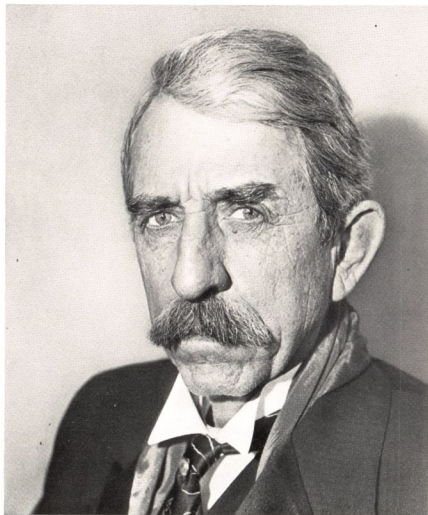


TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine



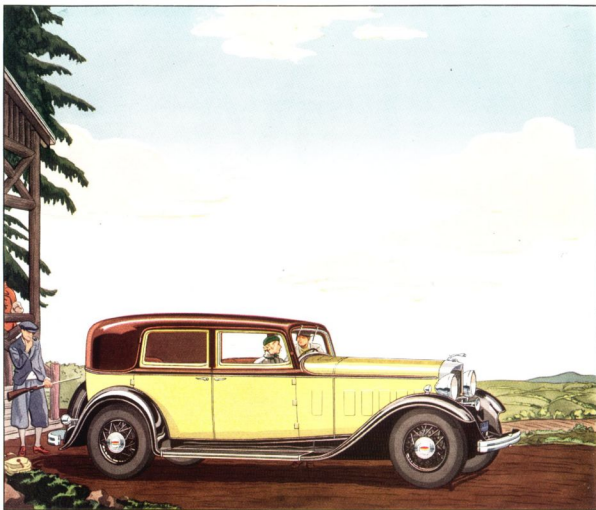
Acme

Volume XIX

WILLIAM HENRY MURRAY

*"The Democratic party often has done the wrong thing at the right time."
(See NATIONAL AFFAIRS)*

Number 9



THE LINCOLN E—TWO-WINDOW TOWN SEDAN

Lincoln . . . Prices now range from \$ 2900 !

THE new Lincoln V-8 cylinder, in the footsteps of the V-12 cylinder, brings that beauty and high performance one has come naturally to expect from a Lincoln. Into this new car, with 136-inch wheelbase, have gone those structural characteristics that have always been peculiarly Lincoln—expert engineering, precision manufacture, careful testing of every important operation.

The new V-8 cylinder is an advanced motor car. It is youthful, fleet in appearance. The engine develops 125 horse-power. A new free-wheeling, on all forward speeds, is operated by a lever on the dash. Gear shifting is made easy and quiet by means of a special synchronizing unit in the transmission. Helical second gears make this speed virtually as silent as high. Bodies are of

wood and steel, sturdily braced at all important points for maximum safety and freedom from noise.

In every detail of chassis and body, this Lincoln is built to a high ideal. Backed by the resources of the Ford Motor Company, the new Lincoln 8 cylinder car carries, further than ever before, the prestige of the Lincoln name. The new Lincoln is priced at Detroit from \$2900.

T H E N E W L I N C O L N E I G H T

AN OPPORTUNITY TO BE INDEPENDENT

which may not occur again for 20 years

SOME MEN view a business depression with alarm. Others view it as an opportunity.

A business depression, like any other big shake-up in human affairs, causes old leaders to fall and new leaders to take their places.

That is what happened in 1907. It happened again in 1921. It is happening today.

Profound changes are taking place in business—this year, this month, *now*. The man who sees in these changes his opportunity for independence and power is the man who will make his fortune, in the next five years.

Business today is new and complex. The old rules no longer work. A whole new set of problems is presented by production. Foreign markets have become a vital issue. An entirely new conception of selling is replacing the old hit-or-miss way. Consolidations and reorganizations have wiped out old jobs, created new functions.

In order to progress today, a man must know the new rules. And the man who does know the new rules will go farther and faster in the next five years than the average man goes in twenty years.

Send for the Booklet which describes this Opportunity

Since 1929 the Alexander Hamilton Institute has been laying the foundation of a new kind of Service for the leaders of tomorrow. The ablest business minds—men of international reputation—have helped prepare this new Service. Here are a few of them: M. H. AYLESWORTH, *President*, National Broadcasting Company; THOMAS J. WATSON, *President*, International Business Machines Corporation and *President*, Merchants' Association of New York; HUBERT T. PARSON, *President*, F. W. Woolworth Company; COLBY M. CHESTER, JR., *President*, General Foods Corporation.

A booklet has been prepared which tells about this new Service and about the opportunities of the next five years. It is called "What an Executive Should Know." The booklet is well

worth half an hour of your time. It contains the condensed results of 20 years' experience in helping men to forge ahead financially. Many men have said that in 30 minutes it gave them a clearer picture of their business future than they ever had before. This booklet costs nothing. Send for it.

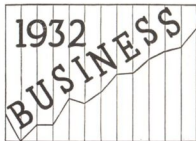
To the Alexander Hamilton Institute,
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Send me "What an Executive Should Know,"
which I may keep without charge.

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Business Address.....
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Business Position.....

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L E T T E R S

Hawaii's Symphony

Sirs:

Surprised you may be to know that the Paradise of the Pacific, "restless purgatory of murder and race hatred" (Tutze, Jan. 18), supports a symphony orchestra of 52 pieces directed by Australian Fritz Hart, F.R.C.M., and with a personnel made up of

- 7 Filipinos
- 2 Japanese
- 1 Hawaiian
- 2 Chinese
- 2 Portuguese
- 1 Porto Rican
- 2 Italians
- 45 Anglo Saxons

Today the first concert of the 1932 season was smoothly rendered, enthusiastically received in Honolulu's big Princess Theatre (capacity 1,554). Even more cosmopolitan than the personnel of the orchestra was the make-up of the audience. Prices for the concert ranged from \$1 to \$2.50, and every seat was occupied.

Mainlanders, saturated with grossly exaggerated press reports of racial animosity in Hawaii, will be surprised to learn that no racial riots were in evidence in the theatre during the rendering of the program! Nor was this due to the presence, as a violinist in the orchestra, of able Charles F. Weeber, newly appointed Chief of Police for Honolulu.

Enclosed please find concert program.

TED TRENT

Honolulu, Hawaii

Certainly no music on the Honolulu symphony's opening program would inspire riot. Mendelssohn's pleasant, pictorial *Fingal's Cave* began the concert. Beethoven's great Fifth gave it significance.—Ed.

In Pineville

Sirs:

DEMAND FULL RETRACTION YOUR
LIBELOUS STATEMENT FEBRUARY
TWENTY SECOND MY CONNECTION
WALDO FRANK AFFAIR EVERY WORD
CONTEMPTIBLE LIE PLEASE ADVISE.
HERNDON EVANS

Pineville, Ky.

So controversial have been reports from Pineville, where Writer Waldo Frank & party tried to distribute food to hungry striking miners, that the Associated Press, last week, answered complaints of bias on the part of its local representative thus: "Mr. Evans is . . . not a staff correspondent of The Associated Press and The Associated Press is not responsible for his personal conduct." No contemptible liar, TIME erred in failing to distinguish between the group of assailants, including Herndon Evans, who rode Waldo Frank out of Kentucky and brutally attacked him and Lawyer Allen Taub, and those members of the group who actually did the manhandling. Allen Taub and another member of the writers' group have testified before a Senate committee

that when the lights came on again after Lawyer Taub had been beaten in the dark, Herndon Evans, also editor of the weekly *Pineville Sun* and local Red Cross head, walked up to bloody-faced Allen Taub and said: "Well, Taub, give us a speech on the Constitution now."—Ed.

Slayer Allen Acquitted

Sirs:

The killing of Francis Donaldson III by Edward Allen was considered newsworthy by TIME. Is not Allen's acquittal part of the contemporary scene or is the omission of it in the Feb. 15 issue an oversight?

R. N. VAN GILDER

New Haven, Conn.

Edward Allen, lean young gentleman rider, killed Francis A. ("Skinny") Donaldson III, pugnacious amateur boxer, with a shot-gun. It was revealed before and during his trial, three weeks ago, that Donaldson had invaded the Allen apartment, refusing to leave, and had knocked young Allen down in a quarrel growing out of Donaldson's relations with Edward Allen's 18-year-old sister Rose. Donaldson and Rose Allen had mutually admitted a love affair. At the trial young Allen, whose family is now poor but still influential, had the legal services of Philadelphia's crack criminal lawyer, John R. K. Scott, and onetime State Senator, Fletcher Wilbur Stites. TIME, aware that few influential young killers are jailed, fewer still if they are backed by the "unwritten law" and shrewd lawyers, was not surprised at Edward Allen's acquittal, did not record his theatrical but perfunctory trial. Last week Rose Allen took a job as salesgirl in a West Philadelphia dress shop.—Ed.

News Value

Sirs:

On Jan. 9, 1932, the National Grange, the American Farm Bureau Federation, and the Farmer's Union announced by radio that they had joined in advocating the passage by Congress of a six-point program, including the stabilization of the dollar.

To date I have seen no mention of this in TIME. Must one of the following questions be answered in the affirmative? Was TIME napping? Does TIME consider the doings of organized agriculture of no news value? Or does TIME, like most magazines, mortally fear its advertisers?

R. E. MOODY

Rushville, N. Y.

Let Subscriber Moody think again.

If TIME were to record all the advocating of all the advocating organizations in the world's most advocating nation, neither Subscriber Moody nor his friends

There is
only one
Newsmagazine
and the yearly
subscription
price is
\$5

ROY E. LARSEN

CIRCULATION MANAGER, TIME, INC.

350 E. 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 _____

Cleveland's famous orchestra takes the "BELIEVE YOUR OWN EARS" test



OUT of 84 musicians in the celebrated Cleveland orchestra who heard four hidden radios, 55 voted General Electric best!

This decisive victory added still another triumph to G-E Radio's record of tone-test wins.

Every precaution was taken to make the test absolutely fair. The famous radios competing were hidden by a screen, known only by numbers. All sets were inspected by an outside service man. And each of the three contesting radios sold for a higher price than the General Electric!

Believe your own ears! Technical talk may mean little to you. But you can depend upon your own ears to tell you the truth about tone.

Hear the General Electric! You'll agree with every tone-test audience—that its tone is better. Truer. Richer. You'll notice a pleasant absence of discordant harshness—all of the things that have marred your enjoyment of radio.

Your G-E Radio dealer will tell you how the G-E Tone Equalizer in the G-E Popular Console

works wonders with tone quality. He will point out many improvements. But your own ears will give you the best of reasons why your radio should be a General Electric.

There are many beautiful sets to choose from, reasonably priced from \$46.75 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 to 6, E. S. T., over a nationwide 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.

J-70 Table Model. New 7-tube screen-grid superheterodyne. Super control tubes. Pentode output. Dynamic speaker. An exceptional value at

\$46.75
tubes included



J-85 Console Model (above) NEW! Supremely beautiful 8-tube screen-grid superheterodyne. Super control tubes. Pentode output. 8-inch dynamic speaker. Automatic Volume Control. Brilliant performance at the low price of

\$79.50
tubes included

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● It pays to overcoat the old building. It means protection and preservation, better rentals and higher re-sale values. And it is easily done, both economically and permanently with Stucco that is made with Medusa *Waterproofed* Portland Cements—Gray and White. These *Waterproofed* Cements have been *Successful* for 22 Years. ● Your local contractor will give you a price on "overcoating" your old building with Portland Cement Stucco, but first send in the coupon below for information of value to you.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

would read it. As for the National Grange, the American Farm Bureau Federation, the Farmer's Union, TIME rates as newsworthy their strictly agricultural policies,* but not their highly inept views on currency.—Ed.

Boise, Cripple Creek, Butte,—

Sirs:

Item for TIME's Natural History Series:

My friend, Old Bob, Arizona prospector, showed me his Snake Trap, intended to discourage the pesky rattlers' egg addiction.

Apparatus: A snake-size hole down at the back of his ramshackle hen-house.

Bait: Two eggs, one just outside and one just inside the hole.

Medus operandi: Snake swallows outside egg, squeezes part way through hole and appropriates inside egg; finding himself unable either to advance or retreat he thrashes around arousing inmates; chickens shatter the desert night with strident squawks; Old Bob dashes forth and decapitates snake.

Fair enough, but he had to add that the eggs, partly snake-digested, only required one minute's boiling for his ensuing breakfast.

I am a two-TIMER. My subscription produces the desired results at the office but I am usually in the field and am glad to report increasing newsstand availability in Boise, Cripple Creek, Butte or Nogales.

One gripe—please abbreviate Colorado correctly. Col. is never used by Coloradans, is unauthorized (see U. S. Postal Guide), and is easily confused with Cal., which Heaven forbid.

ROBERT H. SAYRE

Denver, Colo.

No chance of TIME readers confusing Colorado with California (abbreviated Calif.), but "Colo." it shall hereafter be.—Ed.

Youngest "Old Man"

Sirs:

I have been Mr. Robert Long's physician for many years and was therefore much interested in your account of Mr. Long [Founder-President of "biggest-in-the-world" Long-Bell Lumber Corp.].

I am enclosing a photograph of "the huge old house" in Kansas City in which Mr. Long lives. This home is unquestionably one of the finest, in every respect, in this part of the country and there are very few to equal it anywhere. I mention this because your comment on "a huge old house" conveys rather the wrong impression of a man who is most exacting about his home life, which is modest but most splendid.

Mr. Long is 81 years of age instead of 87. He is one of the youngest "old men" I have ever known, walks perfectly erect, is active, and he is I think without question recognized as the keenest mind in a very fine organization. Outside of his brilliance of intellect, the most outstanding characteristic of the man is his immense courage and equanimity. Your appellation "Old Robert" intrigues me—would not be recognized here, least of all by Mr. Long, who doesn't think he is old, and certainly doesn't act it. Mr. Long has unusual dignity, even with cordial familiarity to those of all stations with whom he comes in contact, but nobody tried "Old Robert" before.

On the whole, however, I want to compliment you on the picture you painted of a most unusual man—a man who in former days would have built empires.

A. SOPHLAN

Kansas City, Mo.

TIME felicitates the youngest "Old Robert" in history.—Ed.

The Widow Chamberlain

Sirs:

Your exceedingly interesting account (TIME, Feb. 15, p. 21) of a recent happening in the

*For example, TIME reported the American Farm Bureau Federation's determination to resume its fight for the equalization fee (TIME, Aug. 24).

†The house—a porticoed mansion in the ornate French Renaissance style made popular by Chicago's Columbian Exposition of 1893.—Ed.



BUSINESS WARRIORS

Good fighters know that good weapons are half the battle. Many a business contest is being better fought today because the Mimeograph is at hand to help. Steady rounds of ammunition—letters, bulletins, questionnaires, data, line drawings, etc.—it delivers at top speed and rock-bottom economy. Good printing at low cost! » » For information write A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, or find branch address in classified directory.

MAISON-DICK
MIMEOGRAPH
CHICAGO

"I can't afford cheap oil"



"This is my fifth car and, believe me, I've learned a lot about operating costs.

"My first car I treated like a baby—greased and polished it regularly and bought the best motor oil I could find. Result was that I drove it for four years with practically no repair cost and when I turned it in, I got \$50 more than the market price because it was in perfect shape.

"My next three cars got careless treatment. I quit buying the best oil and started using a low quality that cost 10c a quart less. I really thought I was saving money. But, believe me, I've learned my lesson. Each of those cars ran about a year and a half, then I had to trade them in at a big reduction in value to keep from spending a lot of money on repairs.

"Say, I found out I couldn't afford cheap oil! I learned that the cheapest oil is not the one that costs the least per quart but the one that really gives motor protection and resists wear."

HyVis—100% Pure Pennsylvania—super-refined motor oil is rich, pure lubrication. It protects; it's wearproof—that's why thousands call it *The World's Finest Motor Oil*. Yet, HyVis costs no more per quart than ordinary good oils—ask your Independent Dealer.



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House of Commons, entitled "Old Joe's Boy," seems to me misleading at one point, although there is no actual misstatement. You speak of the present Mrs. William Hartley Carnegie, as—"a little old U. S.-born lady," who was the widow of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain ("Old Joe"), and stepmother of Mr. Chamberlain's children. The impression given is, I think, that the former Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain is greatly the senior of her distinguished stepsons. Miss Mary Endicott was 21 years of age at the time of her marriage to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, then a man of 50, and she is almost exactly the age of her eldest stepson, Sir Austen Chamberlain, and she is not "little," being tall and slender.

ELIZABETH NICHOLS CASE

Hartford, Conn.

The onetime Widow Chamberlain is 67; Stepson Sir Austen, 68; Stepson Neville, Chancellor of the Exchequer, 62.—Ed.

Parachuted Seats

Sirs:

Congratulations on a timely, clever, and accurate report, "Parachutes for Passengers?" p. 40, Feb. 15, issue. . . .

Without detracting in any way from the honors or activities of Major Edward L. Hoffman, but in fairness to conscientious effort and merit where it is due, I want to point out that the early development work on the chute with which "Len" Irvin made his famous jump at McCook Field was done by Floyd Smith, member of the "Early Birds," pilot in 1912, test pilot for Glenn Martin in 1914, barnstormer, aeronaut-scientist. He turned his attention to parachutes when the wing of a plane he was testing for Martin broke off 1,200 ft. in the air. Sept. 28, 1915, General William A. Mitchell cabled from France to have Floyd Smith put to work on parachute development. . . . With Guy Hall, Floyd Smith worked on his parachute idea through October, November, first drop-test being made Dec. 4, 1918. . . . Early in 1919 activities at McCook were taken over by the Air Service Engineering Division and the parachute section came under the supervision then of Major Hoffman, chief officer of the equipment section. Major Hoffman aided and encouraged continuously for parachute development, contributed little of scientific value. Smith's name has been lost in aviation consciousness because he early sold rights under his patents to manufacture to Irving Air Chute Co., the public since assuming that the parachute was the design mainly of Irvin, the jumper, which was error. . . .

Floyd Smith is still the best parachute brains in this hemisphere, probably in the world; probably knows more about parachute performance and effectiveness than all other parachute men combined (no exaggeration), thinks ten, perhaps 20, years ahead; predicts time will come when each individual seat in passenger planes will be parachute-equipped under the control of the pilot who, in an emergency, by merely pulling a lever can discharge each passenger and automatically open his parachute, whereupon passenger will float comfortably to earth still in his or her airplane chair. Three years ago, near Trenton, Smith actually reconstructed the entire airplane, dropped several persons at various times with complete success. . . .

LOYD S. GRAHAM

Buffalo, N. Y.

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine
(Orig. U. S. 6c. 08)

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NEW YORK



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Announcing the New PACKARD

THE desire for Packard quality is as great today as it ever was. There has been no lessening in public appreciation of fine things—no decrease in the public longing to own them.

Those who have always had fine cars continue to want first-class transportation. Other thousands still hope to advance their standards in car ownership. But for two years many have felt they could not afford the cost of quality.

The new Packard Light Eight overcomes this price obstacle—answers the demand of the times. With this *entirely new car*—a car of *today*, designed expressly to fit *today's* economic conditions—Packard provides Packard quality at \$1750. For the first time in our thirty-two years of fine car manufacture it is possible to offer a Packard at such a price.

The simultaneous announcement of two additional lines of Packard cars, the Light Eight, priced from \$1750, and the new Twin Six, priced from \$3650, at the National Automobile Shows, was evidence of Packard's determination to cover completely the fine car field in which, for a generation, it has held unquestioned leadership.

With the new Light Eight, Packard again has broadened the fine car market, again made Packard ownership—the luxury of Packard transportation—available to additional thousands. Such value in

a motor car is the result of unusual conditions. Only the expectation of a very substantial volume, plus advanced engineering, new manufacturing processes and prices on fine materials which touch the pre-war levels, has made it possible.

Public response, we are confident, will enable the continuance of this price—so important to those who, accustomed to the best in transportation, have hoped to maintain their standards at lower cost.

The new Packard Light Eight, while sensationally priced, is a big, powerful, roomy car of 128 inch wheelbase, embodying all the results of Packard's long experience with successful eight-in-line designs. It is the lowest priced car with Silent Synchro-mesh Transmission, *quiet in all three speeds*. It embodies new Finger Control Free-Wheeling. It also presents a remarkable new Packard invention—the Angleseat Rear Axle which provides lower body mounting with greater ground clearance. Our new Light Eight is a true and complete Packard—Packard in design, Packard in quality and, naturally, Packard in name.

Packard is proud of its new Light Eight. You will be proud to own it. Certainly, you should buy no car this spring at or near its price without seeing it and, above all, driving it. We promise you a *wholly new* motoring experience.

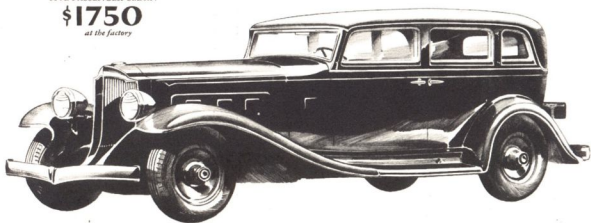
Alvan Macauley

President—PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY

LIGHT EIGHT

Packard in design, Packard in quality and, therefore, Packard in name, the four distinguished models of the new Packard Light Eight are led by the FIVE-PASSENGER SEDAN

\$1750
at the factory



WITH SILENT SYNCHRO-MESH TRANSMISSION, QUIET IN ALL THREE SPEEDS

The Packard Light Eight adds a new fine car, at a new low price, to the line of famous Packard Eights. It presents to the public for the first time new achievements of Packard's engineers—Silent Synchromesh Transmission, *quiet in all three speeds*, Finger Control Free-Wheeling and the Angleset Rear Axle which provides these definite advantages: lower body mounting, greater ground clearance and the smooth and noiseless effect of worm drive.

The new Packard is not a small car. It is 128 inches in wheelbase and every inch a Packard. Its eight-in-line motor develops

110 horsepower—one horsepower for less than every 40 pounds of car weight. This gives the new car a surprising agility, adding to the pleasure and pride of driving both in traffic and on the open road. This favorable ratio of weight to power has been obtained without sacrifice of structural strength, as a thorough examination of the chassis will disclose. Learn particularly of the new and unusual frame design, deep and strong, but light and rigid.

Before you buy *any* new car this spring see and drive the Packard Light Eight. Its beauty is self-evident. Its ability must be

experienced. Like all other new Packard cars, it has the original Ride Control—a system including shock absorbers instantly adjustable from the dash. The new Light Eight comes to you complete with equipment often added to the list prices of other cars—bumpers, shatterproof glass and six-ply tires. Why not see your Packard dealer today and arrange to be one of the first to own this remarkable new Packard?

* * * *

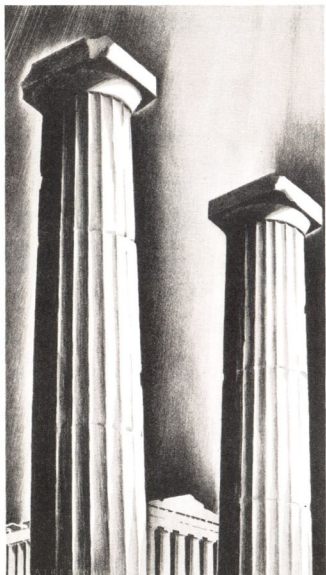
The new Packard Light Eight Series cars include the five-passenger Sedan pictured above, the Coupe Sedan, the two-four-passenger Coupe, and the Coupe Roadster.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



OF A DISTINGUISHED FAMILY

F L E E T W O O D



FIBER OF BEAUTY

The most beloved order in all architecture is the chaste and classic Doric. It is the oldest of the Greek forms, cherished through countless generations of builders for the subtle grace of its beauty. One learns, then, with surprise, of the sturdy fiber of this beauty . . . for the practical character of Doric architecture is extreme strength and great solidity.

We shall, if we may, point to an analogy in Fleetwood coachcraft. As products of the studios and shops of one of the world's most famous custom coachbuilders—created in the closest possible accord with the new Cadillac chassis design—Fleetwood custom bodies suggest only a consummate expression of beauty and luxury. Yet their graceful symmetry and polished charm conceal great strength—strength of a vital, fatigueless, lithe quality, to defeat alike the wear of strain and the ravages of time. Consequently, when one travels in this superb coachwork, the journey is made completely enjoyable by faultless comfort, restful quiet and a sense of the utmost personal security.

The latest expressions of Fleetwood custom coachcraft are presented on the new Cadillacs—V-8, V-12 and V-16. When you see them, recall that beneath their faultless lines and finish is body strength without parallel.

C O A C H C R A F T

TIME

Vol. XIX, No. 9

The Weekly Newsmagazine

February 29, 1932

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Thirty-first on First

"Proudly we report to our forefathers that the Republic is more secure, more constant, more powerful, more truly great than at any other time in its history. Today the American people begin a period of tribute and gratitude to this man whom we revere above all other Americans. Continuing until Thanksgiving Day they will commemorate his birth in every home, every school, every church, and every community under our flag. . . .

"The true eulogy of Washington is this mighty Nation. . . . What other great, purely human institution, devised in the era of the stagecoach and the candle, has so marvelously grown and survived into this epoch of the steam engine, the airplane, the incandescent lamp, the wireless telephone and the battleship? . . . We should strive to identify the qualities in him that made our revolution a success and our Nation great. Those were the qualities that marked Washington out for immortality. . . . Lexington. . . . Concord. . . . Bunker Hill. . . . Valley Forge. . . . Yorktown. . . ."

Thus last week, did the 31st President of the U. S. speak of the first President of the U. S. The occasion was the 200th Anniversary of George Washington's birth. Inaugurated was a nine-month patriotic celebration. At noon President Hoover addressed a joint session of Congress, attended by his Cabinet and the diplomatic corps. After his speech he appeared at the east front of the Capitol and heard 12,000 people sing "America" under the direction of Walter Damrosch and John Philip Sousa. After lunch the President motored to Alexandria, Va. to review a parade which included cadets from Virginia Military Institute, the Richmond Blues, American Legionnaires and the apparatus which George Washington bought for Alexandria's Friendship Fire Company. At Mount Vernon the President spoke to a convention of the National Education Association and to the country at large through the first microphones ever installed in the Washington home.

Following a ruling by the governing board of the New York Stock Exchange that, after April 1, member firms must not lend securities without written consent of the owners, an action to curtail short selling, President Hoover declared:

"There have been discussions between myself and officials of the New York Stock Exchange on the question of bear raids. . . . During the latter part of January. . . . there was a large increase in the short account which unquestionably affected the price of securities and brought discouragement

to the country as a whole. I again expressed [my] views to the managers of the Exchange that they should take adequate measures to protect investors from



International

DEMOCRAT GARNER

"Hell's bells! It's idiotic and astounding!"

(See col. 3)

artificial depression of the price of securities for speculative profit."

