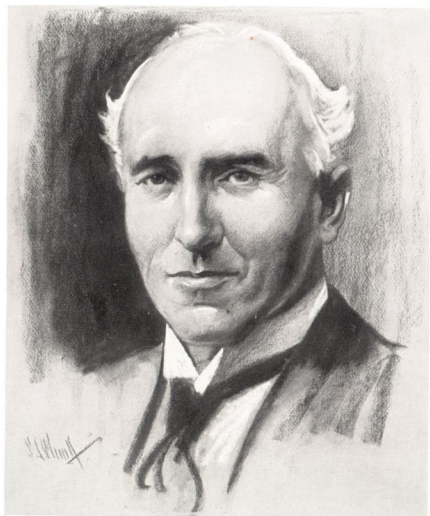


FIFTEEN CENTS (IN CANADA, 20¢)
Reason: Tariff

March 21, 1932

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine



Volume XIX

HIS MAJESTY'S SIR JOHN ALLSEBROOK SIMON

"We represent . . . the people who fight. . ."
(See FOREIGN NEWS)

Number 12



THE UNITED STATES
RUBBER COMPANY ANNOUNCES

TEMPERED RUBBER

The exclusive development of a new compounding ingredient by the United States Rubber Company has made it possible to perfect a far tougher and longer-wearing rubber that actually adds thousands of miles to tire life.

In the new U. S. Royal, choice of America's leading automotive engineers, the advantages of Tempered Rubber have been combined with silent operation, safety, and the beauty of America's Smartest Tire.

United States Rubber Company
WORLD'S LARGEST  PRODUCER OF RUBBER

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Can't SEE WHY

there's all the mystery
about antiseptics and
germicides

POISONOUS antiseptics are practically a thing of the past. Some of them have their place, but that place is certainly not the bathroom shelf among the toothpastes and shaving creams, where small children can get their hands on them. At any rate, there are today few such poisons remaining on sale, and these few are plainly marked with the skull-and-crossbones, as provided by law. Poisonous antiseptics are practically a thing of the past.

Let us now consider *non-poisonous* antiseptics. On the shelves of American drug stores and department stores there generally stand nine brands of antiseptic. Some are sweeter to the taste than others. Some bubble when poured. Some sting the mouth. Some pucker it up. But all of them

THEY FALL
into 2 classes



Poisons Non-poisons

are harmless, even in the hands of a child. No matter how used, with or without following directions, not one of the nine would lead to fatal results.

Nine antiseptics, *all* well-known, *all* safe—but *how well* do they work? Here is the answer.

Against the germ called *bacillus typhosus*, for the sake of comparison, the highest point in effectiveness is attained by *Zonite*, the World War Antiseptic. If we give *Zonite* a rank of 100 (as a convenient basis), then

Brand A ranks second, with a mark of exactly 10, and Brand B ranks third with a score of 5. Brands C, D, E and F follow with respective scores of 3, 1½, 1 and ½. The remaining two brands show *no* results in killing *bacillus typhosus*.

These figures need no comment. And *Zonite* kills *all* kinds of germs. Use it in nose or throat or wherever the skin is broken. All druggists: 30¢, 60¢, \$1.00. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Bldg., New York, N. Y.

Zonite



THE WORLD WAR

ANTISEPTIC

L E T T E R S



The 1932 idea in Easter sweets is

...freshness
you can see

IN CANDLES FOR HOME...FOR GIFTS...FOR ENTERTAINING



STYLE in Easter candy? Yes, indeed! The 1932 mode is *freshness you can see*. Observe *Tableau*, pictured above. Launched by Johnston, famous confectioner of candies, A package in keeping with our modern thinking—simple, smart, tasteful—yet amazingly uncostly! The transparent covering permits you to see the tempting candy within—yet keeps it clean, safe and pure.

Ask for *Tableau* for Easter giving, for Easter entertaining. There are, of course, other packagings of Johnston's chocolates, in assortments for every taste and purse.

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

New York Milwaukee Minneapolis Oakland

JOHNSTON'S CHOCOLATES, Milwaukee, Wis.
Send free, "My 3 Smartest Bridge Parties," 3-3-31

Name

Address

City

State

"Petty Treason"

Sirs:

In my opinion, kidnapping is one of the worst crimes in this nation. I think Col. Lindbergh, with the help of Mrs. Lindbergh missed the opportunity to put a stop to kidnapping. Had they refused to consider the criminals, regardless of the result to their son, it is safe to say the rest of us would have followed their example. Both of them are patriotic and brave and since they yield to the demands of the kidnapper we assume that the rest of us would. Kidnapping is only possible on account of the payment of ransoms, and, since the public will contribute to obtain the release of the victims, such payment of ransoms must be stopped by suitable legislation. I consider kidnapping a national question and that Congress can make laws punishing kidnappers and preventing the payment of ransoms. Such laws can be designated petty treason. The law should require those who know that such a crime was committed to report to the authorities and direct that the proper authority should guard against the payment of ransoms.

I would like to know the reaction of the public on these views. . . .

AUGUST WAGNER

Columbus, Neb.

Who besides Nebraska's August Wagner considers Col. & Mrs. Lindbergh guilty of "petty treason"?—Ed.

48 Beautiful Names

Sirs:

The words California and Colorado are rich in musical vowel sound. Why abbreviate them (TIME, Feb. 29.) We would not emulate the French in all things, but in this regard a good example should not be scorned. The names of the 48 States are beautiful and simple and should always be used in full. Why the idiotic hurry? Incidentally the popular shortening of the name of my beloved State is especially offensive. It is well that the Father of His Country did not live to hear himself called "Wash."

CHARLES E. CLAYPOOL

Seattle, Wash.

Space economy dictates the continued use of Calif., Colo., Wash., etc. etc. after town names. But let those readers who appreciate the beautiful & simple pronounce "California," "Colorado," "Washington" as their eye falls upon the abbreviations.—Ed.

"Tanaka Memorial" Forgery

Sirs:

I have been asked to state my views regarding the authenticity of the so-called "Tanaka Memorial," alleged to have been presented by Premier Tanaka to the Emperor of Japan on July 25, 1927. The document outlines a "positive policy" for the conquest of China, the U. S. and the rest of the world. The point at issue is not whether these aims are or are not harbored by certain members of the Japanese military clique, but whether the document is a "positive policy" for the conquest of China, the U. S. and the rest of the world. The point at issue is not whether these aims are or are not harbored by certain members of the Japanese military clique, but whether the document is a "positive policy" for the conquest of China, the U. S. and the rest of the world. The point at issue is not whether these aims are or are not harbored by certain members of the Japanese military clique, but whether the document is a "positive policy" for the conquest of China, the U. S. and the rest of the world.

The issue is whether the document is authentic or forged.

At the outset, it should be noted that copies

of the memorial, in an alleged English translation, have been spread wholesale through the U. S. free of charge. Two editions are in use. The first is put out by *The China Critic*, a Chinese magazine published at 50 Peking Road, Shanghai. The second emanates from the so-called "World Peace Movement," allegedly located at 108 Park Row, New York City. I have been informed that efforts to get in touch with this organization have failed. These facts, of course, do not necessarily impugn the authenticity of the document; they merely indicate that certain groups are engaged in circulating it as widely as possible.

The most cursory examination of the memorial itself, however, is sufficient to establish it as a forgery. On the first page, the area of Manchuria and Inner and Outer Mongolia is given as 74,000 sq. mi. In point of fact, the area of Manchuria alone is 383,000 sq. mi. On the second page, the total investment of Japan in its "railway, shipping, mining, forestry, steel manufacture, agriculture, and cattle raising" enterprises in Manchuria is placed at 440 million yen. This figure, however, represents only the capitalization of the South Manchuria Railway Company; Japan's total investment in Manchuria, including the additional enterprises specified in the sentence quoted, amounts to nearly two billion yen. On the third page, Prince Yamagata is stated to have participated in a conference called by Emperor Taisho after the signing of the Nine-Power Treaty at the Washington Conference. The Nine-Power Treaty was signed Feb. 6, 1922. Prince Yamagata, however, had been seriously ill since the preceding October and had died on Feb. 1, 1922. Moreover, at this period Emperor Taisho had been an invalid for some years and had delegated his authority to the Crown Prince as Regent in November, 1921. Following this conference, Baron Tanaka, (the author of the alleged memorial) is declared to have been sent to Europe and America "to ascertain secretly the attitude of important statesmen" toward the Nine-Power Treaty. The last visit of Baron Tanaka to Europe and America occurred in 1913-1914. It is unnecessary to belabor this analysis. I have taken only the first three pages, but it is possible to continue for page after page, pointing out contradictions and inaccuracies. That an official document, presented to the Emperor, should have been guilty of such factual misstatements is inconceivable.

T. A. BISSE

Member of Research Staff

Covering the Far East

Foreign Policy Association

New York City

Indiscriminate Marble

Sirs:

None but a pious and Puritanical skeptic will doubt that sainted effigies, and other fortuitous delineations are to be found in the sanctuaries of St. Bartholomew's (TIME, March 7). Less pious observers of marble-ven patterns—particularly observers who may now and then indulge a mild impudency—are despoiling familiar vignettes which Nature has worked into pristine marble. Indeed, marble has been largely abandoned for certain partitions in public buildings, so prevalent was the effort to trace out in detail the infinite variety of morphological patterns!

And yet, one might vouchsafe some creditability to Dr. Norwood's theory of thought transference

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NAME

ADDRESS

Chicago Civic Opera Stars take the "BELIEVE YOUR OWN EARS" test

AUGUSTO BEUF VIRGILIO LAZZARI EGON POLLAK PAUL ALTHOUSE DR. OTTO ERHARDT CHASE BARDEMO ISAAC VAN GROVE CHARLES HACKETT
SERAFINA DI LEO JAN KIEPURA COE GLADE HERBERT WITHERSPOON MARIA OLSZEWSKA VANNI-MARCOUX IVA FACETTI RENE MAISON



BEFORE 16 of the world's great voices—international stars of Chicago's Civic Opera Company—General Electric Radio staged another of its famous tone-tests and won every vote but three!

In the magnificent Tower Room of the Stevens Hotel, Chicago, four famous radios played behind a screen. Each set was known, not by name, but only by a number. Sight unseen, the sets competed for the preference of artists who have thrilled opera-goers throughout the world—and G-E captured 13 out of the 16 votes!

With every new tone-test victory, General Electric piles up conclusive evidence of its

truer tone. But even stronger proof will be given you by your own ears. Hear the General Electric! Forget claims—and believe your own ears!

You will agree without question that its tone is gloriously true, vibrant and real. You may or may not care to investigate the technical reasons for its superior tone. But your own ears will give you the best and simplest of reasons why the radio in your home should be a General Electric! There are many beautiful G-E models, all reasonably priced. Prices range from \$46.75 to \$345, tubes included. General Electric Co., Merchandise Department, Bridgeport, Conn.

J-85 Console Model (right). Supremely beautiful 8-tube screen-grid superheterodyne, 2 super control tubes and Pentode output. Automatic Volume Control, 8-inch dynamic speaker. New, easy reading dial. Smooth action station selector. Brilliant performance never before possible at the low price of **\$79.50**
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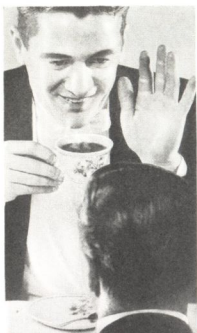


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tubes included

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 6:00 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.

GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO



In the configurations of the marble veins at St. Bartholomew's. The fact that marble veins are indiscriminate in their choice of subject, spiritual and carnal, is no disproof. Nature being impartial to saint and sinner alike, may it not be that some phenomenal retrogression of mental telepathy has propelled the visions of saints and the prurencies of sinners back to the Ordovician period and writ their mental reverberations into the cooling layers of crystalline limestone?

But alas, the inherent veins in marble are to mortal hands unflexible and immutable. Hence only a worker in stone can appreciate what a stupendous psychodynamic force it would require for Dr. Norwood to shift but a single grain of marble into pictorial composition! To be sure, one hears of the faith that moveth mountains:

ERNEST S. LELAND

Presbrey-Leland Studios
New York City

Fox's Injunction

Sirs:

A NOTICE BY TIME MARCH SEVENTH PAGE TWENTY FOUR YOU STATE FOX-TAINE FOX TRIED TO GET INJUNCTION RESTRAINING USE NAME MICKEY MCGUIRE PERHAPS TIME IS INTERESTED IN THE FULL FACTS WHICH ARE THAT THE INJUNCTION WAS GRANTED FEBRUARY TWENTY NINTH PERPETUALLY RESTRAINING ANY USE THAT NAME IN MOTION PICTURES OR ON STAGE MY LOSANGELES FIRM SECURED THE INJUNCTION

MABEL WALKER WILLEBRANDT

Washington, D. C.

Legion's War

Sirs:

Realizing that the article on the War Against Depression (TIME, March 7) was written in a desire to be helpful, yet had I been shown any advance proof of the article, I would have suggested some important changes.

Particularly unfortunate in the TIME story was the use of the word "maneuvered" in describing the beginning of the American Legion's big part in this campaign. This organization had been considering employment plans for some time, had passed a resolution suggesting staggered work at its September convention.

My small part in the early movement after the original lunch with Carl Boyer was a series of meetings and work with four men, in addition to Boyer, namely, Lee Bristol, president of the Association of National Advertisers, Bernard Lieberman of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, J. Cheever Condon of the Bancamerica-Blair Corp. and Manny Strauss.

Later Chester Wright of the American Federation of Labor joined this group and shortly after, Matthew Wall, vice president of the organization. The facts of the entrance of the Legion into the picture are as follows:

A telegram was sent by the editor of the *American Legion Monthly* to headquarters in England asking that I be allowed to appear before their contemplated meeting in New York to tell of the groups which were then co-operating and organizing for a re-employment drive. I appeared the day the meeting on Jan. 6, 1932 and also the day after and at both meetings described the work the small committee had been doing, the contacts it had made. Since the Legion was thinking along the same lines, it seemed obvious that a great good could be accomplished if the two movements merged. The Legion furnished the workers out in the field, as did the American Federation of Labor, the other group furnished the advertising and publicity machine, which you describe in your article. There was no maneuvering about it.

ROY DICKINSON

Printers' Inc.
New York City

"Here Is the Man!"

Sirs:

I knew a banker in Ohio in whom there may be a good story for TIME. I saw him recently on another matter, and incidentally he related how his bank was robbed, how he refused to open the vaults, under threat of death, how he was beaten by the leader, how the robbers got away with \$10,000, how he failed to identify any of the men from a large number of photographs, and how at the end of a few months he positively identified the leader while reading your publication. Then and there, he

cried out in the bank: "Here is the man that burgled me!" . . .

R. Y. MCCRAY

Cleveland, Ohio

The banker is Henry B. Peters. His bank: Fairfield National of Lancaster, Ohio. The slugger whom Banker Peters recognized in TIME (April 6, 1931) was tough Fred Burke, now imprisoned for life in Michigan.—Ed.

Mr. Schlesinger's Diamonds

Sirs:

We are surprised to note in your issue of Feb. 29, p. 11, article captioned "Diamond Cut Diamond," which alleges a concession made by the South African Government to a Mr. I. W. Schlesinger to operate the diamond cutting plants in South Africa, and permits "to work diamonds in his extensive holdings in Namaqualand."

These statements are incorrect and misleading. No agreement has been made by the South African Government that would permit Mr. Schlesinger to operate the cutting plants or has there been any prospecting rights granted Mr. Schlesinger to operate in the Namaqualand fields: all of the mining properties belong controlled by the large producers and the South African Government. . . .

JOHN DRAKE

Executive Secretary
National Jewelers Publicity Association
Newark, N. J.

TIME correctly stated that Isidore W. Schlesinger will operate diamond cutting plants at Kimberley and assume a contract with the South African Government. TIME was incorrect in stating that Cine-man Schlesinger will mine diamonds in Namaqualand. He will get his diamonds from the De Beers syndicate, will engage in no price-cutting.—Ed.

Zeller Schwarzer Herrgott

Sirs:

At the end of your review of Albert Jay Nock's book, *The Theory of Education in the United States*, you state: "He has, however, a Ph.D. son, English teacher at the University of Leipzig, who permits himself to be called Dr. Samuel Nock."

That, dear Mr. Editor, is hitting low. Permits, forthwith! If you can tell me of any way in which one who has for better or for worse, a Ph.D. degree can avoid being called *Herr Doktor* in Germany, I shall bring you a bottle of Zeller Schwarzer Herrgott, 1929, when I return to the U. S.

Furthermore, Son Samuel does not teach English; his business is most distinctly the teaching of *American*. This, lest you lead the world astray.

