hearing by which the male recognizes the presence of the female somewhere near. The males do not bite. The females do, to get nutrition for the eggs which they lay in stagnant pools.

All this being true, Dr. Thomson proposes: "To organize an electro-magnetic 'hummer' which, at small expense of energy, can spread over a large space the peculiar hum, and attract the males; perhaps also repelling the females. Various ways of trapping the males may be suggested, as they need not be desiccated or cooked to get rid of them."

MISCELLANY

"Time brings all things."

Nutters

Oldest and youngest of a family of nine sea-faring brothers, Capt. Fred Nutter and Capt. Edgar Nutter quarreled as shipmates for 50 years, quarreled for ten years more as inmates in New York's Sailors Snug Harbour. Last week their ceaseless rancor brought them into court.

Capt. Edgar Nutter, a doddering petulant man of 74, charged his brother with assault. He said that one hot summer day when he had been sewing an eye-shade for his weakened eyes, Capt. Fred Nutter had come into their room, put a calendar in the window to spoil the light, then whacked him with a monkey wrench. Capt. Edgar Nutter angrily insisted that his brother was too "bossy," that he should be safely jailed before he killed someone with the shoe-hammers and wrenches which he habitually used for weapons.

Capt. Fred Nutter, 86, seemed less angry than reproachful. He admitted he had whacked his brother with a wrench. But first, said he, Capt. Edgar Nutter had attacked him with a sloop-bucket. "Self-defense. . . . He's younger than me," said Capt. Fred Nutter. He added that his brother had been "spoiled," that "it's a damn lie, everything he said."

Fellow inmates, judges, lawyers, officials of the institution and a jollier brother, Capt. Eugene Nutter, 75, who had come from Gouldsboro, Me., asked them to make friends. Instead, Capt. Fred Nutter scowled sadly at his brother in the court; Capt. Edgar Nutter hid his face with his hat. A patient magistrate dismissed the case. Capt. Fred Nutter strolled out the front door. Capt. Edgar Nutter, too proud to follow him, went out the side.

**Keep Your footwear
Looking New.... Use**


**Whittemore's
OIL PASTE**



The big can with the easy opener. Gives a shine that stays on rain or shine. Your dealer has it—your shoes need it.

The World's Finest All-Weather Shoe Polish

STOPS FOOT PAINS or costs you nothing FREE BOOK TELLS WHY



FOOT pains, falling arches, aches, cramps, tiredness, calluses, immediately relieved and the cause corrected. By strengthening and supporting the muscles Jung's Arch Braces make foot troubles a simple, easily corrected affliction. Now you can go to your drug store or shoe store and buy a pair of these light, inexpensive, elastic braces with the understanding that if you aren't absolutely satisfied with the results, your money will be refunded.

Don't ever worry your cause what you have tried, Jung's guarantee holds good. Physicians urge them. Ask your dealer or write for free book explaining cause of FOOT troubles and how to quickly and permanently correct them.

The Jung Arch Brace Co., 421 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

**JUNG'S
ARCH BRACES**

HIGGINS' Eternal

FOREVER Legible & Beautiful



Black Writing Ink

CHAS. M. HIGGINS & Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Don't Miss
"Radio's Greatest Show"
the
MARCH OF TIME
8:30 P. M.
Eastern Time
EVERY FRIDAY
Columbia Coast-to-Coast System

CORNS-SORE TOES

—relieved in ONE minute by these thin, healing, safe pads! They remove the cause—shoe friction and pressure.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Also for Callouses and Bunions

B O O K S *

*Brownstone & Sulphur*HORSE IN THE MOON—Luigi Pirandello
—Dutton (\$2.50).

So accustomed is everybody to thinking of Pirandello as a dramatist that his publishers on the jacket of this book have inscribed: "This is a book of fiction." It is a twelve-story selection from a projected 24-volume skyscraper entitled *Stories for the Year Round*. Like the *Thousand & One Nights*, like mottoes on church calendars, there will be Pirandello tales for every day of the year, every mood, every occasion.