President Hoover asked Congress to appropriate \$1,000,000 for Federal participation in the 1933 Chicago World's Fair.

The President appointed James H. Douglas Jr., 33, Princetonian ('20) and partner in Field, Gloré & Co., Chicago investment house, to be Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

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Patchwork & Politics

President Washington ran the U. S. with only three executive departments—State, War, Treasury. The others were added to the Cabinet in the following order: Navy, under Adams; Post Office, under Jackson; Interior, under Taylor; Justice, under Grant; Agriculture, under Cleveland; Commerce, under Roosevelt; Labor, under Wilson. Also in the fertile soil of executive government has grown up a weedy mass of independent boards and bureaus. President Arthur set up the Civil Service Commission. The Interstate Commerce Commission came into being under President Cleveland. President Roosevelt produced the International Joint Commission and President Taft, the Commission on Fine Arts. President Wilson was responsible for the Federal Reserve Board, the Federal Trade Commission, the Tariff Commission, the Shipping Board and the Federal Power Commission. President Coolidge added the Federal Radio Commission, the Board of Tax Appeals and the Board of Mediation. President Hoover brought the Federal Farm Board into being.

In a special message last week President Hoover appealed to Congress to modernize this patchwork of executive Government. President Taft did the same thing in 1910. Ever since bureaucratic favoritism and political logrolling have blocked all presidential attempts at reorganization.

This time President Hoover's prime argument was Treasury economy during the Depression. He estimated a public saving of "many millions of dollars annually." Repeated were all the old familiar arguments about overlap, waste, extravagance and inefficiency in the present administrative machine. There are today, according to the President, 150 to 200 separate Government units, all growing largely.

President Harding attempted to reorganize the executive branch by having Walter Folger Brown, now Postmaster General, draw up an elaborate plan which specified all the proposed changes, consolidations and eliminations. As a rigid target for every opposing force, the Brown plan died a-borning. Shrewder than his predecessor, President Hoover gave Congress no cut-&-dried set of specifications last week, but, instead, asked for broad powers to shift, shuffle, trim and weed existing agencies as he thought best by executive order. To appease the Congressional sense of importance he stipulated that his reorganization orders would lie before Congress for 60 days before becoming effective.

But as part of his reorganization plan President Hoover also wanted to create

National Affairs—(Continued)

some new jobs. "There is," said he, "an insufficient number of officials of definite and concentrated responsibility." Therefore he proposed: 1) a Public Works Administrator who would have charge of all Government building; 2) an Assistant Secretary for Public Health in the Treasury Department; 3) an Assistant Secretary for Merchant Marine in the Department of Commerce; 4) an Assistant Secretary for Conservation in the Interior Department. In addition he would raise the Commissioner of Education and the Director of Agricultural Economics to sub-Cabinet rank. He figured such new jobs would cost \$40,000 more per year but would effect a saving of "many times this sum."

For nearly three months the homely authority of John Nance ("Jack") Garner has kept the Democratic House of Representatives trotting along peacefully behind President Hoover's relief measures. Many a fighting Democrat was irked at this political docility. The President's reorganization proposal came as a signal for the House to break and run on its own. Democratic leaders got hold of advance copies of the President's message, announced just one day before its reading in the House, their own plans for a survey of the executive Government to effect economies. When grizzled old Speaker Garner officially heard what Mr. Hoover proposed, he was all primed to explode:

"Hell's bells! It's idiotic and creating! The President wants to create some new offices. Gosh, we want to abolish bureaus and commissions. I don't think the country wants any new offices at this time. . . . As for reorganization, why doesn't the President say how he wants it done? He just generalizes as he always does."

Representative Rainey, the Democratic floor leader, was no less hostile toward the President's plan: "We're not going to do it. This isn't the President's baby. It's ours. If this is the best the President can do in advising Congress we don't need any more suggestions from him."

Representative Byrns, chairman of the patent Appropriations Committee, declared that, at Mr. Hoover's suggestion, the Patent Office had been transferred from the Interior Department to the Commerce Department and its annual cost had thereafter risen from \$1,708,000 to \$5,216,750. He also emphasized the President's own addition to new commissions and special boards and suggested he could make a better start toward reorganization economy by abolishing some of them.

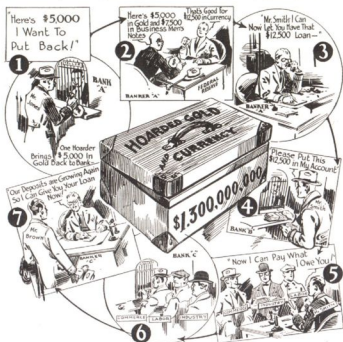
Democratic ideas on reorganization were wholly focused on a bill by Representative Byrns to consolidate the Army and Navy into one Department of National Defense. To this ancient and much discussed proposal President Hoover is strongly opposed. Challenged Mr. Byrns: "My bill will save \$100,000,000 annually in expenditures and will not interfere with the efficiency of the fighting forces. If the President really wants economy, he can save vastly more by passage of my bill than through any other action."

Typical of the Administration's opposi-

tion to the Byrns bill was a letter from General Douglas MacArthur, Chief of Staff, who declared: "No other measure proposed in recent years seems to be fraught with such potential possibilities of

¶ In New York City a corporation turned in to its bank \$400,000 in gold it had been storing in a vault since last November.

With such tidbits of news President Hoover's campaign against hoarding



"BUSINESS MOVES WHEN HOARDER OPENS UP."

President Hoover explained the cycle.

Acme

disaster for the United States. . . . Pass this bill and every potential enemy of the United States will rejoice." Unfrightened, the Democratic majority prepared to pass it this week as an earnest of their interest in reorganization.

To these Democratic sallies President Hoover made two indirect counter attacks. The White House announced that advance copies of the President's special message were distributed two full days before House Democrats had anything at all to say about reorganization. Also, as proof that reorganization really was a Hoover "baby," the White House gave out a 40-page pamphlet quoting all the President's public pleas for governmental consolidation since 1920.

C. R. O. Into Action

¶ At Tottenville, N. Y., a clam digger found 22 silver dollars in a tin box in the mud. He sped them to a bank.

¶ Near Fort Wayne, Ind., a farmer hid \$250 in an old bureau drawer. Rats chewed the bills to bits so small that banks refused to redeem the trash.

¶ At Los Angeles a 10-year-old boy found a tin can, used it as a target for rifle practice. Out of the can his father extracted eleven \$1.00 bills, perforated with bullet holes. A broker accepted the currency in payment for securities.

moved forward on a nation-wide front last week. Announced the President: "Since I took action on hoarding, there has been an entire turn in the tide. . . . It has not only stopped but it is estimated that \$34,000,000 has been returned to circulation from hoarding."

In charge of the President's attempt to lure some \$1,300,000,000 in currency out of mattresses, old teapots, chimney corners and safety deposit boxes was Col. William Franklin Knox, publisher of the *Chicago Daily News*. For a fortnight Col. Knox had been busily creating what he named the Citizens' Reconstruction Organization to combat hoarding. Chairmen were appointed in all twelve Federal Reserve Bank districts. Each State and city was organized for a great educational drive commencing this week.

First item in the C. R. O. campaign was advertisements reminiscent of War time. A young New York advertising agent named J. Sterling Getchell prepared a set of six page spreads. Col. Knox was enthusiastic. In four days this publicity was manufactured free and distributed to dailies throughout the land with the request that they run it without charge as their contribution to the C. R. O. drive. Typical theme: a row of giant locomotives with this headline: "Let's go America! Put those idle dollars back to work and start things rolling."

About March 7 an undetermined amount

National Affairs—(Continued)

of one-year Treasury certificates in denominations of \$50, \$100 and \$500 will be put on sale throughout the land as a sponge to absorb hoarded currency. They will have an interest rate of less than 3% so as not to compete with savings banks. The Treasury will cash them on 60 days notice. The Government will allow the proceeds of the sale to remain on deposit with banks, thus increasing their cash position. Banks can also buy these Treasury certificates on the credit of their deposits with the Federal Reserve system. This issue of bonds will be separate and distinct from the Treasury's regular periodic financing in the public market.

To heat up the country to put its hoardings into these securities as a patriotic duty, to convince it that they are as "good as gold," C. R. O. planned a high-pressure house-to-house selling campaign early in March.

Disturbing to President Hoover and his aides last week was an undertone of popular criticism to the effect that all his relief measures were designed to help banks, corporations and railroads but provided no assistance for the average citizen. Hoover spokesmen set about to correct this impression by frequent explanations of the economic cycle and the manner in which relief at the top trickles down to the man in the street. As the White House saw it, increased bank deposits moved through a circle of credit that ended in increased business, increased employment, increased wages for all (see cut).

Meanwhile last week the Reconstruction Finance Corp. was forging ahead, shoring up weak banks and railroads with Federal loans. Washington was crowded with executives looking for cash. Hotel rooms were at a premium. Loans were consummated after a few anxious words over the telephone. Complete secrecy veiled all the R. F. C.'s doings, lest publication of borrowings damage the credit standing of individual concerns. Nevertheless when one large anonymous bank repaid a \$1,000,000 R. F. C. loan in five days, there was boastful publicity at R. F. C. headquarters. So rushed was President Dawes that Henry Justin Allen of Kansas was appointed his assistant.

THE CABINET

Higher Postage

Two cents will still buy two boxes of matches or two pieces of slot-machine gum or two peeps at a bathing beauty undressing in a penny arcade. But after April 1 two cents will no longer be sufficient to post one letter to any foreign country.

Last autumn the first-class postal rate to every nation in the Eastern Hemisphere save Spain, which belongs to the Pan-American Postal Union, was upped to 5¢ for the first ounce in an attempt to bring first-class revenue closer to actual transportation cost (TIME, Aug. 31). Last week's announced increases raise the old 2¢ rate to Latin America and Spain to 3¢. The Post Office department expects to gain \$2,000,000 in revenue by higher rates.

THE CONGRESS

Work Done

The Senate:

Passed without roll call the Glass-Steagall bill to broaden the Federal Reserve's rediscunt base, free gold and increase currency; returned it to a conference with the House to adjust two Senate amendments: 1) an effective time limit of two years instead of one; 2) a limit of \$2,000,000 capital for individual borrowing banks instead of \$500,000.

☐ Defeated (48-to-35) the Costigan-La Follette \$355,000,000 direct unemployment relief bill.

☐ Confirmed the appointment of Joseph Clark Grew, Ambassador to Turkey, to be Ambassador to Japan.

☐ Adopted a House resolution authorizing the Congress to place a wreath on the grave of George Washington's mother.

Committees of the Senate:

Reported a \$177,000,000 appropriation for the Department of Agriculture after upping it \$2,000,000 over the House figure and striking out an amendment denying Federal road construction aid to States using convict labor.

The House:

Passed a bill appropriating \$50,000,000 to the Department of the Interior.

☐ Adopted (335-to-56) a Senate resolution proposing a Constitutional amendment to eliminate the "lame duck" session of Congress.

Committees of the House:

Reported favorably a bill to parcel out \$700,000,000 to the States for unemployment relief.

☐ Heard Secretary of the Treasury Mill's supplemental proposals for tax increases.

STATES & CITIES

Shire-Reeve's Money

Belted, muskrat-capped troopers kept the crowds moving in front of the door to the Executive Chamber in New York State's Capitol at Albany last week. Inside the large plum-carpeted room, Tammany Legislators from New York City sat in glum silence. Behind a great table, in the capacity of New York's Chief Magistrate, sat crippled, smiling Governor Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Before him stood a great barrel of a man with a soup-bowl haircut and cutaway, who looked like a slightly modernized political cartoon by the late Thomas Nast. He was Thomas M. ("Big Tom") Farley.*

Prosecutor Samuel Seabury of the Legislative inquiry into New York City scandals had charged that Big Tom Farley, since becoming Sheriff of New York County two years ago, had withheld \$15,000 in interest on litigation funds left in his trust, had surrounded himself with incompetents and, most important of all, was unable to account for a personal fortune of \$357,000. Governor Roosevelt

was trying to sift these matters and to decide whether he should remove Sheriff Farley from office. High above the heads of the Tammany death-watch, whose votes might mean the Governor's nomination and election to the Presidency this summer and next autumn, hung a portrait of Grover Cleveland, a New York Governor who bucked Tammany, went to the White House on the slogan: "Public Office is a Public Trust."*

Was Sheriff Farley entitled to the interest on litigants' funds? The Sheriff's counsel thought so, deviously led the Governor back to the days of Merrie England when "the Shire-Reeve was an important officer of the King." Since the Shire-Reeve was acting for the King, it was maintained, he was not a trustee but a debtor. The implication was that Shire-Reeve Farley was responsible for returning to the litigant only the original principal. This solution, said counsel, had satisfied all New York County Sheriffs in the past, including Alfred Emanuel Smith.

Prosecutor Seabury, wearied by what he considered time-killing legal casuistry, thought otherwise. "They may talk from now until doomsday," said he, "about schools of thought and kingly sovereignty, but they cannot show you any single statute or any plausible reason that lets a sheriff put the interest that accrues upon someone else's property in his own pocket. This man did it. This man admits he did it." No one denied it.

Governor Roosevelt proceeded to question Shire-Reeve Farley himself. The Tammany district leader's voice had a wheedle to it that reporters had not heard when he blustered before the Legislative inquiry four months ago, meeting questions as to his financial resources with the reply that his money came from "a wonderful tin box." The Governor asked about his allegedly incompetent assistants.

Up stood the Sheriff, to sing the praises of his henchmen. His secretary, who testified that his duties were "nothing in particular," was "a good all-round man." His undersheriff, who banked a mysterious \$662,000, and his deputy sheriff, whose political club harbored gamblers, were represented as paragons of officialdom.

Governor—What experience had [Deputy Sheriff Jacob] Rosenberg? What is his duty?

Sheriff—His duty is in the garnishee department, in going out and taking care of the numerous and large amount of garnishees that we have in our office for the purpose of collection. And it is a very busy department and it is one that no one likes to work in because there is too much work attached to it. . . .

Next day Governor Roosevelt wrestled with Sheriff Farley's large bank balance, which was the crux of the whole matter since it would have been impossible to save so much money out of his salary. When the questioning resulted in a tangle of illiterate tautology, the Governor wearily concluded:

*Not to be confused with State Democratic Chairman James A. Farley, Governor Roosevelt's campaign manager.

*Not his precise words, but those boiled out of a celebrated Cleveland utterance, reiterated and often revised, by famed Political Reporter William C. Hudson.

National Affairs—(Continued)

"You see, Sheriff, my trouble is this: Every time we run down one of these individual items we find either that it has been deducted already in making up the total of \$357,000 or else it has been added

lican National Committeeman, controlled managers as well as mayors. Last week, Clevelanders definitely broke Boss Maschke's 16-year rule over City Hall by electing a Democratic mayor for the first time

L. Key, a Wet in a Dry job, who, they charged, had brought Atlanta to "financial ruin and disrepute by permitting a wide open town."

In Los Angeles. Under a similar provision in the city charter 100,790 voters of Los Angeles asked for the recall of Mayor John C. Porter, a Dry in a Wet job, whom they charged with incompetence.

Chicago, Worse Than Ever

"We might have to close the City Hall," mourned sad Mayor Anton Joseph Cermak of Chicago last month, when \$140,000,000 in back revenue was snatched away from the city by the invalidation of the 1928-29 Cook County tax rolls. Last week Chicago's three-year-old fiscal chaos reached a newer, graver crisis. The doors of the City Hall were never so close to clapping.

Insensitive to their chief city's quandary, the General Assembly adjourned until April 19 without having passed the measures necessary toward funding Cook County's tax delinquencies. The county was in technical default of \$1,868,400. Failure-to-pay of three interior governments (West Park Board, Forest Preserves, Sanitary District) amounted to \$2,500,000. Banks would buy no more tax anticipation warrants. School teachers, policemen, firemen had not been paid for weeks.

Mayor Cermak did the only thing left him to do. He prepared to dismiss 2,479 city employees, thus saving \$7,000,000. He ordered half of the Sewer Department and city pipe yards shut down. But that did not supply money to keep the city in operation. To get cash Mayor Cermak began soliciting Loop real-estate owners to pay their 1930 taxes (some \$34,000,000), although the 1930 tax rolls are based on the invalid rolls of 1928-29.

"Not since the Chicago Fire," said Mayor Cermak, "has the city been confronted with such a disastrous situation. We are the victims of politicians who have placed their self-interests above the acute needs of the people. God help Chicago!"

CAMPAIGN

"Bread, Butter, Bacon, Beans"

(See front cover)

Last week Will Rogers, flying to his old home at Claremore, Okla. paused in Kansas City to talk politics. Who was his choice for the Democratic presidential nomination? Why, his good Texas friend, "Jack" Garner, Speaker of the House of Representatives. But what did he, as one famed Oklahoman, think of the prospects of that other famed Oklahoman and good Rogers friend, Governor William Henry Murray? Will Rogers grinned, ducked his head, replied: "I guess he ain't got much chance."

But a thousand other Oklahomans last week packed into Oklahoma City's Shrine Temple as delegates to the Democratic State convention. And they thought differently. With one unanimous whoop they acclaimed Governor Murray as their can-



Acme

THOMAS M. FARLEY & NURSE

Inquisitor Seabury and the radiator were hot.

to the total known assets . . . and it still leaves a discrepancy of somewhere around \$250,000 during these years, 1925 to October 8, 1931. . . . I want you to help me out."

All the help Sheriff Farley was able to offer was the assertion that he had been a wage earner since he was 13, had never taken "a dishonest dollar," had saved, was a frugal householder and that he was "always signing notes" for people or making loans—to whom he could not recall.

In his closing plea for the befuddled Sheriff's removal, Prosecutor Seabury cannily chose a national angle. Aiming straight at the heart of Governor Roosevelt's Presidential aspirations, said he: "People all over this nation from one end to the other, men and women, want to improve conditions in local government. . . . And one way to make them better is to take a man who is shown to be a grafter or a man who cannot explain his swollen funds and have him removed from office."

Governor Roosevelt took the matter under advisement. Sheriff Farley goes to trial Feb. 26 for grand larceny for misappropriating the funds of his office. The lumbering peace officer returned to Manhattan to await trial, was hospitalized for a bad burn on his arm contracted when he fell up against a radiator in his home.

Cleveland Turnover

Last November Cleveland junked city manhood, decided to return to a mayor-&-council form of municipal government. After eight years' trial voters liked the city manager idea well enough in theory, but objected to the practical fact that Maurice Maschke, G. O. P. boss of Cuyahoga County and Ohio's Repub-



International

MAYOR MILLER & WIFE

. . . first time since Newton Baker.

since the pre-War days of Newton Diehl Baker.

It was a straight political fight, with only two names on the short ballot and no side issues. Boss Maschke's Republicans ran Daniel Edgar Morgan, an honest, able administrator who succeeded William Rowland Hopkins as city manager in 1930. The Democratic candidate was 38-year-old Ray T. Miller, brisk, red-faced Cuyahoga County prosecutor. At Notre Dame Ray Miller played one end on the football team in 1913 while Knute Rockne was playing the other. His brother, Don Miller, was one of the "Four Horsemen" in Notre Dame's famed 1924 backfield. In his campaign Democrat Miller ignored Republican Morgan, impetuously flayed Boss Maschke as the real dictator of City Hall, charged a G. O. P. police alliance with gangsters.

On election day Secretary of State Clarence J. Brown and 30 aides scattered over Cleveland to help keep the peace. Their presence was not enough to stop scores of beatings while one bystander was accidentally shot in a poll quarrel. Cleveland's Negroes got free rides to the election booths in return for their votes for Boss Maschke's candidate. But their massed strength was not enough to stop the Democratic sweep. Ray Miller was elected Mayor of Cleveland by 102,632 to 94,929. Never before had citizens turned out in such numbers for a municipal contest.

Other mayors who made other news:

In Atlanta. Whenever 25% of the voters of Atlanta become disgruntled with their mayor, they can force an election for his recall. Last week 5,366 disgruntled Atlantans, more than the requisite number, petitioned the recall of Mayor James

National Affairs—(Continued)

didate for President, pledged him Oklahoma's 22 delegates to the Chicago Convention. Declared Governor Murray: "I stand in awe of the responsibility of the Presidency but I will undertake it. . . . I am willing to shorten my life, perhaps lose it, in an effort to stem the powers now crushing the American people. . . . No man is fit to be President who hasn't worked for \$1 a day and lived on it. . . . I don't get puffed up with praise but if America is going to be saved from despotism, it's going to take a platform that will mean something."

Mopping his forehead and unbuttoning his vest Governor Murray then proceeded to give the State convention his platform which he would carry to Chicago and try to get the national Democracy to accept. It was, he said, "a new song—the song of the people," which would have to be backed by the people's dimes rather than large campaign donations.

Chief points in the Murray platform: 1) "less taxes, more trade and no trusts"; 2) a banking system with State currency issued against cotton and wheat; 3) abolition of *ad valorem* taxes on homes and farms; 4) maximum income taxes on "excess salaries of corporation managers"; 5) impeachment for Federal judges who abuse the power of jurisdiction; 6) conscription of money as well as men in the next war; 7) full payment of the soldier bonus; 8) coinage of "enough gold and silver to meet normal demands"; 9) tariff reduction. Adopting this platform, delegates loudly declared that "the great battle of 1932 is America against Wall Street, special interests and predatory wealth." Governor Murray loosed a savage political attack upon President Hoover after which a quartet sang a new Murray campaign song entitled "Hoover Made a Soup Houn' Outa Me."* Already in wide circulation were "Murray-For-President" buttons and the Murray campaign slogan: "Bread, Butter, Bacon, Beans."

In North Dakota, George Murray, farmer, filed his brother's name in the State's preferential primary March 15 against Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Brother George announced that Brother Bill would come into North Dakota early in March to campaign.

To Iowa month ago Governor Murray went to address great gatherings of farmers, was cheered till the rafters rang. That this sentiment for him was not all noise was revealed this month by a presidential State-wide poll conducted by the Des Moines Register and Tribune. President Hoover got 14,778 out of 17,925 Republican straw votes. Out of 38,732 Democratic votes, Governor Murray led with 13,427; Governor Roosevelt followed with

13,401 and Alfred Emanuel Smith came third with 4,724.

To Toadsuck. About the country Governor Murray continued to stomp, stirring rural multitudes with speech after speech.



Keystone

A SQUAW

She understands victuals.

Never was his rhetoric more abusive, his manner more forceful. Appealing to what he called the Mass Mind he poured out the vials of his political scorn on President Hoover and all G. O. Policies. Resounding popular demonstrations greeted him everywhere. Even in Washington the House Ways & Means Committee gave him its respectful attention while he flayed the present currency system. The citizens of Charlotte, N. C. shrieked with ignorant delight when he cracked an obsolete joke which the audience thought was an original Alfalfaism.* The South Carolina General Assembly listened in rapt attention while he outlined the economic and political dangers ahead.

But for sheer personal triumph none of these occasions compared with a demonstration last week when Governor Murray shot across the Red River bridge he had fought for last summer and led a motorcade of 300 cars back to his Texas birthplace. Along the 40-mi. route to Collinsville, Texas farmers turned out to cheer him in the rain. Col. William Easterwood came from Dallas to Collinsville to introduce him to a huge crowd as "our next President." About the streets "Murray-For-President" banners flapped in the drizzle. An Oklahoma band played "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You." "We're All for Alfalfa Bill," said a scrawled note thrown out by the engineer of a Katy train speeding through Collinsville. Governor Murray was presented with a quilt on which had been embroidered his "Bread, Butter, Bacon, Beans" slogan. Unveiled was a 16-ft. monument in his honor, with a large photograph embedded

under glass and inscribed: Born in Collinsville, 1876.*

Fiery Fury. Governor Murray spruced up for the occasion. His lean wrinkled face had been shaved. His mop of thick greying hair was carefully combed. He wore a clean white shirt and his blue suit was pressed. Those who went to Collinsville to see a rustic figure in mismatched clothes and red suspenders were disappointed. But there was no disappointment in the fiery fury of the Murray speech. He began, as usual, by harking back to his early days when he was "born in a cotton patch during a November snowstorm; rocked in the cradle of adversity; chastened by hardship and poverty." Then he quickly swung into his favorite economic theme—the wealth of the rich, the poverty of the poor. "The great middle class," he shouted, "is threatened with bankruptcy and extermination." He gave his audience the same platform of relief adopted in Oklahoma City.

Before going home, Governor Murray retired to a room in a bank where his favorite brand of mattress (a "Beauty Rest") was put on a cot for him. He lay down, drank two cups of steaming coffee and hot water, held an informal reception for old timers who had known him before he ran away from home.

Hunger. That run-away led to hard hungry years for a 12-year-old. Young Murray chopped wood, picked cotton, hired out as a farm hand, and a prodigal outdoor life. Deep within him was another kind of hunger—a hunger for learning which he has not fully satisfied to this day. He attended rural schools here and there, now and then, and finally got admitted to a freshwater college in Parker County, Texas, called Springtown Male & Female Institute. Here he discovered what to study, went back to his old jobs, returned to the Institute later to take and pass 18 examinations in a row, emerge with a B. S. degree. Thereafter he taught school, did newspaper work, studied law at night. At 29 he crossed over to Indian Territory, began to practice among the Chickasaws.

Perhaps because of his Pocahontas ancestry, Governor Murray has always had a deep and abiding interest and affection for Indians. Settling at Tishomingo, he became the tribal attorney for the Chickasaws. He studied their treaties, laws and customs, collected nearly a thousand rare books on Indian lore—another manifestation of his innate scholarliness. Today he is an authority on the history and habits of the Oklahoma Indian. For a wife he picked Mary Alice Hearrell, half-white,

*An error. Murray was born Nov. 21, 1869 at Toadsuck under Collinsville, Uriah Murray, his father, was an itinerant evangelist. (Aged 91, he swore his son in as Governor of Oklahoma in 1930, died of influenza last year.) When William was two, his mother died. The poor and humble Murray family's proudest boast was that, back through a long Scotch line, Pocahontas was a great-great-great-great-great-grandmother. When William was twelve, a young friend rode on a pony and shouted news to him of a great success. "The President's dead! Garfield's dead!" William shook his head dumbly for he did not know what a "President" was. One evening shortly thereafter he told his father he was going to church. Once out of the Murray hovel, he ran away.

*Chorus: A soup houn' outa me, a soup houn' outa me.
We're going to beat the guy who made a soup houn' outa me.
We thought the proper thing would be an engineer to get.
We went to Palo Alto and on Herbert placed our bet.

The turgous took Sir William's gland and old new made whoopee.
The Genius of them all has made a soup houn' outa me.

*The joke: That Hoover is a great engineer. He has dammed, ditched and drained the country in three years."

National Affairs—(Continued)

half-Indian. Her uncle was Governor Douglas H. Johnston, chief of the Chickasaws. Today Governor Murray still calls her "squaw" and her name for him is "Big Chief." They have four sons and a daughter. "Now the Negroes, the Indians and the poor white trash of Oklahoma have a Governor," exclaimed "Alfalfa Bill" upon his election, and the 172,108 Negroes and 92,725 Indians of Oklahoma knew he meant it.