Farewell, Mr. Editor, I'm afraid that you aren't going to get that Zeller Schwarzer Herrgott—1929!

SAMUEL ALBERT NOCK

Englisches Seminar der Universität
Leipzig, Germany

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TIME

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

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Associate: John Shaw Billings, Laird S. Goldborough, Myron Weiss. Weekly Contributors: Elizabeth C. Armstrong, Carl H. Lummel, Jr., F. Busch, Washington Dodge II, J. T. Everitt, Mary Fraser, Albert L. Furth, Ellen Grover, David W. Hubbard Jr., Schuyler Jackson, E. D. Kennedy, Peter Mathews, Frank Norris, Charles N. Schroeder, Cecilia A. Schwind, Charles Wertmuller, S. J. Woolf.

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For children
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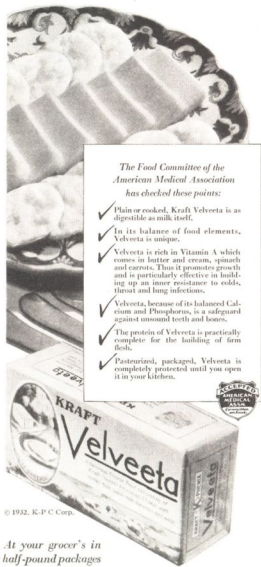
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Y ou millions of women (you men and children, too) who love Kraft Velveeta for its fine Cheddar cheese flavor—here's good news for you! Remember, two years ago, when we first urged you to try it—spread on crackers, toasted in sandwiches, melted in luscious creamy sauces? "Digestible as milk itself—and good for you," we said. It appears that we just *hinted* at the *real* food value tucked away in Velveeta's tempting flavor! Now, scientists reveal that Velveeta contains health-protective elements of *many* foods! Nutritional values highly concentrated, as in few other foods! Velveeta contributes so much that the Food Committee of The American Medical Association approves its nutritional rating of *plus, plus, plus!* The panel above suggests reveling in Velveeta's flavor *oftener*. Get another package *now*. For a free booklet, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It," write to the Home Economics Dept., Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, 407-c Rush St., Chicago.



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TIME

Vol. XIX, No. 12

The Weekly Newsmagazine

March 21, 1932

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

The Hoover Week

Last week President Hoover held a reception in his Cabinet Room for the staff of seven-weeks-old Reconstruction Finance Corp. General Dawes, R. F. C. president, explained: "These people . . . have been sitting up until 2 a. m. and later, to get the corporation's difficulties straightened out and its operation perfected." For each worker the President had a handshake and a word of thanks. During its operation, R. F. C. has authorized loans totaling \$183,000,000, divided as follows: Agriculture \$75,000,000; financial institutions, \$61,800,000; railroads, \$47,000,000. Only a little over \$87,000,000, however, had been advanced from the Treasury.

Calling at the White House, Charles R. Abbott, executive director of the American Institute of Steel Construction, told the President: "Politically you are becoming stronger and stronger every day." Billie Dove, cinemactress (*Cock o' the Air*), also visited Mr. Hoover, told him he "looked well."

President Hoover signed a bill directing the War Department to purchase its supplies within the U. S. even when they cost a bit more than abroad. The Department has lately been charged with using Russian matches.

The Railway Labor Act was invoked by President Hoover in a proclamation to settle a wage dispute on the Louisiana & Arkansas R. R. and the Louisiana, Arkansas & Texas R. R. Harvey Couch, one of President Hoover's R. F. C. directors, is president of the Louisiana & Arkansas, whose employees objected to a 15% wage cut. To a special board of settlement President Hoover appointed Chief Justice Walter P. Stacy of the North Carolina Supreme Court, Justice Julian H. Moore of the Colorado Supreme Court and Dr. Davis R. Dewey of Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

With President Hoover's approval 14 carloads of Government-owned wheat rumbled out of Omaha for South Dakota—first batch of 5,000,000 bu. to be distributed there free to the needy by the Red Cross. The railroads handled the consignment gratis. Drought and grasshoppers necessitated this Federal relief.

Senators Barbour and Kean of New Jersey informed President Hoover that their State's G. O. P. endorsed his renomination but demanded a Prohibition repeal plank in the national platform. President Hoover was silent. Washington is now completely satisfied that he will run again this year as a Dry.

THE CONGRESS

Work Done

The Senate:

Defeated (34-to-32) an Interior Department appropriation bill rider by Michigan's Vandenberg authorizing the President to reorganize the executive departments for economy's sake.

Passed a bill by California's Johnson denying Department of Commerce permits to small craft used to ferry fun-seekers to gambling and drinking resorts aboard ships anchored outside the three-mile limit; sent it to the House.

Passed a House bill instructing the Interstate Commerce Commission to investigate the six-hour day for railway labor; sent it to the President.

Heard Kansas' McGill make his maiden speech in behalf of an emergency road building bill.

Confirmed Frank Evans of Utah, William Frank Schilling of Minnesota and Samuel H. Thompson of Illinois as members of the Federal Farm Board.

Passed its first supply bill, a measure appropriating \$188,000,000 for the Department of Agriculture; sent it to conference.

Passed a bill awarding St. Paul's Episcopal Church of Selma, Ala. \$5,680 for damages done by Union soldiers during the Civil War.

Passed a bill by North Dakota's Frazier to tighten Prohibition enforcement on Indian reservations; sent it to the House.

Committees of the Senate:

Approved the promotion of Secretary of State Stimson to the rank of brigadier general in the Army reserve.

Approved a bill by Nebraska's Norris, once vetoed by President Hoover, for government operation of the Muscle Shoals power and fertilizer plants.

The House:

Debated the tax bill (see p. 9).

Passed (363-to-13) a bill by New York's LaGuardia to curb injunctions in labor disputes and outlaw "yellow-dog" contracts; sent it to conference (see p. 11).

Passed five bills designed to increase postal revenues by \$11,750,000 per year by upping registered mail fees, C. O. D. fees, domestic money order fees, opening parcel post to publications in bulk and charging publishers a second-class entry fee of \$100.

Passed a bill by Missouri's Cochran to punish kidnappers and blackmailers who use the mails for extortion with a \$5,000 fine, 20 years imprisonment; sent it to the Senate.

Completed a "committee discharge" petition on bringing to a vote a bill providing \$100,000,000 for irrigation, drainage and special levee construction.

Committees of the House:

Decided that Democrat Stanley H. Kunz was entitled to the House seat of the 8th Illinois district now occupied by Republican Peter C. Granata.

Agreed that the U. S. S. Akron showed no poor workmanship or faulty materials (see p. 25).

Counting Day

Abernethy? No! Adkins? No! Aldrich? Aye! Allen? No! . . .

Before packed galleries the House roll was being called on the first clear-cut issue of the 18th Amendment since its original passage Dec. 18, 1917 by a vote of 282-to-128. A parliamentary petition by 145 Wets had forced this question: Shall the House take up a resolution by Pennsylvania's Beck and Maryland's Lintinich to amend the Constitution for the return of liquor control to the States? The Wets, with no hope of actual victory, purposed by this ballot to put every House member on record on Prohibition, weed out the weaslers for the coming campaign, exhibit the growing Wet strength. Before the counting began, Drys claimed the Wet vote would not exceed 160. Wets predicted they would get at least 180. Final result: 227 Drys voting No; 187 Wets voting Aye.

Though the Drys, as was expected, defeated the Beck-Lintinich resolution, the Wets were jubilant at making a better showing than they anticipated. They had planted a large and solid milestone from which to measure their future progress.

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National Affairs—(Continued)

ARMY & NAVY

Horrors

The seamy side of war is something which the army of no nation can afford to have extensively advertised. Most governments suppress all official photographs which would give their citizens a visual



International

GENERAL CARR

He would have Gold Star Mothers see

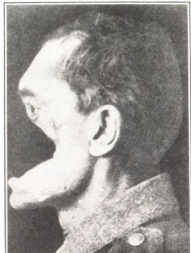
idea of the bloody horror of actual combat and thus build up a mass repugnance to fighting. That the U. S., for all its diplomatic efforts towards peace, is no exception to this fundamental military rule was revealed last week when George Palmer Putnam, Manhattan publisher, tried unsuccessfully to get the War Department's permission to print some of its Signal Corps photographs other than those glorifying war.

No pacifist himself, Publisher Putnam served as a lieutenant of field artillery during the War. He helped the American Legion start its weekly in 1919. Lately he has been collecting for publication in book form pictures of the War's gory realities. Many of them came from private collections. Some were bootlegged out of Government archives. All are authentic, horrible. Last week Mr. Putnam went to Washington where he requested Major General Irving Joseph Carr, chief of the Army's Signal Corps, to open its files to his publishing venture. General Carr refused to release a single "horrible" photograph. His reason:

"To give out any such pictures would be against public policy. It would not be ethical. It would not be decent. Think of the Gold Star Mothers the country sent to France. Over there they saw the lovely cemeteries in which lie the dead of the A. E. F. These mothers carried home in their minds beautiful pictures of these well-kept resting places. That is what they should have—we cannot spoil these memories. The War Department has a moral obligation to the Gold Star

Mothers, so only those photographs which show the pleasant features of war can be released."

Undeterred by the War Department's attitude, Mr. Putnam returned to New York, prepared to issue his volume of War photographs next week.* Among its 89 grisly pictures is a sprinkling of ironic



Brewer, Warren & Putnam

"LIVING DEATH"†

... only the pleasant features of war.

War verse. Soldiers are shown in all the contorted agonies of death. War's backwash is represented by deserter executions, famine victims, mutilations, cripples (see cut). Only "atrocities pictures" are excluded.

Aware of how public morbidity has been exploited by the publishers of such gang-war books as *X Marks the Spot*, Publisher Putnam is shrewd enough to attempt to elevate the moral tone of his volume by making it a "document against war." He hopes that peace societies will buy and distribute *The Horror of It* on the theory that war is the best propaganda against war. To add to the book's respectability, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Rockefeller pastor, and Carrie Chapman Catt were enlisted to write forewords on the peace theme. Dr. Fosdick:

"This book says in effect that if the militarists want realism, we will give it to them. Here is war not seen through the lenses of anybody's prejudice but caught in the act by the camera. . . . Back of the camouflage of uniform and music, oratory and popular cheering, this is the gist and essence of war at the point where it specifically operates. . . . Let this book, then, do its quiet work. Let it say . . . that war is a mad and barbarous business."

*THE HORROR OF IT. Camera Records of War's Gruesome Glories—Brewer, Warren & Putnam (\$1.50).

†So captioned by Publishers Brewer, Warren & Putnam. The photograph shows a British soldier and a triumph of War surgery. Across his altered face he wears a gauze shield to filter air, swallows liquids down a tube.

CRIME

On Sourland Mountain (Cont'd)

The cold wind which, on the night of March 1, banged shutters and rattled windows at the lonely New Jersey home of Col. Charles Augustus Lindbergh, had died down last week. Two weeks of March had run out. But still the curly-headed baby for whom all police and all good citizens of the nation were on anxious lookout, was a lost child. The strain told on the bereaved mother, soon to become a mother again. Physicians attended her, but still she was seen with her mother and sister going about her robbed house, managing, helping, hoping. At Hopewell, where the Press kept constant contact with the State police, new factual developments were only a thin trickle amid the welter of rumor, false report and fantasy which piled up from day to day.

Facts. It was announced that the original ransom demand (not yet made public) was found some hours after the child's disappearance was discovered, and not, as originally reported, when Col. & Mrs. Lindbergh first rushed with Nurse Betty Gow into the nursery. And both parents were not downstairs when Nurse Gow found the crib empty. Mrs. Lindbergh was on the second floor taking a bath. Learning that Mrs. Lindbergh did not have the baby, Nurse Gow went downstairs to see if the child was with his father (who calls him "it").

Also during the week, Henry ("Red") Johnson, a friend of Nurse Gow's who had difficulty explaining his movements on the kidnapping night, passed beyond suspicion. He was, however, held for the immigration authorities when it was found that his real name was Henrik Finn Johansen and that he had illegally entered the U. S. by jumping ship in Brooklyn several years ago.

Fantasy. In Crossville, Tenn. two couples were held all afternoon because they were accompanied by a blond, curly-headed child who reached for a telephone and responded to the name "Betty Gow." . . . For the New York American Joan Lowell (*Cradle of the Deep*) discovered an old "amazon" in the hills behind the Lindbergh home who intimated that apple-jack distillers had snatched the child to scare the Lindberghs out of the neighborhood. A mysterious trespasser was arrested outside a nearby deserted shack wherein a clean new diaper had been found. . . . Two Lindbergh representatives accompanied by a "Morgan man" were planning a trip to Detroit by airplane with \$250,000, reported the New York Mirror. . . . The Post discovered the presence of a Denver gang recently arrived at Newark by air. . . . A motorist with New Jersey license plates on his car was stopped 100 times between Trenton and California by vigilant police. . . . The conductor of an east-bound express was ordered to search a private car for a mysterious infant. . . . Responding to wireless requests, Scotland Yard operatives searched S. S. *President Roosevelt* when the ship docked at Plymouth, England. American Legionnaires did the same thing to S. S. *Le de France* at Le Havre, British officials to the

National Affairs—(Continued)

Roma at Gibraltar. Norwegian police inspected a batch of 28 babies at Bergen aboard *S. S. Bergensfjord*. . . . In Boston, Mayor Curley announced that the Lindbergh baby was safe at home, but that



Keystone

MYSTERIOUS MORRIS ROSNER

He worked through the agony column.

his return was to be held secret for 72 hours to give the kidnappers a chance to escape. Mayor Curley had it straight from a Boston advertising man who had it straight from a Boston insurance man who had it straight from a Manhattan banker who said he knew the Lindbergh family. . . . Moscow newspapers took no notice whatsoever of the 20-month-old Capitalist's kidnapping. . . . At Washington, chiefs of the Four Great Tribes of gypsies, traditional kidnappers, convened and decided to send out word to their tribesmen to keep a dark eye peeled. . . . Mysterious limousines with curtains drawn dashed up frozen Sourland Mountain to the Lindbergh home, dashed away again. A car from Missouri loaded with three blackamors also called and departed. It was said to contain a colored Kansas City attorney. . . .

Col. Lindbergh, masquerading in a State trooper's leather coat and goggles was several times reported away from home all night on missions of which the police were kept in ignorance. At least two new "authentic" letters from the kidnappers were reported received, and one telephone call which broke off abruptly.

Underworld. As the case entered its second week, Col. Lindbergh began taking it more and more into his own hands, apparently not fully satisfied with police measures as he turned for assistance to the underworld. Manhattan's saloon-owning Owney Madden and Chicago's Scarface Al Capone had promptly offered aid. But the emissaries which Col. Lindbergh had appointed were two metropolitan leggers named Salvatore Spitalo and Irving Bitz. They turned up in Brooklyn's Federal Court last week, charged with landing liquor from a boat. It was

evident that they had not been able to accomplish much toward the Lindbergh babe's return.

Mysterious Guest. While the Pulpit deplored and the Press delighted in gangland's taking the kidnapping into its heart and hands (see p. 18), Col. Lindbergh selected a new assistant to keep him in contact with the criminal kingdom. This was a handsome Jew named Morris Rosner. A report that he was a onetime Department of Justice operative was denied at Washington. He is now under indictment for stock fraud. "A member of President Hoover's Cabinet" was said to have suggested him to Col. Lindbergh. Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma declared in Washington: "I have known him [Rosner] for a year under circumstances which make me positive that he is extremely trustworthy. In fact, I would trust him with my life." Congresswoman Ruth Pratt of New York was supposed to be another of his sponsors. Mysterious Mr. Rosner had been resident at the Lindbergh home a day or so before reporters spotted him. The next thing heard from him was when he spirited an unknown prisoner out of Manhattan's Tombs in the dead of night—no one knew why. He was also credited with inserting the following cryptic notice in the agony column of the New York *American*:

Letter received at new address. I will follow your instructions. I also received letter mailed to me March 4 and was ready since then. Please hurry on account of mother. Address me to the address you mention in your letter. Father.

Followed another:

Money is ready. Jafsie.

Before dropping once more out of view last week, mysterious Mr. Rosner issued an unauthorized statement to the effect that the Lindberghs had at last established contact with the abductors of their lost child, were sure that he was still alive.

STATES & CITIES

Dore's Door

Campaigning for Mayor of Seattle, John Francis Dore (pronounced "door") promised, if elected, to "unhinge the door" to the office so that the public could walk freely in upon him. Last week Mr. Dore, a stocky, florid criminal lawyer, got a chance to make good his promise when the citizens of Seattle chose him for Mayor over Robert H. Harlin, incumbent, by a record-breaking majority vote.