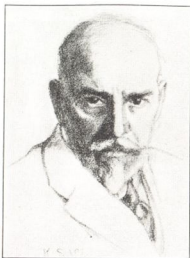
Most moods, most occasions must be rather grisly affairs to find these tales sympathetic. Of them Translator Samuel Putnam writes: "Here were no tragedies of the adamant will in self-ruinous conflict with an ineluctable Fate. Here, rather, was a disheartened and disheartening abandonment to the stream of an ignoble destiny." Maestro Pirandello considers Europe "senile, full of animated corpses." He writes of its brownstone-fronted society as if he smelled a rat, as if the rat had been dead a considerable length of time.

The Maestro gets his laughs out of diablerie and the grotesque. "Horse in the Moon" silhouettes a bridegroom, apoplectic with lust, and the head of a dying horse against a copper moon. The bride, seeing these two dying animals, and hearing the cries of anticipant ravens in the empty heavens, runs for home and father. Theme of "The Cat, a Goldfinch and the Stars" is that every individualized consciousness is circumscribed by whatever body it may inhabit. The stars knew not that the cat killed the goldfinch; the cat knew nothing about that particular finch; the bird did not know that it was life's only joy to the old couple whose dead grandchild had trained it to perch on their shoulders, peck at their ears. But the old couple thought the bird sang only to ease their mourning, that the cat planned death to their particular bird, that the stars wept for their sorrow.

In "A Wee Sma' Drop" the author finds an old man sitting corpse-like in a wine-shop, an untasted bottle before him, passively allowing the flies to attack a pimple on his forehead. It develops that for the old man the bottom has dropped out of everything. Gone sour are the immemorial wines of love, hope, desire. Sole remaining comfort, a drop of real grape, his family has denied him because it made him rowdy. Consolation he finds "by coming here and reminding myself that, while my sorrow is real enough now, all I should have to do would be to take a thimbleful of wine and it would be gone." Touched to the heart the Maestro leans over to him, whispers: "Excuse me, but won't you at least permit me to brush that fly off your forehead?"

The Author. Luigi Pirandello, Ph.D.,

was born in Girgenti, Sicily in 1867. His father owned a sulphur mine, which may have given his writings their slightly diabolical odor. After studying at Rome and at the University of Bonn, he became teacher of Italian Literature at the Normal College for Women, remained there some 30 years. Five volumes of poetry,



LUIGI PIRANDELLO

The rat he smells is dead.

20 of short stories, three novels got him little reward. His now celebrated novel *The Late Mattia Pascal* (1924) sold only 2,000 copies in 18 years. In 1912 Pirandello was persuaded to turn to the drama. Success shook him out of his professional shell. Now a fashionably-dressed gentleman he rushes about Europe writing comedies in hotels and *vaudeville*-lits, takes his own theatrical company on summer tours through Europe. Most celebrated play: *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. Other translated plays: *Sicilian Limes*, *Henry IV*, *Right You Are, Each in His Own Way*, *The Pleasure of Honesty*, *Naked, As You Desire Me*. Novels: *Outcast, Shoot!*, *The Old and the Young*.

Guggenheim Reward

THE NINTH WITCH—Edward Davison
—Harper (\$2).

A poet's Muse is often made up of his subconscious ideals. Among Poet Davison's favorite ideals are swans, sexual normality, the England of William Cobbett's heart's-desire. Stir these three together, pepper them with premonitions of death-to-come. If you find the brew savory you will like this book of unpretentious poems.

The title poem treats an old theme with young gusto. Peter the friar on Good Friday night comes on nine young witches dancing to the Devil's fiddling. Peter

hides the naked ninth witch's broom; when the others fly off she is left behind. Peter drags her off to burn. On the way, to stop her blasphemous outcries, he throttles her. Not wishing to spoil a good witch-burning he tries to revive her, covers her cold body with his frock. Before dawn he is under the frock too. Subsequently the witch recovers her broom, flies away. Peter, despairing for his soul, hangs his body high.

Like most young lyricists Davison writes some poems under the influence of other poets, some under little apparent influence, not even the author's. The best ("I Saw the King," "Cobbett's Ride," "Home-Coming") are Davison's very own, are good indeed. Born in Glasgow, Poet Davison was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for creative writing while teaching English at Vassar. He wrote most of *The Ninth Witch* during his endowed holiday. Poetry addicts will enjoy his book, future antiquarians find it useful.

Infra-Red

MEN IN DARKNESS—James Hanley—Knopf (\$2.50).