His marriage made Murray a member of the Chickasaw tribe and, through his wife, he came into possession of several thousand fertile acres of land on which he began farming. At this time he was tagged with his familiar nickname because of his persistent advocacy of alfalfa as the proper hay to plant in the short grass country of Oklahoma. Even today he cultivates the popular use of "Alfalfa Bill" rather than the less common "Cocklebur Bill" which his political enemies tried to fasten on him. As a farmer, Murray was successful and is supposed to have made several hundred thousand dollars from his Tishomingo land. Soon, however, he transferred his interest in Agriculture from practice to politics and has largely made his living in that way in recent years.

Bolivia Bubble. The possibilities of large-scale farming outside the U. S. were responsible for the biggest single failure in Governor Murray's career. Defeated in politics, he went exploring through South America, where he hit upon the idea of establishing a colony of U. S. husbandmen in Bolivia. From that Government he secured a concession to 75,000 acres in El Ghan Chaco. Back in Oklahoma, he sold his Tishomingo farm, paid his debts, mustered together about 40 colonists including his own entire family and in 1924 led the way to Bolivia. The land was poor. The natives were unfriendly. Nostalgia plagued all. Within a short time every colonist except Bill Murray and his half-Indian squaw had returned despondently to the U. S. They alone stuck it out for five wretched years, fighting insect pests, drought, shiftless Bolivian officials. Finally in 1929 Bill returned to the U. S. practically penniless to complete the most remarkable political career in Oklahoma's history.

Come Back. As an office-seeker "Alfalfa Bill" needed no political introduction to Oklahoma voters. His picture was in most State history schoolbooks because he had presided at the Guthrie Convention in 1906 which wrote the Constitution admitting Oklahoma to the Union. In fact he claimed to have written most of that 45,000-word document. He had served as Speaker of the first State Legislature, only to be beaten for Governor in 1910. Elected in 1912 to the House of Representatives he was beaten in 1916 because he dared to predict that President Wilson, instead of "keeping us out of War" would put us in. In 1918 he made a second futile attempt at the Governorship, then retired to Tishomingo to bide his time.

In 1930 he and the times were in tune. When he announced his candidacy even his friends thought he was joking. When his enemies said he would be impeached,

he declared he was also a candidate for impeachment. He started to campaign with \$12 in his pocket. Leaving Mrs. Murray \$1 for emergencies he travelled up and down Oklahoma haranguing the plain people to get behind him. He went up the creeks and through the swamps. He hitch-hiked from town to town. Groans turned out to hear his mastery of abuse and invective. He lived mostly on cheese and crackers. He was ridiculed and scorned but he beat a millionaire oil man in the Democratic primary and won the election by the largest majority in Oklahoma history. His whole campaign cost less than \$500.

The Man Murray. One of Governor Murray's frequent boasts is that he has many friends, no intimates. This fact may explain in part why the man himself is such a bundle of contradictions. On the Oklahoma stump he dresses in the cheapest, sloppiest clothes, is careless in speech, indulges in vulgar mannerisms. But when he visited Washington last month and addressed an audience of cultured women he would have been almost unrecognizable to his Oklahoma friends. His diction was as correct as his clothes. His shoes were shined; a white handkerchief bobbed from his breast pocket; gone was the old sweat-stained felt hat. He won respect and admiration. Such is his showman's art.

Governor Murray is a bookish man. His library of some 5,000 volumes is a precious possession. His reading is deep, wide, mostly classical. Many a visitor leaves him with a sense of astonishment at his erudition, his ability to quote and date and cite. Constitutional government is his specialty. The late great Champ Clark, observing him in the House, called him one of the greatest constitutional experts and parliamentarians ever to sit in Congress.

About his food he is somewhat crotchety. His hard-boiled eggs must be stirred in cold water, cooked for 30 min. He must have plenty of fat pork as "an internal lubricant." He likes his vegetables underdone.* Only Mrs. Murray understands the proper preparation of what he calls his victuals. This diet, however, has kept him spry and supple. He can still stand on his head to amuse a rustic crowd. At his inauguration an old-fashioned ball was held at the Capitol and the Governor gave an animated performance of the "Kitchen Sweep," with the guests stomping and clapping.

About the luxurious Executive Mansion Governor Murray wears his hat all the time. He greets all women visitors as "Sister." He does nothing for fun, except to sprawl out on a bed or couch where he likes to give interviews. Mrs. Murray, a quiet dark woman, keeps much in the background, paints oil portraits of her Indian ancestors, has a social secretary, goes to a few bridge parties. She seldom accompanies her husband around the State or nation on his speaking trips. She did go to California with him last year and then her friends gave her a "bridal shower" at

which she received her first silk night-gown. She has learned that her husband goes into profound abstractions when his mind is thinking out some problem, that he is never to be disturbed at such times. Many a time at 3 a. m. the figure of a tall, lank, stoop-shouldered man can be seen pacing the garden of the Executive Mansion, lost in a meditative world of his own making.

Appraisal. William Henry Murray leaves no man neutral. To his friends he is a second Andrew Jackson sent to lead the plain people out of economic bondage. To his foes he is another William Jennings Bryan threatening the very foundations of U. S. economic life. In the Murray make-up there is undoubtedly much of "Old Hickory," much of the "Great Commoner" but there is also enough more to make him a distinct political individual. Crude as Lincoln, he has the common touch; active as Roosevelt, he dramatizes public issues; honest as Cleveland, he makes public office a public trust; and like every intelligent demagogue, he may be accused of twisting his economic convictions to suit the accident of politics. He is the political darling of really poor men everywhere. He is scorned by the literate and urbane; yet he is probably better read than the average run of U. S. Presidents. Against him can be fairly set an erratic political behavior, a ferocious and unbridled tongue, an egotism barring administrative co-operation, and a tendency to play class against class.

Governor Murray believes he is a logical candidate for the Democratic nomination but that he has not much chance of getting it because his party is not always logical. He recently declared: "The Democratic party often has done the wrong thing at the right time." Most Democratic bosses hold that a Murray nomination at Chicago would be "the wrong thing at the right time." If the party is to go to the Southwest for a presidential nominee, it is argued, the strongest man in sight is John Nance Garner of Texas. Speaker Garner's boom has grown enormously in the past month. Texas' two Democratic Senators last week declared for him. So did Williams Gibbs McAdoo. But the grizzled little Texan so far has kept his sharp blue eyes fixed steadily on the House, not the White House.

"Hardly any competent person will say that Governor Murray has a chance to get the Democratic presidential nomination. Persons entirely competent, however, believe he will come to the convention with a surprisingly large number of delegates, that his personality and speeches will be in tune with the times and that he will be one of the most potent figures in the convention." So wrote Mark Sullivan, famed political observer and commentator. But the street car conductors of Oklahoma City who are not familiar with Pundit Sullivan and his views continue to announce: "State Capitol. End of the line. Folks, here's where the next President of the United States hangs out."

*Menu for a Murray luncheon given by the Oklahoma delegation in the House: fat bacon, boiled peas, feet, half-dried cabbage, fried onions, fruit cocktail, coffee.

*An example: martial law in Oklahoma to raise crude oil to \$1 per bbl.

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

Egg of Peace

Talking over the radio one night last week President Abbott Lawrence Lowell of Harvard said a number of things so good that soon they were on the way to President Hoover and to Congress in the form of a petition signed by President Woodrow Wilson's peaceful Secretary of War Newton Diehl Baker, and many another.

In Washington the manifesto, as correspondents soon found, was treated by President Hoover and Cabinet as "political dynamite." As the day was Saturday prominent statesmen made all haste to play golf.

In Geneva the Council of the League of Nations had just convoked the League Assembly to meet on March 3 apropos of Japan and it was this fact which had caused the president of Harvard and Cleveland's Baker to hatch their dynamite. Excerpt from this egg, laid metaphorically by the Dove of Peace: "If it shall be found [by the League Assembly] that Japan has resorted to war without submitting the dispute to arbitration, judicial settlement or to the Council—none of which has been done—it will be the covenanted duty of all the members of the League to prohibit trade and financial relations of their countries with the covenant-breaking state, and to prevent all intercourse with that state by the people of any other state whether a member of the League or not."

"Obviously this cannot be done in the case of Japan without the concurrence of the United States; nor will any steps be taken toward it without assurance that, if taken, this country will concur. The United States is not a member of the League, but it is a party to the Kellogg-Briand pact of Paris, and there can be no doubt that Japan, contrary to that pact, has sought to settle a dispute by other than pacific means."

"What will our government do?"

That question was the dynamite. President Hoover knew last week that in New Haven, Conn. Winchester Repeating Arms Co. had just taken on more workers, while in Bridgeport, Conn. Remington Arms Co. had suddenly done the same. Officials of these companies admitted that they had abruptly hired "several hundred" employees, thus relieving unemployment to that extent. To interfere with U. S. business was something the Hoover Administration had to think over. There was also the "political dynamite" that any close alignment of the U. S. with the League might affect Mr. Hoover's popularity just sufficiently to make his re-election impossible.

On Monday experienced Washington correspondents observed "great relief" in Administration quarters when Senator Borah took the limelight once again with another of his pedigreed explosions. "I do not question, of course," said Senator Borah, "the good faith of those who are urging an embargo against Japan, but I certainly question the wisdom of their program. In my opinion, the best way to

advance the cause of war between this country and Japan is to do precisely what people are urging in the way of peace."

Reviving Chivalry

Enthroned in the white and gold Throne Room of Buckingham Palace, facing the Primate of England* and the Primate of All England,† and facing an immense conclave of British bishops and clergy, His Majesty King George exclaimed in ringing tones last week:

"I share to the full the fervent hope and prayer of the Archbishops, Bishops and clergy for the success of the Disarmament Conference at Geneva. I am confident that my governments throughout the British Commonwealth will exert themselves to the uttermost to secure the largest possible measure of general disarmament, and their endeavors will be greatly assisted by your wholehearted support and prayers. I pray that Divine guidance may be with those who, in these anxious days, bear the great responsibility of directing the affairs of our own and of other nations."

Those who chiefly bore the great responsibility last week were the seven Chief Delegates of the Big Seven powers at the Geneva Conference. Of these the Chief British Delegate, Sir John Simon, was in London, hastily summoned by the Japanese crisis; and the Chief French Delegate, André Tardieu, was in Paris, hastily summoned by the French Cabinet crisis. The Chief German Delegate, Heinrich Brüning, was in Berlin; and the Chief U. S. Delegate, Henry Lewis Stimson, was in Washington. The acting Chief U. S. Delegate, Hugh Simons Gibson, was not only in bed with a bad cold three days of last week in Geneva but apparently communicated this affliction to Captain Kent Churchill Melhorn, U. S. N., the U. S. Delegation's staff physician. Several other U. S. delegates were in bed with colds and Swiss doctors were hastily summoned.

New and powerful men who appeared at the Geneva Conference last week were Col. William Taylor, representing the du Pont interests; and bluff "Big Navy Bill" Mr. William B. Shearer. At the Geneva Conference of 1927 to which President Coolidge sent a particularly strong U. S. Delegation, Mr. Shearer, according to charges made in the Press, was able to organize an anti-disarmament lobby so powerful that it wrecked the Conference. Du Pont's Taylor sat a while in the Conference gallery. But "Big Navy Bill" disdained for the most part to watch so paltry a show as the Conference was putting on.

With 57 nations participating (each represented by numerous delegates) there were at one time last week only five delegates present in the Conference hall while ostensibly important work was going on. The longest speech of the Conference

*The Most Rev. William Temple, Archbishop of York (son of a former Archbishop of Canterbury).

†The Most Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, Archbishop of Canterbury (formerly Archbishop of York).

thus far was made by Haitian Delegate Constantin Mayard who, in the course of 7,000 words, happily said that in Haiti, "the Hoover good-will policy has been instituted."

Tribute in glowing terms to "the great figure of President Wilson, founder of the League of Nations and initiator of this Conference" was paid by Egyptian Delegate Mahmoud Fakhry Pasha. He declared that with respect to President Wilson he was adding Egypt's homage "to the unanimous homage of the World!"

"I may say," said His Highness the Aga Sultan Sir Mohammed Shah,* speaking for millions of Indian Islamiah Moslems, "I may say that the United States has a long record of success in combining Peace with Prosperity. Hers is a record that fifty centuries tier to take the active part she has already taken in our deliberations."

The only U. S. woman delegate, Dr. Mary Emma Woolley, began to take her active part in the conference last week. Her great speech was made the day before King George spoke in Buckingham Palace but in much the same vein. Fervently, Dr. Woolley exclaimed:

"May material and moral disarmament advance together in the days and weeks and months perhaps lying before us!"

Other speakers (to the never more than half full Congress hall) were those of Argentina, Australia, Austria, Bulgaria, Estonia, Finland, Yugoslavia, Mexico, the Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, Persia, Portugal, Rumania, Turkey, Switzerland, Uruguay.

Of the Big Seven only Germany spoke. Cheer on cheer greeted German Chief Delegate Chancellor Brüning when he made the initial German proposals in general terms. Last week dead silence greeted the presentation of Germany's specific proposals by the German Ambassador to Turkey, Rudolf Nadolny.

The British Delegation were infuriated, and showed it by their expressions, when Herr Nadolny specifically intimated that the British bases at Gibraltar and Singapore are not police outposts but war bases. Everyone seemed to be furious with the German delegate before he sat down. Yet he had merely proposed with an enormous wealth of German detail the sweeping and almost complete disarmament already proposed by Italian Signor Grandi who drew thunderous cheers and by Russian Comrade Litvinov who drew cheers (TIME, Feb. 22).

That evening *Le Temps* of Paris, often the mouthpiece of the French Government, called Delegate Nadolny "clumsy," added, "The sole surprise in the German plan is that it does not stipulate outright for revision of the military clauses of the Treaty of Versailles."

The unique and courageous act of President Hoover's close friend Hugh Gibson last week was to take his stand as chief of the only delegation at Geneva opposed to abolition of the battleship. All the other 56 nations without exception agreed that

*i.e. The Aga Khan.

Foreign News—(Continued)

the battleship is a purely offensive weapon and should be abolished.*

A way out of this impasse, and many another, seemed dimly to appear as the Geneva Conference started talking about "humanizing war." If this, instead of "disarmament" or "limitation" should be set up as the Conference's goal, argued many delegates, then the Conference might succeed. Its members would all sign a "Pact Humanizing War," promising each other not to wage bacteriological warfare or chemical warfare and not to bomb civilian populations. A Pact Humanizing War, as one Geneva paper said, "might have the effect of reviving chivalry."

After tracing back the World's history 3,421 years, the Society of International Law announced last week that during that period 8,000 peace treaties were signed, each lasting an average of two years. Of the 3,421 years surveyed, the Society found that 268 were "years of peace."

SOUTH AFRICA

Witch

Like dogs whipped for something they did not understand, 60 kinky-haired Wakamba tribesmen huddled on the floor of the Nairobi Railway Institute fortnight ago and gazed hopefully at the judge sitting behind a deal table on the stage. The Railway Institute can be used as a theatre. It has an orchestra pit, folding chairs and well-equipped fly gallery. Seldom had the professional hunters, coffee growers and tradesmen who crowded the back of the hall witnessed such a drama.

The 60 Wakambas had beaten an old woman to death. For this British justice demanded the death penalty. Their defense was childishly simple: The old woman was a witch, well known in the district. She had cast a spell over the senior wife of the Chief, a wife for whom he had paid many cows, and the expensive wife had sickened. Therefore the witch was dragged to the sick woman's hut and ordered to remove the spell.

"*Bwena*," cried the spokesman, "she only removed half of it and then she ran away!"

The young men of the village took sticks, chased the witch and beat her to death, which is the accepted punishment for witches in East Africa. For this the white man's government was demanding their death. Sixty Chicago policemen sentenced to death for shooting a racketeer could not have been more puzzled. Standing in an unblinking row the tribesmen heard the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Kenya sentence them all to be hanged by the neck until dead. The Chief Justice understood Africa as well as the law. Privately he recommended them to the Governor's clemency.

*Explanation No. 1 (strategic): the U. S., having few war lanes while Britain has many, feels that the U. S. can only be defended by ships of the largest, fastest, most gun-powerful type having the longest possible cruising radius. Explanation No. 2 (monetary): the other 36 nations lack sufficient money to compete successfully with the U. S. in building ships of the utmost battle power and maximum cost.

GREAT BRITAIN

Charlotte's Companion

After a decent period of mourning, His Majesty George V had a new dog last week. Like its predecessor, it is a lively, ginger-colored Cairn terrier. Snip, the previous Cairn, was an affectionate beast



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HIS MAJESTY

... got a new dog.

who whimpered outside the royal bedroom all the time King George lay gravely ill three years ago, and accompanied His Majesty to almost everything except the state openings of Parliament. Snip died in April. Mourned by the royal household and the nation, he was buried in Sandringham by the side of Edward VII's dog Caesar who had the distinction of preceding the Kaiser at his master's funeral.

All summer King George remained petless except for Charlotte the parrot. Parrot Charlotte is a 40-year-old bird that H. M. bought in Port Said when he was in the navy. In her youth Charlotte had a loud and penetrating voice, knew a variety of nautical terms and a smattering of French, and used to frighten visitors to Buckingham Palace by suddenly screaming "WELL WHAT ABAHT IT?" Later she has grown morose, likes to sit on the King's shoulder at breakfast time cracking sunflower seeds.

It was to find a companion to Charlotte as much as anything else that the new Cairn was ordered. Edward of Wales has a Cairn too, a snappy little bitch named Cora.

CANADA

Bargain

Personally prosperous Richard Bedford Bennett, Premier of Canada, officially turned down last week the Dominion's chance of a lifetime to buy Labrador (110,000 square miles) for the bargain price of \$110,000,000. Premier Sir Richard Anderson Squires of Newfoundland, who offered this bargain to Canada, des-

perately needs the money to save himself from another thorough pummeling and beating by Newfoundland's unemployed who demand a larger "dole." If the U. S. cares to bid for Labrador, now is the time.

In Ottawa, Mr. Bennett not only refused to buy Labrador, he even slashed \$57,000,000 from the Canadian Government's estimate of what it must spend during the Canadian fiscal year beginning on April Fool's Day 1932.

Death On Porcupine River

It took them seven weeks, a dozen straining dog teams, an airplane, the life of one constable and the wounding of two others, but last week mad Albert Johnson toppled forward in the snow and bled to death. The reputation of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police was saved.

Nobody knew much about Albert Johnson. A quiet, stocky fellow about 40 years old, he appeared in Aklavik, North West Territories, about a year ago, said he had walked in from Alaska. He seemed to have plenty of money. He built himself a little cabin about 100 miles south of Aklavik, shut himself up in it and was notably cool to strangers.

In December Indian trappers complained at the Mounted Police Headquarters in Aklavik that somebody was interfering with their trap lines. For both white and red men, trapping is the only livelihood in winter. Robbing trap lines is a crime, though understandable, but these traps were not robbed. Somebody was smashing snares and deadfalls, scattering the bait so hungry animals could eat it in safety. Tracks of the trap-smasher were followed to Johnson's cabin. Indians raised the alarm, said the man was "mad."

Constables King and McDowell went out to ask Albert Johnson a few questions. They knocked on the cabin door, but Albert Johnson did not answer. Three bullets splintered the door and smashed into Constable King's chest. McDowell did not wait. He dragged his friend to their sledge and cracked his snake whip as loud as Hermit Johnson's rifle. Tongues out, the husky dogs plunged forward. They made the 100 miles back to Aklavik in 20 hours. It was a record and it saved Constable King's life.

Ten days later a new patrol mushed out to Rat River to avenge Constable King. Albert Johnson had used the interval to turn his hut into a blockhouse. He had dug the dirt floor out to a depth of four feet, cut loopholes at the floor level. For 15 hours Albert Johnson held off the Mounties. Hand grenades blew the roof off his hut. Albert Johnson retired, like an angry woodchuck stern foremost into a dugout, kept fighting. The police retired, disgruntled.

For the third time a police patrol set out from Aklavik, but this time Albert Johnson had fled from Rat River, was trying to beat his way through the arctic winter to Alaska and safety. Followed the north country's greatest man hunt. Trappers rushed their wives to trading posts for safety, then joined the posse.

Foreign News—(Continued)

Thirty miles further in the wilderness the posse tracked him down. Mad Albert had built a fort of ice and snow. There was another battle. In it, Constable E. Millen died. Police ammunition ran out and the posse withdrew for supplies, leaving three men to watch the fort. In the middle of the night Mad Albert Johnson slipped away again in a blizzard that covered his snowshoe tracks.

After the much-publicized Col. William Avery Bishop, one of Canada's best known War aces is Capt. W. R. ("Wop") May, a survivor of the epic battle which ended in the death of Germany's famed Baron Manfred von Richthofen. "Wop" May was at Fort McMurray, Alberta, 1,100 miles away, when Constable Millen was shot. He loaded a bomb rack, took off in an army plane.

The blizzard could not hide Albert Johnson from the eyes of Capt. May. Fortnight later he reported that Albert Johnson had crossed the Yukon River, was tracking west from Pierre House trading post, only 175 miles from the Alaska border. The man hunt resumed, full cry.

Last week they cornered him in the upper Yukon. Sergeant E. F. Hersey and Trapper Noel Verville were driving the lead sledge when they saw Mad Albert Johnson wearily retracing his track along Porcupine River. Johnson saw them too. He jumped off the trail, took cover. Sergeant Hersey and Trapper Verville followed fast. "Wop" May roared in



ALBERT JOHNSON

... dead, frozen stiff.

circles trying to drop a bomb without injuring the pursuers. Before he could do so, Albert Johnson sent a bullet through Sergeant Hersey's knee that ranged along his thigh and into his chest. The rest of the posse ran up just in time to riddle Albert Johnson with one crashing volley. Sergeant Hersey, gravely wounded, was rushed back to Aklavik in "Wop" May's plane. Albert Johnson came back on a police sledge, dead, frozen stiff.

IRELAND

"Moral Majority"

Smoking election torches marched through Dublin streets by night last week. "Up de Valera!" roared the torch bearers, and Ireland's hero was carried shoulder high. Excited Irishmen swore on every hand that Eamon de Valera would soon succeed William Thomas Cosgrave as President of the Irish Free State. With a third of the votes still to be counted, Mr. Cosgrave conceded grimly, "It looks as though my Government would go out."

All over Ireland the election was proving every minute that what the Irish want is a hero—in which respect they differ from the English.

There was no landslide away from Mr. Cosgrave to Mr. de Valera. Wherever a Cosgrave candidate was the local hero he won, no matter how the vote in general was going.

Cork city went with a pop for her hero, President Cosgrave. County Clare whooped in Mr. de Valera. And Tipperary! Sure and in Tipperary they elected who but Dan Breen himself.

Dan was living only last November in New York City (where Eamon de Valera was born). American money in a grand old Irish way makes Irish history, has made it for 90 years. But Tipperary elected Dan Breen last week just because he is such a rip-roaring old bouchal. Twenty actual times the British have put actual bullets into him. On Dan's head His Majesty's Government once had a price of £10,000 (\$48,600 then) for his capture.

When they got Dan into prison at last, the British tried to change him from one wing of the prison to another. But Dan would not go. Not until they lugged in a machine gun and trained it on Dan. That decided him to walk. In jail he was elected a Deputy in 1923, so why should not Tipperary elect Dan Breen now?

"Old Men." Seasoned diplomats, accustomed to premiers who are well over 60, have been simply astounded to find on visiting Ireland that the average age of President Cosgrave and the members of his Cabinet is only 45.

Yet these young men seem "old" to the Irish people—old not in age but in the length of time they have held power. Mr. Cosgrave has been President uninterruptedly since 1922—nearly ten years. Such a thing is not tolerated in the U. S., and the Irish people were not in a tolerant mood last week. The record of Cosgrave who was born in Dublin and the record of his Government—both excellent records—did not matter. Ten years is too long for a man to be President.

The great fact of these ten years is that southern Ireland, called "The Irish Free State," has enjoyed far greater freedom than ever before. It has "dominion status" is therefore technically as free as Canada. It has even enjoyed greater prosperity during the decade than almost any other part of King George's realm.

But His Majesty is precisely the fly in the Irish unguent of freedom. King George may seem a mere emblem to the English, to the Canadians and even to

American women who curtsy three times at Court. Yet in at least half the hearts in Ireland burns a fierce hatred of the Emblem of Monarchy.

To uphold this mere emblem Canadian Premier Bennett has not had to use bullets; but Irish President Cosgrave has, by due process of law. Every year of the



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EAMON DE VALERA

His Majesty is a fly.

past decade batches of Irishmen who wanted a republic badly enough to fight for it have been shot. Spattering lead creates the practical difference between Canadian "dominion status" and Irish, for there is no legal difference.

Few honest Irishmen denied last week that in ten years the Cosgrave Government has put the country on a firm budgetary foundation (which it had to construct); has introduced important agricultural reforms; has overhauled the Irish cattle and dairying situations (with the result of improving Irish quality); and has helped to launch Ireland's industrial revolution. To this Mr. Henry Ford and the Shannon River Power development (by German engineers) have contributed most. But Ireland's young "Old Men" have done extremely well.

De Valera Platform. The British public assumed last week that Mr. de Valera would win, if he won the election, a number of seats only sufficient to make him President (premier) in coalition with the Irish Labor Party. This London thought, would "die de Valera's hands."

The count, with twelve seats still in doubt, gave Mr. de Valera 66 seats compared to President Cosgrave's 50 (with 24 Laborites and Independents also elected). This meant that a sworn enemy of George V would soon be the Irish President.

Promptly prospective President de Valera said "The oath of allegiance to King George is obligated by Article XVII of the [Irish Free State] Constitution. We propose to remove that article." Said President Cosgrave, "I hope the new Government will be an honorable one and that

Foreign News—(Continued)

if the oath of allegiance to King George is done away with it will be by negotiations. Thus there seemed small doubt last week that King George, the fly in Irish freedom, will be swatted.

Eamon de Valera used to teach mathematics. Teacherish in appearance, called "impractical" by his enemies, he is a Messiah of Freedom. In 1916 he was sentenced to Death for commanding insurgents against King George, but his sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life, and the General Amnesty of 1917 made him free. Elected to a seat in the London Parliament, he refused to sit, was "elected" by his Irish friends "President" of the "Irish Republic" (illegal) and as such rejected the Treaty of 1921 which, nevertheless, set up the Irish Free State. Later, Mr. de Valera resigned as "President" of the "Irish Republic," which vanished.

When the new Free State Daily meets, President Cosgrave (really a Premier) will go out of office in the same way that a British Premier goes; and Governor-General James McNeill who represents King George in the Irish Free State will doubtless shake the hand of Mr. de Valera (actually Premier). What will de Valera do then?