Born & bred in Massachusetts, Mayor-elect Dore went West 20 years ago, learned his law by lamplight while reporting police news for Seattle newspapers. Clever, sarcastic, affable, he has made a reputation as one of the smartest defense attorneys in the Northwest. Married, father of three daughters and a son, he gave up drinking and smoking several years ago because of his health. To him in his campaign, the Seattle electorate was hardly more than one enormous jury to be swayed back & forth by courtroom oratory.

Besides unhinging his office door, to fulfill his countless campaign pledges Mayor Dore must also cut all city salaries over \$3,000, including his own, must dismiss the superintendent of the city-owned



Acme

MAYOR JOHN FRANCIS DORE

He must prow the streets.

street railway system and, like Theodore Roosevelt two generations ago in New York City, must prow the streets in disguise after dark to see if the police are properly beating their beats.

TAXATION

Depression's Bill

Last week the House of Representatives gagged and gulped on the largest peacetime tax bill in U. S. history. For the first time the Congress was getting an unpalatable dose of the Depression as it affected Government finances.

To balance next year's budget and absorb an estimated deficit of \$1,241,000,000 the House Ways & Means Committee had drafted, without politics or partisanship, a bill to raise by taxation \$1,096,000,000 above current receipts. To make up the difference the committee anticipated a \$125,000,000 cut in Government expenses and a \$25,000,000 increase in postal income. If all worked well, which it rarely does, the Treasury would squeak through 1933 with \$5,000,000 to spare. The new or increased taxes before the House and the estimated revenue from each were:

25% on manufacturers' sales	\$895,000,000
Individual incomes	112,000,000
Corporation incomes	21,000,000
Estates and gifts	35,000,000
Admissions	90,000,000
Stock transfers	28,000,000
Lubricating oil (4 cents per gal.)	25,000,000
Malt, wort, grape concentrates	50,000,000
Communications	15,000,000
Imported oil and gasoline	5,000,000
Administrative loopholes plugged	100,000,000

\$1,096,000,000

The normal income tax rate was upped from 1½%, 3% and 5% to 2½%, 4% and 6%. Exemptions were reduced from \$3,500 to \$2,500 for married persons, from \$1,500 to \$1,000 for single. The 25% credit on earned income up to \$30,000 was

National Affairs—(Continued)

reduced to 12½% on incomes up to \$12,000. The surtax rate which now stops at 20% was stepped up much faster to 40% on incomes of more than \$100,000 per year. What a married man with no dependents would have to pay was set forth in the following table by the Ways & Means Committee:

Net Income	Tax under 1928 Act	Tax Proposed
\$ 3,000	\$ 0	2.50
4,000	5.63	20.00
5,000	16.88	37.50
6,000	28.13	55.00
7,000	39.38	72.50
8,000	50.63	100.00
9,000	78.75	135.00
10,000	101.25	170.00
12,000	168.75	260.00
14,000	238.75	410.00
16,000	309.17	600.00
18,000	483.75	800.00
20,000	618.75	1,020.00
22,000	768.75	1,260.00
24,000	933.75	1,520.00
26,000	1,113.75	1,800.00
28,000	1,293.75	2,100.00
30,000	1,488.75	2,420.00
35,000	2,168.75	3,310.00
40,000	2,908.75	4,320.00
45,000	3,718.75	5,460.00
50,000	4,588.75	6,720.00
60,000	6,508.75	9,620.00
70,000	8,608.75	13,020.00
80,000	10,968.75	16,920.00
90,000	13,568.75	21,170.00
100,000	17,758.75	25,620.00
150,000	28,268.75	45,620.00
200,000	40,768.75	71,620.00
300,000	63,768.75	117,620.00
500,000	115,768.75	209,620.00
1,000,000	240,768.75	439,620.00

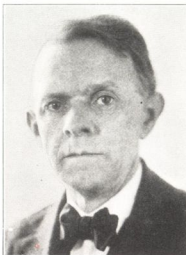
The corporation income tax was raised by the committee from 12% to 15%. The estate tax was doubled and a levy rising as high as 30% was imposed on all gifts over \$3,000. A 10% tax will be collected on all amusement admissions of 25¢ or more. Telephone and telegraph messages costing from 31¢ to 49¢ will be taxed 5¢, those costing 50¢ or more, 10¢.

When House debate began, opposition immediately focused on the manufacturers' sales tax, the measure's backlog which the committee had imported from Canada (TIME, March 7). Anticipating popular outcry, the committee in its report argued long & hard for this new type of levy, the first ever to tax everybody in the land. The tax, it said, would not be pyramided on the retail public. Even if it were completely passed on to the consumer, which was unlikely, the \$2,000-per-year man would have to pay only \$15.75 more. The committee could find no other tax source which would yield money "with as little protest, as little annoyance and as little disturbance to business as a manufacturers' excise tax."

Nevertheless the sales tax split the Democratic House ranks wide open. Members repudiated the measure as a party bill, flayed it on a breach of party tradition. They vehemently argued that it was a tax upon the necessities of life, and hence upon the poor man, without regard to ability to pay. Mockingly they declared that the only thing exempt would be admission to a bread line. Some hot-heads even denied the necessity of balancing the Budget by taxation at all. To each & every critic of the sales tax, secretly afraid of losing his political skin in the next election, acting Chairman

Crisp calmly retorted: "Where else can you find the necessary money?"

To that question the opposition had no good answer. One group proposed a beer tax. Another favored a system of taxes



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REPRESENTATIVE HUDDLESTON

He betrayed the Demagogues' slogan.

on checks, legal documents, radios, luxuries, motor vehicles *et al.* Sales tax objectors, however, were so vociferous that Mr. Crisp decided to prepare some "perfecting amendments" which make exemptions here & there. Secretary of the Treasury Mills hurried to the Capitol, threw the solid support of the Administration behind the tax bill.

Democratic House leaders took heart for the passage of their bill when small, lean Representative George Huddleston of Alabama, one of the most irregular and radical of their flock, arose in its defense. Said he:

"Taxes are bad and sales taxes are particularly bad. They are levied upon poverty and not upon wealth. . . . But we have to balance the budget. . . . In that choice selection of fine spirits that meet daily in the Democratic cloakroom, known as the Demagogue Club . . . our slogan is 'Safety First. . . . Taxes are always unacceptable, never popular, always cost political strength. It's easy for us to vote NO. . . . Some of us just demagogue on anything that happens to come along. . . . We have our farm section . . . our oil friends . . . our beer group. . . . The soldier group of the Demagogue Club . . . is raring to take \$1,800,000,000 of the people's money and distribute it among the soldiers. . . . These fellows all know they are guilty and not consistent for one-tenth of a second. . . . But it takes the combined courage and devotion of the whole people of this country to meet this emergency and I call upon my fellow Democrats to respond. . . . Do your duty by your country! Redeem your country's credit!"

Republicans joined Democrats in the applause.

DEMOCRATS

Incantations

The magic number of this year's Democratic national convention is 770—the two-thirds majority of delegates required to nominate for the Presidency. Last week political incantations began to fill the air, the primary elections began. It was the real start of the 1932 campaign and on the full-jawed face of New York's ambitious Governor Franklin Delano Roosevelt was a set smile of wizardly confidence. He already had 22 of those 770 delegates.*

Alfred Emanuel Smith, though he had said he was no active candidate, waved his four-year-old Brown Derby vigorously at his enchanted friends. Plain, blunt John Nance Garner stuck ostentatiously to his Speakeasy. Governor William Henry ("Alfalfa Bill") Murray with Oklahoma's 22 votes in his pocket stomped the Mid-West with violence and passion. Maryland's Governor Albert Cabell Ritchie charmed well-bred audiences while hoping for a convention deadlock to make him the lucky compromise candidate. Newton Diehl Baker went about his private business as if he had never heard of the Presidency.

¶ New Hampshire Democrats, first to hold their primary, were divided into two camps only—Roosevelt and Smith. No other aspirant bothered to enter a slate of delegates. On primary day only one out of four Democrats who had voted for the Brown Derby in 1928 turned out to express a presidential preference, and of these only one in three still favored the man they had tried to put in the White House four years ago. Governor Roosevelt's clean sweep upped to 30 his total toward the magic number.

¶ Minnesota Democrats were loud and disorderly when they convened at St. Paul. Roosevelt partisans were in 4-to-1 command over Smith supporters. Political opponents tussled around a microphone. The presiding officer wrecked a table gaveling for order. The stuffy air resounded with hisses and catcalls. When the Minnesota delegation had been instructed to cast its 24 votes for Governor Roosevelt, the disgruntled Smith minority bolted, held a rump session of its own, voted to send a Smith delegation to Chicago anyway. Total Roosevelt strength for the week: 54.

¶ Ten more nomination votes were at stake this week in North Dakota's primary where Governor Roosevelt was pitted against Governor Murray. Governor Roosevelt, backed by North Dakota's Democratic organization, made farmers liberal political promises about refinancing their debts at lower interest rates. Governor Murray stomped the State in person, drew large and enthusiastic crowds. ("Why worry about a mint julep when we haven't got the money to buy one.") Last week Governor Murray also filed as a presidential candidate in Ohio and West Virginia.

* Alaska, 6; Washington, 16.

National Affairs—(Continued)

¶ The "Stop Roosevelt" movement last week focused on Massachusetts (36 votes). Fortnight ago Mr. Smith, despite his earlier statement that he would not contest for another nomination, allowed his name to go in for the primary. April 26, Boston's Mayor Curley, hot for Roosevelt, began hectoring the Brown Derby with telegraphic demands that, since New Hampshire had repudiated him, he withdraw from Massachusetts. Mr. Smith wired back that he did not consider the use of his name in the primary at odds with his no-candidate statement. Mayor Curley thereupon telegraphed Mr. Smith that he was "glad," published the correspondence in the Press and took to the air with a broad intimation that the Brown Derby was out of the race. Boiling mad, Mr. Smith flashed back: "You are trying to put me in a false light with my friends in Massachusetts. . . . I welcome their support. . . . I battled hard for the principles they stand for and I am ready to do so again. . . . Your telegram seems to me a bit tricky. . . ." Retorted Boston's Mayor: "In the words of the poet, 'Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive!'" When a complete slate of Smith delegates, headed by Governor Ely and Senator Walsh, was put into the field, it became plain as a pikestaff that the Brown Derby was in the campaign up to its ears, that its intention was to corner enough convention votes to keep Governor Roosevelt from conjuring 770.

¶ Also on April 26 Pennsylvania holds a primary. Pennsylvania has 76 votes. Last week Roosevelt men declared that their candidate would get 40 of them without a contest, probably 50, possibly 60. Smith men insisted that the Brown Derby would carry most of the State and a majority of the delegation. In Massachusetts and Pennsylvania the "Stop Roosevelt" movement will succeed or fall flat.

¶ Last week in California William Gibbs McAdoo, onetime Secretary of the Treasury, filed his name at the head of a primary slate of delegates pledged to the candidacy of Speaker Garner.

¶ On March 1 the national Democracy had \$140,489 cash in its treasury against debts of \$786,116. Biggest item: \$125,000 from the "sale" of the National Convention to Chicago. Also announced last week was the fact that the "victory drive" to clean up the 1928 deficit had netted \$550,000 in cash and pledges from 45,817 Democrats.

¶ Last week's odds on the Democratic presidential nomination: Roosevelt, 1-to-2; Garner, 1-to-43; Smith, 1-to-15; Ritchie, 1-to-6; Baker, 1-to-6; Young, 1-to-20.

LABOR

Yellow Dog's End

When Congress passed the Clayton Act in 1914, it thought it had emancipated Organized Labor. But Congress was mistaken. The Federal courts virtually nullified the Clayton Act in so far as it was supposed to protect trade-unionism from the anti-trust law. Strikes were still broken by Federal injunctions charging

interstate conspiracies and monopolies. Labor leaders were still jailed without hearings for contempt. The "yellow-dog" contract spread and thrived. Bitterly disappointed, union labor demanded that



NEBRASKA'S NORRIS

Two weeks, two triumphs.

Congress do its job over again, enact fool-proof legislation through which hostile employers could not weave their way to the Federal courts.

Last week, in the wake of the Senate (where the vote had been 75-to-5), the House passed (363-to-13) a bill (*H. R. 5315*) to accomplish this purpose. Not only were injunctions by Federal courts to be severely limited but also the "yellow-dog" contract was to be legally exiled.

"A great achievement!" exclaimed William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor. Two decades ago industrialists combatting Labor's advance had a large section of public opinion on their side. Last week, despite vigorous lobbying, the League for Industrial Rights could muster to its support only a handful of Republican Representatives from Pennsylvania and Massachusetts who solemnly warned that Congress was "making a long march toward Moscow."

The Significance. Fundamental in the new measure was this clear statement of U. S. public policy on Labor: *Whereas under prevailing economic conditions . . . the individual unorganized worker is commonly helpless to exercise actual liberty of contract and to protect his freedom of labor, and thereby to obtain acceptable terms and conditions of employment, wherefore it is necessary that he have full freedom of association, self-organization, and designation of representatives of his own choosing, to negotiate the terms and conditions of his employment, and that he shall be free from the interference, restraint, or coercion of employers of labor . . . in concerted activities for the purpose of collective bargaining. . . .*

A "yellow-dog" contract is an agreement of employment wherein the employee promises the employer not to join any

labor union. Largely because he once upheld the validity of such a contract, so hateful to union labor, the Senate rejected the nomination of U. S. Circuit Judge John Johnston Parker of North Carolina to the Supreme Court (*TIME*, May 19, 1930). Declared the House Judiciary Committee reporting *H. R. 5315*: "The vice of such contracts, which are becoming alarmingly widespread, is that if they are carried to their ultimate conclusion, they would abolish trade-unionism. That is undoubtedly the purpose of the organizations of employers opposing this bill." Under the bill no such contract can be enforced in any U. S. court.

In equity proceedings where no relief at law exists, with *H. R. 5315* on the statute books, employers will have a much harder time getting Federal injunctions to restrain strikers. Inferior U. S. courts are to be prohibited* from issuing injunctions against workers for: 1) striking; 2) using union money to push the strike; 3) publicizing the strike by advertising, speeches and picketing; 4) holding mass meetings; 5) urging other workers to join the strike. Upon Labor are only two limitations: 1) no violence; 2) no fraud. The only way an employer involved in a labor dispute can get a Federal injunction will be to prove to the court that he has made "every reasonable effort" to settle the strike; to show under oath that unlawful acts have been committed or threatened against him and to convince the judge that failure to enjoin the strikers will do him "substantial and irreparable" injury. He must also file an adequate bond to recompense the strikers in case the injunction is quashed.

No longer would judges try their own contempt cases growing out of a labor fracas. Instead defendants could demand a jury, even another judge.

Because the 1928 Republican platform promised Labor relief from injunctions it was taken for granted that President Hoover would sign the bill after House and Senate had composed minor technical differences.

The passage of this basically important legislation made two triumphs in as many weeks for that white-haired old Nebraska, Senator George William Norris, who is not in the habit of winning victories. Fortnight he got through Congress his constitutional reform abolishing the "lame duck" session of Congress.† In Senator Norris' patience there is an Oriental quality which takes no heed of time to accomplish its purpose. For a full decade he worked to enact the "lame duck" amendment. His advocacy of anti-injunction labor legislation is of almost as long standing. Flushed with a sense of sudden accomplishment, he took up last week another ancient legislative favorite of his—government operation of Muscle Shoals—and got the Agriculture Committee to report it favorably to the Senate.

*Only the U. S. Supreme Court derives its authority directly from the Constitution, which empowers Congress to create and control lesser tribunals.

†Last week the New York legislature was the second to ratify what will become the 20th Amendment.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE LEAGUE

Saved by a Stimson

(See front cover)

The peace of Asia, if there is to be peace, was more nearly in the hands of Sir John Allsebrook Simon last week than in those of any other man. At Geneva the British Foreign Secretary suavely brought the League Assembly around to a certain way of looking at the Sino-Japanese situation. This viewpoint approximated that of President Hoover and Secretary Stimson. Meanwhile at Shanghai, where the Japanese victory had become embarrassingly pyrrhic (see p. 16), worried Japanese generals, admirals and diplomats flocked around the British Minister, Sir Miles Wedderburn Lampson, who was, of course, under orders from his chief, Sir John Simon.

On the sidelines at Shanghai sat U. S. Vice Admiral Montgomery Taylor aboard his flagship the battle cruiser *Houston*. At Geneva the U. S. "observer" was U. S. Minister to Switzerland Hugh Wilson. Three times during a single League Assembly sitting tall, sad-eyed Sir John Simon walked over to Observer Wilson and publicly whispered in his ear. This British courtesy and the general line of Sir John's efforts so pleased Mr. Stimson that next day he told Washington correspondents that now "all nations can speak with the same voice." A spokesman for Observer Wilson said that he was "very grateful" to Sir John. For what?