Discommitting to beneficiaries of modern civilization is the thought that their blessings rest not only on God's mercy and uncomplaining machines, but also mercilessly on millions of men beyond complaint. Compared to these, machines live easy lives. James Hanley, an uncompromising young Irishman (born in Dublin, 1901), takes a Balzacian view of these poor to whom all things are poor, writes of them in a Balzacian style interlarded with curses. His first book *Drift* (1930) caused a literary sensation in England. The present volume will appeal to all who share Hanley's suspicion "that it is more important to unlearn than to learn."

One of his few upper-crust characters thus addresses an ancient fugitive from the workhouse: "When anybody like yourself enters a great civilized city, a something happens. Thought becomes paralyzed, collective thought I mean, for that, after all, is the meaning of civilization. . . . You are at once a sore, a pestilence, a kind of plague, disease, threat. You must hide, get away; anywhere; back into those fastnesses of dark and chaos and not return again. . . . Obliterate yourself. Fade out of sight and mind as quickly as possible." This particular veteran fades unseen into a junk-yard shed full of oily rags. A passing locomotive throws a parcel of sparks over the fence. Even the junk-yard proprietor is half glad to see such filthy rubbish burned away.

Author Hanley's stories have little plot; what little they have is mostly superfluous. More muck than marble these lives cannot be arranged in sculptural groups. They are only part of a larger plot, that of society itself. Like other *literati* Hanley takes that plot for granted, is interested mostly in the significance of the human suffering within it. Some of his stories:

John Grundy, who cleaned the streets of Bootle, has come to love his mucky job, is known to everybody as John Muck. One day he looks into the eyes of Miss Pettigrew, the railway-station tobacco-girl. After that, muck loses its charm for him. He writes mucky notes to the girl, who

*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.

M I L E S T O N E S

despises him, trails her through streets that he leaves mucky now. Just as he begins to realize that he is John Grundy, not Muck, the girl falls in love with him. But by leaving his muck in the streets he loses his job. At his first tryst with the tobacco girl he realizes that her love has killed John Muck, who had a paying job. John Grundy, unemployed, throws his true-love into the canal.

The longer "Narrative" starts with a riot of the unemployed on Liverpool docks to get jobs on an outgoing mystery ship, AO.2. There are 300 applicants, seven jobs. After dismal last-nights on shore the lucky seven sail away to be torpedoed in the Irish Sea. Going mad in the lifeboats all are lost, except the 293 unemployed left on shore.

In Darkest Africa

CONGORILLA—Martin Johnson—Brewer, Warren & Putnam (\$3.50).

Twain objectives of Martin & Osa Johnson's latest safari were pygmies and gorillas, least of men, largest of apes. The former live in the Itura Forest, Belgian Congo; the latter haunt the Alumbongo Mts. and the slopes of Mt. Miken, Uganda. Martin & Osa Johnson belong to the modern school of game-hunters. They travel mostly with fun and camera, ton trucks (Willis Knight) and flashlights (Eveready). Three hundred black porters were needed to bring their equipment down a steep 11-mi. descent. Their kill was largely bananas and bottled beer. However, plenty of well-trained elephant-guns made it lucky when angry lions and gorillas did not charge. Some of their camera shots are superb.

Starting from Nairobi, Kenya Colony, the explorers crossed Lake Albert, plunged into the tropical vegetable soup of the Itura Forest. Here they organized a studio-village of over 500 pygmies, sound-pictured them at home. A daily bunch of bananas each, a tablespoonful of salt, held them for three months. These pygmies are the slaves of larger blacks; but to the Johnsons they seemed "the happiest persons on earth . . . unspoiled children of nature with the mentality of ten-year-olds. . . . They are just simple primitive animals, caring nothing about the hereafter and little about the here."

When the Johnsons went on to gorillas, they found plenty, but the great apes hardly lived up to Tarzanian tales about their ferocity. Hairy vegetarians, they peel bamboo shoots for a living, beat their chests when approached, never attack. Two young ones were captured alive by treering them, chopping down their perch, smothering their struggles under a tarpaulin. Tales of their "snatching screaming women from the beds of terrified husbands" expectant readers will be disappointed to learn are "all bosh." "In fact, gorillas are nearly de-sexed. When we captured our pair, the black boys informed us that we had a male and a female. It was not until four months later, however, that we knew which one was male and which one female." This exemplary couple were temporarily housed in Manhattan's Central Park Zoo, then sent to the San Diego, Calif. Zoo. Their captor has since sworn never to send another animal into captivity.