"The one ultimate object of my Fianna Fail party," said he last week, "is the unity and independence of Ireland as a sovereign state. . . . Regarding separation from Great Britain: our objective is independence. . . . The first step is removal of the oath of allegiance."^{*}

GERMANY

Nominations

To give his life for his country—such in a very real sense was the decision calmly made last week by Paul von Beneckendorff und von Hindenburg, President.

Old Paul is 84. By refusing to run again for President he would doubtless prolong a life which his big red country house and his rosy-checked, laughing grandchildren make pleasant. Most Germans, when they learned that Old Paul had consented to run again, felt a tug at their heartstrings. They assumed that if re-elected on March 13 President von Hindenburg will die in office. If he lived out his second term he would be 91.

"After an earnest scrutiny I have decided," wrote Old Paul wistfully, "to stand for re-election. . . . Should I not be elected, the reproach of having abandoned my post at a difficult time will be spared me."

As the President said, the time in Germany is difficult. Six million unemployed. Four suicides a day in Berlin alone. Whole industrial regions idle. German raw steel

production lower last week than at any time since the Fatherland's 1919 prostration. German foreign trade (which had a "Baby Boom" last year) down to a new low for the 20th Century.

Amid these difficulties, candidate-picking began. First in the field against Old Paul was Communist Ernst Thälmann,



International

COMMUNIST THÄLMANN

. . . was conceded 6,000,000 votes.

whom the late New York World used to call "Germany's Red Napoleon." His worst enemies, the German Fascists, conceded last week that leather-lunged Comrade Thälmann, once a Hamburg stevedore and later a sailor, would get at least 6,000,000 votes. Some 38,000,000 ballots will be cast.

If on March 13 no candidate obtains a clear majority, the German people must vote again April 10. Such a system produces elaborate political jockeying. Many a candidate is entered for no other reason than to split some other candidate's vote on the first or second round.

To the National Opposition which includes the Fascists and Dr. Alfred Hugenberg's Nationalists, vote-splitting seemed the best strategy. They attempted in vain to collaborate on a candidate. For their candidate the Nationalists and their Steel Helmet faction then chose Colonel Theodore Düstere, Deputy Chairman of the Stahlhelm.

The Hitlerites did a risky thing. They nominated Adolf Hitler. Theoretically, handsome Adolf could gain citizenship, and eligibility for office, by accepting appointment to a public post in Brunswick. With four or more candidates in the field, Old Paul's majority might be forestalled, and on the second round the Opposition votes thrown to Hitler. But suppose at the last minute the Reich declares Hitler no real citizen, strikes his name from the lists too late for the Nazis to introduce a new candidate? In such case Old Paul could very well obtain a majority on the first vote. And last week observers thought he might anyway.

RUSSIA

Gas Bags

Russians, who rushed to the rescue of the famed North Pole expedition of General Umberto Nobile (TIME, July 23, 1928), should know whether he is or is not a bungling dirigible commander.

In Moscow last week the Soviet Press joyously announced that General Nobile has been signed up on a long contract. He will direct construction of the first Soviet dirigible factory. By the end of this year at least one small new Red gas bag will be blimping around Russia, according to the contract.^{*}

"By the end of 1933," announced the Soviet Press "the U. S. S. R. will possess a fleet of powerful dirigibles of the largest size."

Where in Russia the Red gas bags will be built is a military secret. General Nobile was in Italy last week picking twelve Italian dirigible experts who will go with him to Russia in April. This year, according to further Soviet announcements, the number of commercial planes in Russia is being doubled, the total length of Soviet commercial air routes is being increased 55% and "every effort is being made to increase the proportion of women now being trained at aviation schools throughout the Soviet Union."

Generally speaking, Soviet pilots are extremely reckless, constantly "stunt" over Moscow and other large Soviet cities to help make the populace air minded.

No Style, No Chic

Any Russian who cared to design an outfit of clothes was invited last week by the State Clothing Trust to send the design or a sample garment to Moscow.

Entries will be judged "from the point of view of sanitary or health features and the suitability of the garment for wear when doing a given kind of work."

Tactful, the State Clothing Trust spokesman did not suggest that modish men and women are wasting money in their striving for style and chic. He merely said: "The United States leads the world in the mass production of clothes, but there they are designed without thoughts of practical utility and millions of dollars are spent annually in producing new styles."

"There is in Russia," said the Soviet spokesman, "a somewhat greater supply of clothing than there was a year ago."

Red Oil

Last week the U. S. Department of Commerce announced that in 1931:

- 1) Russia rose from third to second rank as a world oil producer, nosing out Venezuela which dropped back to third place while the U. S. remains first.
- 2) The U. S. produced 850,275,000 barrels of oil, Russia 161,900,000, Venezuela 118,770,000.
- 3) Talk about "restriction" did produce the small result that last year the world gushed 40,000,000 barrels less than in 1930.

^{*}The first built-in-Russia blimp was launched Sept. 1, 1930.

^{*}The official name of what both President Cosgrave and Mr. de Valera called the "oath of allegiance" last week is the *oath of fidelity*. Other confusing names and facts permeate the Irish Free State situation. Thus the "President" is in official fact the *President of the Executive Council*. Moreover, as Irishmen say, "The Irish Free State is not Irish, is not free and is not a state." It is certainly not a sovereign state. But Mr. de Valera says he is going to make it one.

Foreign News—(Continued)

CHINA

Japan Shanghaied

Japan's promised "Big Drive" into China began at Shanghai last week with every modern weapon (except poison gas) including "crawling dragons."

Eighteen hours after the Japanese drive was launched it was 16 hours behind Japanese Lieut.-General Kenkichi Uyeda's carefully planned schedule. Not since Royal Belgium delayed Imperial Germany has an overwhelming onslaught been so spectacularly delayed.

Japanese soldiers, once their advance got completely behind schedule, fought with mounting ferocity which presently became "frightfulness." Neutral white witnesses reported with horror how Chinese civilians were shot down, how Chinese property in the form of houses, barns, hay and grain was ignited by the Japanese.

Such was war, as General Sherman said in 1864, and as Shanghai saw last week. The Japanese commander, General Uyeda, was personally desperate. He knew he might have to commit *hara-kiri* if his offensive got much further behind schedule, and during the first 18 hours he changed his General Staff Headquarters three times: 1) a Japanese cotton mill; 2) a Chinese cottage; 3) Ti Futan University.

How was the Japanese drive slowed up? Chinese heroism was not enough to stem the onslaught. Royal Belgium held out so long chiefly because her own able fighters had had so much previous assistance from the French General Staff. Last week "Three Germans" (men of a certain mystery but all experienced veterans of the World War) were said to be assisting the Chinese defenders of Shanghai.*

*Everyone knows how eagerly China bid for the services of General Ludendorff himself some years ago. That eccentric German genius now pretends to keep a bookstore. But Chinese for years past have hired scores of able Germans.

Thus last week three of Japan's 20 "crawling dragons," tanks of formidable power, were wrecked as they advanced, merely by treading upon Chinese land mines. That way of crippling a "crawling dragon," the Chinese may have thought up themselves, or they may have been told by the "Three Germans."

Battles. What Japan had set out to conquer was the Woosung Forts 16 miles from Shanghai; the Chinese district in Shanghai called Chapel; and the land between Shanghai and Woosung. Most spectacular feature of this intermediate terrain last week was Shanghai's \$1,000,000 race course. It adjoined the town and railway station of Kiangwan.

Around two sides of the terrain bends the Whangpoo River, thus putting much of the theatre of warfare at the mercy of Japanese fleet guns. Japan also possessed command of the air. Her land artillery was superior to the Chinese. Therefore, General Uyeda was not, from the Japanese standpoint, unduly optimistic when he planned to complete his entire drive within 18 hours. The drive was timed to begin on Japanese election day (see p. 22) and Premier Inukai of Japan assumed that in such circumstances his Seiyukai Party could not fail to win the Japanese Election.

General Uyeda at 7:30 a. m. launched his military attack, striking straight for the race course, and expecting to occupy Kiangwan (just beyond) within two hours. Advancing in skirmish formation, the Japanese soldiers prudently took cover behind each tree or hummock before advancing to the next, and ahead of them a Japanese barrage of overwhelming power advanced, blowing the Chinese out of their trenches. Thus there was very little bayonet work.

Meanwhile Japanese war boats were pounding the Woosung Forts which they

had pounded for 22 days, and Japanese bombers bombed, while Japanese scout planes gave Japanese gunners on ship and shore the exact range of every Chinese position they could see—and they had command of the air. Within one hour the victorious Japanese troops had taken their first major objective, Kiangwan.

Chinese batteries (concealed with German cunning) now completely surprised the Japanese by opening fire, and the invaders were driven out of Kiangwan. They were driven out twice more during the forenoon. They were driven out again in the afternoon.

It was steel against steel, gun against gun—but it was not plane against plane. Japanese command of the air grew increasingly important as bombardments and bombings raged all up and down the 16 miles between Woosung and Shanghai. Long before dusk Shanghai's \$1,000,000 race course with its ornate grandstands had been all but wiped from the map.

Killed? It was announced that nine Japanese had been killed. The Chinese or perhaps the "Three Germans" announced: *one*, that they did not propose to announce the Chinese casualties; *two*, that hundreds if not thousands of Japanese had most certainly been killed. A gruesome story, doubtless imagined, spread that Japanese corpses were being cremated secretly in batches on an island not far away and the ashes dispersed. Later Japan officially admitted 300 Japanese killed. China remained officially mum.

Poet and Hooker. The Chinese Commander-in-Chief Tsai Ting-kai, "The Poet Warrior," made friendly representations to Col. R. S. Hooker, commanding the U. S. Marines. The extremely cul-



JAPANESE, DEAD & ALIVE
In each urn one cremated hero.



CHINESE DEMOSTHENES & COFFIN
All over China such fight talks.

International

Keystone

Foreign News—(Continued)

tured Chinese commander, who always carries at least two books of poems with him, mildly suggested to Col. Hooker that certain Japanese irregularities were occurring in the U. S. sector.

A man of action, Col. Hooker did not restrain himself or his Marines. All Shanghai knew that Japanese planes were being guided and Japanese gunfire directed by a group of Japanese, operating with signal lights and arrows affixed to the top of eight Japanese cotton mills in Col. Hooker's territory. The facts by this time were so notorious that the U. S. Marines felt justified in taking stealthy steps.

Suddenly, in the dead of night, Col. Hooker's men entered the eight Japanese mills, seized two truckloads of signaling apparatus and an arsenal of small weapons. To the terrified Japanese in the eight mills the U. S. Marines left enough small arms and ammunition to enable the mills to stand off any possible attacks by Chinese mobs.

Tokyo soon heard that with "undue roughness" U. S. Marines had ransacked eight Japanese mills and entered adjacent Japanese homes in "insulting fashion." *Insult:* the Marines before entering did not (as Japanese do) remove their shoes. Strong protest was lodged by the Government of His Majesty the Emperor of Japan, the Japanese contention being that a search warrant should have been secured by Col. Hooker from the Japanese Consul General.

Calmly the U. S. Government prepared to meet the Imperial Government's protests as best it could—one of the best ways being to point out that Japanese Marines have ransacked U. S. premises in Shanghai repeatedly, have never found the "Chinese snipers" they claimed to be looking for, and have never asked the U. S. Consul General to issue a warrant. Obviously, from both the Japanese and U. S. points of view, to ask for a warrant is to tip off the Consul General who, if anything really is amiss, will tip off his own countrymen who are on the point of being raided.

More Battles. The Japanese General Staff, having moved for the fourth time, were now in "The Temple of Happy Skies." This they had forcibly entered through a temple gate painted with the Chinese ideographs "World Peace," "Tolerance" and "Kindness."

Japanese troops, again advancing (for the fourth time) upon Kiangwan, were held at bay by concealed nests of Chinese machine gunners. Like a lead pipe whanged against something harder, the Japanese line bent partly around Kiangwan.

A Japanese bombardment of the Chapei district next began, was answered by Chinese field pieces of surprising power. Mounted on a railway car a Chinese eight-inch gun dashed up and down. It scored few hits but barely missed the Japanese flagship and other warboats (some neutral) in the harbor. Zipping up, a lone Chinese airman in a lone U. S. Boeing pursuit plane rashly disputed Japanese mastery of the air, wounded a Japanese ace before he was shot down.

Squatting on top of a watch tower, U. S. Minister to China Nelson T. Johnson watched the terrific show. In London the Government of His Majesty King George announced that plans to evacuate every British subject from Shanghai's International Settlement were ready. A British ship loaded with extra munitions steamed Chinaward. In swank Shanghai hotels the white women were getting scared at last, refused to go to bed, sat in the lobbies hour after hour. To Washington called Admiral M. M. Taylor, Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Asiatic Fleet: "The Japanese have been forced to slow down their advance because of stern Chinese opposition."

From Tokyo Count Nobuaki Makino, Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, went to Okitsu to visit Prince Kimmochi Saionji, 92, last of the *Genro* (elder statesmen). It was the second time the wise old oracle had been consulted this month. Because Count Makino is prudent, peaceable, potent, observers deduced that something good, important would come from the visit. But Count Makino said nothing, reminded newshawks that he never gives interviews on trains.

In Shanghai, battles went on. It was force to the uttermost, war to the Death.

JAPAN

Greatest Victory

Japan's famed "Old Fox," Premier Ki Inukai, won the Japanese Election last week chiefly by starting Japan's drive against Shanghai on election morn (see p. 21).

The Old Fox has won his seat in Japan's Diet in every election since the Diet was created in 1890. Last week aged 77, "The Foxiest Man in the World" crowned his career by leading his "War Party" (Seiyukai) to what was said to be the greatest parliamentary victory ever won in Japan. The Seiyukai won 301 seats out of the 466.

In Japan the Government of the Old Fox is so widely discredited as corrupt and reactionary that as recently as fortnight ago Japanese capitalists in Manhattan and Tokyo were laying election bets amongst themselves at odds of three to two against the Old Fox. But once more he outsmarted everyone.

The Japanese people were told by a Press which the Government now rigidly controls that Japan's drive at Shanghai was initially a success, whereas it was initially a failure. Popular elements opposed to the Dynasty and to the Régime were suppressed by police.

Voters amused themselves in Tokyo last week by such whimsies as voting for Chinese General Ma Chan-shan, for Japan's recently assassinated "Peace Man," Junnosuke Inoye, and for late, great Japanese such as Prince Ito ("the Bismarck of Japan"). One joker voted "Give us rice!" But the Government of the Old Fox felt so strong that its censor passed these little jokes. The Old Fox could say: "A vote for the Seiyukai hastens the return of prosperity," while the opposition could only mutter innocuously: "One cannot feed on a fictitious boom."

ANKUO

President? Emperor?

Ankuo, meaning "Land of Peace" is a nice name for a new country. Japan, having seized most of Manchuria and some of Mongolia, and having set up a régime of seven heavily bribed Chinese "Generals," was pleased when the Seven chose Ankuo last week as a nice name, proclaimed that Ankuo is an independent, sovereign state and elected its *Genshu*.

What is a *Genshu*? Japanese newspapers glossed that over, but they stated who Ankuo's *Genshu* is to be. Pictures of this young man (in Chinese costume) and of his wife (in a Japanese kimono) filled the Japanese press last week. He is of course the puppet Japan has had up her kimono sleeve for nearly 20 years, Mr. Henry Pu Yi. Deposed at the age of six, he was until then the Emperor of China.

March 1 was announced as the date on which Ankuo's *Genshu* will be . . . inaugurated? . . . Crowned? Nobody knew which last week. In Mukden, hitherto the capital of Manchuria, Japanese blandly professed that they did not even know where the *Genshu* would be . . .

Vexed, newsmen made up their own minds that *Genshu* can be translated either "President" or "Monarch," and that the capital of Ankuo will be either Kirin or Changchun.

The weak, weak-eyed *Genshu* was not permitted by the Japanese guards to utter a word last week, remained plastic in Japan's iron fist at Mukden, where his family's Ancestral Place stands. Manchu relatives of the *Genshu* talked. They said that he wants *Genshu* to be translated "Emperor" and that he wants to revive the Manchu capital at Mukden.

When one day old last week, Ankuo, the "Land of Peace" was mildly disturbed by one General Wang Teh-ling. Backed apparently by Koreans (who hate and fear their rulers, the Japanese) General Wang with 1,000 Chinese soldiers hastily wrecked or burned 18 flimsy bridges on the Kirin-Tunhua Railway. Promptly Japanese troops set out to slaughter or buy General Wang and his 1,000 men.

The central executive committee in Nanking dispatched a message to Marshal Chang Hsueh-ling, censuring him for failure to attempt redeeming Manchuria from the Japanese, despite the fact that he commands 200,000 troops. It pointed out that Marshal Chang's ancestors are all buried in Manchuria, that his father the late Marshal Chang Tso-lin awaits burial there. To young Marshal Chang as to any Chinese this was an offensive hint. He began mobilizing troops.

Under Japanese aegis enough local Chinese banks, whose funds have been impounded by the Japanese military, were hastily merged to create the Central Bank of Ankuo. It was capitalized last week at \$30,000,000, provided with silver bullion to cover an Ankuo paper money issue of \$10,000,000. Up to last week the paper money of Manchuria had been for many years an innumerable series of increasingly worthless wads of paper issued by this "general" or by that "War Lord."

A R T

The Wiggins Carrara

Always on display in the art gallery in Manhattan's Grand Central Station is a selection of fauns, nymphs, Indians and babies holding fish, designed by orthodox sculptors. Another statue went on view there last week. It was a white Carrara



Grand Central Art Galleries
REVERIE

Out of an alley into a garden.

marble figure of a nude young woman, seated and gazing reflectively at her left foot. In front of the figure was a black marble reflecting pool, behind it cedar trees and potted plants. Called *Reverie*, it attracted great attention not only because it was pleasant to the eye but also because its creator, a grandmother, is the wife of Albert Henry Wiggins whose bank (Chase) vies with National City for title of "world's biggest."

Only two years ago did Mrs. Jessie Duncan Hayden Wiggins feel that she had time to spare to sculpt. Telling few of her friends, she rented a studio in MacDougal Alley behind the Whitney Museum and began to study under Victor Salvatore. She worked hard. *Reverie* is her first work in marble. Mrs. Wiggins designed it for her garden in Greenwich, Conn.

"I really feel that sculpture is my profession," said pleasant Grandmother Wiggins. "It has given me quite a thrill to have really created something."

Hearst's San Francisco *Examiner* ("Monarch of the Dailies") last week took notice of that city's cultural life by reporting the completion of a fresco by youthful Artist Arnautoff, onetime pupil of Diego Rivera. On the wall of his studio near the edge of the Telegraph Hill art colony Artist Arnautoff, a sociable fellow, had painted the likenesses of 23 of his friends grouped about the seated figure of a nude female model. The *Examiner* printed with its story a four-column picture of the fresco. To the great astonishment of Artist Arnautoff and the model, it showed the latter clad in a hand-painted bathing suit.

Plaque

Director William Mathewson Milliken of the Cleveland Museum of Art gloated last week in the thought that he had been able to purchase the first original marble by Luca Della Robbia ever to enter this country.

At one period no U. S. tourist returned from Italy without a copy of one of the blue and white Della Robbia *bambini* which decorate the façade of the Florentine Foundling Hospital. Their designer was not Cleveland's Luca Della Robbia (1400-82), but his prolific nephew, Andrea. Luca, however, perfected the enamel-coated terra cotta ware of which they are made. A suave sculptor, he lacked the virility of his great contemporaries (Verrocchio, Donatello) but had an able talent, designed a number of pieces beloved by romantics. His greatest was the series of singing angels and dancing boys which form the "singing gallery" in the choir of Florence's striped cathedral. Little of his original sculpture exists, for Luca, his nephew Andrea's five sons spent most of their time making Della Robbia ware: lunettes, busts, plaques, friezes, fountains, lavatories. Shiploads of these copies remain. So much Della Robbia ware is assembled in the Florentine Bargello that the third floor looks like one interminable bathroom.

Cleveland's plaque, not terra cotta but marble, was discovered and owned originally by a Parisian antiquary and art critic named Eugene Piot. In 1864 Critic Piot sold it to a fellow pamphleteer, Charles Timbal. During the post-war depression of 1870, the entire Timbal collection went to Gustave Dreyfus, a French engineer who made money out of the Suez Canal. In its turn the Dreyfus collection went up for auction in Paris. It was bought in its entirety by Sir Joseph Duveen. The Cleveland Museum, which had already picked several choice morsels at the dispersal of the Guelph Treasure, sent emissaries to Sir Joseph. They came back with the Della Robbia plaque which shows the head of a tousled-haired young boy, mouth open as in adenooids. He is supposed to be singing.

Manhattan Mahatma

This year's enthusiasm for U. S. painting and its founders moved forward in New York last week with two memorial exhibitions. One, at the Metropolitan Museum of the portraits and landscapes of Samuel Finley Breese Morse, commemorated the 100th anniversary of the telegraph. One, at the Public Library of the amazing wood engravings of Timothy Cole, famed craftsman of the '90s, recalled the days-before-photo-engraving.* Critics left them unvisited until they had

*Before the introduction of photo-engraving the U. S. illustrated magazines (*Scribner's*, *Harper's*, *Century*) employed a group of U. S. wood-block engravers of unmatched dexterity. They copied oil paintings, photographs, etchings, drawings. To the day of his death gaunt irascible Joseph Pennell urged their recognition by serious art critics. Most of them were of German descent. Timothy Cole, ablest, best-known, was British-born.

paid their respects to the first showing in years of the painting of the Mahatma Eilshemius.

All Manhattan art dealers know a little old gentleman with baggy trousers, a beard and a beady eye who is the city's most persistent exhibition visitor. All of them know that he is Louis Michel Eilshemius M. A., by his own admission painter, poet, musician, inventor, marksman, and "Ex Fancy Amateur Dancer." He loves to buttonhole strangers in hallways and describe his own superior accomplishments. He was once wealthy. He is still listed in the *Social Register*, lives in a brownstone house on East 57th Street and has spent a fortune on strange pamphlets and books to prove that Eilshemius or Eilshemius (the spelling varies) is the greatest artist the world has ever known. Eilshemius also states that Eilshemius has written music, invented a portable piano and a game known as "Sixers" (like pinocle) and adopted the title, Mahatma.

But the Mahatma Eilshemius is by no means a charlatan. He has been called the American Rousseau. His childish, sentimental painting has been described as "the type of thing . . . which would result were the rank and file of Americans capable of expressing themselves on canvas." He has been praised by Henri Matisse and dozens of others. His most important pictures have been bought by the three most astute collections of modern U. S. paintings: Whitney Museum, Phillips Memorial Gallery (Washington), Mr. & Mrs. Chester Dale.

Not for an instant has the Mahatma Eilshemius ceased to shout his scorn of



THE MAHATMA EILSHEMIUS

His nudes could go no further.

every other painter in the world, his disdain of every art gallery that does not recognize the importance of his work. But he stopped painting in 1920. A few have suspected that he realized then that his pictures of Samoa, his ruins by moonlight, his strange nude ladies bathing in improbable streams were as far as he could go. Last week he grew suddenly frank with his press agent. "I won't paint again," said Louis Eilshemius, "I'm just a comedian."

"The March of Time"

[Last Program - Friday, February 26]

TIME'S Editors thank the thousands of subscribers and non-subscribers who have taken the trouble to express in writing their regret that "The March of Time"—TIME's radio program—is going off the air. Herewith, a few of the pleas from high and low that "The March of Time" be continued. Impressively sincere, they point a problem (See Press, p. 30).

Telegrams

Sirs:
UNDER NO CONDITION DEPRIVE THE AMERICAN PUBLIC OF THE EDUCATION AND PLEASURE DERIVED FROM YOUR FRIDAY NIGHT BROADCAST.

J. R. HAWKES

Portland, Maine

Sirs:
TONIGHT I HAVE BEEN IN AFRICA ASIA EUROPE AND AMERICA LET TIME CONTINUE TO MARCH ON INDEFINITELY.

WENMAN A. HICKS

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sirs:
PLEASE PULLEASE LET TIME CONTINUE MARCHING ON OVER THE AIR EVEN AT THE EARLY HOUR OF FIVE THIRTY PROGRAM INDISPENSABLE AS ENTERTAINMENT AND FOR ITS UNIQUE DRAMATIC EDUCATIONAL POWER MY BUSY DOWNTOWN OFFICES ARE EQUIPPED WITH RADIO BUT TIME IS ONLY PROGRAM WE TAKE TIME TO HEAR I HOPE YOU GET MILLION PROTESTS AGAINST DISCONTINUING.

HARRY A. EARNSHAW

Los Angeles, Calif.

Senator's Secretary

Sirs:
I sincerely hope that "The March of Time" will never leave the air. It is by far the most realistic, interesting, entertaining and educational program that is broadcast. "The March of Time" must march on.

MAURICE B. PASCH

Secretary to Senator La Follette
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

As an army marches on its stomach, so under existing circumstances a radio program can keep marching only on somebody's dollars. Whose?—Ed.

Out the Window

Sirs:
If "The March of Time" goes off the air my radio set goes out of the window with a bang that will be heard from Madison, Wis., to the east end of New York's 42nd Street. "The March of Time" is vibrant and volatile, pithy and pert, with a minimum of advertising chatter. Would you force your listeners to a life of listening to tooth paste propaganda and vacuum-headed crooners?

ART TILLER

Tiller News Service, Inc.
Madison, Wis.

Whether or not Radiowner Tiller throws his radio out the window does not affect TIME, the weekly newsmagazine. But radiomanufacturers take note.—Ed.

Payments Stopping . . .

Sirs:
Please, please, don't go off the air. Your program is one of the few reasons I have for not stopping payment on my radio, and allowing the firm to have it back.

SOPHIA B. OPPENHEIMER (Mrs. M.)
Baltimore, Md.

Stopping . . .

Sirs:
The next payment on my radio is due Saturday, Feb. 27. "March of Time" goes off Feb. 26th. Just right! Let them come and get the machine! Why keep it after your program goes off?

O. J. HAMMERSMITH

Fargo, N. D.

Stop!

Sirs:
If "The March of Time" stops, the payments on my radio stop. In which case I might be able to afford FORTUNE . . . But hang on to your 5:30 Friday contract, will you, TIME?

No people do write to radio broadcasters! Fuge, TIME!

WILLIAM LEWIS

Millbourne, Pa.

Radio for Sale

Sirs:
Your announcement last night regarding discontinuing undoubtedly the best program on the air was met with nothing less than a young war. If such comes to pass, our radio will probably be advertised for sale for any amount less than a dollar—for who would want a radio with no "March of Time" to look forward to?

Think it over—and have a heart.

CHARLES B. PHIFER

Charlotte, N. C.

Let radiomanufacturers have thoughts, hearts.—Ed.

Bulova Watch

Sirs:
The possible discontinuance of "The March of Time" feature is to me the most regrettable occurrence in radio history.

BEN F. SWARTSBERG

Bulova Watch Company
New York City

It would not be so regrettable, if there were many another program equally good.—Ed.