Minor League States including the British Dominions had begun last week by demanding that the League take action of some sort or at least that the Assembly name the "aggressor" (Japan). But slowly, artfully Sir John and other statesmen of the Great Powers got the minor nations in hand. As London's famed *Spectator* has said, "The motto of Sir John Simon is apparently *Partifice, Partifice, et toujours l'artifice*." Last week artful John, a lawyer accustomed to receive the largest fees charged in the Empire, made short work of such whippersnappers as, for example, the Delegate of His Majesty's Dominion of South Africa, Hon. Charles T. de Water.

When it began to seem that the Assembly would not even name the aggressor, Mr. de Water whippersnapped, looking directly at Sir John:

"We need wise, strong leadership and action, not mere words! Are the Great Powers satisfied that they have shown the way?"

Thus challenged from His Majesty's own camp, the Great Lawyer "looked uncomfortable," according to correspondents, but Mr. de Water was not so foolish as to press his charge, sat down.

What Sir John proceeded to do, as a few astute Britons frankly pointed out, was this: he pressed upon the League the Asiatic policy which Mr. Stimson enunciated in his letter to Senator Borah (TIME, March 7). Thus Sir John tucked some exceedingly strange bedfellows into the League bed, but at the same time he kept

Mother Britain's apron clear, no matter what may happen. Blame for the policy which the League proceeded to adopt was promptly heaped by Tokyo upon Washington. "Mr. Stimson," said the Japanese Foreign Office spokesman acidly, "is leading the League by the nose."

Where?

"**Japanese Victory.**" Artfully steered, the League Assembly which had met in extraordinary session upon the Shanghai crisis (TIME, March 14), created last week one more League round table, an exceedingly imposing "Pacification Committee" of 19 states to sit in Geneva from now on until Japan and China are pacified. Sir John Simon, while nations were being elected to this commission, withheld Great Britain's vote from South Africa, thus rapping across the knuckles of Mr. de Water.



International

JOSEPH PAUL-BONCOUR

"But Messieurs! . . ."

who had made him "uncomfortable." Elected were Belgium (because her Paul Hymans was Assembly President), Colombia, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Portugal, Sweden, Switzerland; and the member states of the League Council (excepting China and Japan), namely France, Germany, Great Britain, Guatemala, the Irish Free State, Italy, Yugoslavia, Norway, Panama, Peru, Poland and Spain.

What chiefly pleased Washington was not the setting up of this Commission but adoption by the Assembly of a resolution stressing those moral, legal and spiritual values which Mr. Stimson stressed in his letter to Senator Borah. By a last-minute intercession of Sir John Simon there was grafted upon this Assembly resolution an endorsement of the Kellogg-Briand Pact renouncing war as an instrument of national policy—a much appreciated compliment to Statesman Stimson.

In Washington the State Department laid special emphasis on the following Stimsonesque part of the Geneva resolution: *The Assembly . . . declares it incumbent upon members of the League of Nations not to recognize any situation, treaty or agreement which may be brought about by means contrary to the Covenant of the League of Nations.*

Did that mean that Japan will have to get out of Manchuria and Shanghai? In Geneva, Japanese Delegate Sato said, "The entire resolution is sufficiently abstract." It passed the Assembly, which traditionally in such cases acts by unanimous vote, with Mr. Sato abstaining and with the Chinese Delegate, Dr. Yen, also abstaining. Perhaps one or the other of these Orientals thought that his abstention invalidated the resolution. Later Japan or China can make such a claim, if it is desirable.

Geneva buzzed with idle talk of a "Japanese diplomatic victory"—which was certainly an injustice to Sir John. He had kept the League from testing its strength, from breaking down.

"I am a League man," Sir John often says. "Yes, a League man."

"**General Conspiracy.**" The Empire's highest-paid lawyer is supposed to have no sense of humor.* There is also the story of what is supposed to be the only time John was ever outwitted in conversation. An English explorer of note was saying, "... and so I came upon a trunkless body" when keen-witted Lawyer Simon cut in, "You don't mean a trunkless body, you mean a headless body."

"No, I don't," chuckled the explorer. "This trunkless body happened to be an elephant!"

In British politics the two bitterest enemies today are Artful John and wily Mr. Lloyd George who venomously calls him "The Little Gladstone." Both men are intense Non-Conformists. Early in 1914, Sir John Simon, M.P., carried Protestantism to the length of pooh-poohing the war scare and telling the English people that their natural allies are the Protestant Germans. After war was declared Lawyer Simon was the only Cabinet Minister actually to resign as a protest against conscription. He volunteered, joined the Royal Air Force as a legal adviser upon such questions as the propriety of bombing German cities, continued to practise law in His Majesty's uniform in London. This irregular procedure forced him finally out of the R. A. F., but he received a decoration awarded for war service by non-combatants.

Citizen Simon's chief service to the Empire since the War was rendered during Britain's General Strike (TIME, May 10: 24, 1926), though the public did not know this at the time. Sir John, whose prestige as a legal authority was enormous, suddenly made a speech in which he pointed out to the British Trades Union Council their "general strike" was in his opinion a "general conspiracy" and that all strikers could be punished and fined to the uttermost farthing of their wealth. Simple, law

*His defenders (English) tell with a chuckle the anecdote of how Sir John once said, "I am sorry to leave America without having seen Babe Ruth bat." Similarly admirers of the late, great Dr. Samuel Johnson claim that he had a sense of humor because he wrote the verse:

*At with me but upon my head
I wore a crown the Strand,
I there did meet another man
With his hat in his hand.*

Foreign News—(Continued)

abiding men, the members of the British Trades Union Council were shocked and terrified (as some of them revealed long afterward) into calling off whatever it was they had called on.

More recently Sir John's legal talents caused him, as chairman of the Indian Statutory Commission, to produce a 753-page report on India which made no mention of modern Gandhism (not legal). It was widely said that "the Simon Report was obsolete when published" (TIME, June 30, 1930 *ante*), but Mr. Gandhi and over 18,000 Gandhites are now in jail, and the last laugh may very easily be Sir John's.

Possunt Quia. "His laugh is remarkable," one of Sir John's associates has said. "Knowing that he has no sense of humor, one knows that when he laughs he is condescending."*

In jail just now sits Lord Kilsant, former chairman of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co. whom Sir John Simon defended against the Crown's charge of misleading stockholders (TIME, Nov. 16). But the fact that he lost this big case has not impaired the legal reputation of Sir John Simon or moderated his charges. For is he not Foreign Secretary? Does he not hold the star Cabinet post?

Just before he left for Geneva, Sir John was asked by Laborite members of the House of Commons whether the Japanese Government has today a secret understanding with the British Government covering Manchuria and Shanghai. With a pale smile, the Great Lawyer said he had not "heard" of any such understanding. In Geneva, at the opening of the Disarmament Conference, Sir John said: "We represent the mass of people in all lands, the people who fight the wars and are hoping, even against hope, for a wise issue from our deliberations. *Possunt quia posse videntur.*"†

This Conference accepted the suggestion of U. S. Chief Delegate Hugh Gibson that it virtually suspend activities last week "so that the League Assembly can come to grips with the really vital and urgent questions which are before it." When the Assembly did not come to grips with anything, the Conference prepared to adjourn over Easter. U. S. Delegate Norman H. Davis left Geneva to have a talk with President Hoover in the White House. Congress has appropriated \$300,000 to keep the U. S. Delegation at Geneva for at least eight months. "But *Messieurs!*" excitedly cried that great French lawyer and Delegate *Maitre* Joseph Paul-Boncour, "our Conference is going to last for at least two years. Why not? The Washington Arms Conference of only five Great Powers lasted four months, and here we have 57 nations represented!"

*No condescension was Lawyer Simon's behavior when a wealthy peer called one afternoon to ask and pay for his advice. Launching into an impromptu philosophical discourse, Sir John absent-mindedly poured out two cups of tea, drank both of them himself, and bowed his flabbergasted guest out, oblivious of the fact that his audience was a prospective client.

†Success comes to those resolved to succeed.

IRISH FREE STATE

Two in One?

Belfast bowed stiffly last week to Dublin. The Rt. Hon. Viscount Craigavon, Premier of Northern Ireland, revoked the decree which has barred from Northern Ireland that notorious person Eamon de Valera.

This bow to Dublin was necessary because in Dublin popular Mr. de Valera had just been elected and had taken office as "President" (*i. e.* Premier) of the "Irish Free State" (*i. e.* Southern Ireland). Fearfully Belfast Protestants heard that Dublin Catholics were roistering in wild Irish fashion every night, shouting that the two Irelands must become one Republic.

In Dublin events quick-stepped both day and night. To become President, Mr. de Valera had had to oust President Cosgrave (TIME, Feb. 29). But Enemies de Valera and Cosgrave are both devout Catholics. United by Rome, they knelt together at a solemn votive mass in St. Mary's, Dublin's pro-cathedral, before starting their battle in Dublin's parliament. Sarcastically Battler Cosgrave said, "We will give President de Valera every opportunity to develop his policies. We don't want to hear his explanations of policy—we want to see what he is going to do!"

In order to become President, tall, stoop-shouldered, teacherish Mr. de Valera had to take, in writing, this oath: "I, Eamon de Valera do solemnly swear true faith and allegiance to the Constitution of the Irish Free State as by law established, and that I will be faithful to H. M. King George V, his heirs and successors by law in virtue of the common citizenship of Ireland with Great Britain and her adherence to and membership of the group of nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations."

As he has when inscribing this oath (required of all Irish Free State Deputies),



INTERNATIONAL
PREMIER CRAIGAVON & FAMILY

He had to bow to . . .

Mr. de Valera said severely to the oath-clerk, "I am not taking any oath or giving any promise of faithfulness to the King of England. . . . I am putting my name here as a mere formality."

In Rochester, N. Y., a quiet old lady who dresses mostly in black was told that her son had become President. "I am very happy to hear the news," said Mrs. Catherine Wheelwright. She bore Eamon de Valera where Manhattan's Chrysler Building stands today. The President's father (a Spaniard) is dead and so is his stepfather, Mr. Wheelwright. Several times Eamon de Valera has visited his old mother in Rochester.

In Dublin the first act of the de Valera Government was not to bring in a bill abolishing the oath to King George, as President de Valera has promised to do. To draft this bill would take a few days. But hot out to Arbour Hill Prison rushed the Free State's new Minister of Justice, James Geoghegan. At the prison he discovered "conditions" which he blamed upon ex-President Cosgrave.

There was not enough heat. The Minister of Justice ordered more. And in bed the Minister of Justice found George Gilmore, a shocking state of affairs!

Prisoner Gilmore had remained in bed, the Minister of Justice was shocked to learn, ever since he was sent to jail three months ago. So much staying in bed had made him pale. But Patriot Gilmore absolutely refused to get out of bed and put on his prison uniform. There it lay across his chair.

Sternly the Prison Governor was rebuked for taking away George Gilmore's own clothes. Mr. Gilmore was a "political prisoner," ruled the new Minister of

"In his last hours as Kaiser, indecisive Wilhelm II asked General Groener whether he and other German officers would keep the oath they had sworn to their Emperor. Replied General Groener who today is Germany's Minister of Interior and Defense, "What is an oath, Your Majesty? It is only an idea."



INTERNATIONAL
PRESIDENT DE VALERA & MOTHER

. . . his notorious neighbor.

Foreign News—(Continued)

Justice, and hereafter all political prisoners will wear their own clothes in the jails of the Irish Free State. By the time this piece of work was done it was late at night. Early next morning an expectant Irish throng massed outside Arbour Hill Prison.

By decree of the de Valera Government 20 prisoners were set free before noon. Loudly cheered by the mob, they rode away in motor cars bearing banners, WELCOME HOME, PRISONERS! As soon as ex-Prisoner Frank Ryan got home he re-started his Dublin paper *The Republic*, demanded that the two Irelands be proclaimed one. Up hundreds of Dublin flagstaves went the banner of the illegal and unconstitutional Irish Republican Army.

The Army has enormous stocks of arms. George ("Stay-Ahead") Gilmore was sent to jail after his arrest in connection with the Cosgrave Government's discovery of one of the Army's secret munitions dumps. Last week Stay-Ahead Gilmore and other members of the secret General Staff of the Irish Republican Army met near Dublin. Anxiously Belfast and London waited.

FRANCE

Fruit Jam

Baldwins, Pippins, Winesaps, Deliciouses—20,000 barrels of them from U. S. orchards were piled high in the hold of *S. S. Ile de France* last week when she nosed past Havre breakwater. These apples, valued at \$100,000, stayed on the *Ile de France*. France had just slapped an embargo on all "fresh fruits, live plants or parts of live plants from the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, China and Japan." The embargo was officially based on the discovery of San José scale, an infectious fruit scab, on recent shipments of apples and pears from the U. S. Plant-exporting China and Japan were too busy with their own troubles to protest. The fruitful Dominions took it quietly. But roses of protest rose from U. S. Chambers of Commerce. In the last two years U. S. apple-growers have sent over \$3,000,000 worth of apples to France.

In Paris, U. S. commercial attachés scurried around the ministries, attempting to win over competing Norman apple growers, hoping to find a loophole by which U. S. Pippins and Baldwins could slip through the embargo if each shipment was accompanied by a special bill of health from U. S. sanitary inspectors. Also in Paris last week was none other than the President of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, grey-haired Silas Hardy Strawn of Chicago, who has been at various times president of the U. S. Bar and Golf Associations. Lawyer Strawn was U. S. delegate to the Chinese tariff conference in Peiping, which accomplished nothing. Again last week in this latest French move against high U. S. tariffs, Lawyer Strawn could think of nothing better than oratory. Said he:

"It is an irritating step in economic warfare which will tend to destroy friendly

international relations. . . . It is an unwarranted invasion by the Government into the field of private business. . . . It is a return to the obsolete system of barter and involves discrimination and retaliation. . . . It is arbitrary and unfair. It nullifies our existing trade treaties. So protesting vigorously against it, I



Wide World

CHAMBER PRESIDENT STRAWN

. . . spoke up for Pippins and Winesaps.

speak for 800,000 businessmen of the United States.

"Hysteria was responsible for France withdrawing \$700,000,000 in gold from the United States recently. She had a perfect right to take her gold, of course, but it did not help any just at this time and it certainly did not make us more internationally minded."

GERMANY

"Vive Hindenburg!"

Germans, shouting "Hoch Hindenburg!" as the *Feldmarschall's* armies battled and blasted toward Paris, never dreamed that their beloved Hindenburg would be cheered in Paris by Frenchmen in 1932. Yet this astounding thing came to pass last week.

Paris had been extremely nervous lest Adolf Hitler win the German election and repudiate the Treaty of Versailles. Massed in the Place de l'Opera, a tense French throng awaited bulletins. Suddenly, when the flash came that Herr Hitler had definitely not been elected, a joyous French cheer went up "Vive Hindenburg! Vive la France!"

Nobody won the German election. Nobody has ever been elected President of Germany by popular vote on the first ballot. To be so elected a candidate must win 50% of all votes cast plus one vote more. In 1925 Paul von Hindenburg was not even a candidate on the first ballot; on the second (when the candidate who has a plurality wins), Old Paul was elected by 14,648,877 votes.

The returns last week:

Candidate	Ballots
Von Hindenburg (Coalitionist)	18,661,736
Hitler (Fascist)	11,328,571
Thaelmann (Communist)	4,971,079
Dusterberg (Monarchist)	2,517,876
Winter (Revolutionist)	181,114

Total 37,660,377

Candidate Gustave Winter, darkest of dark horses, could fairly be said to have prevented President von Hindenburg's reelection. His platform was that some payment or restitution should be made to holders of "worthless" German paper mark banknotes of 1,000-mark denominations or larger.

The people who still have such banknotes, the 181,115 disgruntled Germans who voted for Candidate Winter (even though he was in jail on a minor sentence last week), would almost certainly have voted for Old Paul if they had not voted for Prisoner Winter. Their votes, a mere handful in so large an election, would nevertheless have sufficed to re-elect the President. Since nobody was elected, Germans will vote again Sunday, April 10.

Significance. Day before the election Adolf Hitler said, "I will get more than 12,000,000 votes," thus tacitly admitting that he did not expect to be elected President on the first ballot.*

The record of Fascist progress in Germany is that Herr Hitler's party polled 6,500,000 votes in the Reichstag election of 1930 and last week polled over eleven million votes.