Married. Elliott Roosevelt, 21, second son of Governor Franklin Delano Roosevelt, partner in Kelly, Nason & Roosevelt, Manhattan advertising firm (he entered business in 1929, instead of entering Princeton University); and Elizabeth Browning Donner, 20, daughter of William Henry Donner, board chairman of Pennsylvania Steel Co., founder of the towns of Monessen and Donora, Pa. and of Donner Steel Co.; in Bryn Mawr, Pa. Present were Governor & Mrs. Roosevelt, many a socialite, and the groom's three brothers.

Married. Hortense Henry, granddaughter of Packer Edward Foster Swift; and Gordon Phelps Kelley, son of William Vallandigham Kelley, board chairman of Miehe Printing Press & Manufacturing Co., onetime (1905-1912) president of American Steel Foundries; in Chicago.

Married. Wilbur Daniel Steele, 45, four times winner of the O. Henry Memorial Award for the best short story; and Mrs. Hayden Talbot (Norma Mitchell), actress, playwright, co-author of *Cradle Snatchers*; in London.

Married. Marion Margery Scranton, direct descendant of the founders of Scranton, Pa., daughter of Worthington Scranton, onetime president of Scranton Gas & Water Co.; and one Edward Mayer, of Manhattan; in Scranton.

Marriage Revealed. Elsie Janis Bier-bower (Elsie Janis), 42, retired actress, mimic, "Sweetheart of the A.E.F.," and one Gilbert Wilson, 26; in Tarrytown, N. Y. For U. S. troops she gave 610 one-girl shows in France during the War. Said she: "Well, I've never had a child. Now I have a husband and—a child, too."

Honored. Juan de la Cierva and Harold F. Pitcairn; with the John Scott Award of \$1,000 for "ingenious men and women who make useful inventions;" for the invention and development, respectively, of the autogiro; in Philadelphia.

Appointed. Henry G. Brock, onetime Philadelphia banker; to be a trustee of Pennsylvania's Eastern State Penitentiary, where he once served a manslaughter sentence for killing three persons while driving an automobile under the influence of liquor.*

Appointed. Dr. Elliott Carr Cutler, director of surgery at Lakeside Hospital, Cleveland, Harvard 1909; to succeed his onetime teacher and friend, Dr. Harvey Williams Cushing, as Moseley Professor of Surgery at Harvard Medical School and surgeon-in-chief at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. Both were famed as surgeons on the Western Front.

Resigning. Dr. Arthur Stanley Pease, A. B., M. A., Ph. D. (Harvard), famed classicist; as president of Amherst College.

*Pardoned in 1926, he has since devoted his time to welfare work, is a member of the Philadelphia County Board of Prisons.

lege; to become professor of Latin & Greek at Harvard. An earnest, retiring pundit, Dr. Pease is little known to his students. He facially resembles Amherst's Trustee Calvin Coolidge, who is spoken of (without much reason) as his successor.

Birthdays. The famed morsel of live chicken heart, nurtured by Dr. Alexis Carrel in the laboratory of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, 20; Mrs. Jeanette Lauchheimer and Mrs. Henriette Dannenbaum, twins, 100; Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, sixth son of Charles Dickens, 85; John Van Buren Thayer, vice president of Central Hanover Bank & Trust Co., 80; Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, 79; David Lloyd George, 69; Carl Laemmle, 65; Felix Moritz Warburg, 61.

Died. Dowager Queen Sophie, 61, exiled queen of Greece, sister of Wilhelm Hohenzollern; of cancer; in Frankfurt-am-Main. (See p. 16.)

Died. Frederick De Mund MacKay, 66, horseman, vice president & director of E. W. Bliss Co. (torpedoes); one day before he was to be elected president of the National Horse Show Association; of intestinal influenza; in Brooklyn.

Died. John Wesley Langley, 69, famed U. S. Representative (1907-26) from the Tenth Kentucky District; of pneumonia; in Pikeville, Ky.

Died. Sir Sidney Low, 76, famed British historian, father-in-law of Maxim Maximovitch Litvinov, Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs; of heart failure caused by asthma; in London.