Nuisance

Sirs:
Please continue to broadcast "The March of Time" It is one of the few programs on the air which make a radio set any more than a plain nuisance.

DEAN C. DENMAN, M. D.

Monroe, Michigan

Calamity

Sirs:
I consider taking off "The March of Time" from the air, not only a great deprivation to countless thousands of us but a veritable calamity as well.

There are so few good things on the air nowadays, things that a person of brains and culture can enjoy. To us, as to any number of others, it was the finest, most worthwhile thing on the air. We looked forward to it so eagerly from week to week. Won't you change your mind, please?

RUTH I. ALDRICH

Madison Public Schools
Madison, N. J.

Sirs:

It will be a veritable Calamity if you take "The March of Time" off the air. Why are you giving it up?

ELIZABETH WHITING

Chatham, N. J.

Why? Because TIME's advertising appropriation is not an inexhaustible fund.—Ed.

Epochal

Sirs:
Do not discontinue this epochal "March" unless it is absolutely necessary. Radio broadcasting, still in its infancy, will have slipped back into the cradle if the air loses this milestone.

CLARENCE (BOB) HEBERT

Huntington Park Signal
Signal Publishing Corporation
Huntington Park, California

Not absolutely necessary; but from the cold, canny dollar-and-cents point of view of the Business Department, no longer expedient.—Ed.

Loss

Sirs:
I realize that TIME, itself, may well dispense with this feature as an advertisement, but your radio audience can ill afford to lose such a pleasure and such a delightful source of information as to what is going on in the world.

Don't discontinue it.

A. W. LADD

Astoria, N. Y.

TIME will listen to any reasonable plan for its continuance.—Ed.

Shut-In

Sirs:
Don't—please don't discontinue "The March of Time" program—this plea from a shut-in whose only news comes over the radio. Please add my small voice to those others who need you.

MRS. S. KELSEY

Butte, Montana

Petitions

Sirs: We the undersigned members of the editorial staff of the San Antonio Evening *Academy*, vote a great big unqualified "Yes" to the question if TIME's weekly news broadcast should be continued.

Your timely Time radiocasts are paralleled only by the excellence of the magazine itself.

S. TOPPERWEIN OSCAR OWENS
F. BLUES C. F. HUNT
J. C. OSEIN HAROLD YOUNG
EDWARD B. COPE RAY NEUMANN
BEN BAINES WM. F. SALATHE
A. W. WALLISER

San Antonio News
San Antonio, Texas

Petitions also from clubs, hotel management and guests, schools, business firms, hospital staffs and patients, apartment house tenants, etc.—Ed.

Friend Lost

Sirs: It's my favorite feature on the air and I look forward to it as it's my main outlet to the important news of the world. If you take "The March of Time" off the air you lose a friend to TIME.

JOHN H. MALONE

Spaulding, Illinois

Truly Damned

Sirs: One of Pittsburgh's daily newspapers carried the item, with great regret, that you were leaving the air. I am terribly disappointed. You know that radio has often been branded as a moron's source of entertainment, and in the majority of instances this would seem to be a case. Perhaps your withdrawal has been influenced by this thought. But, when sponsors such as you leave the air, the radio can then be truly damned for all its morose work.

Your program is an intelligent effort to distribute news, and give one the real feeling of its portent. Anyone can get up and read news dispatches; there are many of these on the air. . . . But, to have news happenings re-enacted with all their life; giving the listener a physical feeling of living with the news—that is something. . . . You have grouped a body of men and women who have given your program the excellence which it deserves.

GEORGE WUCHINICH

Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Pittsburgh *Press* news item: "Sad, sad news. The March of Time quits marching next month. To the everlasting credit of the sponsor, it should be noted here that the March of Time was perhaps the finest dramatic presentation ever on the air."—Ed.

Art v. Blatancy

Sirs: YOU MUST NOT take "The March of Time" off the air! It is by far the most original program on the air; the first real radio art;—and as advertising, how far removed from the uncouth blatancy of most radio advertising.

KENNETH B. WEBB

Hightstown, N. J.

Fireside

Sirs: Keep "The March of Time" on the air: it is the outstanding feature of interesting and informative radio entertainment: it puts life into the news and brings the news of the world direct to the fireside of the home.

JOHN M. LA RUE

Cincinnati, Ohio

Ringside

Sirs: "The March of Time" has been the most stimulating and distinctive feature on the air, virtually a ring-side seat at history in the making. Yes, by all means, reconsider your decision.

WM. A. KROENER

Oakdale, Illinois

TIME's managers have done little else for the past fortnight.—Ed.

U. S. Navy

Sirs: I think I may say that every vessel in the U. S. Navy at sea counts upon your broadcast as means of keeping in touch with vital subjects.

C. H. RIPLEY

Chief Radio Elec. U. S. Navy
Naval Operating Base
New Orleans, La.

TIME regrets the Post Office has no ocean-delivery.—Ed.

Subscriber-Subsidy

Sirs: Incident to your threat of a moratorium for "The March of Time," Surely, it cannot be that TIME, too, is "depressed."

May I suggest the alternative even,—a subscriber-subsidized "March of Time"?

In any event, let "The March of Time" march with TIME!

EBEN MACKENZIE

Saint Paul, Minn.

Should a few (400,000 TIME-subscribers) pay for the entertainment of many (9,000,000 radiowners)?—Ed.

School Children

Sirs: As a long-TIME reader I urge continuance of "The March of Time." Countless school children are your beneficiaries.

TYLER KEPNER

Director of Social Studies
High School
Brookline, Mass.

Backward Step

Sirs: Don't you dare go off the air. Your Friday night "March of Time" is one of the few really inspiring, instructive and intelligent programs the people get via radio. Let TIME take no backward step.

JOHN J. FOSTER

Del Rio, Texas

TIME backs out of nothing except expense for advertising which it no longer needs.—Ed.

Government-Subsidy

Sirs: I have always been hoping that you would see your way clear to giving us these splendid half-hours twice, or even three times, each week. I even had dreams that the government might be persuaded to subsidize your ambitious news programs so that we could receive them every evening, dramatizing the news events of the past twenty-four hours.

JOE COHN

Monrovia, Calif.

In England 2,731,968 Britons pay \$2.50 a year for the privilege of receiving programs of the government-subsidized British Broadcasting Company. Last year (TIME, Mar. 30) British censors refused the air to a re-enactment of the Arctic rescue by Soviet Russians of Italian General Umberto Nobile and other survivors of his polar dirigible flight (1928), ruling it would be Pro-Red propaganda.—Ed.

House to House

Sirs: I have made a house to house canvass in our block and found nineteen of the twenty families all wishing that you continue this program. Out of nineteen families you have ninety-three listeners.

B. W. LOHMAN

Assistant Cashier
First National Bank
Minneapolis, Minn.

Blather, Blurbs, Buncombe

Sirs: Amid all the blather, blurbs and buncombe hurled through the ether at a long-suffering public, the TIME program has literally stood out like the proverbial "good deed in a naughty world." . . . Please cast my ballot . . . with an emphatic "Yea!"

D. ARTHUR BOWMAN

Saint Louis, Missouri

Bedlam

Sirs: In these days of bedlam, it is up to someone to teach the people to use their brains and as an educator your broadcasts were good. . . . If you take your radio shows off the air, you will deprive the public of one of the best means of knowing the world's events. Your magazine and radio entertainments are needed. It is up to you to keep a badly wanted educational feature going.

R. L. SWITZER

St. Louis, Missouri

Poet

Sirs: Time marches on, 'tis we who stay To hear the tidings you portray. There's scarce a program on the air, With yours in interest can compare. For hushed attention from the start Pays tribute to dramatic art. If TIME should cease to broadcast now, Some thousands would protest,—and how!

FLORENCE FISHELL

Chicago, Illinois

"The March of Time" is, of course, an advertising campaign. Its specific purpose having been accomplished, TIME's Business Department sees no need to continue to spend some \$6,000 a week on this particular form of advertising. But it now appears that the advertising is considered by many to be a public service. Whose the responsibility to continue it—TIME's?

TIME-subscribers? the radio chains? a philanthropist's? the government's? TIME will gladly co-operate in producing "The March of Time." But TIME will pay for radio advertising only when it desires such advertising. Obviously TIME cannot be expected to buy advertising when it does not want it, in order to perform public service.

RELIGION

"Nothing Damaging"

A rich man dies. He is not celebrated for piety. Indeed he may frequently have broken the third Commandment (swearing), or the fourth (breaking the Sabbath), or the seventh (adultery), or the eighth (stealing), or the tenth (covetousness). Nevertheless his family desires a fine funeral, complete with eulogy. So the parson polishes up a sonorous speech, hunts for apt quotations. . . .

The memorial service to the late Gum Man William Wrigley Jr. in Chicago's smart St. Chrysostom's last month was graced with ushers from Wrigley Baseball Field and a *carillonneur* who sweetly dinged *Aloha Oe*, the gum man's favorite tune. Rev. John Crippen Evans, associate rector of fashionable St. Chrysostom's, eulogized Mr. Wrigley thus: "He

did not seek asylum in the superior custom of the Anglican communion of refraining from any kind of eulogy. . . . If a saint has died a eulogy is useless, if a sinner a eulogy is impossible, and if like Tomlinson and the rest of us the deceased is neither a sinner nor a saint a eulogy tempts the parson to dishonesty. . . .

"Mr. Wrigley, from what little we know of him, was a rather typical modern pagan. He may have given generously to his church, but our guess is that his benefactions were infinitesimal as compared with the money he lavished on his estates. . . . We know of no special evidence of a sensitive Christian conscience in his business dealings, though we assume that he was honest in the contemporary sense of that term. . . .

"The cynic might question whether the youthful exuberance of Mr. Wrigley at the age of seventy, which his rector marked for particular moral approbation, had any special merit even from the most ordinary perspective. . . . We are not sure whether the man who is driven to despair by the sufferings of the world would not have virtues which are morally preferable to this kind of superficial optimism and exuberance. . . .

"Millions of men and women die who make no pretension of Christian virtue or Christian belief. They are buried by the Christian church only because some vague sense of piety prompts the mourners to observe their passing religiously. Another ritual than that of the church would do just as well. . . . What is needed therefore is a much greater variety of burial rituals. . . . Perhaps when the story of our tragic era is written some astute historian will come upon the manner of Mr. Wrigley's burial and use it to symbolize our spiritual confusion and decadence in much the same manner as historians of the past have described, for instance, the religious pretensions of the Borgias to illustrate the spiritual quality of an era."



THE LATE WILLIAM WRIGLEY JR.
... worth a eulogy?

was a boy at 70, and that is a real achievement. It is in that sort of attainment that the Christian pulpit is primarily interested, because the message of the pulpit is wholly concerned with life—life that lives and will not die. . . ."

Was Mr. Evans "dishonest?" Did Mr. Wrigley deserve a Christian eulogy? Last week these questions interested *The Christian Century*, best written and most alert Protestant magazine in the U. S. Far from accusing Mr. Wrigley of breaking commandments, *The Christian Century* hastened to say that "We know nothing particularly damaging about Mr. Wrigley, if he is to be judged in the perspective of contemporary civilization." Nevertheless it took the occasion to point a stern moral:

"A charitable inclination which every Christian minister will probably feel upon reading this story will be one of sympathy for the poor parson who was under the professional necessity of delivering some kind of eulogy on such an occasion. He will remember similar predicaments in which he has found himself on occasion, and will wonder why, since the service occurred in an Episcopal church, the rector

aware of Karl Barth, 45, Swiss founder of a potent Christian philosophy.

Before the War, Karl Barth preached in the German Reformed Church. Like his professor-father he is an eminent theologian. His theology, now called Barthianism, is pessimistic, dogmatic. It offers the dun-colored thesis that Man is immoral, selfish, bound to be an "unprofitable servant" to the end. Man achieves nothing, will be saved only by grace and belief in the "absolute otherness of God." Barthianism rejects Modernism in so far as Modernism throws out too much of the Bible, too much of God. Fundamentalism also is rejected insofar as it is hampered by the Bible.

In the blackness of spiritual despair Theologian Barth—now married and professor of theology at the University of Bonn—has attracted an immense following. Like a light amid disillusion and doubt, Barthianism flourishes in German and Swiss universities. Religious socialists



European Picture Service
KARL BARTH
Achieving nothing, he is successful.

Young Theologians

*Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in favilla. . . .*

A gloomy, wrathful day, gloomy as the days of the 13th Century friar who cried *Dies irae!* Capitalism totters. Socialism? Communism? No, man is corrupt, his society is decadent, even his systems of worship are sterile. . . . There is still God. But are there not many Gods?—the Jehovah of the Fundamentalists, the incense-wrapped God of the Anglo-Catholics, the polite God of the Episcopalians, the companionable God of such new faiths as Dr. Frank Buchman's Groups? There are also many prophets, cultists, purveyors of fancy panaceas to the dejected. They are in the market place. But in the study is one who also is beginning to be heard again: the theologian.

In the U. S. theology is currently not so dead as it was a decade ago, and in gloomy, depressed Europe it is actually alive. Who are its leaders? Most thoughtful Europeans know of Lecerf the French neo-Calvinist, Heim the Lutheran. But all are

join in, go on working for social betterment although it will not change mankind. Man achieves nothing. Christian Philosopher Barth, thin, stooped, slightly weak-eyed but rather jolly, does not evangelize. He will not come to the U. S. because the U. S. is too worldly. Nevertheless his U. S. admirers—who are many—wish he would come because they believe he would take the disillusioned, disappointed colleges by storm.

To Basle last month, from all over Europe, went delegates to a conference of Young Theologians. News of them reached the U. S. last week. They discussed their attempts to rescue the Modern Man. Chief feature of the conference was a one-act play presented by the British delegates, in which the Modern Man is approached by a Fundamentalist with an enormous Bible, a pompous Anglo-Catholic, a cordial member of the Buchman Groups, a Modernist who cuts most of his Bible into little bits. None succeeds in rousing Modern Man from his sleep. At last comes a Barthian. He is successful.

Where there's ACTION —there's ACME!



SHANGHAI, Feb. 2—Shells scream overhead. Bombing planes drop fresh death into the flaming Chapei District. China and Japan are grappling for command of the Orient's commercial capital. In an office in the International Concession an American business man dictates a cablegram, concludes with "*and ship above Acme Visible Equipment by U. S. Parcel Post, regardless of cost. Our customers urgently need. Signed Hager.*"

Hager is Acme's Shanghai representative. In Chicago, three hours after receipt of his cable, the entire order was on its expensive way to the Far Eastern Front. The Orient had to have Acme—war or no war!

Wherever there's action there's Acme. In the worldwide battle for business, Acme is recognized to be the modern, scientific weapon for both offense and defense.

Fighting, aggressive sales executives welcome the *instant availability* which Acme Visible Equipment brings to their records. Acme enables them to marshal quickly their sales facts, to focus effectively their sales attacks. Acme-kept records are so convenient, so usable that they literally *force* productive action!

On defense Acme is equally powerful. It warns against

questionable credit, urges more prompt collection. It controls inventories, induces thrifty buying, spotlights waste in plant and office—coordinates the work of every department—and on top of all this sharply cuts the clerical costs of record-keeping—often by 50%—even 80%.

The 1932 battle for business is only starting. Let Acme help you by visualizing for you the records, the facts, *literally the ammunition* you will surely need if you are to win a decisive victory. Remember this: *More than 80,000* American business institutions are today using Acme Visible Equipment on their records for a reason! Bulletin 20 tells you why.

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

ACME CARD SYSTEM COMPANY, 5 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

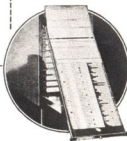
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Acme is the world's largest manufacturer of visible equipment exclusively

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PROFIT BUILDERS OF MODERN BUSINESS

C I N E M A

The New Pictures

Shanghai Express (Paramount). The scene wherein the heroine feels called upon to sacrifice her honor to the villain in order to save the man she loves has occurred so frequently in the cinema that it can be regarded as a more rigid pillar of the industry than Mr. Zukor, Mr. Lasky or Mr. Hertz. But *Shanghai Express* is a picture of the new school, and when Marlene Dietrich promises Warner Oland to visit him at his castle if he will refrain from destroying Clive Brook's eyesight with a red hot poker, you will not find the situation banal.

Marlene Dietrich is a heroine of the contemporary order, a "coaster" (*poule de luxe*) of the Chinese shoreline. The other characters are a group of the ill-assorted personages customarily assembled for "one location" stories—a sour-tongued missionary, an old lady with a lap-dog, a U. S. gambler, a German opium dealer who seems to suffer from chilblains, an oriental trollop, a half-breed Chinese named Henry Chang, a British Army surgeon with an Addisonian turn of speech. In the up-to-date habit of *Transatlantic Union Depot* and *Grand Hotel*, they are all inhabiting a train of luxurious Pullmans bound from Peiping to Shanghai. When the train stops at a way station, Henry Chang turns out to be a revolutionary general. He holds the surgeon as a hostage and is about to mutilate him for being rude when the "coaster" makes her proposition. She has known the surgeon intimately in the distant past, and having met him again is hoping to reform for his sake, but ready not to do so if this will benefit him more. Fortunately, Mr. Chang (Warner Oland) has behaved badly toward the Chinese trollop (Anna May Wong), who solves the dilemma by planting a dagger in his back.

The atmosphere which Director von Sternberg cleverly built up through the slow beginning of the picture and the brilliant photographic effects achieved by his camera man, Lee Garmes, have effect of giving this melodramatic cliché a reality which it could not possibly achieve in a medium less persuasive than the cinema. Because the cars, the engines, the soldiers, the flags and noises of cities through which the Shanghai express passes are thoroughly realistic, the villainies of Mr. Chang and even the curiously elaborate speeches written for Clive Brook seem real also. Miss Dietrich's legs are not so evident as usual and she acts well in the manner of a less stoic Garbo. The wars to which the picture alludes are the civil disturbances which raged in China early last year; but, alert to the advantages of the Sino-Japanese conflict, Paramount last week urged exhibitors to believe that "every newspaper in the world is a pressbook for *Shanghai Express*."

Constance Bennett is 26, blonde, 105 lb., married (to the Marquis de la Falaize de la Coudraye). Her adopted son (Peter, offspring of a cousin), is three. She has blue eyes and is one inch taller than

Joan Bennett, who is 21, blonde, green-eyed, 110 lb., 5 ft. 3 in., divorced (from John Martin Fox, son of a Seattle lumberman), has a three-year-old daughter named Adrienne.

Constance, who returned to talkies after being in silent pictures before her second marriage (to Philip Plant), works for RKO at a reputed salary of \$22,500 a week. She is noted, in the cinema, for 1) extraordinary ability to wear clothes, 2) a figure suitable for her forte, 3) a cultivated accent, 4) a habit of suffering pleasantly in luxurious surroundings. She has protruding shoulder blades, a becoming air of sophistication.

Joan, comparatively unseasoned, went to Hollywood two years ago, works for Fox at a reputed salary of \$5,000 a week.



CONSTANCE & JOAN BENNETT

They had their adventures in France.

She is not yet identified with a particular kind of rôle. She has a small round face, an air of petulant but yielding naïveté.

Both are daughters of famed Actor Richard Bennett and Adrienne Morrison, onetime actress who now runs a children's theatre in Manhattan. Both are sisters-in-law of Crooner Morton Downey, who married their sister Barbara Bennett, who is older than Joan, younger than Constance. Both were schooled in Manhattan, finished in Paris, taught not to like acting. Both last week appeared in new pictures, as follows:

She Wanted a Millionaire (Fox) shows Joan Bennett in the kind of picture which Constance specialized in a year ago. She is beautifully dressed, but unhappily married to a jealous and lustful sadist (James Kirkwood) who keeps a pack of hounds for strange purposes. Earlier in the picture, which starts out by mocking such carnivals in light-hearted style, she has been declared winner of an Atlantic City Beauty Contest.

As the story unfolds, it becomes clear that it is an adaption of the Nixon-Nirdlinger romance, which last year ended in widely publicized murder on the Riviera. Least convincing crises of the story are

those which most closely approximate the bizarre realities of its derivation. When Joan suggests a divorce, her sadist carries her toward his kennels, licking his chops in an unpleasant way. A murder has to be committed and when this has been attended to, by a slobbering retainer whom the sadist employs to be the target of his insults, Joan, fatigued with millionaires, seems likely to take up with a locomotive engineer (Spencer Tracy). *She Wanted a Millionaire* is handicapped by the timid sensationalism with which Hollywood is forced to treat sexual irregularity.

Lady with a Past (RKO). Like her small sister in *She Wanted a Millionaire*, Constance Bennett in this picture is an American girl who has adventures in France. She, too, is seen wearing fine feathers and patronizing Parisian cafés while trying to straighten out her romantic uncertainties, but in other respects the pictures are dissimilar. Constance, far from being the finalist in a beauty contest, is a girl of high degree who has found that the men she admires are unresponsive to her charms. To make herself more desirable, she sets out to acquire a past, aided by a flip gigolo (Ben Lyon) and an elderly fortune hunter (Albert Conti), who commits suicide when she declines his offer of marriage. Returned to the U. S., she finds that her subterfuges, though a shade more extreme than she had intended them to be, have answered their purpose. A bleak young man of fashion (David Manners) rebukes her at a dance and follows her eagerly into the street when she leaves, as she had hoped he would. Good shot: Constance Bennett falling fast asleep in a café and dreaming that her gigolo has become over-enthusiastic about his duties.

Lovers Courageous (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), although it was written as a cinema, not as a stage play, by famed playwright Frederick Lonsdale, has most of the qualities which are noticeable in adaptations of stage comedies. Its unusual charm springs partly from Lonsdale's gracious dialog and partly from the fact that the cast is about the best that Hollywood could assemble for this type of production. Reginald Owen is a sporting Earl, absurdly preoccupied with the non-sensical problems of barnyard and hunting field. Frederick Kerr is a superannuated British admiral, grunting pungent insults at the members of his family. Roland Young is a self-satisfied naval officer who has a fussy curiosity about the domestic affairs of his friends. It is characters like these—minor personages, sketched with a caricaturist's regard for mannerism and eccentricity—that really make Lonsdale's plays amusing, but he usually manages to think up a fairly entertaining story to go with them. This time it is about a scapegrace adventurer (Robert Montgomery) and the admiral's daughter (Madge Evans), whom he marries after meeting her in the store where he is a tobacco salesman. To arrange a felicitous dénouement, Lonsdale has his hero write a play which, if it is anything like *Lovers Courageous*, is skillful, insignificant, likeable. Good shot: Montgomery and Evans eating their dinner—a steak, which Montgomery particularly enjoys because he thinks he has successfully concealed the fact that it was stolen.



© 1932 M. L. L. C.

Toes Straight Ahead

LEFT foot! Right foot! Up hill and down dale—over hard pavements and country roads as well as indoors, they have carried you millions of steps. If you want them to carry you several more millions of steps in comfort, a little time will be well spent considering that marvelous bit of anatomic engineering, your own foot.

And those healthy little feet of your children—keep them strong as they are now by giving your boys and girls the right kind of shoes and by teaching them to walk softly like an Indian—with toes straight ahead.

Unless all of the twenty-six bones in the foot are kept in their proper places, the long arch which extends from heel to great toe, or the short arch across the ball of the foot, may weaken, sag or fall. Pain in the foot, leg or other parts of the body will follow pressure of displaced bones against sensitive nerves.

Stubborn cases of headache, backache, continued fatigue, poor circulation, indigestion, unruly nerves, spinal disorders, neuritis, rheumatism or pain often mistaken for kidney trouble may have their origin in the feet.

Kept strong and well, neither tilted out of proper position nor cramped by ill-fitting shoes, your foot is a sturdy support. But even if it has been badly used, a foot specialist may, by prescribing foot exercises or scientifically

constructed shoes, restore it to a full measure of usefulness.

Misuse (walking with toes out)

Disuse (lack of daily exercise)

Abuse (wearing improperly fitted shoes)—cause temporary foot miseries, fallen arches and other serious injuries.

Do you stand and put your full weight first on one foot, then on the other when buying new shoes? Your foot is longer when you are standing than when you are sitting.

Shoes should have a straight inner edge and should be large enough to permit the toes to lie flat. And most important—the sole of the shoe, under the ball of your foot, should not round down in the center or bend up at the sides. If it does, the short arch may be forced down and flattened by your weight. Feel the inside of the shoe to make sure that the sole is not lower in the middle than at the sides.

When a foot is unable to carry its load uncomplainingly, knees, hips and spine suffer the consequences. A straight body, having good posture, is rarely found above weakened or distorted feet.

Send for the booklet "Standing Up to Life" which tells how to overcome many foot troubles by means of intelligent corrective foot exercises. Address Booklet Dept. 332-Q.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANACK

Brought up to date somewhat in the manner of Benjamin Franklin, wherein is contained certain information, observable days and mayhap a word or two to the wise.

Published monthly by

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Philadelphia's leading hotel

| Day and Date | MARCH 1932 | Prices of the Fisher Feb. 29th-Mar. 21 |
|--------------|---|--|
| 1. Tu. | In like a lion, Napoleon returns from Elba, 1815. | |
| 2. W. | Texas Independence Day. Grant given supreme Union command, 1864. | |
| 3. Th. | Peace treaty of Brest Litovsk, 1918. Volga bottoms go back to work. | |
| 4. F. | Will the Hoovers treat the White House next year? A. <i>Probably</i> . U. S. Constitution in effect, 1789. Ah, there, Mr. Volstead! | |
| 5. Sa. | Boston Massacre, 1770. It is better to take many injuries than to give one. | |
| 6. Su. | "Remember the Alamo!" 1836. | |
| 7. M. | First telephone conversation, 1876. | |
| 8. Tu. | Luther Burbank born, Lancaster, Mass., 1849. | |
| 9. W. | Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes born, Boston, 1829. Bows to inevitable, 1932. | |
| 10. Th. | Americus Vesputius born, 1451. | |
| 11. F. | Salemen leave with summer lines. Stop at the Benjamin Franklin. | |
| 12. Sa. | Blizzard over Eastern U. S., 1888. Do you remember that? | |
| 13. Su. | Red commentators spoil the heat of books. | |
| 14. M. | Eli Whitney patents cotton gin, 1794. | |
| 15. Tu. | Andrew Jackson born, 1767. It's a great day tonight for the Democrats. | |
| 16. W. | Beware the Ides of March! Julius Caesar assassinated, 44 B. C. Income tax returns due. | |
| 17. Th. | U. S. Military Academy established at West Point, 1802. | |
| 18. F. | Box Fitzsimmons takes title from Jim Corbett, 14 rounds, Carson City, Nev., 1897. Benjamin Franklin Hotel still unbeset in its class, 1932. | |
| 19. Sa. | Groves Cleveland born, Caldwell, N. J., 1837. | |
| 20. Su. | Tomorrow is Palm Sunday. | |
| 21. M. | Spring commences at 2:54 P. M. Try to! | |
| 22. Tu. | Young man's fancy begins to turn, etc. | |
| 23. W. | Perseus falls, 1915, after 4 months siege. Name still unpronounceable, 1932. | |
| 24. Th. | General Fanning captures Aguinaldo, 1903. Big Bonito tombs back, 1918. | |
| 25. F. | Rita's rebellion in Northwest Canada, 1895. | |
| 26. Sa. | Good Friday, U. S. submarine V-4 sunk off Honolulu, 1915. | |
| 27. Su. | Get out the finery. | |
| 28. M. | Easter. Now hath Christ been raised from the dead, 1 Cor. 15:20. | |
| 29. Tu. | First steamboat (Savannah) leaves New York for Liverpool, 1819. | |
| 30. W. | Had your first conversation at the Benjamin Franklin. | |
| 31. Th. | Alaska purchased from Russia, 1860. U. S. gen bargain. | |
| | Out like a lamb? | |

AND IN THE TRADITIONAL SPIRIT OF POOR RICHARD, WE EXTEND A CORDIAL WELCOME TO VISITORS TO PHILADELPHIA, ASSURING THEM OF UNBOUNDED HOSPITALITY AND COMFORT.