The Communist Party, which won 4,590,000 votes in 1930 and was expected to make large gains last week, fooled everyone, made virtually no gain. Only 4,900,000 Germans voted for Comrade Ernst Thaelmann, "The Red Napoleon." In Hamburg, his native city, Comrade Thaelmann trailed both Hitler and Hindenburg; but in Berlin the big, blond, leather-lunged Red ran ahead of Hitler though behind Hindenburg.

Day after the No. 1 election, Adolf Hitler announced himself a candidate in the No. 2 election and so did President von Hindenburg. Most observers assumed that the President will of course be re-elected on April 10—by a huge plurality. But granting this, there remains the question whether Paul von Hindenburg can possibly live out a second term, at the end of which he would be 91. Well might Frenchmen cry last week "Vive Hindenburg!" for the President's life is precious to order and peace.

FINLAND

Minna Craucher

On the Finnish mainland last week the Lapuan or Finnish Fascist revolt that petered out so dismally fortnight ago (TIME, March 14) was punctured last week by the murder of Minna Craucher. Minna Craucher, brilliant, amiable and 40, was a well-known character in Fin-

*Everyone knew that to win the winner would have to win nearly 19,000,000 votes.

Foreign News—(Continued)

land. She started her career as a secret agent for the early Soviet Cheka. After the War her house in Helsingfors was a salon for Finnish writers and artists. Dozens of novelists dramatized her adventures. Minna Craucher kept up her spying, was jailed three times for fraud. She knew a great deal about the Lapuan movement and at the beginning of the revolt, when it was discovered that the Finnish government had a complete list of contributors to the Lapuan war chest, Finns looked curiously at Minna Craucher. Last week they found her hunched over a desk with a soft-nosed bullet in her brain. Police inspectors turned thoughtful eyes on General K. Martt Wallenius, Lapuan leader.

Horses on Ice

Samoans catch flying fish with flaming torches. Eskimos shoot salmon with bows and arrows. Chinese catch whiting with tame cormorants. The Hairy Ainus of Japan catch salmon with grizzly bears. Finns catch turbot with horses. Unlike cormorants and bears, Finnish horses do not actually catch the fish, nor are they used for bait. In winter Finnish fishermen use plodding draft horses to haul away their heavy loads of fish from the holes chopped in the roof of the Baltic Sea.

Last week a cavalcade of 700 fishermen and 100 horses clattered out of Helsingfors to drag the ice of the Gulf of Finland. For two days the expedition prospered, moved farther and farther out from the shore. Suddenly a shrieking, steel-grey blizzard swept down on them. With prodigious snapping and grinding a great ice floe broke away from the shore. All the fishermen and their steeds were swept out to sea on an island of ice.

They had few provisions, no protection against the blizzard. The little colony subdivided dangerously. Small parties floated away in different directions, most of them toward Finland's greatest enemy, Soviet Russia. After 24 hours the blizzard let up sufficiently for Finnish army planes to take off. They dropped sausages, blankets, hay, most of which fell into the sea. Slower but surer, Finnish and Soviet icebreakers smashed their way to the rescue. The refugees, horses and men alike, gnawed frozen fish. At the end of the third day, all but one or two of the frost-bitten fishermen had been saved, nearly half of the horses.

ALBANIA

Supreme Removal

By the will of His Smart Little Majesty King Zog, all ten of Albania's Supreme Court Justices were last week "removed for unprofessional conduct."

What the Supreme Court had done to vex Albania's royal Dictator and whether or not a new Supreme Court will be appointed, Albania's censors refused to let the world know. As everyone knows, little King Zog is a protégé of big Dictator Benito Mussolini who pampers His Majesty with guns, ammunition, loans.

SWEDEN

"Sleeping"

While the Paris Stock Exchange was closed in honor of Aristide Briand, while 500,000 Parisians reverently stood in the Champs Elysée intent upon the Peach Man's funeral, a large pistol went off in a



Paul Hinkhouse

JAPAN'S NEW HENRY VIII

"I must confess myself poor in talent."

(See col. 3.)

luxurious apartment nearby. No one heard it except Ivar Kreuger, the "Swedish Match King," the self-made colossus of Scandinavian finance. Matchman Kreuger was putting a bullet into his heart for business reasons (see p. 45) and for human reasons. His nerves were drawn so taut (he had suffered a nervous breakdown recently in New York) that to release the strain was welcome, sweet. His physician had warned him the day before that his heart would not stand much more.

"M. Kreuger is sleeping," said the concierge of the apartment about 1:30 p.m. when Vice President Krister Littorin of Swedish Match, who had expected to lunch with his chief at the Hotel du Rhin, anxiously arrived. As Herr Littorin pushed into the bedroom President Kreuger, dressed in a business suit, seemed peacefully asleep upon his bed.

Manhattan's Stock Exchange was still open. The French police were instructed by a Cabinet Minister to keep mum. Even when selling of Kreuger & Toll in Wall Street became so fast & furious that 25.5% of all shares traded were of this issue, no U. S. news agency thought to cable Paris for news of the Match King. His friends announced his death after all world markets closed. Swedish Match once loaned \$7,500,000 to the French Government. Matchman Kreuger was a Grand Officer of the French Legion of Honor.

Swooping from Stockholm to Paris came a whole plane-load of Kreuger relations. The Match King, who was only 52, is survived by his father, mother, sisters, broth-

ers. His secretive methods make the estate a question mark. "I don't know how much money I have," this long-nosed Swede often said, "and I don't care! What difference does money make?" Since he was said to control the billion-dollar Kreuger & Toll pyramid with slightly over \$250,000 key securities, Titan Kreuger's contempt for personal pelf was natural. His pocket-book was always quite lean, but other men seemed always eager to pay the taxi driver.

In Stockholm the Royal Government did not of course know that Ivar Kreuger was going to commit suicide, but they had taken precautionary steps. If anything should happen (and there were numerous "anythings" in addition to suicide) the Royal Government was ready to rush through a bill to stabilize Swedish business by granting a moratorium to Kreuger & Toll. When the news came, the Swedish Parliament put through this bill at a secret session, ordered Swedish stock exchanges to remain closed. For years conservative Swedish financiers have frowned on Ivar Kreuger's operations as "too big for Sweden."

On the morning of his suicide Ivar Kreuger bought the pistol at a small shop near his apartment. "*Mon Dieu*, how was I to know?" said the shopkeeper. "He seemed perfectly calm, *parfaitement!*" Only the Kreuger concierge noticed anything unusual, noticed that when the Match King came home with a package in his hand he did not smile or reply as he always had to the doorman's greeting. Going upstairs, Titan Kreuger wrote three letters in longhand to relatives, loosened his clothes, pulled the trigger.

In London the *Times* made his suicide the text for a broad hint that the U. S. ought to join Europe in canceling War debts and reparations. "Here is new evidence," declared the *Times*, "of the war which international indecision is waging against the interests of manufacture and commerce. It is another warning to governments that time does not wait."

MANCHURIA

Kowtowing to Henry

Henry wore a cutaway cut by a Japanese tailor and very white gloves. Elizabeth wore a close fitting gown of Chinese silk with a slit skirt. The day was fine. Cheerfully Henry and Elizabeth alighted last week from a Pullman car at Changchun (extreme northern terminus of the U. S.-equipped Japanese South Manchuria Railway). Through his owl-smoked glasses, Henry managed to read a sign which stretched clear across the Changchun station: *Welcome to our Emperor, Henry Pu Yi VIII.*

While a Japanese Shinto priest loudly thumped a drum, Chinese and Japanese soldiers guarding the station knelt to Henry VIII. Famed Chinese General Ma rushed forward, made three deep bows to Henry, one deep bow to Elizabeth. Next a Mongol, Prince Chi, made his elaborate obeisance. General Mori, the Japanese in charge of installing Puppet Henry VIII at Changchun, bowed very slightly, once to Henry, once to Elizabeth.

Foreign News—(Continued)

Followed by a retinue of 60 Chinese and Japanese, the young couple drove through Changchun's clean, new Japanese town into its messy old Chinese walled city, alighted at what had been the Chinese City Hall.

With General Ma acting as Grand Chamberlain (to arrive in time General Ma had taken that morning the second airplane ride of his life), Henry VIII entered the hall and sat down upon a richly draped chair. To him a throne was nothing new. As a child he sat on China's famed "Dragon Throne" at Peking as the Emperor Hsuan Tung, deposed when six.

Around the new throne of what Japan is determined to make a new state stood, last week, some very old Chinamen, exceptional in that they have preserved their long queues. It was like old times. Ceremoniously General Ma advanced, prostrated himself before Henry VIII, and *koztowed* (touched his forehead to the floor). Henry was then given two large seals of solid gold. From his throne he shrieked:

"The people of Manchuria have long suffered under tyrannical government. I must confess myself poor in talent and unable to devise means to relieve the people from their pain and suffering.

"However, with a due sense of my unworthiness . . . I am determined to use my utmost efforts, with the kindly aid and wise advice of you all." (The room was half full of Japanese, including General Honjo, the conqueror of Manchuria.)

"The Heaven and the Sun above," concluded Henry VIII, "know all."

Forward stepped His Excellency Count Uchida, president of the Japanese South Manchuria Railway, and handsomely congratulated Henry. To be on the safe side, the Chinese Eastern Railway which has its southern terminus at Changchun, gave Henry a limousine. Soon he was riding out to "The Village of Apricot Blossoms," a suburb of Changchun where he hopes to live in the summertime. Frozen solid by the roadside lay several Chinese paupers, dead and half eaten by dogs.

Henry and Elizabeth were shocked, their Japanese entourage announced. Promptly Henry issued "Decree No. 13," ordered 200,000 yen (\$68,000) given to the poor of Manchuria. Japanese bankers last week were already negotiating a loan of \$6,000,000 to the new state. Japanese speculators were snapping up likely lots at Changchun. For his South Manchuria Railway able Count Uchida got a fat contract to build the Government Offices which must obviously be built at Changchun.

Such offices already exist at Mukden, the traditional capital of Manchuria, which also contains an Imperial Palace of the Manchu Dynasty. But by setting up Henry VIII in Changchun (he begged to be set up in Mukden, the capital of his ancestors) Japan was able to plunge the new state at once and heavily into debt. To collect the principal and interest on this debt, Japan may have to retain *de facto* control of Manchuria for some time.



CHINESE SIEGE GUN

Japan sold them on the instalment plan.

Last week the Japanese Government was in no hurry to recognize *de jure* the Government of Henry VIII. But in Tokyo blunt Japanese War Minister Araki barked, "It is only a question of time."

Statesman Stimson, although unalterably opposed to recognizing the new state, nevertheless told all U. S. Consuls in Manchuria to stay where they were last week. In Russia, he recalled, the U. S. consuls stayed where they were for a whole year after Bolsheviks set up the Soviet Union. With a flourish the Chinese Government announced that not only did it not recognize Henry VIII but that "He has been kidnapped by the Japanese."

In Manchuria a few bold Chinese celebrated the ascension of Henry VIII by starting seven fires in the Japanese quarter of Mukden, attacking General Honjo's special train which repulsed them with many a bullet, and by starting minor revolts in the remoter parts of Manchuria. Bullets sent up by Japanese and Chinese fighting on the Manchurian side of the Amur River alighted last week in Blagoveshchensk on the Soviet side of the river.

JAPAN-CHINA

Lull

Over what was left of the valiant Woonung forts hundreds of sweating Japanese soldiers crawled last week, dismantling the heavy siege guns to ship them proudly back to Japan, first tangible trophies of her bloody Shanghai invasion.* Japanese headquarters gave a novel explanation of the shipment: the guns were originally made in Japanese arsenals. They were being paid for on the instalment plan. China was remiss in her instalments therefore Japan, like any piano company, was repossessing her goods.

Japanese authorities last week made amends for assaults on two U. S. citizens.

*Last week the Japanese War Office finally gave way to domestic pressure, published its first official casualty list. Between Sept. 18 and Feb. 20 651 soldiers were killed, 2,224 wounded in Manchuria and at Shanghai. Still secret are the navy casualty lists.

The car of U. S. Trade Commissioner H. D. Robison was smashed by an auto truck (TIME, March 14). Commissioner Robison was punched in the face. Japan paid the garage bill and cut the truck driver's salary. Miss Rose Marlowe, severely beaten by a civilian resistor when she attempted to enter the rear of Chapel. The reservist was sentenced to 15 days in jail.

China and Japan were still deadlocked over peace terms. Firing on the Shanghai front had almost ceased. The League Nations Commission arrived, was told for a drive through the ruins of Chinese cities. Soldiers of the 31st U. S. Infantry duty in Shanghai asked the Red Cross for more and livelier reading matter.

While last week's situation amounted to a definite lull, it was not without disappointing developments. An official Japanese statement insisted that more than 30 Chinese troops were massing around Shanghai; that large numbers of Chinese soldiers had been smuggled into Shanghai; that a Chinese incendiary plot to destroy Japanese college at Nantao had been rowly frustrated. Four new divisions of Chinese soldiers were reported to be fleeing from Chekiang to Shanghai, according to Japanese authorities. Chinese were transporting cement and barbed wire to Sungking for the construction of fence works.

ARGENTINA

Insidious Sofas

In Buenos Aires the "sofa question" disturbed official Washington years ago reared its head last week.

In Washington sofas were removed from the private offices of young and old U. S. Representatives, but permitted to remain in the private offices of U. S. Senators, men of greater age and distinction. Last week in Buenos Aires the question was put squarely up to Mayor Romulo Naon. Promptly he removed from his City Hall not only all sofas but all easy chairs. "They constituted a great temptation, as I now realize," Mayor Naon, "to indolent employees

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T H E T H E A T R E

New Plays in Manhattan

Hot-cha! Producer Florenz Ziegfeld is a reactionary at heart. In the face of a musicomedie renaissance, he has produced another melodious fable following a formula that has served for 25 years or more. The formula requires a lavish setting (anywhere outside the U. S.), one juvenile lead, one misunderstood ingénue, one comedian with straight man, a temptress, a torch singer (added since the War), a villain, and the more chorus girls the better.

In the case of *Hot-cha!* the setting is contemporary Mexico. The juvenile is Charles ("Buddy") Rogers of Olathe,



White

LUPE VELEZ

To Arthur Brisbane, a red hot coal.

Kan., who plays indifferently on several musical instruments and was until lately his country's cinematic Boy Friend. The ingénue is a tall blond named June Knight. Bert Lahr, whose large following is convulsed by his funny faces and mispronunciations, is the comedian and Lynne Overman (*Dancing Partners*) is more or less his foil. The siren is a dark mite with a great big smile. Costar Lupe Vélez. Her shapely shoulders are burdened with that part of the show which Mr. Lahr does not carry. Last week she inspired Hearst Colymist Arthur Brisbane, whose employer owns the Ziegfeld Theatre, to strike off a memorable simile. Wrote Mr. Brisbane: "Thirty 'glorified' girls that stand behind her and also wriggle are compared to Lupe Vélez like 30 plates of ice cream standing behind a red hot coal."

Continually harassed by Prohibition agents in their Manhattan Night Club, the company decides to carry on henceforth on the safe side of the Rio Grande. There Mr. Overman offers to make Mr. Lahr a bull fighter, working him up to a great pitch of excitement by pointing out that all the women will want to make love to him. As to the dangers, Mr. Lahr has to admit that in his anxiety he had been "making a mountain out of a Dunhill."

His courage rises even higher when Mr. Overman drags out a small, moon-eyed calf which he says will be Bullfighter Lahr's first victim. It is while the apish comedian is stamping around making chests and defiantly crying: "I'm a machador, I'm a machador!" that his real opponent, a large fat steer, cautiously muzzles up to him.

The music, by Lew Brown and Ray Henderson, is not particularly tuneful, but Mr. Lahr may be correct when he sings: "I Make up for That in Other Ways."

Night Over Taos. Playwright Maxwell Anderson merits the respectful attention with which his works are received, largely because of his polished, academic technique. *Night Over Taos* (pronounced Tah-oc) is no less polished than his *Elizabeth the Queen*, but unlike his Theatre Guild success of last season it lacks vehemence. It is a play of ideas rather than activity.

The idea behind *Night Over Taos* is that the course of youth and growth should not be checked by age and tradition. The scene is the Taos of 1847, last stand of Castilian feudalism before the rising tide of Northern conquest. Old Pablo Montoya (J. Edward Bromberg) has resolved to resist the Gringo invasion to the last ditch, to protect his lands and the imperious institutions in which he believes. As a result of his convictions, he kills one son for treating with the enemy, almost kills another who is in love with the girl whom Pablo has decided to take for his third wife. He finally realizes his mistakes before poisoning himself.