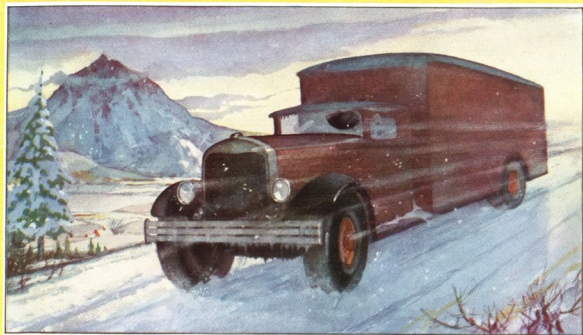
Died. Rt. Rev. Charles Gore, 78, retired Bishop of Oxford; of influenza and pleurisy; in London. A famed Anglo-Catholic, he long sought rapprochement between Roman Catholics and Anglicans. Bishop Gore proposed a federation of churches with the Pope as First Bishop, but he balked at Papal Infallibility. Though no Modernist, he scoffed at Jonah's Whale.

Died. John Bird Swift, 81, longtime president and board chairman of the Eagle-Picher Lead Co.; after a short illness; in Cincinnati.

Erratum. Mrs. Alice Muller Gossler who last month divorced Philip Green Gossler, president & director of Columbia Gas & Electric Corp., at Reno, divorced her first husband, the late Joseph Kittredge Choate, at the same place in 1919; was not, as TIME unintentionally implied, divorced by him.

*First deal: sent with a dime to buy a quart of milk in a glass pitcher, he received a silver 35-piece in change. Returning he tripped on the curb, fell, bit his tongue, broke the pitcher, spilt the milk, and swallowed the 35-piece.

*Fortnight, tart-tongued, intellectual, is Daughter Ilya Litvinov. Often a member of Russian delegations in her own right, at Geneva in 1929 she termed U. S. Ambassador Gibson "a contemptible little bouncer." A dabbler in literature, she has a mystery thriller to her credit. In Moscow it is her duty to give the best, biggest official parties.



HOLD THAT ROAD **and make TIME!**

***You can do it every day with
Goodyear All-Weather Truck Balloons***

Winter's roads — slush, ice, rain, ruts and snow — there's just one tire mastery for them: Goodyear All-Weather Truck Traction!

Deep-cut, diamond-shaped, full-center tread traction, that bites down and holds fast.

Extra tractive pull when you are getting under way, and extra braking surface when you have to stop.

There is more dependable traction in Goodyear Balloon Tires because Goodyear builds it there — in the

famous long-wearing sharp-edged All-Weather Tread.

Truck owners and operators who look to year round operation for their profits all put a premium on this grip-fast, hold-fast All-Weather traction—but they pay no premium for it. It comes with Goodyears.

Extra valuable, too, are the advantages of Goodyear K-Rims — noted for their ease of operation, with open valve stem slot and split base; for their safety in service, and for their interchangeable mounting.



**ON YOUR NEW TRUCKS
SPECIFY GOODYEARS**

TUNE IN:

Goodyear invites you to hear John Philip Sousa and his Band... Arthur Pryor and his Band... Revellers Quartet and Goodyear Concert-Dance Orchestra... every Wednesday and Saturday night, over N.B.C. Red Network, WEAF and Associated Stations

GOOD YEAR

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Copyright 1932, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

"*That* bully old slogan hits
me just right—



...no bamboozlin' about that!"

SURE! When a word fits, you know it! "Satisfy" just *fits* CHESTERFIELD. A smoker picks up a package, and he likes its neat appearance—moisture-tight but easy to open. *That* satisfies him.

Then he examines a Chesterfield. It is well-filled; it is neat in appearance; the paper is pure white. And that satisfies him.

He lights up. At the very first puff he likes the flavor and the rich aroma. He decides that it *tastes better*—neither raw nor over-sweet; just

pleasing and satisfying. . . Then he learns it is milder. That's another way of saying that there is nothing irritating about it. . . And again he's *satisfied*!

Satisfy—they've *got* to satisfy! The right tobaccos, the CHESTERFIELD kind, cured and aged, blended and cross-blended, to a *taste* that's right. Everything that goes into CHESTERFIELD is the best that money can buy and that science knows about. CHESTERFIELDS do a *complete* job of it. *They Satisfy!*