1200 rooms, each with BATH

**THE
BENJAMIN
FRANKLIN
PHILADELPHIA**
Chestnut at Ninth Street

HOCKEY LELAND WIGGINS—Managing Director



THE PRESS

Graphic-to-Mirror-to-News?

As strange as the sight of a member of the Union League club demonstrating a tap-dance were these lines in the august New York Times fortnight ago: "Five planes brought dozens of machine guns from Chicago Friday to combat The Town's Capone. . . . Local banditti have made one hotel a virtual arsenal and several hot-spots are ditto because Master Coll is giving them the headache. One of the better Robin Hoods has a private phone in his cell! . . . Haw!"

The words, of course, were not the Times's own; they were quoted from the

Matters became warmer last month when the *Mirror* asked Winchell to write for its new Sunday edition. Winchell demanded an extra day's pay (\$166) on the basis of his \$1,000 weekly salary. Refusing, the *Mirror* engaged a Sunday substitute.

The Vincent Coll incident caused a new ruckus. Publisher Kobler, startled by the implication that Winchell was privy to the councils of murderers, barred columnist & secretary from any part of the *Mirror* building save their own small office.

Every move by the *Mirror* is carefully considered lest it give Winchell the supreme satisfaction of breaking his contract. The instant that should occur Winchell would skip three blocks downtown to Joseph Medill Patterson's big little *Daily News* (completing his ascension of the scale of Manhattan tabloids). According to *Newsday*, weekly of unemployed newspapermen, the *News* offered Winchell \$1,000 a week for a Sunday column alone.

Question of Responsibility

"It was the sponsored program [i. e. advertising] that saved broadcasting from extinction. The goodwill of the public can be gained through broadcasting only by giving the public what it wants to hear."—Merlin Hall Aylesworth, president of National Broadcasting Co.

" . . . So to us it seems perfectly natural that advertising and not a license fee [as in England] should 'pay the freight' . . . when it comes to broadcasting."—William S. Paley, president of Columbia Broadcasting System.



WALTER WINCHELL

A summons, a squabble, perhaps a skip.

gossip-column of Walter Winchell in the tabloid *Daily Mirror*. Directly and indirectly they made Walter Winchell news last week: directly because his column was on the street only six hours before Gangster Vincent Coll was machine-gunned to death in a telephone booth, and Columnist Winchell (who had been frightened into getting a police bodyguard) was summoned before the Grand Jury to explain his advance information; indirectly because they precipitated a new climax in a long-standing squabble between Winchell and Publisher Albert John Kobler of the *Mirror*.

A full year ago it became an open secret that only a contract held Winchell to the *Mirror*. He fought continually with Publisher Kobler and he fought with Managing Editor Emile Henry Gauvreau—with whom he used to fight when they occupied similar positions on Bernarr Macfadden's vulgar *Graphic*. Publisher Kobler objected to Winchell's appearance in vaudeville. He objected to Winchell's radio broadcasts (currently for Lucky Strike), charging that he gave out news to which the paper was first entitled. He removed the columnist's smart, pert secretary Ruth Cambridge from the payroll (Winchell has since paid her salary) and required him to pay for his own stationery, telephone and telephone tolls.

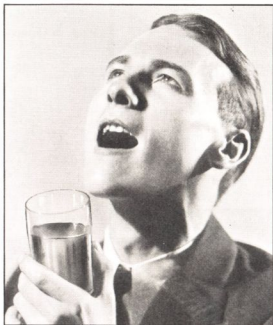
Every evening, a half hour after Pepsodent's Amos 'n Andy sign off, Pepsodent's "Goldbergs" sign on. This program, a continued story of the fortunes of a middle-class Jewish family, was created for her own amusement by one Mrs. Gertrude Edelstein Berg of Manhattan. At the instance of friends she offered it to NBC, which took it as a sustaining feature in 1929. The part of Mother Goldberg was taken by Authress Berg herself, who said it represented her grandmother. Last July Pepsodent adopted The Goldbergs as a secondary battery to supplement their Amos 'n Andy.

Last month Pepsodent announced that the program might be discontinued unless enough listeners wrote letters asking for its retention. (As an inducement, a beetleware tumbler was offered to every writer who sent in part of a Pepsodent carton.) Candidly Pepsodent admitted it wanted strong evidence that the expense of two nation-wide programs every night was justified. Last week Pepsodent announced that the returns warranted keeping "The Goldbergs."

Last year TIME made its large-scale radio debut on Columbia Broadcasting System with a program every Friday evening, called "The March of Time," a half-hour's re-enactment of significant news stories of the week. The feature won instant popularity with a smaller audience than "The Goldbergs" and was often

When a Cold Commences Purge Throat Quickly

Get Rid of Germ-Harboring Mucus



This Is The New Type of Treatment Now Widely Urged by Physicians As First Step in Combating Colds

IT is the germs *embedded in the mucus* that are really important when you have a cold, science now tells us. And ordinary gargles, although they may kill millions of loose *surface* germs, don't touch them. Because they don't get under the mucus. That's why colds hang on when you try to "doctor" them yourself!

The scientific way to check a fresh cold is, first *purge* your throat of germ-breeding mucus. Get rid of the *embedded* bacteria! The germs held in the mucus against the tissues. Any doctor will tell you this.

And that's why so many physicians advise a frequent gargle with Lavoris. A *purging* type of treatment, entirely independent of killing germs.

Here's what it does:

First: It loosens and breaks up the dangerous germ-breeding mucus, that clings to the walls of your mouth and throat. Turns it into curds and shreds that swiftly

flush away. You see these shreds with your own eyes.

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

Second: After the tissues are thus thoroughly purged and cleansed, *Lavoris* stimulates circulation and fortifies against other germs. All this without the slightest irritation to delicate tissue; or harm to the important gastric juices and digestive processes.

Accept Trial Offer

At the first sign of a cold—do as physicians now tell you. Use this purging type

LAVORIS
THE GARGLE WITH
SCIENTIFIC PURGING ACTION

of treatment. *Mix Lavoris with hot water, half-and-half.* Gargle your throat frequently. See how swiftly it gets the sticky mucus out. See how speedily it brings relief. Note how quickly cold is checked.

Get Lavoris at any drug store. Or accept the trial offer below. And receive a generous sample for the cost of mailing.

LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minn. Branch, Toronto, Canada

ACCEPT A TRIAL BOTTLE

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



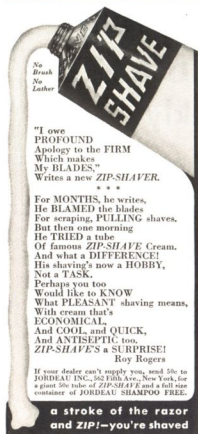
Please send me your large, generous sample of Lavoris. I enclose 10c for cost of packing and mailing.



Name

Address

City State C-39-R



No
Brush
No
Lather

"I owe
PROFOUND
Apology to the FIRM
Which makes
My BLADES,"
Writes a new ZIP-SHAVER.

For MONTHS, he writes,
He BLAMED the blades
For scraping, PULLING shaves.
But then one morning
He TRIED a tube
Of famous ZIP-SHAVER Cream.
And what a DIFFERENCE!
His shaving's now a HOBBY,
Not a TASK.
Perhaps you too
Would like to KNOW
What PLEASANT shaving means,
With cream that's
ECONOMICAL,
And COOL and QUICK,
And ANTISEPTIC too,
ZIP-SHAVER'S A SURPRISE!

Roy Rogers

If your dealer can't supply you, send 50c to
JORDEAU INC., 562 Fifth Ave., New York, for
a giant 50c tube of ZIP-SHAVER and a full size
container of JORDEAU SHAMPOO FREE.

a stroke of the razor
and ZIP!—you're shaved



This is your
EUROPE
travel year!

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

COOK'S arrange your steamship passage, passport, visa, hotel, railroad tickets, air travel... all the hundred and one matters, which must be thought of.

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.

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Literature and full information at your request

THOS. COOK & SON
WAGONS-LITS INC.
587 Fifth Avenue, New York and Branches

called "the only intelligent broadcast on the air." Last week it was announced that "The March of Time," having completed its pre-arranged schedule of presentations, would be discontinued, at least temporarily. Listeners were invited to write letters stating whether or not they desired "The March of Time" to be brought back to the air. (No beetle-ware tumbler were offered, since it is contrary to TIME's policy to offer any inducements except its own merits.) The letters received last week were distinguished not by their volume, but by their insistence—in some cases indignant—that the program be retained for its educational value, its adult mentality. Typical: "Under no condition deprive the American public of the education and the pleasure..."

"Its removal from the air would constitute an irreparable loss..."

"Would you force your listeners to a life of listening to tooth-paste propaganda and vacuum-headed crooners?"

"I realize that TIME itself may dispense with this feature as an advertisement, but your radio audience can ill afford to lose such a delightful source of information."

Naturally gratifying to TIME, the letters constituted an indictment of Radio on a charge of failure-to-provide. That tens of thousands of listeners should protest so violently against the disappearance of any one commercial program as one of the few fit for adult consumption, was testimony to the leanness of Radio fare.

Had "The Goldbergs" been chloroformed, their followers would not have been long bereft. Radio could easily provide another continued story or comedy sketch to fill its place. Radio is a practiced handmaiden of entertainment. But when "The March of Time" ends, Radio has no substitute at hand. For all its blatant claim to being a medium for education, Radio contributes little of its own beyond the considerable service of bringing good music to the millions. (Yet radio-men sputter with rage when the Radio is called "just another musical instrument.")

Unlike a newspaper, which sells advertising in order to fulfill its prime function of giving news, the advertisement is Radio's prime offering. Also unlike a newspaper, which increases its pages along with any increase in advertising, Radio is restricted to the hours of the day. Of those hours it sells as many as it can. Naturally the evening hours, when most listeners are tuned in—the "front page" of radio—is virtually the property of the advertiser to do with as he pleases.

Not to be ignored are such creditable services as the current series of broadcasts from Geneva of interviews with League of Nations delegates. But they are notable exceptions that prove the rule. Other educational features sustained by Radio ("schools of the air" and the like) are broadcast in early daytime hours which are not in much demand either by advertisers or public.

TIME bought the series of half hours on CBS at \$4,200 per period (plus \$1,800 for actors, music, etc.) to perform a definite piece of advertising: to acquaint a larger public than its own logical readers with the existence of TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine. (Theory: a magazine profits from general reputation.) In the opinion of TIME's publishers the advertising

purpose was well accomplished; further expenditure on radio at this time would not justify itself. Thus was raised a question of responsibility: Should TIME, or any other business, feel obliged to be the "philanthropist of the air," to continue paying for radio advertising it does not want in order to provide Radio with something worthwhile? Or is it up to the Radio Chains to improve the quality of broadcasts even at some reduction in their fat profits?

MEDICINE

Doctors, Druggists & Drinkers

A past (1917-18) president of the American Medical Association, Professor Arthur Dean Bevan of the University of Chicago, recently told a subcommittee of the U. S. Senate that a great many doctors sign their liquor prescriptions in blank and sell them to druggists. That gives the druggists legal security to sell whiskey to any customer. If the doctor is called to account he dare not deny his complicity, sometimes goes to jail.

The medical economics of the situation incensed Professor Bevan: "Any rich man in Chicago today can buy a case, that is 24 pints, of whiskey at the corner drugstore for from \$150 to \$165 a case. That is made possible by three factors, the bootlegger druggist, the bootlegger doctor and the bootlegger. The druggist buys it at about \$30 a case. One doctor or several doctors furnish the prescriptions at \$3 apiece or a total of \$72. That makes \$112. The bootlegger and the druggist split the rest."

But in condemnation he felt compelled to budget: "Of the 150,000 medical men in the United States, at least 80,000 have an annual income of \$2,500 or considerably less. A doctor is allowed 400 prescriptions a year. At \$3 apiece it is a terrific temptation for a man making \$2,000 a year to have an opportunity to make \$1,200 extra."

Dr. Bevan was of the opinion that nine out of ten liquor prescriptions are bootlegged. In Connecticut, he had heard that 99.9% of the 2,000 doctors "take out [liquor] prescription books and write prescriptions."

Was eminent Dr. Bevan a telltale, fuss-budget, or ignoramus? By last week U. S. Medicine had not decided. But there was much squawking.

Dr. William Frederick Lorenz, University of Wisconsin professor of psychiatry who attended the Senate hearing with Dr. Bevan resented "any inference that dominantly the profession is engaged in bartending." Querulous members of the Chicago Medical Society, to which Dr. Bevan belongs, cried for his condemnation, if not ousting.

Stormed the *Journal of the American Medical Association*: "Unfortunate that physicians should testify before their scientific opinions... Extraordinary lack of confidence in his professional brethren."

The Medical Society of the County of New York, potent in the East, and touchy, bellowed "disbelief and disapproval."

MISCELLANY

"Time brings all things."

Nurse

In Charlottesville, Va., Alex Holliday, six and black, left in charge of a neighbor's baby, put the baby in a stove because it cried for its mother, hid under bed-covers as the baby burned to death.

Annoyer

In Manhattan, Peter Mathews, writer, awoke to find his bedroom door jammed shut. The telephone was in another room. Peter Mathews heaved, tugged, pried, cursed. Across the area way from his window was an office whence he endeavored to attract attention by throwing quarters, dimes, pennies, pencils, erasers, match-boxes, paper clips. No one paid any attention. Peter Mathews, smart, then tied an inkbottle to the cord of his bathrobe, lowered it out of the window, banged it on the window below. A startled old lady appeared. In ten minutes disheveled Peter Mathews was rescued by policemen who arrested him for annoying the old lady.

Succotash

In a Manhattan restaurant Miss Alice Weigel, eating succotashi, bit something hard, found it was a bright new dime. Angry, Miss Weigel called her waiter, showed him the dime she had found in her succotash. "Thank you," said the waiter, smiling as he departed with the dime in his pocket.

Beater

In Klamath Falls, Ore., one Charles Morse was sentenced to twelve and a half days for beating his wife, 60 days for beating his horses.

Free

In Dalton, Ga., Proprietor Laceyville Cochran of the Belmont Café, no longer able to cater profitably, announced that his food was free to all, put on his coat and walked away.

Fainter

In Chicago, one James Webb earned a good living by fainting on street cars, elevated trains, platform, sidewalks, etc., until kind-hearted bystanders took up collections for him. "I made an average of twelve faints a day," James Webb told Judge John Sbarbaro. Judge Sbarbaro fined him \$200. James Webb fainted.

Laxative

In Birmingham, Ala., Epheus and Mary Thomas named their daughter Laxative. Other names given to Negro children, as revealed by the Bureau of Vital Statistics: Rosy & Posy (twins), Arcola, Miserable, Roach, Zenobia, Poindexter, Diplomj, Nebuchadnezzar, Mumps, Cleopatra, Love Lycurgus, Measles, Cleop, Island, Moraphine, Shylock, Phemia Initia, Shinola, Truthie, Listerine, Providentia, Etory, Zeller, Delphine-Richlene, Arcadia, Zebedee, Charity, Orestee-Lennon, Ishman-Julius, Friendly James, Pearlean, Amorous, Dimples, Violin, Mystic Kate, Ivory White, Ivory Shivers.

THREE NEW SUITS

Three new styles of ready-made suits have been added to our stock for this Spring. The familiar Brooks Brothers' models are continued unchanged and are supplemented by these three new styles, which are both single and double breasted—some with plaited trousers—the coats more closely fitted and with squarer shoulders.

Our traditional qualities of material and workmanship are maintained throughout in the lower prices for 1932.

\$50 to \$75

If you will write to our New York store we shall be glad to send you a copy of an illustrated circular—presenting the new suits and newly imported hats and shoes for Spring which our travelling representatives are about to show in forty-six cities.



Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
NEW YORK • BOSTON • NEWPORT • PALM BEACH

MADISON AVE. COR. FORTY-FOURTH ST. • NEW YORK
NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET • BOSTON
NUMBER ONE WALL STREET • NEW YORK



Encouraged by \$100

"Perhaps you will be interested to learn that I have succeeded in selling a short story to 'War Birds,' aviation magazine, for which I received a check for \$100. The story is the first I have attempted. As the story was paid for at higher than the regular rate, I certainly felt encouraged."

Darrell Jordan,
Box 277, Friendship, N. Y.

How do you know you can't write?

Have you ever tried? Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come some time when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I am a writer?"

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably never will write. Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is individually corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience behind them are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy someone else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and which at the same time develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate.

Many people who should be writing become awestruck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the \$25, \$30 and \$100 or more than can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, facts, travels, sports, reviews, features that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

How you start

We have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in February 28.

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1776 Broadway, New York

Send me without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in February 28.

Mr. _____
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Address _____
(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.)

Why don't you write?

T H E T H E A T R E

New Plays in Manhattan

Face the Music is a timely, satirical music-comedy which ordains itself to laugh and sing away the Depression. Scene 1 discloses a host of newly pauperized millionaires lunching gaily at the Automat, while a slightly chorus chants:

See Mr. Whitney passing by,
Putting mustard on a Swiss-on-Rye . . .
There's Mrs. William Randolph Hearst,
Saying, "That's my place I got there first!"

Written by Moss Hart and directed by George S. Kaufman, two genuinely funny men who collaborated on *Once In A Lifetime*, *Face the Music's* showmanlike libretto spares few phases of the contemporary metropolitan scene its breathless lampooning.

Times would indeed appear to be bad. You can see Ethel Barrymore, Professor Einstein and Tony the Wonder Horse at



Vaudemont Studio

HUGH O'CONNELL & MARY BOLAND

For her, diamonds; for him, rhinestones.

the Palace Theatre for 56, with a free lunch thrown in. Roxy's theatre is showing four feature films and giving away a room and bath for a dime. Another equally disastrous theatrical season, it is prophesied, and the show business will be back to the magic lantern. But there are people who still have plenty of money. They are Policeman Meshbesh (Hugh O'Connell) and those other fortunates who have been able to buy a seat on the force. It is Mrs. Meshbesh (Mary Boland) who declares that she has so many diamonds "you can see me from Yonkers." When Inquisitor Samuel Seabury (see p. 13) threatens the policemen with an investigation, they decide to conceal their opulence by financing a revue, *The Rhinestones of 1932*. High spot of this durbar, which must have cost Producer Sam H. Harris himself a good deal of money, is a lavish rhinestone Venetian scene, complete with half-a-dozen flights of rhinestone pigeons.

Face the Music slows up toward the end by the sheer weight of its extravagance

in a court-room scene in the Earl Carroll manner, but it would be a churlish critic indeed who would not admit that it is the most impressive musical show in town and one of the two funniest.

J. Harold Murray does most of the singing, assisted by taffy-haired Katherine Carrington, a lovely theatrical newcomer with a mouth like a D on its back. Irving Berlin (Israel Baline) appears to have reopened a few old scores for his music, but "A Roof in Manhattan" is memorably tuneful.

Lou Holtz Revue. That impertinent comedian Lou Holtz has assembled two hours of first-rate vaudeville. Continuity lies in the fact that Mr. Holtz introduces the numbers. His talent includes Clark & McCullough, Vincent Lopez's orchestra and a concluding scene which depicts Paul Revere's ride with a view of two lights shining from a miniature church steeple and a real horse galloping on a tread-mill.

Collision. Olga (June Walker) pretends to be in love with a celebrated musician in order to spur the attentions of her real attachment, Dr. Gestzi (Geoffrey Kerr). Unhappily the musician is reported missing in a train wreck. So Olga feigns insanity, declares that Dr. Gestzi is her missing fiancé. Wise therapist, he humors her with a honeymoon, drugs her when she becomes unmanly and finally wakes up to the notion that he is in love with her himself.

Collision is adapted from the German by John Anderson, New York Journal theatre critic who revised *The Fatal Alibi*. His confederates did not fail to flay his present flimsy farce, observing that Critic Anderson would have done likewise.

Wild Waves is a well-intended play about the fauna which infest a third-rate radio station belonging to the recent fire-cracker school of playwrighting that got underway about the time that *Broadway* was produced. As a portrait of the sort of station where the accompanist does his own announcing, where a befuddled Negro rings all the time-signals and most of the other work is done by one harried man, *Wild Waves* is novel and, according to oldtime radio folk, valid. Unhappily its author, Radio Dramatist William Ford Manley, has the notion that the source of rapid-fire comedy lies in the ability of each character to say the most boorish thing he can think of to every other character. As a result, *Wild Waves* is chiefly notable for displaying 45 of the most disagreeable people imaginable. There are definitely funny lines and situations, but since the line seems to be the unit of the playwright's thought, *Wild Waves* is hopelessly muddled as to motivation and plot. The many admirers of Osgood Perkins (*The Front Page*, *Uncle Vanya*, *The Wiser They Are*) can only hope that he soon gets a better job, of which it would appear he will presently be in need.

There's Always Juliet. John Van Druten (*Young Woodley*) tells the tale

of an English girl (Edna Best) and a young American (Herbert Marshall) who fall head-over-heels in love with each other at first sight. They have been acquainted only two days when he is called back to Manhattan to look after his architectural business. He offers marriage, and for the first time they sit down soberly and try to find out about each other. He has been wed before, divorced, has a child in Colorado. These revelations suddenly turn a carefree romance into a very serious, grown-up affair. They decide to cancel out the whole thing. But chance and another cablegram offer the two lovers a second opportunity. This time they embrace it.

Playwright Van Druen has presented his compassionate little comedy with extraordinary persuasiveness and grace. And he has taken occasion to seed his play, first produced in London, with good-natured transatlantic jibes calculated to tickle audiences on either side of the ocean.

No stranger to the U. S. stage, Edna Best was last seen in this country in *Melo*. Actor Marshall, her husband, was the wise and witty scientist, last year, in Philip Barry's *Tomorrow & Tomorrow*. Great Britain need not envy the U. S. its Lunts so long as the ingratiating Marshalls carry on. Third of *There's Always Juliet*'s cast of four is May Whitty, a Dame of the British Empire. Impersonating a sort of female super-butler, she has found an infinite and amazing number of ways of saying her chief line which is "Yes, Miss."

Since it is British, amusing and concerned with a love affair, *There's Always Juliet* will inevitably be compared with uproarious *Private Lives*. Less noisy than Noel Coward's play, *There's Always Juliet* should not suffer by the comparison.

Trick For Trick. Azrah (James Renzie) and the Great La Tour (Henry O'Neill) were rival magicians. To solve a girl's murder, Azrah bets \$1,000 that he can make her speak from the beyond, name her slayer. The Great La Tour bets he can not. There follows a great deal of lowering and upping of stage lights. During one dark spell the Great La Tour is killed. During/another, on the first night, Critic Percy Hammond of the *Herald Tribune* disappeared. It was all right about the Great La Tour, however, because he turned out to have been a seducer of young girls.

If you enjoy seeing inkwells explode, crystals float off the stage and ectoplasmic bodies rise and wiggle upstairs, you will like *Trick For Trick*. It offers a happy combination of melodrama and the atmosphere of a Thurston matinee.

When The Bough Breaks. After an absence of more than eight years, Pauline Frederick has returned to the Broadway stage in an unflattering vehicle. On *The Silver Cord* theme, this play is aimed at the machinations of unwholesome maternal love. Miss Frederick is called upon, in her part as the selfish mother, to frustrate her son's opportunity for adventure in business, to blight his romance with the girl he loves and, ultimately, to lose his slavish unnatural devotion. Not one scrap of her miserably written play rings true.

...when the
evening
starts to
drag



there is nothing
quite like
White Rock

Yawns begin to get the better of suppression, conversation declines to monosyllables, minds wander.

Then is the time for White Rock—super-sparkling to impart extra liveliness wherever it is served—to brighten with its lasting sparkle, the occasion that has begun to dull.

White Rock is ideal, too, for making lively times livelier. Serve it at dinner, at evening gatherings—either plain or with fruit juices. A different drink for those who enjoy the distinctive and unusual.



Always ask for WHITE ROCK, the leading mineral water, super-sparkling...piquant...distinguished, and WHITE ROCK Ginger Ale, the only Ginger Ale made with White Rock.

The Shaving Cream you would expect

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You have a right to look for an unusual shaving cream from a house with Squibb's high scientific traditions—and you will not be disappointed.

In two definite ways, Squibb Shaving Cream increases the comfort of the morning shave. It contains a balm which helps the razor to glide smoothly, without rasp or pull. And a special ingredient supplies oils essential to the comfort of the skin, leaving your face soothed and supple instead of dry and smarting.

Squibb's produces a quick, full lather, whether the water is hot, cold, hard or soft.

Ask your druggist for a free sample, or send 10c for a generous guest-size tube to E. R. Squibb & Sons, Squibb Building, New York City.

SQUIBB SHAVING CREAM

ATHEISM

WHAT IT IS—WHAT IT MEANS
Sent prepaid, only 10c



Now, for the first time, you can get a clear, straightforward statement of what Atheism is and what it seeks to accomplish. Joseph Lewis, acknowledged leader of the Atheist movement, has prepared this statement on Atheism to satisfy the widespread demand for an authoritative statement which every intelligent man and woman should read. Rev. John Haynes Holmes, famous minister of the Community Church, New York City, calls it "eloquent in the extreme; altogether the best statement on Atheism that I have ever heard." Send 10c for a copy of this handsomely printed 16 page brochure.

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MANUFACTURING EXECUTIVE

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Interview by arrangement. Address Box
66, Time Publishing Company.

THERE are thousands
of periodicals—
There is just ONE
News magazine

PEOPLE

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

Recovering from an eye operation, Prime Minister James Ramsay MacDonald had a tooth pulled.

In a damage case in a San Francisco court Henry W. Moltke, taxicab driver, took the stand. In just the judge asked if the witness were kin to the late great Prussian general, Helmuth Carl Bernhard Count von Moltke. Replied the witness: "I am his grandson, your Honor. . . . Better a live taxicab driver than a dead general."