The Warrior's Husband is a full-bodied travesty on one period in the Age of Fable. The curtain rises on the terrace of Hippolyta's Palace in Pontus, capital of the Land of the Amazons. The terrace squirms with the full-fleshed legs of ladies of the Amazon army. It appears that one of the questions-of-the-day is equal suffrage. The males want a vote. One of these disenfranchised parties is Romney Brent (*Third Little Show*). With an inoffensive bashfulness he manages to marry Hippolyta, and as the Queen dons her armor for conflict with the besieging Greeks he is heard bashfully to remark: "I never thought I'd be a wargroom!"

What manner of men these strange Greeks be is soon discovered by the Amazons when Theseus (Colin Keith-Johnston) runs away with Antiope (a blonde thin-cheeked girl named Katharine Hepburn). Theseus also manages to abduct, with Antiope, the Girdle, symbol of feminine supremacy. A sort of home-made and reverse *Lysistrata*, *The Warrior's Husband* terminates in a more discreet revel than the authentic Greek revel provided.

Praise goes to wet-lipped Romney Brent for an effeminate impersonation which is notable in that it amuses and does not repel. Praise, too, for Miss Hepburn as the volatile but vulnerable warrior and for Mr. Johnston is indicated. Homer, who was reported as a war correspondent in the affray, may have nodded over the activities of *The Warrior's Husband*. The audience should not.

Revivals

A Night With Barrie is really a night with Laurette Taylor, who is currently appearing in two Barrie plays, *Alice Sibby-the-Fire* and *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*, across the street from the theatre in which she made her first success 20 years ago as *Peg o' My Heart*.

Actress Taylor is very definitely qualified for Barrie work. Her heavy eyelids, fluttering hands and a manner of speaking as though she were slightly awed by the possibility of vocal communication, create about her an atmosphere of wistfulness and unreality. These qualities she puts to good advantage in *Alice*, the tale of a woman plagued by her children's bawling and over-zealous attentions. *The Old Lady*, which relates the adoption of a rowdy War hero by a pitiful charwoman,



Mortimer O'neer

LAURETTE TAYLOR

... slightly awed by the possibility of vocal communication.

is cut a bit too rough to suit Actress Taylor's style. But many a Taylor and Barrie fan who goes to see this bill will come away well satisfied.

The Round-Up. "Hoover'll never serve another term," snarls the villain of this piece, referring not to the 31st President of the U. S. but to one "Slim" Hoover, the brave Arizona sheriff of a Wild Western melodrama, vintage 1907. Revived last week, *The Round-Up* could at least be sure that it was the noisiest play on Broadway. Its cast includes seven broncos. A rescue party of U. S. soldiers finally join in a pitched gun-battle between poisonous redskins and a pair of frontiersmen. At the conclusion of this affray, one soldier may be seen waving a victorious U. S. flag over the smoke-swathed battleground from a *papier mâché* rock. To the enduring credit of the cast and its producers, who intend to present a series of hardy old-time melodramas, *The Round-Up* is played with sincerity and as much restraint as the lines allow. A seat for *The Round-Up* should be worth \$1 (top price) to anybody who ever built a tepee in the back yard or wore a cowboy suit.

T H E P R E S S

Home Paper

Brooklyn is the only U. S. community of 2,500,000 population which has no morning newspaper. Like Oakland, Calif., on the other edge of the continent, a large part of its working populace commutes every day to the metropolis across the water. As Oaklanders read San Francisco morning papers on the ferries, so do Brooklynites read Manhattan papers in subways and elevateds. Both towns are ideal for evening "home" papers.

Few weeks ago there were three important evening papers in Brooklyn,* two of them published by outsiders—Frank Ernest Gannett's *Eagle*, Paul Block's *Standard Union*. Last week there were two, both home-owned. Chain-Publisher Gannett a month ago had let the revered *Eagle* revert to the Hesters and Gunnisons, oldtime Brooklyn families from whom he had bought it. Last week Chain-Publisher Block sold his *Standard Union* to the up-&-coming Brooklyn daily *Times* with which it was immediately consolidated. The *Times*'s publisher is Fremont Carson ("Monty") Peck, 33, who inherited the paper from his father, a distinguished Brooklynite.

Compared with the long fame of the *Eagle*, the *Times* is unknown outside of Brooklyn. Yet the circulations of both papers are around 100,000. It was not always so. When the late Carson C. Peck, vice president of F. W. Woolworth Co., bought it in 1912, the *Times* was the small neighborhood organ of the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. (An early editor was William Cullen Bryant.) Mr. Peck acquired it because he was approaching the Woolworth retirement age of 60 and wanted something to do. At the same time the *Eagle* was practically the daily Bible of Brooklyn's quiet, aristocratic, somewhat provincial families.

By the time "Monty" Peck was graduated from Princeton in 1920 he found a different *Times* and a different Brooklyn. John H. Harman, who had administered the paper since the elder Peck's death in 1915, had moved its plant to a business centre of the city (now Times Plaza) and increased its circulation to some 15,000. The *Eagle* was still dominant but youthful Publisher Peck thought he saw its influence slipping. New subways and new bridges had brought many thousands of Manhattan workers to live in Brooklyn. Apartment houses were popping up to replace the genteel old residences of Brooklyn Heights. Brooklyn aristocrats were disappearing, out down Long Island or across to swank Manhattan.

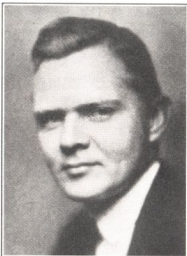
Publisher Peck, while continuing to move among Brooklyn aristocrats in town and out at Locust Valley, decided to gear his paper to the white-collar middle class, and he proceeded to pour money into it. He made the *Times* a typical "home" paper, unsensational, non-crusading, bursting with local news and civic pride. He initiated a costly carrier delivery service, then an innovation in Greater New York (since copied by other Brooklyn papers).

*A fourth Brooklyn paper, the *Citizen*, is relatively unimportant.

In less than ten years the *Times* reached 100,000 circulation. The *Eagle* still has more than twice as much advertising, but last year it lost 750,000 lines while the *Times* gained about a million.

Meanwhile the *Standard Union*, which had been aiming at virtually the same class of reader and advertiser, slipped steadily backward. Recognizing the duplication, Publisher Peck tried to buy the competing paper at public auction in 1926, finally got it last week. Its circulation was 35,700.

However he may lament the fine old Brooklyn that was, Publisher Peck is wisely loyal to the bustling Brooklyn of the present and future. Much more a businessman than a newsman he is a director of Brooklyn's Chamber of Commerce, trustee of the City Savings Bank, the



Eric Mac Donald

BROOKLYN'S PUBLISHER PECK

... lets the *Eagle* do the soaring.

Children's Aid Society. He is also a director of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, member of many a school board including that of ancient Polytechnic Preparatory ("Poly Prep") Country Day School (where he went to Princeton. One of his largest interests is his work as treasurer of Carson C. Peck Memorial Hospital, built by his mother in memory of his father.

Like another young Princeton publisher—Knowlton Lyman ("Snake") Ames Jr. of the *Chicago Post*—"Monty" Peck perpetually carries a cigar in his mouth, even when he plays golf, which he does well. Also like "Snake" Ames, when Publisher Peck diverts himself, at golf, hunting or fishing, he gives the impression of keeping one part of his brain at work on the job which he supposedly left behind him.

Fremont Carson Peck got his first names from his uncle Fremont and his father, originally named Christopher Carson. They were so named simply because Christopher ("Kit") Carson and John Charles Frémont were heroes of their parents' day.

Brisbane's Coup

To a large room in "Section D. 5" on the sixth floor of Cook County Jail on Chicago's west side went a Hearst reporter one day last week. He was older than most newshawks, grey-haired, baldish, dew-lapped. Within the room he found, playing solitaire at a table, "Scarface Al" Capone. For about an hour reporter and prisoner talked together.

It was not extraordinary that Capone should have been interviewed in his cell. But next day Hearstpapers everywhere splashed the interview over four columns, in some cases under screaming eight-column banner headlines. For the interviewer was no less a journalist than Editor Arthur Brisbane.

The Brisbane interview reported "Scarface's" willingness to help hunt for the Lindbergh baby if the authorities would let him out of jail. He would, he said, let a Secret Service man accompany him day & night, "and I will send my young brother to stay here in jail until I come back. You don't suppose anybody would suggest that I would double-cross my own brother and leave him here, if I could get away?"

"What could I do if I were out?" Editor Brisbane said that Capone told him what he could do, not for publication.

Capone talked about other things besides the Lindbergh baby. He discussed the Chicago beer situation, told how he had given employment to "at least 300 men . . . in the harmless beer racket." He dwelt upon the injustice of his incarceration and Editor Brisbane printed it. For Hearstreaders who wondered about Capone's appearance, Editor Brisbane recommended a study of the equestrian statue of Colonnese in the Chicago Art Institute on Michigan Boulevard.

Other elements of the Press, not sharing the Hearstpapers' reverence for Editor Brisbane, minimized the exploit in various ways. The *Chicago Tribune* Press Service gave it a loud horse-lugh with a string of home-brewed dispatches purporting to come from Joliet, Santa Fe, Leavenworth and other prisons. These "dispatches" said that Loeb & Leopold, Winnie Ruth Judd, Albert Barker, Fall, Terry Druggan and other more or less celebrated convicts might help the baby-hunt if let out.

United Press hastily informed its clients that it had "approximately the same interview" with Capone several days earlier but killed it "because we feel that our service should not be used for the glorification of criminals."

In Manhattan the *World-Telegram* (Scripps-Howard) flayed the interview, refusing "to believe that American justice has sunk so low that it must go begging and bargaining for such help."

Bolstering the propriety of the Brisbane interview, Hearst's Universal Service reported that "the gangster's proposal . . . was discussed by President Hoover and his cabinet today" and that Capone would "be asked to inform the Government at once what plan he may have in mind." But in Washington, Attorney General Mitchell stated that his Department was "not doing anything about it." Observers

*Bartolomeo Colonnese (1400-75), Italian soldier of fortune, who fought for & against the Venetian Republic.

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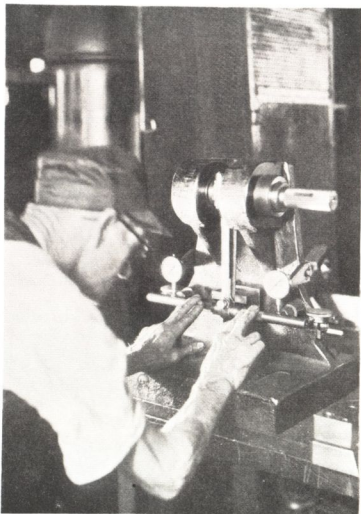
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J A P A N
TOURIST BUREAU

agreed that the whole affair was a typical Hearstian exploit—shrewd, bold, and precisely on the borderline of journalistic integrity.

¶ In New Jersey occurred a break between Press and State police. The written questions which the army of newshawks at Hopewell had been submitting every day became more & more domineering until Col. H. Norman Schwarzkopf refused to answer any more. Instead he began issuing a twice-daily routine bulletin.

¶ Said President John Grier Hibben of Princeton University: "If the Lindbergh baby is not found, it will be the fault of the Press for their interference in the case."

¶ Macfadden's tabloid *Graphic*, the *Brooklyn Times*, the *Philadelphia Record* each proposed to forego printing news of the case and withdraw their reporters for two days if all other metropolitan dailies would agree. No others agreed.

¶ Most other dailies, led by watchful *Editor & Publisher*, trade paper, shouted down the suggestion that "Press silence is to be added to the advantages already held by gangsters over society."

¶ Just as the story threatened to bog for lack of clues a Hearst sob sister reported that she had found a baby's diaper in an abandoned shack near the Lindbergh home. Simultaneously Joan Lowell (author of white-fibbing *Cradle of the Deep*), currently employed by (Hearst's) Universal Service, turned up that nearly indispensable adjunct of New Jersey crime—a "pig woman" (see p. 8).

Charming Gadgets

Reading his newspaper at the Columbia University Club in Manhattan where he resides, white-thatched Col. Lloyd Collis used to snort with annoyance every time he encountered a front page story "jumped" (continued) to an inside page. By the time he could find the continued part, his train of thought would have snapped. A civil engineer, a city planner, a man of action decorated by the U. S. and the City of Bordeaux for War service, Col. Collis took corrective steps. For three months he grappled with the problem; then he marched to his good friend Editor Julian Starkweather Mason of the New York *Evening Post* with a plan. Editor Mason and his assistant Ralph Renaud liked it. Last fortnight *Post* readers found front-page "jump" stories marked with one of a variety of symbols, like this:

Look for This Sign ■ on Page Three. And somewhere on Page Three would be found this line:

From ■■■ Page ■■■ One.

Only one story on any one inside page would be designated by the black square (which, Col. Collis' oculist explained, offered the utmost in quick visibility). Other symbols copyrighted by Col. Collis for newspaper "jump-line" purposes included:



Said the *Post* editorially of its "jump gadgets": "... one of those experiments which contribute so directly to the charm and interest of journalism."

Shocking disclosure in *Dubuque!*

PERHAPS YOU remember that 7 years ago, when The New Yorker started, it announced that it was going to have a lot to say about New York—but that it would not be edited for the Old Lady from Dubuque.

What was meant by this was that The New Yorker's editors were minded to be untrammelled by considerations of deference to the small-town old-lady turn of mind.

The New Yorker's smug early readers thought that was fine.

Many other people saw what the symbol, "The Old Lady from Dubuque," meant; but they thought that perhaps it was a little unchivalrous.

Among those who thought so was the population of the city of Dubuque. (Population 1925: 40,900 approx.)

Seven years pass.

The New Yorker, pursuing the pattern of this original policy, finds itself today with more than 120,000 non-Old-Lady-from-Dubuque-minded readers, more than half of them outside of New York;

120,000 people who crave to be tickled each week by the gentle urbanity of the paper's editorial contents; people with enough extra-money to gratify their taste for uncommonly nice things.

But to our complete puzzlement, we find that among these 120,000 non-Old-Lady-from-Dubuque-minded people, 14 are citizens of Dubuque!



Ladies and gentlemen, that is *very* significant. You can't keep the sweet and healthful poison of New York out of the minds, hearts and pocketbooks of wide-awake people.

New York—and The New Yorker—belongs to them, wherever they are.

We can't even prevent 14 people in Dubuque from buying the good things they hear tell about in The New Yorker.

And if you, ladies and gentlemen, want 14 excellent and alert-minded customers in Dubuque, you know where you can find them.

With them go some 119,986 more elsewhere—nearly half of them in New York.

SPORT

First Ten

Unlike tennis, contract bridge has no governing body to grade the year's ten best players. Bridge experts, however, have surprisingly unanimous opinions on the matter. Few would have quarreled more than mildly with the ranking, based on play in last year's tournaments, which Shepard Barclay, bridge commentator of the New York *Herald Tribune*, made last week for the *Saturday Evening Post*:

- 1) Willard S. Karn
- 2) P. Hal Sims
- 3) David Burnstine
- 4) Oswald Jacoby
- 5) Howard Schenken
- 6) Baron Waldemar Von Zedwitz
- 7) Theodore A. Lightner
- 8) George Reith
- 9) Commander Winfield Liggett Jr.
- 10) Ely Culbertson

The top four of the list are the "Four Horsemen," most celebrated contract bridge team in the U. S. Last year they won the National Open Challenge Championship, the Vanderbilt Cup and enough challenge matches to establish unprecedented superiority. When hulking Hal Sims, onetime tennis champion of South America, and wiry Willard Karn, who looks a little like Ely Culbertson, won the National Pair Championship, they put themselves a notch above their teammates. The question of individual superiority was settled in the first Individual Masters' Championship. The tournament was held at P. Hal Sims' house, in Deal, N. J. Willard Karn put up a gold trophy and won it.

If Hal Sims was chagrined at being ranked second last week, he could console himself by remembering that most bridge players still consider him, year in, year out, the best player in the U. S.; that he has won more contract championships than anyone else; that last fortnight David Burnstine dedicated a book (*One-Over-One*—Walter J. Black, Inc., St.), in which he explained the Four Horsemen's bidding systems, to "P. Hal Sims . . . Master card player of the world . . ." To Sidney Lenz and Harold S. ("Mike") Vanderbilt, who played in a few tournaments last year, and a dozen others, Shepard Barclay last week gave "honorable mention."

Alias Aknahton

When a comparatively unknown horse wins a race at short odds, racing officials are likely to be curious. They were curious last September when a little-known horse named Shem won a race at Havre de Grace. Investigation showed that the horse was not Shem but a four-year-old named Aknahton, disguised with dye. Havre de Grace officials satisfied themselves that gamblers had arranged the dyeing, suspended nine of them, including notorious Nathan ("Nigger Nate") Raymond. They traced the career of Aknahton to a small town in Indiana, where he dropped out of sight.