In an airplane 5,000 ft. above the English Channel the Dayang Muda of Sarawak (Gladys Palmer Brooke) bore witness "that nothing deserves to be worshipped but Allah, Allah . . . that Mohammed is the apostle of Allah, Allah."



THE DAYANG MUDA

Her mile-high cry: "Allah, Allah . . .
Allah, Allah!"

Red-fezzed President Khalid Sheldrake of the Western Islamic Association touched her hand, said: "I give thee the name of Khair-ul-Nissa, Fairest of Women." Then he sat down with his convert to a grilled chop & boiled potato. When Daughter Gladys of the late Sir Walter Palmer (Huntley & Palmers) married His Highness the Tuan Muda Bertram Willes Dayrell Brooke, brother and heir presumptive of the Raja of Sarawak,* in 1904 she was a Protestant. Later she became a Christian Scientist, then a Catholic. Owner of the tunic of Mohammed himself (valued at \$1,750,000), she decided to embrace his religion, chose the air for the ceremony "because I wished it to be performed on no earthly territory."

*A century ago James Brooke left home, stocked a vessel with arms, took up piracy. Off the coast of Sarawak, rich province in northern Borneo, 800 mi. due east of Singapore, he stopped to rescue a beleaguered Sultan. The first thing the Sultan knew James Brooke was Raja of Sarawak. When Queen Victoria heard about his feat she knighted him. Present Raja, Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, is his grand-nephew.

Recently at Capetown, South Africa, where he has been taking a vacation, George Bernard Shaw took tests for an automobile driver's license. He asked the examiner: "How long have you driven?" "Thirty years." Observed Shaw: "Then you soon will drive as well as I." Last week Driver Shaw drove a rented automobile into a ditch, jolting himself severely and injuring his wife's wrist. Meanwhile he heard from London that his ten-year-old fight to have a garbage dump removed from the vicinity of his Hertfordshire home had finally succeeded.

President John Grier Hibben of Princeton University telephoned to Herbert ("Fritz") Crisler, athletic director at the University of Minnesota, to offer him the job of coaching Princeton's football teams. "I'll be glad to accept," said Director Crisler to President Hibben, "if you'll put it in writing."

In Rome, Perugia, Florence, Budapest and Berlin, streets were renamed for George Washington. In Kobe, Osaka and Kyoto cherry trees were planted in his honor. At Paris, Naples and Sofia there were public receptions. President von Hindenburg of Germany felicitated President Hoover. Throughout the U. S. there was much patriotic ado. Reason: the 200th anniversary of his birth.

Year ago William Robert Crissey 2nd, 26, quit his job in a Philadelphia brokerage to carry out a \$2,000 wager that he could, within a year, dine with Herbert Hoover, golf with Robert Tyre Jones Jr. and with John D. Rockefeller, motor or golf with Edward of Wales. In the first week Mr. Crissey got himself invited to a newsmen's dinner at which President Hoover was guest. But he spent the rest of the year, which expired last week, in unsuccessful pursuit of Golfers Jones, Rockefeller, Edward of Wales.

EDUCATION

Victory

Because they do not wish their alma mater turned into an advanced institution where everybody studies, studies, studies, most alumni of Stanford University were pleased last week. Acting President Robert Eccles Swain announced that the trustees had voted to abandon the plan which the late David Starr Jordan, Herbert Hoover and Ray Lyman Wilbur had favored; gradual elimination of the lower divisions of Stanford to make it a higher institution like Johns Hopkins.

Acting President Swain said the plan had been dropped by recommendation of Mr. Wilbur, Stanford's president in absentia. His announcement mentioned depression, lowered enrollments. But wise-aces heard that Acting President Swain had counted votes before the trustee meeting. Anticipating defeat (10-10-1) he flew to Washington, told the news which must have disappointed Stanford Men Hoover and Wilbur, flew back to San Francisco with the face-saving announcement in his pocket.

S P O R T

Who Won

♣ Maureen Orcutt: the Florida golf championship for women; beating Helen Hicks, with a birdie 3, on the 19th hole of the final, at Palm Beach.

♣ Sonia Henje: the world's figure skating championship for women: at Montreal. A week earlier one D. B. Cruikshank, president of an Ottawa skating club which had invited Miss Henje to give an exhibition, accused her large, red-faced father of demanding an exorbitant amount of money for expenses. Said he: "We flatly refused to become a party to what we believed was a straight hold-up on the part of . . . an amateur in sport."

♣ Ivar Ballangrud, 27-year-old Norwegian speed-skater: three races (1,500, 5,000, and 10,000 metres) out of four, for the world's championship; at Lake Placid.

Squash Rackets

Learning tennis, at Piping Rock Club, L. I., the Pool brothers, Lawrence and Beekman, often tried the patience of their instructors; but they acquired the foundation for the squash rackets they learned later, at Harvard. At the National Squash Rackets tournament in Baltimore, last week, Lawrence Pool, defending champion, lost to T. E. Jansen Jr., of Boston, in the quarter-finals. Next day, Jansen played Younger Brother Beekman Pool who, still at Harvard and vastly improved in the last year, was at the top of his graceful, fast and brilliantly deceptive game. Pool won the first two sets, 15-5, 15-7, too easily. Over-confident in the third, he lost it, 10-15, and had trouble running out the last points in the fourth, 15-8, for the match and title. Harvard (Patterson, Barnaby, Frame, Cole, Hartford) beat Philadelphia for the team championship, four matches to one.

Higher and Faster

When he set a new indoor high jump record of 6 ft. 7 in. last year it became clear that George Spitz Jr., was the best jumper in the U. S., and that he would have ample time to improve. Twice this winter he has broken his own record: at the Millrose games last month, with a jump of 6 ft. 7½ in., which was questioned when the bar fell because a friend shook the track running up to congratulate him; and last fortnight at the Boston A. A. meet, with a jump of 6 ft. 8½ in., a new world's record indoors and out. To see whether Spitz could officially jump 6:9, as he has often done in practice, 15,000 spectators went to the national indoor track and field championships at Madison Square Garden last week.

Spitz, now a lanky phlegmatic sophomore, who is studying at New York University to become a dentist, nonchalantly began to remove his over-garments at about the time his rivals began to have serious trouble clearing the bar. He took off his flannel trousers at 6:4, his sweat-shirt at 6:5. On his feet he wore shoes of kangaroo skin, made to order, with pin spikes and crepe rubber soles, lighter than those of his confreres. Spectators noticed peculiarities in his style, occasioned by

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PROVIDENT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Please send descriptive booklet and quote premium rates for the Provident Provider at my age, with the understanding that it places me under no obligation.

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Home address _____

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MONTHS

DAY

YEAR

TM-44

Since the announcement of our new policy, the Provident Provider, we have had many thousands of requests for information about this unique and comprehensive retirement plan.

We do not want anyone to be disappointed. The Provident Provider is not offered to men over 55 or to women. We have other policies more suitable to their needs. Nor is the Provident available to men in poor health or hazardous occupations. It is distinctly a selective contract, and those who obtain it get the full advantage of this selection. Here's what the Provident Provider guarantees to pay:

IT WILL PAY

\$200 A MONTH commencing at age 65 and continuing as long as you live. A cash sum may be taken instead if you prefer.

\$20,000 IN CASH to your family in case you should die before reaching age 65. An income for life may be substituted if desired.

\$40,000 IN CASH, or double the face amount of the policy, to your family in case death results from accidental cause before age 65.

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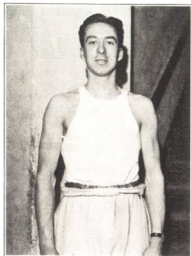
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the fact that he learned to high jump without the supervision of an experienced coach, at his home in Whitestone, L. I. He circled slightly coming to the standard, kicked up with his inside foot, took off



International

JUMPER SPITZ

He took off his trousers at 6:4, his shirt at 6:5

from the outside one, and crossed the bar with his face toward it. This is an unorthodox mixture of methods. Most Eastern jumpers take off the same way, but cross the bar with their backs toward it. The Western technique is to take off from the inside foot and cross the bar looking down.

There was no doubt in anyone's mind that Spitz would win the event, if not a new record. At 6:4, a height at which W. B. Page barely managed to hurl himself over an old-fashioned square bar in 1888 for the first U. S. high jump record, he cleared the bar as easily as a kitten hopping across a spoon. Best of the field against him was a thin coffee-colored Negro, Howard Spencer, of Geneva College, who, even more eccentric than Spitz, wore one shoe and jumped with his right foot bare. Spencer took three tries and missed before Spitz reached 6:7. Later, with the bar at 6:9, considerably higher than one of the judges could reach, Spitz tried for a record. Justifiably assisted by a little luck, as jumpers must be to break world's records, Spitz's stocky legs are some day almost sure to propel him across a bar at 6:9. They did not do so last week; his 6:7 won the championship.

Even more than to see Spitz perform his high jump, spectators at the National Championships last week wanted to see a mile race in which the overwhelming favorite was a German-American youth who, at the advanced age of 23, is a senior at Pottstown, Pa., High School. A year ago most experts would have selected Spitz as a sure member of the Olympic team but very few would have chosen Gene Venzke, a tenacious miler, seasoned in road races that develop stamina rather than speed, celebrated for a long smooth stride and a tendency to come in second. When he finally won the Columbian mile at the end of last year's indoor season in

4 min. and 14½ sec., observers began to see Venzke's promise. But no one, with the possible exception of Mike Sweeney, track coach at famed Hill School and high jump champion of the U. S. in 1895, who saw Venzke run his first races when he was a 16-year-old Reading mill-worker and later trained him at the Hill School track, foresaw his exploits this year. In the Millrose games last month, Venzke broke the indoor record (4:12), jointly held by Paavo Nurmi and Joie Ray, by four-fifths of a second. A week later, at the New York Athletic Club meet, he ran the fastest indoor mile in history—4:10. The outdoor record is 4:09½, held by Jules Ladoumègue of France, who would certainly have run against Venzke in the Olympics had not the French Athletic Federation last week suspended him for professionalism.

Bored with setting new records for the mile, Venzke last week contemplated winning the 1,000 yard championship instead. Later, he decided to run the mile after



International

RUNNER VENZKE & SISTERS

His 4:10 made indoor history.

all, but not to try for a new record, and to enter no more mile races this season. For the last 25 years, U. S. runners have done well in sprints, poorly at middle distances and Venzke seemed fully aware of the prominence which he might acquire as an exception to this rule. Said he, before going to sleep at nine o'clock the night before the championship: "I'm sure I'll win the title but I hope they don't press me too hard in doing it. . . . I've got a long ways to go yet. . . . Olympics, and four years of running at college. . . . I don't want to burn the motors out. . . ."

Despite these assurances, the crack milers who had beaten him so handily a year ago had no desire to try again last week. There were nine other entries but only two of them—runners whose prestige could suffer nothing by defeat—appeared for the start. It was not a race, hardly even an exhibition, though the ease with which Venzke loped around the track made his pace seem slower than it was. He finished in 4:15, with one of his competitors 40 yards, and the other a lap, behind.

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Dempsey v. Fish

Age 36, weight 190, onetime heavy-weight Champion Jack Dempsey last week climbed into a Chicago ring opposite Harry Krakow ("Kingfish Levinsky"), 21-year-old Maxwell Street fish peddler, rated as the tenth best heavyweight in the U. S. The fight, billed as a four round exhibition bout, had drawn a record crowd of 23,332, most of whom expected Dempsey to win, as he himself had suggested, "with one punch." Instead, tottering a little on legs that are no longer capable of the delicate shifts of balance necessary to a fighter, Dempsey found himself unable to maneuver Levinsky into an opening for his solid left hook. Levinsky forced the fighting. In the fourth round, confident, unhurt, he made a gesture which Chicago fight spectators last saw after Dempsey knocked down Gene Tunney in 1927, a scornful wave of one glove which meant "Come on and fight." There was no official decision, but of 24 sportswriters 18 agreed that Levinsky had won.

When Dempsey last summer announced that he would undertake a series of exhibition bouts to recondition himself for an attempt to regain his title, no one knew exactly what he meant. Skeptics surmised that he had no intention of ever fighting heavyweight Champion Max Schmeling, but mentioned the possibility to increase crowds at his exhibition bouts. After the Levinsky bout, Dempsey was careful, honestly or otherwise, to preserve the uncertainty about his future. Said he: "I know I looked bad last night but I expect to have to take a little the worst of it as I go along to get back into the proper shape. I'm going right on."

Accompanied by Jerry ("Jerry the Greek") Luvadis, his rubber and body servant, and Leonard Sacks, his smooth-tongued Hollywood secretary and business



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DEMPSEY & GREEK

"I know I looked bad but . . ."

manager, Dempsey left to continue his tour in Louisville, Ky. (where Governor Ruby Laffoon was to give him the rank of Colonel on the Governor's staff), and Dayton, Ohio. Since he started his series of exhibition bouts last August, he has attracted record crowds on most of his appearances, won all his fights except last week's, scored 26 knockouts and earned \$200,000, of which he has spent half.

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

Housing

In Manhattan, at a symposium in connection with an exhibition of "international style" architecture (TIME, Feb. 22) Lewis Mumford, famed author-critic, spoke up last week and said U. S. architects are "unit to build houses for the America of the future unless they are able to plan as if working for a Communist government." Amplification of his remark was less dramatic. He explained that he meant the building of the future will be large-scale slum reclamation and large-scale cheap housing rather than work for the choosy individual.

Critic Mumford was followed by Henry Wright, foremost U. S. authority on housing conditions, who astonished many by saying that apartments on semi-fashionable Riverside Drive are "slums or potential slums." Reason: They admit light only to the front of the building.

Almost ignored for the past decade, the U. S. housing problem has come rapidly to the fore since President Hoover's Conference on Home Building & Home Ownership last December. The U. S. is poorly housed. Probably less than half of its homes measure up to "minimum standards of health and decency." Its slums are among the worst in the world. Only one out of four farms has central light and heat, running water, a bathroom. One source of improvement will come from putting attractive homes within the reach of the small wage-earner who hitherto has given 20% of his income to a landlord. Low construction costs make the present opportune for such a movement, and building materials companies with little business on hand watch eagerly for straws.

A straw was seen in the one-man show Joseph Urban is giving in Manhattan of his works. The straw was not in his art designs but prizes which were awarded by the Architects' Emergency Committee with money collected from admissions to the Urban exhibition. They were for small houses suitable for mass production. If the design which won first prize (\$100 plus employment) should be typical of the home of the future that home will be factory-fabricated at \$3,000, will have a steel frame, modern simplicity of design. It will have no basement and part of the ground level will be open except for supporting stilts so that cars may be driven right into it. It will have the large glass areas typical of current European architecture but still claimed by some architects to be unsuited to U. S. weather. Second prize was for another home of essentially modern design. Its architect stressed an arrangement for a garden, saying people leave apartments for homes chiefly to plant and grow. Prizes three and four went to "orthodox" homes, the kind whose slated roofs and gables never cause the home-buyer to murmur, "it doesn't look like a home to me."

Alert architects and housers also noted last week that:

❖ Standardized materials without standardized homes were suggested by Frederick J. Kiesler who has done much work on European municipal housing projects. He suggested that every home have a

standard nucleus of two rooms, kitchen, bath and garage. The owner could then add to these as his fancy and pocketbook allowed.

❖ Government aid for small wage-earners who want homes was suggested by Eugene Henry Kluber of American Institute of Architects.

❖ A survey showed vacancies in Manhattan apartments (including tenements) have increased from 7.41% in 1927 to 14.93% in 1932. Heaviest vacancy percentage was 26.38% in the lower East Side and the lowest was Park Avenue's 7.68%. Vacancies in the tenement district do not indicate an over-supply of rooms but rather that Depression has caused families to take fewer rooms, in many cases to share their overcrowded quarters with other families.

Confession & Dividend

"We have a frank confession to make. The automobile you bought from us was not really as good as we said. But now we have new patents and are putting out a superb machine. Just take our word for it."

"Did the suit we sold you wear out in a month? That was because our materials were no good. But now we are buying better materials."

"We are sorry that our baking powder made you ill. We feel sure we have found and corrected the cause."

Advertisers last week had fun making up such hypothetical copy as the above. For if all companies followed the lead of Gillette Safety Razor Co., such a style might come into vogue. A Gillette advertisement, headed a "Notice to the Public," explained that recent blades have not been very good but that a new process insures their quality from now on. Seen in this bold departure was the sensational and not subtle hand of Gerard Barnes Lambert, Listerine-promoter who became Gillette's president. Attributed to him also was the recent Listerine-like "repulsion campaign" showing pouting wives leaving homes and beds after gazing at stubble-bearded husbands.

In Gillette's confession is perhaps the last milestone of the historic Gillette-Probak (AutoStrop) fight. When the Gillette advertisement said, "Finally we discovered and purchased for our exclusive use and at the cost of millions of dollars a manufacturing process that was amazingly superior to our own," it referred to the Probak-process. Razormen feel that Gillette's "discovery" of the process came about in Probak's damage suit, that AutoStrop was bought only as the cheaper way out. Soon after the merger was completed, the AutoStrop machinery was moved from New York City to Boston, installed in the Gillette plants. A continuous process, it takes strips of steel, turns them out as finished blades. Last week, almost all Gillette blades for sale were those finished in the new method.

Apparently confident that the new blades will please, that the confession will be taken in good heart, last week Gillette voted a dividend of 25¢, the first payment in a year.

Diamond Cut Diamond

Nobody had told young Isidore W. Schlesinger, when he ran away from his New York home at the age of 18, that there were no cannibals in South Africa, so he had to become a businessman. In 40 years he acquired all the theatres, cinemas, broadcasting facilities in South Africa and a large share of its minerals, shipping, banks, timber, fruit, insurance, transportation and real estate. Last week he edged his way into the world's most famed monopoly: Diamonds.

Last week Depression forced De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., to close its diamond mines. Chief unit of the South African diamond syndicate, De Beers closed with the understanding that other mines would follow. But a favorite child of South Africa's government is its diamond-cutting factory at Kimberley. On the heels of the first announcement came news that the government had contracted with I. W. Schlesinger to operate this factory and other smaller ones. Price charged by I. W. Schlesinger was permission to work diamonds in its extensive holdings in Namaqualand. Before the syndicate was the prospect of direct competition which would defeat its efforts to keep the diamond prices up, might force it into a price-cutting war that would permit many an O'Grady to buy a stickpin and look like a cinemagane.

About 50 years ago one Abraham Schlesinger, importing & exporting merchant, started a private banking firm on Manhattan's lower East Side. The firm was called A. Schlesinger & Son. Son was named Samuel. Unnamed in the firm was Son Isidore, then in short pants. When Isidore grew into long pants and had a few dollars in their pockets he bought a steamer ticket for England and slipped away to look for cannibals. Eventually he reached Johannesburg, spent several years grubbing for his board & bed. Finally he hit upon the bright idea of selling land on the installment plan, formed African Realty Trust, Ltd., sold suburban sites which later became parts of cities. To get the sites occupied he imported portable houses, opened a mortgage & loan office. To get his tenants to their homes he started a bus line. That paid, too. Everything paid, he bought more land, planted it with fruits, sold it collected from the fruit profits. He opened banks, bought ships, went into every branch of business that looked profitable. He bought theatres, organized his own companies to play in them, now has a monopoly of the amusement facilities of South Africa.

A. Schlesinger & Son are both dead. The Manhattan firm of A. Schlesinger & Sons is owned by South Africa's Isidore W. and his New York brother Max A. It operates exclusively as U. S. financial agent of the Schlesinger interests. Both Schlesingers like to be called by their initials. Brother M. A., 48, is short, stocky, black-haired, sits in an office in an old building near Times Square. Brother I. W., 58, is short, stocky, grey-haired, dashes about South Africa and Europe in pursuit of more business. Neither brother, enriched by films, ever had a photograph taken in the U. S. Brother M. A. thinks the diamond business may change all that.



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20¢ Woolworth

For 50 years the "five-and-ten-cent store" has occupied a position of increasing stability in the merchandising scheme, hence has figured in joke and song ("I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a 5 & 10¢ Store"). But last week Hubert Templeton Parson, president of F. W. Woolworth Co., said that his red-fronted emporiums may become "5, 10 & 20¢ Stores." The experiment will be tried first in the West and South, then, if successful, will become permanent policy in the 1,995 Woolworth stores. Reason for the change was thought to be that lower commodity prices make available at 20¢ many articles formerly costing around 50¢, hence enable Woolworth to compete more with department stores. The 20¢ articles will be mostly in china and glassware. The move will throw Woolworth into much hotter competition with the chains which have hitherto resembled Woolworth stores but have not had a 10¢ limit, including S. S. Kresge, S. H. Kress, McLellan, F. & W. Grand-Silver, W. T. Grant and Schulte-United Stores.

An ancient Manhattan department store, James A. Hearn & Son, founded in 1827, changed hands last week. Hearn's used to be on Canal Street, has been on 14th Street and Fifth Avenue since 1879. Prices low, aisles crowded, it retains the air of an old fashioned department store.

Control of the store was bought by bankers and cotton textile concerns headed by Fred A. Powdrell who became treasurer. Mr. Powdrell is chairman of the executive committee of the McLellan Stores Co., and treasurer of Powdrell & Alexander, large curtain goods manufacturer. Outstanding installment accounts were given as the reason Hearn's needed new capital. Mr. Powdrell said up to \$1,000,000 will be put into the store by his group.

L. P. Hollander Co., Inc., smart ladies tailors of Boston and Manhattan, last week went into voluntary bankruptcy. In 1930 the company remodeled its Boston building, opened a new Manhattan store, said it was contributing towards restoring prosperity.

Electric Watch

Some 300 years ago one Daniel Jeanrichard, blacksmith of the town of Le Locle in the canton of Neuchâtel, Switzerland, turned from his horse-shoeing to inspect an object in the hand of a friend. "Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?" he inquired. "Une montre," said M. Jeanrichard's friend.

The friend's *montre* was a clock no bigger than a large bun. He had bought it in Geneva, where the things were made. Now it was broken. Could M. Jeanrichard do anything about it? M. Jeanrichard could try. He took the watch apart, spent several weeks trying to put it together again. Finally he sold out his forge and went to Geneva. He returned to establish watchmaking in Le Locle. One of his apprentices was a youth named Pellaton. Long after Blacksmith Jeanrichard was dead, Pellatons made watches, saw them grow smaller & smaller, finer & finer. The present Pellaton, Georges, who moved from Le Locle to Geneva, has seen the

advent of wristwatches, electric clocks, self-winding watches. Last week he made his own contribution to the new science of watchmaking.

When Swiss watchmaking became standardized, divided among makers of various parts and the assemblers, Georges Pellaton retired. With time on his hands he set himself the task of devising a watch to run by electricity. Since nobody could carry a watch wired to a power socket, he had to put the power within the watch. After twelve years Watchman Pellaton perfected a storage battery no larger than the winding mechanism of an ordinary watch. The battery is re-charged like any other storage battery, but very slowly. The charge lasts a year. It differs in principle from self-winding watches in that the electricity actually makes the watch go, does not merely wind a spring.

Last week, with his electric watch on display in Geneva, Inventor Pellaton was ready to start marketing it in quantities as soon as he got the aid of Geneva's powerful chamber of commerce which, government-backed, regulates the industry. Meanwhile his applications for patents were on file in other countries. Marketing in the U. S. will follow. But M. Pellaton, being a watchmaker, was less interested in the commercial aspects of his invention than in the scientific. He is now trying to make an electric wrist-watch.

Ford Music & Price

Many a bright British shilling landed in the tills of Albert Hall last week. Londoners who gathered there got more than their shilling's worth of fine music by a full, tall-coated orchestra, of plain & fancy singing by sopranos, mezzo-sopranos, coloratura-mezzo-sopranos, baritones, basses. They also got, between numbers, a good view of what the concert's impresario, Henry Ford, had cannily got them there to see—his new "midgel" automobile to compete with the little Austin and Morris.

The British Ford differs from the Austin and Morris by four inches of extra length. All are low, racy, big-doored, have slanting radiators, are smartly painted. Like Austin and Morris, the Ford is eight-horsepowered. Owners will pay £8 per year tax (based on horsepower), far less than the £16-to-£24 tax on Model A Fords. Price for the sedan (cheapest model) is £120. Austin's sedan costs £118, Morris' £122. Fords, like Austins and Morrises, will run 35 miles on a gallon of petrol. In seeking to break into tax-ridden Britain's popular low-powered automobile field, American Ford planned to give Britain her share of the profits. Though last week's display models were made in the U. S., cars for sale will be built at the Ford plant at Dagenham, along with milk floats, fire engines, tractors, tappers, scrapers, diggers, lorries. London auto critics had only one objection to the new Ford: the petrol tank atop the engine. Neither Sir Herbert Austin nor Sir William Richard Morris had anything to say. For Henry Ford, King George had no knight-hood.

In the U. S. last week, dealers, newspapers, automobile owners and manufacturers were far more interested in the new U. S. line announced last week (TIME,

Feb. 22). Models shown privately to dealers verified the announcement that the new chassis would carry either a four-cylinder or an eight-cylinder motor. Dealers were discussing reports that the new four would cost \$388, the V-eight, \$588, that a new financing plan would be put into effect through the Ford affiliate, Universal Credit Corp. Cars would be paid for, \$100 down, the balance in 24 installments, instead of one-third down, the balance in twelve months, as at present. Buyers would be required to report monthly to dealers for examination of their cars until they were paid for, thereby boosting sales of parts. President Wallace R. Campbell of the Ford Motor Co. of Canada denied any such plan would be put into effect there. U. S. dealers received hundreds of orders for the new cars "if and when" put on the market. Motormen saw the industry taking an upturn. Henry Ford said nothing.

Deals & Developments

Faraday of Frigidaire. In 1926 Alfred Pritchard Sloan Jr. attended the Refrigeration Show in Manhattan's Grand Central Palace. He wandered from porcelain box to porcelain box, listening to the various degrees of humming, observing the efficiency of freezing power. One refrigerator caught his attention and he had a long talk with the man who stood beside it. The man was red-cheeked Axel Leonard Wenner-Gren, Sweden's No. 2 tycoon, great maker of vacuum cleaners and automatic ice-boxes. He was standing beside the new refrigerator he had begun to manufacture. Mr. Sloan noted that it had no moving parts, made no noise, worked by means of a little gas flame applied to a solution of water and ammonia.

Mr. Sloan liked Mr. Wenner-Gren's refrigerator but not his price. *Electrolux* rights were sold to Servel, Inc., in which Mr. Wenner-Gren & Associates eventually became the largest stockholders. But last week Mr. Sloan must have remembered that visit for it became known that a division of General Motor's Frigidaire Corp. will soon offer the only other gas refrigerator in the U. S. It will be called the *Faraday* in honor of Michael Faraday (1791-1867), famed physicist. It is expected that sales will be handled in good measure by gas companies attempting to increase their own sales.

Venture's Finish. For ten years Durant Motor Co. of California made and sold Durants. At the head of the company for five years was Norman de Vaux, popular onetime trans-Continental bicycle rider. When the agreement with Durant terminated, Mr. de Vaux decided the company should make its own car. The company became de Vaux-Hall Motors Corp. and in April 1931, its first de Vaux car was finished. Although May production was scheduled at 4,600 cars, registrations for all of 1931 were only 4,808 and fortnight ago the company went into receivership.

Last week Continental Motors Corp., maker of engines for many pleasure cars and trucks, bought de Vaux-Hall's Michigan assets for \$40,000, at the same time waiving a claim of \$250,000 for unpaid bills. Continental plans to rush production on a new model de Vaux.



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S C I E N C E

Telepathy

In *Mental Radio** Upton Sinclair described a great number of experiments in which Mrs. Sinclair as "percipient" seemed to have telepathic powers. He would draw six or more pictures on separate sheets of paper and fix his attention on each in turn. Meanwhile, at a safe distance, percipient Mrs. Sinclair would let her mind "go blank" until she felt knowledge stirring within her. Then she would draw what she felt her husband had drawn. Sometimes he would wrap his drawings in opaque green paper before he put them in envelopes. In such cases he would sit by Mrs. Sinclair while she felt the stuffed envelopes and perceived their contents clearly enough to draw a sketch.

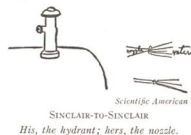
Congruity between his original and her mental versions was very often astonishingly close. For example, he sketched a water hydrant. She drew water coming out of a nozzle (see cut).

Her brother-in-law, Robert L. Irwin, was another man with whom she was in excellent psychic rapport. She at Long Beach, Calif. could telepath his sketches from Pasadena, 25 airline miles away.

A notable exchange occurred when he drew a chair with horizontal back slats. She sketched that kind of chair back. But it did not seem correct. She made another picture with the chair slats vertical (see cut), felt better. Mr. Irwin had drawn

his chair while looking through the vertical bars which composed the foot of his bed.

Last week in the *Scientific American* Dr. Walter Franklin Prince who in turn has been a Methodist pastor, an Episcopalian rector, and a Boston psychic researcher, reported that Author & Mrs.



His, the hydrant; hers, the nozzle.

Sinclair had trusted him with their original material. This indicated that of 290 experiments Mrs. Sinclair was successful in about 23%, partially successful in 53%, failed in 24%. Psycholytic Dr. Prince,



IRWIN-TO-SINCLAIR

Her chair slats matched his bed slats.

"after years of experience in solving hundreds of human riddles . . . and with due regard for my reputation for caution and perspicuity," is convinced that Mrs. Sinclair "has amply demonstrated the phenomenon known as telepathy."

Miners & Metallurgists

Best U. S. operator of a blast furnace is a graduate of correspondence and night schools, Ora E. Clark of Hamilton, Ohio. The American Institute of Mining & Metallurgical Engineers marked him so at their annual meeting in Manhattan last week. With International Correspondence School instruction Ora E. Clark was, at 19, chief chemist for a small Pennsylvania blast furnace. At 35 and with several years of night schooling he is chief chemist, foreman and blast furnace superintendent of the Hamilton Coke & Iron Co. When the Hamilton furnaces operate (they have been cold since November), he runs them at remarkable efficiency. The thing iron-masters chiefly appreciate in his work is the instruction he gives them about coke. There is a best shape and condition of coke for melting iron from ores. Furnace-man Clark has determined the conditions.

At the Institute ceremonies he unintentionally attained another distinction. In a ball room of evening clothes his was the only business suit, the only soft white

*Whose editor, Patent Attorney Orson Desails Munn, has an abiding skeptic interest in psychic phenomena.

shirt. The tuxedos applauded him heartily, none more so than President Frederick Worthen Bradley of Alaska Juneau Mining Co., who also won a miner's & metallurgist's award.

President Bradley mines gold so efficiently that he earns dividends for Alaska Juneau investors from dirt which contains only 9¢ worth of gold to a ton.

Other men honored at last week's meeting: Professor Champion Herbert Mathewson of Yale, for "his scientific contributions to the art of working and annealing nonferrous metals"; Professor Corbin T. Eddy of Michigan College of Mining & Technology for being a promising young scientist (*TIME*, Oct. 26); Howard Scott of Westinghouse Co. for his development of special alloys.

Between the honorifications and the unveiling of a three-quarter length portrait of President Hoover, the American Institute of Mining & Metallurgical Engineers heard:

Greatest known stores of gold lie in Canada, southern Rhodesia, Siberia and western Australia.

No new gold strikes are expected like those which occurred in California, the Klondike, the Rand, Australia and Lena gold fields.

Last year the U. S. produced 2,365,881 fine ounces of gold worth \$48,907,100.76. The 1930 production 2,128,027 oz. World production in 1930 was 20,460,168 oz. Mining engineers like President Hoover, who before his eleemosynary World War work was one of the world's most successful, estimate that world gold production will increase slowly until 1935, then will slowly decline. Economists, however, know that when real need develops, more Bradleys will appear to work marginal gold deposits (*FORTUNE*, February 1931).

Copper-nickel alloys, said Dr. Paul Dyer Merica of International Nickel Co., are now prepared by heat treatment to stand a pull of 175,000 lb. per sq. in., a tensile strength comparable to that of heat-treated steel.

"Most important mineral discovery in many years," noted Hugh S. Spence of the Canadian Department of Mines, are two veins of pitchblende at Great Bear Lake, Canada. One gram of radium, worth about \$70,000, is produced from six and a half to 13 tons of pitchblende. Canada expects to break the Belgium monopoly of African radium as soon as railroads and highways can be built to Great Bear Lake.

Silver in the same region is yielding 9,000 oz., worth about \$3,000 at present low prices, to a ton of ore. Some miners have found ore rich enough to carry to the smelters by airplane.

Magnesium metal at 30¢ per lb. is supplanting aluminum and iron in sufficient quantities to make dividends for Dow Chemical Co., big reducers.

Professor Fred Allison of Alabama Polytechnic Institute, presumptive discoverer of "alabamine and virginitum" (*TIME*, Feb. 15), appeared to argue the validity of his magneto-optical system of discerning substances.

R. S. Dean & John Gross of the U. S. Bureau of Mines soak low grade ores in water, heat the wet rocks to 212° F. (water's boiling point). The steam shatters the ores, releases sufficient materials to make the mining worth while.



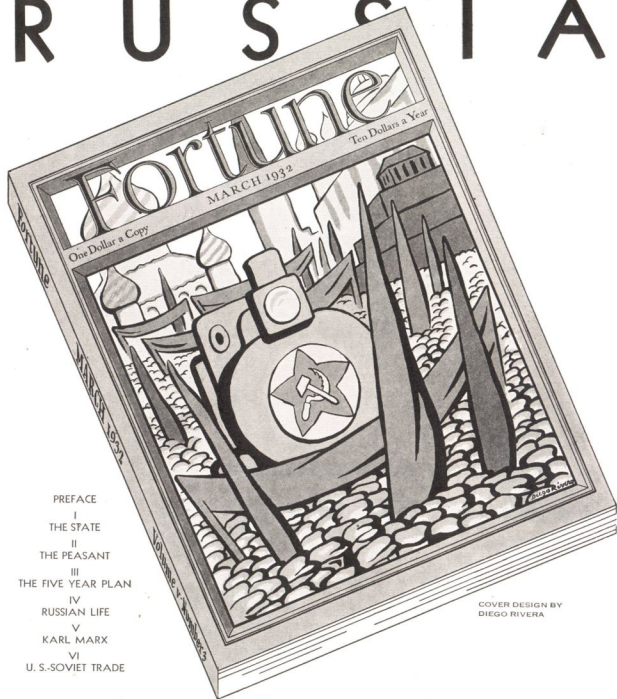
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II
THE PEASANT
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THE FIVE YEAR PLAN
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VI
U. S.-SOVIET TRADE

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AERONAUTICS

"Good Short Name"

Last week Representative Carl Vinson of Georgia, chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee, revealed that the airship ZRS-5 a-building, sister ship of the *Akron*, will be named the *Macon*. His reasons: "It is a good short name of a thriving southern community, the name of a famous revolutionary general,* and it has the same number of letters as *Akron*. It also gives the South representation as the *Akron* does the Middle West and the *Los Angeles* the West."

Another reason that Congressman Vinson did not mention was that, as the result of reappointment the city of *Macon* (pop.: 53,829) has been placed in his district, needs political cultivation by its new Representative.

New Shuttle

Close to 100,000 commuters cross San Francisco Bay every day between San Francisco and the eastbay cities (Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley). One day most of them will scuttle by rail or motor over the long-promised bridge, for which testborings are now being made. But currently they pay 21¢ for the 40-min. trip on one of two boat-&-train ferry systems. In the belief that many commuters would be willing to pay \$1.50 to cross in 6 min.,

*Nathaniel Macon (1758-1837) of North Carolina, onetime Speaker of the House, onetime U. S. Senator, vigorous advocate of State sovereignty.

Air Ferries, Ltd. began two years ago to fly Loening amphibians back and forth every 20 min. In time Standard Oil Co. of California, an original stockholder, took control of the company. Unsuccessful, it ceased operations last Autumn. Last week a new air ferry was begun by Walter T. Varney, famed pioneer airman of the West.

In place of the big Loenings, costly to operate, Varney Air Ferries started with a fleet of new five-passenger Sikorsky S-39's. Like any craft on such a route, they must submit to the severest treatment: rapid-fire succession of take-offs & landings, continued splashes of salt water. On the eastbay the new line operates from San Francisco Bay. Airdrome at the edge of Alameda. On the San Francisco side it inherits the circular wooden "landing button" at a pier just north of the clock-towered Ferry Building. The Varney schedule calls for 13 round trips daily. Fare: \$1.

Son of an early billboard-advertising tycoon of California, Walter Varney is advertising-wise. When, as the first air-mail contractor in the Pacific Northwest (1925), he found people reluctant to send their letters by plane, Varney advertised. Last year he sold his well-developed system (Salt Lake City-Pasco-Portland-Spokane-Seattle) to United Air Lines, whose transcontinental system it joined at Salt Lake City, turned his attention to the highly competitive San Francisco-Los Angeles route, already operated by three

other airlines on a three-hour flying schedule. He put highspeed Lockheed Orions on the run and lopped a full hour from that schedule. For a time he charged a higher fare and offered to refund 10¢ for every minute the plane was late up to 50 min. Later he cut his fare to meet his competitors'.

Flights & Flyers

A. W. O. L. Fairly creaking under a heavy load of fuel, a four-year-old Fairchild monoplane named *Miss U. S. S. Louisville* lurched clumsily down the concrete runway of New York's Floyd Bennett Field, wobbled from side to side, finally skidded into the soft grass and wrecked its landing gear. Out of the cabin crawled two rueful young men with 80¢ in their pockets and a strange story to tell. They had just attempted a take-off "to Portugal." Both men—Frank Cushing and Andrew Soos Jr.—were sailors absent without leave from the U. S. S. *Louisville* which fortnight earlier had sailed for Guantanamo Bay. Neither was a licensed flyer, although Cushing claimed to have soloed. To bring fame to themselves and their ship, they had planned the flight. They funded their savings of \$1,200, somehow raised \$800 more from shipmates and bought the old monoplane, on which they still owed \$10 when it cracked up last week. Locked in the Brooklyn Navy Yard brig for "jumping ship" the sailors explained: "We're just a little goofy about flying."

Treasure Hunt. Few weeks ago Pilot William H. Graham and Mrs. Edna Christofferson, widow of the early barnstormer Silas Christofferson, took off from Seattle to seek the *Baychimo*, icebound, abandoned, somewhere in the Arctic Ocean. Aboard it, they believed, was "a million dollars worth of furs." Last week airplanes were sent out from Vancouver to hunt for the treasure-hunters, missing somewhere in British Columbia. Meanwhile Captain Sydney A. Cornwall, master of the *Baychimo*, arrived in Fairbanks and revealed that the fur cargo had already been salvaged by crew and natives, that he was sure his ship had since sunk.

Treasure Hunt. Few years ago the party game of "treasure hunt" (pursuit of a prize by discovery and correct interpretation of successive cryptic clues concealed throughout a house or over the countryside) was made more elaborate by using automobiles. Last week the Pylon Club of Philadelphia, organization of sportsman pilots, applied the game to the air. Sample clue: "Fly 5° south of east for approximately 8 min. where you will pick up a Catholic Church located between two golf courses. From this church, lay a course 25° east of north. . . . You will come to an airport where you are to land and pick up your next clue."

Akron's Luck. Six members of a Congressional committee investigating charges of faulty construction in the U. S. S. *Akron* were about to board her for an inspection flight at Lakehurst when a terrific gust of wind whipped her tail free of the ground crew, bounced it against the ground. After a five-minute tussle the *Akron* was made fast again. The lower stabilizing fin, containing the after-control car, was smashed; a large expanse of fabric torn from the belly.



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B O O K S *

Heavenly Blues

BLACK ELK SPEAKS—John G. Neihardt
—Morrow (\$3.75).

Though Moses and the Hebrew prophets cornered the Western market long ago, other races, other men have produced scripture too. Such a one is Black Elk, holy medicine man of the Ogalala Sioux. His life story, told to and superbly set down by poet Neihardt, has the quality of true scripture. More generic than literature, which reflects individual men's spirits, it reflects whatever divine image there may be in a tribe, a race, Man.

Amerindian Black Elk was born in 1863, in time to see and take part in much of the fighting that drove his race off the free earth into government reservations to decay. Treaty after treaty the Indians drew up with the Wasichus (white men) who took what land they wanted, promised the rest should remain Indian "as long as grass should grow and water flow. You can see that it is not the grass and the water that have forgotten."

His first vision came when he was five, his great vision four years later. In it he saw a mythological panorama of his people's fate, was promised magical powers to save. He was carried to the centre of the world ("anywhere is the centre of the world") on the top of Harney Peak in the black Hills. "... Beneath me was the whole hoop of the world. And while I stood there I saw more than I can tell and I understood more than I saw. ... I saw that the sacred hoop of my people was one of many hoops that made one circle, wide as daylight and as starlight, and in the center grew one mighty flowering tree to shelter all the children of one mother and one father. And I saw that it was holy." On returning to himself he found that he had been lying unconscious for twelve days.

During the ensuing years he fought with his tribe against the Wasichus, took his first scalp at Custer's Last Stand. Though Black Elk fought, fled, starved with the rest, always he pondered how to materialize his vision. At 17 he grew sick with fear because he could do nothing. An old medicine man advised him: "You must do your duty and perform this vision for your people upon earth." Together they organized an elaborate ritual dance. All the people acted out Black Elk's vision in detail. After the dance everybody, even the horses, felt better. Black Elk lost his fear, taught his people more dances, one comic one with *hevoskas* (clowns) to cheer the people up. Suddenly power came to him to cure the sick.

But already the Wasichus were crowding the Indians into reservations. "The people were . . . so heavy that it seemed they could not be lifted; so dark that they could not be made to see any more." After four years of curing the sick, Black Elk, to learn from the Wasichus some secret

that might help his people, joined Buffalo Bill's Indians, went to New York, London and parts of Europe. He discovered no secret, returned to find the tribes aroused by the Messianic teachings of Wovoka, dancing the ghost dance that meant trouble for Wasichus. The butchering of warriors, women and children at Wounded



BLACK ELK

The grass, the water have not forgotten.

Knee (1890) buried the Indian's dream in blood and snow. Black Elk leaves his story there, concludes: "I, to whom so great a vision was given in my youth—you see me now a pitiful old man who has done nothing, for the nation's hoop is broken and scattered. There is no center any longer and the sacred tree is dead."

The Author. Poet Laureate of Nebraska, Author Neihardt knows his Indians well. To the Omahas he is Tae Nuga Zhingha (Little Bull Buffalo); to the Sioux, Igimou Chicakala (Little Cat). He first went to interview Black Elk to get tales of great Chief Crazy Horse; returned for an extended stay to write down the old man's own story. At its conclusion the party went to the top of Harney Peak. There the medicine man delivered his final lamentation for his people; from a droughty sky he called rain to accompany his tears. Black Elk's friend Standing Bear illustrates his visions in his heaven-kissing book.

Technical Knockout

MAN AND TECHNICS—Oswald Spengler—Knopf (\$2).

After the heavy barrage laid down by *The Decline of the West*, Philosopher Spengler, cannonade of despair, now uses a single big gun to finish off what scattered hopes remain. His Big Bertha may scare swivel-chair warriors at H. Q.,

but it goes way over the heads of the boys doing the fighting up in front.

Powder to launch his projectile Spengler derives from the dogma "Man is a beast of prey." But he is essentially not only a carnivore, he is also an *inventive* carnivore. With every fresh invention Man advances further outside the bounds of Nature. To maintain his unnatural position he soon finds it necessary to band together into societies; within these societies men divide into the leaders and the led. Invention, technics become more and more complex: "The pace of discovery grows fantastic, and withal . . . human labor is *not* saved thereby." Knowledge to design and manage the machines becomes the leaders' technical monopoly. But as the led must always work still harder, they begin to strike, revolt. Mutiny even among the leaders spreads against the machine. In this mutiny technics will decay, Western civilization be destroyed.

To ward off suicidal despair Spengler recommends the psychological attitude of the Roman soldier who died at his post in Pompeii. When the volcano under civilization explodes, and the burning dust begins to descend, the more honorable Spenglerian carnivores will take it standing, polish up their buttons as the lava rises. With its men all dead but its honorable buttons bright, Western civilization can then rest forever on its yews.

Trouble Is Enough

MEMOIRS OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE—General Rafael de Nogales—Harrison Smith (\$3.75).

Looking like Peck's bad boy, Venezuelan General Nogales stands in full Turkish uniform in the frontispiece of his book to give readers a foretaste of mischief to come. It comes: should the supply run short in one hemisphere there is bound to be plenty in the other. The doughty general craves trouble as a cat craves fish, can nose it from afar. Do or die is no mere shibboleth to him, but sober truth. "For certain men not to do is to die, to die a spiritual and very disagreeable death. From such a death I have been running all my life."

He started sprinting young. At the age of 20 he called President Castro, dictator of Venezuela, a torturer and a bully, got out of the country quickly. Since then an almost continual exile, he has retained throughout his roving career "one fixed specific purpose only: the liberation of my country."

A killing along the Rio Grande made Nogales jump for Asia. Then he did military intelligence work prior to the Sino-Japanese War, cleared out to Alaska in time to save most of his skin. He followed gold down into Nevada, went broke with the boom, rustled cattle along the Mexican border. When President Gomez relieved Castro as dictator of Venezuela, Exile Nogales made tracks for home. He soon fell out with Gomez too, harassed his government with interminable border fights. Failure was just threatening to rob him of military adventure when the World War began. He tried to get in it with the Allies, ended up with the Turks. Nogales Bey got plenty of excitement

*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

fighting Britishers, Russians, Armenians in the Near East.

Since the War General Nogales has written *Four Years Beneath the Crescent, The Looting of Nicaragua*. If jaguars, hurricanes, boa constrictors, crocodiles, firing squads do not get him first, Venezuela may be liberated yet.

Murder in Dublin

THE PURITAN—Liam O'Flaherty—*Harcourt, Brace* (\$2).

Dublin Journalist Francis Ferriter feels that because he is good he must be God. But when his hunger and thirst after righteousness begin to include a craving for prostitute Teresa Burke, he hates himself so much that he decides to murder her. To lend the act godly significance, he pretends to himself that by making an example of Teresa he will scare the rest of Dublin out of their dearest deadly sin.

Craftily he commits the murder so as to incriminate Teresa's lover, Dr. O'Leary, son of a prominent Dubliner, whom Ferriter hates. But he had not reckoned on the psychological aftermath, finds the next day that he has a feeling of horror rather than of a holy sacrifice well performed. To get his self-righteousness corroborated by others he tries to persuade the editors of two Dublin newspapers to feature the murder-story as a testimony of Divine Wrath against evil-doers. They think he is mad; by this time he obviously is. The man who murdered Teresa for divine reasons, and the man who now realizes that he murdered her only because of jealous love, make up a split personality that splits wider every minute.

Meanwhile Detective Lavan has discovered incriminating evidence against Ferriter, gives him a grilling. Ferriter promises to produce the real murderer before midnight. He tries to confess to a priest; to his horror finds that he, the jealous lover-murderer, no longer believes in God. He rushes to the slums to drink, confess to harlots. In a scene reminiscent of Dante's *Inferno*, Joyce's *Ulysses*, he confesses himself to one of three diseased harpies who play with his disintegrating personality the way vultures play with bones.

At midnight he is arrested, confesses to the police. Completely mad, he is thrown into a cell where over and over he cries out his maniacal conclusion: "There is no God, but man has a divine destiny."

The Author. Born in J. M. Synge's Aran Islands in 1896, Liam O'Flaherty has infused something of the Playboy into his career. Educated in a Jesuit College, as a youth he was intensely religious, scandalized his family by joining the Irish Guards to save Catholic Belgium. He was shell-shocked in the War; returned to Ireland for the Irish Revolution. Since then he has roamed over half the world chopping logs, working in restaurants, printshops. He was employed in a Hartford tire factory when he began to write his first short stories, invariably waste-paper-basketed when they were finished. Widely-acclaimed books followed: *The Informer*, *Mr. Gilhooley*, *The Assassin*, *The Mountain Tavern*, *The House of Gold*, *The Return of the Brute*, *Two Years*.

Born. To Irving Berlin, song writer, and Ellin Mackay Berlin, daughter of Clarence Hungerford Mackay, board chairman of Postal Telegraph Co.; a second daughter. Weight: 7½ lb.

Married. Earle Sande, famed jockey, rider of Zev, Gallant Fox; and Mrs. Marion Gascoyne Kummer, relict of his good friend and fellow jockey, Clarence Kummer, rider of Man o'War; at Flushing, Long Island.

Married. Tom Mix, 52, cinema cowboy; and Mabel Hubble Ward, 28, circus aerialist who last year made 300 one-armed revolutions on a high bar without protecting nets (a world's record); in Mexicali, Mexico.

Birthdays. Louis Maurer, last surviving artist of the staff of Currier & Ives, famed print firm, 100; Ellihu Root, 87; Charles Michael Schwab, 70.

Died. Samuel Davis, 52, "Angel Gabriel" in Marc Connelly's *The Green Pastures*, who cries, "Gangway for the Lawd God Jehovah"; of heart disease; in Indianapolis. He was the second "Angel Gabriel" to die. His predecessor, C. Wesley Hill, was struck down by an automobile in 1930.

Died. Princess Elizabeth Kalaniana'ole of Hawaii, 53, wealthy, cultured relict of Prince Jonah Kuhio Kalaniana'ole, long-time Hawaiian delegate to Congress (1903-1922); of cerebral hemorrhage; in Honolulu. Though retired as titular head of her people, she sought their welfare as a member of the Hawaiian Homes Commission, preserved their traditions at great *luau* feasts, where she served old-fashioned *poi*, had old-fashioned hula dances.

Died. Marie Augusta Davey Fiske (Mrs. Minnie Madden Fiske), 66, Grand Dame of the U. S. stage; of heart disease; in Queens, Long Island, N. Y. Death came at the home of her secretary, whose mother cared for Mrs. Fiske's 10-year-old adopted son. In accordance with her fervent wish, announcement of her death was delayed 24 hr. No one saw her in her coffin. Only three persons attended her funeral. Born of a theatrical family, Mrs. Fiske began her career at the age of three; it extended, except for a four year retirement after she married Harrison Grey Fiske, until she was forced to relinquish her engagement in Chicago last November. A strict vegetarian, a militant antivivisectionist, she was famed for her fanatical fight against wearing furs. Typical of many a eulogy last week was Producer George Crouse Tyler's: "Mrs. Fiske was the last great actress of our period. . . . Not in this generation, perhaps not for several. . . . will the theatre again have a figure of her stature. . . . She stood for values that are not held in high esteem now. . . . She had no poses, no vanities, no petty weaknesses."

Died. Friedrich August III, 66, one-time gay king of Saxony; of heart disease; in his castle, Sibyllenort, near Bres-

lau, Silesia. Unconventional, Catholic, he was popular with his Protestant subjects. While he was crown prince, his wife, one-time Archduchess of Austria, eloped with the French tutor of his royal children. When the German Republic was proclaimed in 1918, he was asked by telephone whether he would abdicate willingly. Said he: "Oh, well, I suppose I'd better." Several years later, cheered by a crowd in a railroad station, he stuck his head out the window and shouted, "You're a fine lot of republicans, I'll say!"

Died. Setsuko Koizumi, 69, relict of Yakumo Koizumi (Lafcadio Hearn); of arteriosclerosis; in Tokyo. In 1891 Lafcadio Hearn went to Japan to write articles for *Harper's Magazine*. Quarrelsomeness, he broke his contract because the illustrator was to get more money than he, was stranded until friends got him a job teaching school in Matsue. There he married Setsuko Koizumi, was adopted into her family, became a Japanese citizen and a professor in the Imperial University. He died in 1918, leaving three sons and a daughter. Kazuo, 39, lives on inherited money, collects curios. Iwao, 35, tall, handsome, soldierly, teaches school. Ki-yoshi, 32, is a musician. All married Japanese women. Daughter Susuko, an invalid, is unmarried at 28.

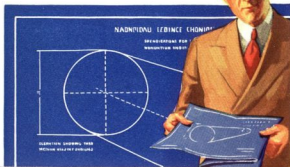
Died. Edgar Speyer, 69, banker, one-time board chairman of the Underground Electric Railways Co. of London, Ltd., brother of Wall Street's famed James ("Jimmie") Speyer; of a hemorrhage following a nasal operation; in Berlin. Of German parentage, he became a British subject and banker, was made a baronet and Privy Councillor. During the War he was accused of trading with the enemy, and though denying the charges, requested that his honors be revoked. After the War he was deprived of British citizenship, retired to Manhattan. His wife, Leonora Speyer, won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1927.

Died. Florence Kelley, 72, famed humanitarian, ardent reformer of women's and children's labor laws, longtime secretary of the National Consumers' League, credited with having influenced the social policies of Alfred Emanuel Smith; of complications derived from anemia; in Philadelphia.

Died. Benjamin Newhall Johnson, 75, lawyer, banker, President General of the Sons of the American Revolution; after a long illness; in Lynn, Mass.

Died. Adelaide Scarce Hermann, 79, "Queen of Magic," relict of Alexandre Hermann "The Great," famed conjurer; of pneumonia; in Manhattan. As his assistant she frequently evaporated into space, received many a sword thrust, knew how he caught the marked bullets when ten U. S. troopers shot at him. Jesse Lasky got his theatrical start as her manager. After Hermann died on board their silver bath-tubbed private car, purchased from Lily Langtry, she formed her own show, in which once worked Buster Keaton.

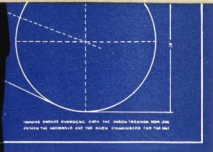
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