Three weeks ago, in Miami, racing officials became suspicious again, this time because a little-known horse named Gailmont was 2-to-1 favorite in a race for



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The John Day Highway, 300 miles long, passes through the vast range section of Eastern Oregon and on this trip the fossil beds at Dayville, the most famous in America, may be explored.

The Pacific Highway, paved like a city street from the Canadian border to the Mexican line, runs north and south through the state for 345 miles. The Dalles-California Highway, on the high plateau of Central Oregon, another "290 mile street" passes through the Cascade Mountain Playground—a region that is unsurpassed by the Alps in Switzerland for beautiful vistas and snow-capped mountains.

The Oregon Coast Highway for 408 miles parallels the mighty Pacific, reveals magnificent seascapes . . . passes through great virgin forests and joins the famous Redwood Highway to California!

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Plan now to visit Oregon . . . if you intend motoring, we'll send free road maps; or, you have your choice of routes by rail, plane, steamer or motor stage. If you are coming to Portland to attend the American Legion Convention or any one of several great national conventions in the Northwest, plan an extended stay in Portland and Oregon—a better place to live . . . to work . . . to play.



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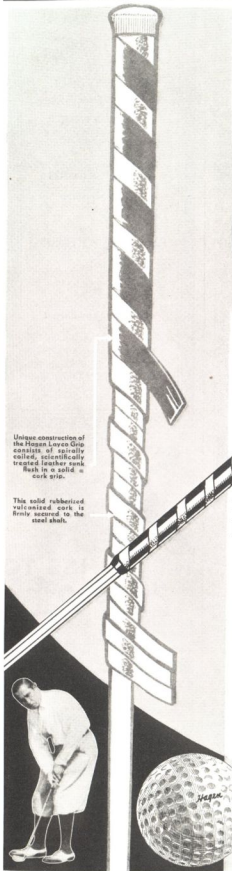
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RAILWAYS OF FRANCE

1 East 57th Street, New York

three-year-olds. After being far ahead, Gailmont broke down, finished eleventh. Hialeah then discovered that, though Gailmont looked very much like a horse of that name and had raced successfully at Agua Caliente, he was not really Gailmont, but Aknahton again, in a new coat of paint. His owner, one Willis Kane, was nowhere to be found. Neither was one John P. Crawford, who bought the real Gailmont last December. Much puzzled by the metamorphic career of Aknahton, racing enthusiasts found out no more about him until last week when E. Phocion Howard, publisher of the lively racing weekly *New York Press*, printed an interview with one Paddy Barrie, whom he described as "an engaging little cuss." Paddy Barrie, an ex-jockey of Scotch extraction who professed to have ridden in two Grand Nationals and to have collaborated on newspaper articles with the late Author Edgar Wallace, told



Pinkerton's

PADDY BARRIE

"First sweat the horse and dry him out."

all about the dyeing of Aknahton, gave out valuable hints on "ringing" in general:

"It's the softest thing in the world to ring a horse, but it's a racket, like anything else. . . . You must know the markings of the horse so the 'ringer' can be made up accordingly. It costs about \$100 to dye a horse. . . . Before you put the dye on it's necessary to sweat the horse and dry him out. . . ."

"When we rang Aknahton as Shem at Havre de Grace, I shipped the horse back to Jamaica, then sent him to Crown Point, Ind., where . . . the Pinkertons located him. . . . I gave a certain police official \$500 . . . and they never saw him again until at Hialeah. . . . Well, the Pinks had a picture of me taken in England in 1917, when I was sentenced for three years for ringing a horse. I got trapped going to the garage to get my car. . . ."

Far from discouraged by being trapped by "the Pinks," Paddy Barrie entrained for New York, only State in the U. S. with a law which makes dyeing racehorses a criminal offense. Unable to charge him with committing a crime, Florida officials planned to have Paddy Barrie deported because of his prison record in England.

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AERONAUTICS

Prize Diesel

A committee of the National Aeronautic Association met in Washington last week to puzzle out what was "the greatest achievement in aviation in America, the value of which has been demonstrated by actual use during the preceding year." Was it the Navy's near-elimination of the carbon monoxide hazard in fighting planes? Or Harold Gatty's ingenious navigating instruments which guided him and Pilot Wiley Post around the world in nine days? Or the construction of the biggest airship in the world—the *U. S. S. Akron*? Or the application of automatic wing-slots and flaps to Curtiss attack planes? Or Eastern Air Transport's adoption of the Sperry automatic pilot? . . . It was none of these, the committee concluded. It was the 84-hr. endurance flight record (non-refueling) made at Jacksonville, Fla. last May by a Bellanca plane powered with a Packard Diesel engine. To Packard Motor Car Co. went the Collier Trophy for 1931.

No More Schneider

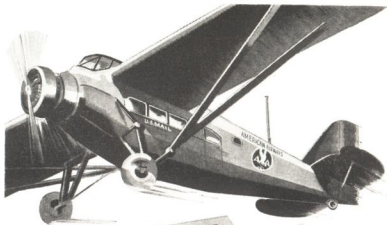
When Flight Lieut. J. H. Boothman's seaplane flashed around the Calshot course at an average of 340.08 m. p. h. last September, the Schneider Trophy became Great Britain's permanent possession and the biennial Schneider Races were officially ended unless Britain should choose to put the trophy up again.* Already international apathy had all but finished the competition. The U. S. withdrew in 1926. France dropped out for lack of funds last year. Italy's team was so depleted by crashes that it canceled its entry. Even England would have had no entry last year had not Lady Houston put up the money after the Government refused it. Last week no one was greatly surprised when Sir Philip Sassoon, Under Secretary for Air, told the House of Commons that the Schneider races were "completely over. . . . The contest has outlived its usefulness."

Bill of Health

As practically everyone expected, the House Naval Affairs Committee last week gave a clean bill of health to the *U. S. S. Akron* which it had investigated on charges of faulty construction (TIME, Feb. 8). Such flaws as had occurred were long ago corrected by Navy inspectors, the committee reported. As for the 18,000 lb. overweight, Goodyear-Zeppelin Corp. had paid its penalty of \$25,000.

Coincidentally Navy orders went to Commander Alger H. Dresel, lately commanding officer of the *U. S. S. Los Angeles*, to take command of the *U. S. S. Akron*, relieving Lieut. Commander Charles Emery Rosendahl. There was no ignominy for famed Commander Rosendahl in the transfer. Like all other Navy airship offi-

*The trophy was posted in 1912 by M. Jacques Schneider, famed French sportsman and maker of firearms. It is a large bronze of a nude winged female swooping down to kiss one of a group of male faces formed in the crest of an ocean wave.



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CANADA TO THE GULF





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cers he must take his tour of sea duty (he will be aboard the battle flagship *West Virginia*) to qualify for promotion.

Meanwhile the House Committee on Interstate & Foreign Commerce concluded hearings on the Crosser bill which would provide mail subsidies for transatlantic airships. President Paul Weeks Litchfield of Goodyear-Zeppelin and his vice president Commander Jerome Clarke Hunsaker told the committee that their corporation could have two ships ready within three years to begin weekly service of 2½ days per trip. Operating cost they estimated at \$70,000 per trip; maximum mail revenue, \$63,000; maximum passenger load, 80 (at \$750 fare).

With complete absence of fanfare, Capt. Ernst Lehmann announced the following spring schedule of flights for the *Graf Zeppelin*:

Southbound

(Departures 12:30 a. m.)

Leave	Arrive
Friedrichshafen	Pernambuco
March 20	March 22
April 3	April 5
April 17	April 19
May 1	May 3

Northbound

Leave	Arrive
Pernambuco	Friedrichshafen
March 25	March 28
April 8	April 11
April 22	April 25
May 6	May 9

SCIENCE

Out Speaks Dickey

My Jungle Book which appeared in bookstores last week* started out to be Dr. Herbert Spencer Dickey's account of his discovering the source of the Orinoco River (TIME, Aug. 10). But for a long time he had wanted to speak out about men, institutions and conditions in Latin America which have vexed him. His book turned from a travelogue into a philippic. Lest readers doubt his competence to criticize he took care to detail that he has spent but 30 months of the past 31 years outside of South America. For 25 years he was physician & surgeon to mines, railways, sugar and rubber estates in various countries. During vacations he explored. For the past five years exploring has been his profession.

Not strangely, explorers and exploring vex him most. He considers "the aims of most expeditions, particularly those to South America, falsely pretentious and insincere. . . . It is impossible that the preposterous sums raised for some of these junkets can be expended licitly and I know that very rarely are the results achieved worth a twentieth of the money involved in their pursuit."

Nor does he like the way "stunt" expeditions are worked up. Sarcastically he declares that they usually are led by a man of considerable, already acquired or potential newspaper reputation, who possesses several degrees from so-called

*Little, Brown & Co. (\$1.50).

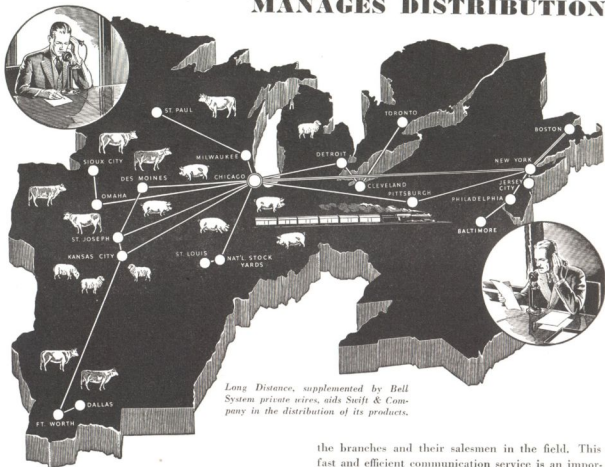
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Authorized Agents or Branch Offices in all cities

HOW A LARGE PACKER

MANAGES DISTRIBUTION



Long Distance, supplemented by Bell System private wires, aids Swift & Company in the distribution of its products.

FRESH meat is perishable, and must be sold promptly. Therefore, executives of the great meat-packing organizations must keep their fingers on the pulse of markets throughout the country, so as to meet the distribution problems peculiar to their business.

Swift & Company does this largely by means of Long Distance telephone service and private wires. District sales offices also are linked to the Chicago headquarters by a Bell System private telegraph network, over which is sent last minute information.

Operations in the Pittsburgh district are typical. In this district, there are 21 wholesale branch houses. Each day, as market prices are received in the district office over the private wire network, they are given by Long Distance telephone to the branches. Communication is maintained by telephone throughout the day, between the district office and the branches, between

the branches and their salesmen in the field. This fast and efficient communication service is an important part of a definite sales plan which enables Swift & Company to serve its customers quickly and economically.

Other businesses also find the Long Distance telephone of great value in solving their particular production and distribution problems. Best results are generally obtained by following a definite plan. The Bell System, to help its subscribers build business and cut costs, has developed the Telephone Plan of Market Coverage. Features of this plan can be custom-fitted to the special needs of your company.

LONG DISTANCE COSTS ARE LOW

Typical station-to-station day rates: Pittsburgh to Washington, \$1; Toledo to St. Louis, \$1.75; New Orleans to Indianapolis, \$2.75; Boston to Kansas City, \$4.50. Evening and night rates are still lower.

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**BELLEVUE
STRATFORD**

Claude H. Bennett, General Manager

"learned societies," invariably British. The favorite degrees, in the order named, are F. R. G. S., which denotes that the bearer is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London; F. R. A. I., which shows that he has achieved the honor of fellowship in the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, and the more simple F. Z. S., indicating fellowship in the Zoological Society of London, with the privilege of free entrance into the London Zoo six days a week.

"No proof of achievement of any kind is required of the individual who wishes to break into these scientific circles. . . . But the degrees look lovely, in a row, and to the unsophisticated they imply a lot."

The leader gets an expert publicity man, "who works on a commission of anything from 20% to 40% of the funds finally collected" from the public. That leader's "entire claim to fame, perhaps, rests on his once having made a trip to the Arctic as mate of a whaler." But he poses with a foot on a dead polar bear and gets the pictures in rotogravure sections of newspapers. During the expedition "strange rumors of dissension in the camp begin to percolate through the public consciousness, but are promptly quashed. . . ." Upon its return, "each member of the party gets ashore as rapidly as he can and rushes away without bidding farewell to his companions." The scientist of the party grumbles about wasted opportunities.

Other rarely stated data: An article with photographs of an expedition brings \$300 from the *National Geographic Magazine*. Salaries of men who go exploring for scientific institutions or Government departments "average about \$3,000 a year. . . . You can't take out insurance if you are a chronic explorer."

Dr. Dickey states that the appearance of a representative of the Rockefeller Foundation is "invariably the signal, about anywhere from Panama to Patagonia, for the small proprietors of land to register their properties as potential deposits of petroleum." Col. Lindbergh is "the Lucky Mechanic" to sneering Venezuelans.

So absorbed did Dr. Dickey become in disclosing these and other scandals, and ridding himself of his vexations that in *My Jungle Book* he gives small account of his experiences toiling to the source of the Orinoco. There was no adventure to that—only foresight, prudence and labor. Last week he was showing a small party of "dudes" (TIME, Oct. 19) the efficacy of his expeditionary system. They were in Ecuador whence he was to guide them across the Andes and down the Amazon to the Atlantic on tourist schedule.

Cosmic Quest

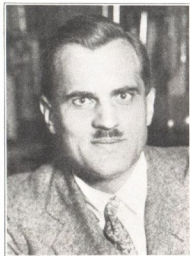
At Los Angeles next week the Nobel Laureate of the University of Chicago, Dr. Arthur Holly Compton hopes, if he has time, to say farewell to the Nobel Laureate of the California Institute of Technology, Dr. Robert Andrews Millikan. Accompanied by Mrs. Compton and their elder son Arthur Alan, he will start on a 20,000-mi. tour of Pacific mountain tops. To the tops of mountains in Panama, Peru, New Zealand, Hawaii and Alaska he will lug a 250-lb. machine to study the characteristics of the puzzling cosmic rays which Dr. Millikan has made his own. The study will supplement similar studies

which Dr. Compton made in the Rocky Mountains last summer, in the Alps last October.

Cosmic rays may be evidence of cosmic construction (Millikan theory) or cosmic disintegration (Jeans theory). They may be the neutrons which Dr. James Chadwick of Cambridge University found bombarded out of beryllium (TIME, March 7) and which Dr. H. C. Webster of the University of Bristol last week reported that he had knocked from boron and fluorine.⁶

Whatever the cosmic rays are, Dr. Compton is betting the next six months of his life that he will learn enough actual facts about them better to describe the innermost construction of all matter, in the study of which he is one of the world's top-notchers.

The University of Chicago was worried about Dr. Compton for a while this winter. He is one of ten professors at Chicago who have been awarded Distinguished Service Professorships (\$10,000 yearly



Wide World

Dr. ARTHUR HOLLY COMPTON

. . . to Panama and Peru instead of Princeton.

minimum). President John Grier Hibben of Princeton is currently 70 and resigning and the Princeton trustees were pondering Dr. Compton as Dr. Hibben's successor. (Dr. Compton is one of three men who in all Princeton's history have won doctorates in physics *summa cum laude*. The others are Henry Norris Russell, Princeton astronomer, and Karl Taylor Compton [elder brother], president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology.) But young President Robert Maynard Hutchins of Chicago was persuasive. A Carnegie Foundation grant was available, and the University helped out further with equipment. So off put Distinguished Dr. Compton, not to Princeton, but to Panama and Peru on cosmic quest.

⁶It is noteworthy that neutrons have been recognized as coming from elements which are the lightest of their groups in the Periodic System. Beryllium is the lightest of the earth alkali group (beryllium, magnesium, calcium, strontium, barium, radium). Boron is lightest of the earth metals (boron, aluminum, scandium, yttrium, lanthanum, actinium). Fluorine is lightest of the halogens (fluorine, chlorine, bromine, iodine and, newly recognized, astatine).

THE GOOD NAME OF AUBURN



Mere money cannot purchase it, nor can this, the most prized of man's possessions, be had for the claiming. To be won it must be deserved. And it can be held only through keeping faith. Seven new improved Straight Eight models are offered by Auburn, not simply for the temporary aim of excelling competition, but for the enduring purpose of adding new lustre to, and wider confidence in, the good name of Auburn.

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Standard Models 8-100: Business Coupe \$845; 5-passenger 2-door Brougham \$895; 4-door Full Sedan \$945; Convertible Cabriolet \$995; Convertible Phaeton Sedan \$1095; Speedster \$1095; 7-passenger Sedan \$1145. Custom Models 8-100A: Business Coupe \$1045; 5-passenger 2-door Brougham \$1095; 4-door Full Sedan \$1145; Convertible Cabriolet \$1195; Convertible Phaeton Sedan \$1295; Speedster \$1295; 7-passenger Sedan \$1345. Prices f. o. b. Connersville, Indiana. Standard Models 12-160: Business Coupe \$1345; 5-passenger 2-door Brougham \$1395; 4-door Full Sedan \$1445; Convertible Cabriolet \$1495; Convertible Phaeton Sedan \$1595; Speedster \$1595. Custom Models 12-160A: Business Coupe \$1545; 5-passenger 2-door Brougham \$1595; 4-door Full Sedan \$1645; Convertible Cabriolet \$1695; Convertible Phaeton Sedan \$1795; Speedster \$1795. Prices f. o. b. Auburn, Indiana. Equipment other than standard, all models, at extra cost.

.. a cool, COOL Shave!

Try this on your LOUD SPEAKER!



THE 2 INGRAM BARBERS • TERRY TUBE OR JERRY JAR

STATION C-O-O-L! Stand by for the cool Ingram program! Whatever the shave length, Ingram's Shaving Cream will give your face the coolest, smoothest reception it ever had. It tunes out the static from the toughest of beards. It's

cool! Cool!! COOL!!!

We'll broadcast to a nation-wide hook-up that Ingram's Shaving Cream is cool! It's smooth and it's soothing, and it makes your face feel as pleasant as a bagful of fan mail!

Coolness is Ingram's long suit! It's cool because it's got things in it that make it cool...three special ingredients that soothe and tone the skin while you

shave. They give this marvelously cool, smooth soap the properties of after-shaving lotion, tonic, and shaving cream—all three in one.

Take your pick of the economical jar or the handy tube. It makes no difference as far as the insides are concerned. Each is full of this fine cool soap—the soap that lets you shave as close as you want without any razor nicks and stings.

Ingram's is in a class by itself. If you're skeptical, send us the coupon below. We'll wager 10 Free Shaves you'll agree!

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I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.

Name _____

Street _____

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INGRAM'S

Shaving Cream

**IN TUBES
OR JARS!**



ANIMALS

End of N'Gi

Last week died N'Gi, famed gorilla of the Washington zoo. Ill two weeks with a chest cold, he was kept alive in an oxygen tent until one lung gave out and he succumbed to "general collapse, weakness and total loss of appetite." N'Gi was five years old, had no known living relatives. He lived longer than any other gorilla had ever lived in captivity in the U. S. His body was taken to Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore; his brain will be kept in the Smithsonian Institution, beneficiary of a \$3,000 insurance policy on N'Gi's life. Sadly said Zoo Director William M. Mann to the zoo's head keeper: "Well, Blackburn, if we ever get another gorilla, give it a number instead of a name and don't let yourself love it."

During N'Gi's illness the U. S. Press became ape-conscious. In Washington another gorilla, named O'Kero, fell ill of a cold, recovered, as did two chimpanzees, Teddy and Jo-Jo. These episodes were reported far & wide, but nowhere did a U. S. writer wax so eloquent as did Columnist "Doc" Adams of the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin* upon the death last month of a goitrous orang-outang named Jennie. Columnist Adams wrote the following elegy:

*You were just a female creature
And your boudoir was a cage
Still, you never lied and simpered
When one sought to know your age
You were far beneath us humans
(I've my own ideas on that)
Yet you didn't let Eugénie
Dead for years, pick out your hat. . . .*

*You were perfectly contented
To be plain Orang-Outang
And if others didn't like it
You just didn't give a hang;
And you didn't have the feeling
(Females get it now and then)
That your job on earth was solely
Making monkeys out of men.*

*So, in some serene Valkalla,
May you stand in deep amaze
At the antics of a creature
In a cage at which you gaze
Then perhaps you'll try and puzzle
Out the dizzy state of mind
Of the creature there before you
Labelled, "Modern Woman-kind."*

Binocular Ostrich

In their laying season, domesticated hen ostriches lay one or two eggs a week. In Detroit's zoo one day last week, an ostrich named Queenie deposited two three-pound eggs within 30 minutes. Zoologists marveled, pronounced binovularity a condition exceedingly rare in ostriches. Said Zoo-keeper John W. Ireland: "I never heard of such a thing!"

Prevention of Cruelty

Last week Agent Frank C. McCready of the S. P. C. A. led a raid on a cock fight near Kutztown, Berks County, Pa. Arrested were 48 men, two women, 38 fighting cocks. The men & women were fined, lectured. The cocks were ordered destroyed.



"I wish
I could write it
on the chart"

"All men *should* look alike to a nurse. But they don't—not by any means. We're human after all—so appearance makes a big difference. It's hard to serve a slovenly looking person with the same courtesy you extend one who makes every effort to keep himself tidy.

"What I'm leading up to is simply this:—some men use illness as an excuse to avoid shaving. Of course many patients can neither shave themselves nor have a barber. But I'm not thinking of them. I'm talking about convalescent patients or others in the hospital for observation or minor illness.

"I can't tell you how unpleasant it is to care for a man who tolerates a growth of stubble on his face. All the girls feel

this way about it. Just ask any nurse."

There is no object in publishing her name—but a trained nurse volunteered the accompanying statement during a casual conversation. In light of this opinion and the many others like it can we be accused of over-emphasizing the importance of a clean shave?

If you shave carefully every day or twice a day when necessary—this message only serves its purpose by calling your attention to the razor blade Gillette is making today. We are sincere in our statement—**this is a marvelously keen blade.** It is particularly kind to tender skin—actually gives you a far better shave. Run your hand across your face and see what we mean.

Buy a package of Gillette blades on our guarantee. Get shaving comfort without parallel or return the package with unused blades to your dealer and he'll refund the purchase price.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

THE GILLETTE BLUE SUPER-BLADE

The \$2 Kroman De Luxe blade has been withdrawn from production and replaced with the sensational Blue Super-Blade—far superior to the Kroman. You pay only a few cents more for the Blue Blade than for the regular blade and get unmatched shaving comfort. **The Blue Blade is of extraordinary quality—without reservation the finest blade ever produced.** Colored blue for easy identification—it is contained in a blue package, cellophane wrapped, and is made by a distinctly different process. Distribution is not yet complete—so if your dealer hasn't the Blue Blade ask him to get it for you, which he can quickly,

Gillette
RAZORS  BLADES

HORN IN ON THIS

\$25,000!

**WRITE A
"BLURB"!**

464 CASH PRIZES THIS MONTH—2 FIRST PRIZES OF \$500 EACH



Here's where you take your shot at some of that \$25,000

Jim wants you Palmolive users to back him up. His Dad wants every Colgate shaver's help. If you haven't tried either of these famous shaving creams, start *now* and get into this \$25,000 argument!

Palmolive Users

Colgate Users



SEE those "blurbs" coming out of the men's mouths? Can *you* write one? We're putting up \$25,000 in cash for those who can. Get your pencil out—now!

Here's the idea. In a field of 176 competing brands, Colgate's and Palmolive are the two outstanding leaders. They have won an overwhelming preference over all other shaving creams.

We know that Palmolive users swear there's nothing as good as Palmolive. And Colgate shavers claim that Colgate's beats 'em all in a walk.

What we want is *your* opinion. Do you

side with Jim or his Dad in the big Palmolive vs. Colgate's argument? Are you a Colgate fan—or a Palmolive booster? Let's hear from you!

In ONE of the empty "blurb" spaces, or better on a separate sheet of paper, just say *your* say. Write your boost for Colgate's—OR for Palmolive—not both. We're offering 464 cash prizes this month for the best "blurbs" sent to us.

Here are the prizes for each month—464 in all!

For Best Colgate "blurbs"	For Best Palmolive "blurbs"
1st . . . \$500	1st . . . \$500
2nd . . . 125	2nd . . . 125
3rd . . . 50	3rd . . . 50
9 next . . . 25	9 next . . . 25
20 next . . . 10	20 next . . . 10
200 next . . . 5	200 next . . . 5

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE for contest rules and hints to help you win

MILESTONES

\$25,000
"BLURB"
CONTEST
 read all about
 it here

CONTEST RULES

WRITE your "blurb" in one of the empty spaces on the opposite page, or on a separate sheet of paper. Mail with name and address to Contest Editors, Dept. F-3, P. O. Box 1133, Chicago, Illinois. Residents of Canada, address: 64 Natalie St., Toronto 8.

The prize money (totaling \$25,000) is divided into six sets of monthly prizes (each set totaling \$4,200). At the end of each month prizes are awarded (see list on opposite page) for the best "blurbs" received during that month, as follows:

Feb. 29 . . . \$4,200	Mar. 31 . . . \$4,200
April 30 . . . \$4,200	May 31 . . . \$4,200
June 30 . . . \$4,200	July 31 . . . \$4,200

(Contest closes July 31, 1932)

Contest is open only to residents of the United States and Canada. Employees of the manufacturers and their families are not eligible to compete.

In event of a tie, each tying contestant will be awarded full amount of the prize tied for. Decision of the judges shall be final.

Some hints to help you win

Here are some facts about the world's two largest selling shaving creams—Colgate's and Palmolive. Here are some of the reasons why men prefer these famous shaving creams.

PALMOLIVE

1. Multiplies lather in under 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.
4. Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

COLGATE'S

1. Breaks up oil film that covers each hair.
2. Small bubbles soften each hair at the base of the beard.
3. Gives a close, skin-like shave.
4. Gives a lasting, 24-hour shave.

FREE SAMPLES

In case you're not one of the few who do not use either Colgate's or Palmolive, they're for sale everywhere. Or—send coupon for generous free samples of both. Mail coupon to Dept. 32, P.O. Box 1133, Chicago. (In Canada: to 64 Natalie Street, Toronto.)

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____
 Dealer's Name _____

Married. Prince Gustav Lennart Nicholas Paul of Sweden, 22, grandson of King Gustav V; and one Karin Emma Louise Nissavand, of Stockholm; in a London registry office. Because the King would not consent to his marriage to a commoner (forbidden by the Swedish Constitution for persons of royal blood), it was necessary for Prince Lennart to renounce his royal rights, wed in a foreign country. At the reception the couple shook each other as Mr. & Mrs. Lennart Bernadotte.

Married. Peter Llewellyn Davies, London publisher, original of Sir James Matthew Barrie's "Peter Pan"; and the Honorable Margaret Leslie Hore-Ruthven, one of the famed socialist twin daughters of Lord Ruthven, Lieutenant Governor of the Island of Guernsey; in London. To escape the crowds outside, Author Barrie, the bridegroom's godfather, left the church via furnace room and coal bin.

Married. Zoe Akins, 45, playwright (*The Greeks Had a Word for It*; *Daddy's Gone A-Hunting*); and Capt. Hugh Cecil Levinge Rumbold, 48, theatrical designer, half brother of British Ambassador to Germany Sir Horace George Montagu Rumbold; in Pasadena.

Married. Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, 51, onetime (1929-31) Congresswoman-at-large from Illinois, relict of the late Senator Medill McCormick; and Albert Gallatin Simms, 50, onetime (1929-31) Congressman-at-large from New Mexico; in one of her homes, in Broadmoor, near Colorado Springs, Colo.* In the house, Mr. & Mrs. Simms sat together but were often at political odds.

Died. Ivar Kreuger, 52, "Swedish Match King"; by his own hand (pistol); in Paris (see pp. 15 & 45).

Died. Byron H. Canfield, 52, board chairman of Scripps-Canfield newspapers (Seattle *Star*, Los Angeles *Record*, Dallas *Dispatch*); of heart disease following a three-month illness; in Los Angeles.

Died. James John Joicey, 61, entomologist, famed butterfly collector; of heart failure; in London. His 1,500,000 butterflies, world's second largest private collection, will go to the British Museum.

Died. George Eastman, 77, board chairman of Eastman Kodak Co.; by his own hand (pistol); in Rochester, N. Y. He left a note: "My work is done. Why wait?" Born in Waterville, N. Y. in 1854; he started Eastman Dry Plate Co. in Rochester in 1880. First man to realize the possibilities of amateur as opposed to professional photography, he devoted himself to making cameras simple, handy, fool-proof. The first Kodak appeared in 1888, contained film for 100 pictures which, when taken, were sent back (camera &

all) to the Kodak factory for development. Hence the famed slogan: "You press the button. We do the rest." The development of a flexible, transparent photographic film in 1889 coincided with Thomas Alva Edison's early cinema experiments. Edison bought \$250 worth of Eastman film, turned to an assistant and said: "That's it [the film]—now work like hell [on the camera]."

Eastman Kodak today is credited with doing 90% of U. S. photographic business and more than 60% of world business. From 1880 to 1925 the company was almost entirely a one-man affair, Eastman personally making every decision of import. In 1925 he retired as president and general manager, became chairman of the board. Said he: "The remaining years are very precious to me and I am now doing what the movies call a 'fade-out.'" A thorough-going philanthropist, he gave away some \$75,000,000, probably retained only a small Kodak interest. Major gifts were: to Massachusetts Institute of Technology, \$19,500,000 (he was Technology's "Mysterious Mr. Smith"); to the University of Rochester, \$35,000,000; to Tuskegee and Hampton Institutes, \$4,362,000; to employees in the form of stock distributions, \$6,000,000. His civic improvements in Rochester were the Rochester Dental Dispensary, Rochester Chamber of Commerce Building, Eastman School of Music, Eastman Theatre (now closed), Rochester Civic Orchestra. To Rome, London, Paris, Stockholm and Brussels he gave million-dollar dental & throat clinics. His private interests included art, music, big game hunting (in Africa, with the Martin Johnsons), calendar reform. He whittled, baked cakes & pies, collected orchids and firearms, was awakened every morning by pipe organ. He never married.

Died. William Liseter Austin, 79, long-time engineer and onetime president and board chairman of Baldwin Locomotive Works; after a two-day illness; in Rosemont, near Philadelphia. His advice to employees: "Imitate the example of the locomotive; he runs along, whistles over his work, and yet never takes anything but water when he wants to wet his whistle."

Died. Hannah Taylor Shipley, 80, founder (with her late sisters, Elizabeth A. and Katherine M.) of the Shipley School for girls, near Philadelphia; of chronic myocarditis; in Atlantic City.

Died. Mrs. Lewis Morrison (Rose Wood), 82, oldtime actress, grandmother of the cinematograph Sisters Bennett (Constance, Barbara & Joan); of old age; in Tenafly, N. J. She played many a leading rôle with Joseph Jefferson in such productions as *Rip Van Winkle*, *The Rivals*, starred in Lester Wallack's stock company.

Died. Bolossy Kiralfy, 84, oldtime theatrical producer; of old age; in London. Famed for his spectacular tableaux, he made the 19th Century U. S. gaze at his

*Last week she bought another, a 2,000-acre estate at Middleburg, Va.

No. 1 private collection belongs to Lionel Walter Lord Rothschild.

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vast scenes, casts, pageantry. Shows with 1,000 performers were common; his *Orient* broke stage records with 2,500. In *The Deluge* or *Paradise Lost*, presented at Niblo's Garden in Manhattan, Producer Kiralfy featured "novel electric lights, installed under the personal direction of Mr. Thomas Alva Edison."

Died. Paolo Boselli, 93, Wartime premier of Italy, historian, president of the Dante Alighieri Society; of influenza; in Rome. Though holding portfolios as far back as the first term of Premier Francesco Crispi (1887-91), he did not form a cabinet until 1916. He was forced to resign the following year after the great defeat at Caporetto. A Fascist sympathizer, he had served in the Senate since the rise of *Il Duce*.

Died. Mrs. Ida Mayfield Wood, 93, socialite recluse, relict of Publisher Benjamin Wood of the old New York *Daily News*, sister-in-law of onetime Mayor Fernando Wood of Manhattan; of bronchial pneumonia; in a Manhattan hotel where she had lived meekly for 25 years. When a nephew discovered her last year and had her declared incompetent, about her person, in mattresses, in old trunks, was found nearly \$2,000,000 in hoarded cash and jewelry (TIME, Oct. 26).

MEDICINE

Pouched Throats

A clique of thieves in India have in their throats pouches in which they hide small but precious loot. Pressed into military service, such pouched thieves serve as carriers of small documents. They develop their throat pouches by partially swallowing a pellet tied to a string. The training begins in childhood, continues for years with a bigger and bigger pellet, until a useful pouch takes shape.

Honest people sometimes develop throat pouches. The gullet muscles weaken, sag. Such diverticula may be very annoying. They interfere with eating. Food catches in them like waste in the trap of a sink, ferments and sends up fetid odors.

Last week colleagues of that Philadelphia ornament of the profession, Dr. Chevalier Jackson, disclosed that by means of his esophagoscope he has developed an efficacious technique for closing such pouches in honest man or thief at one sitting.

The esophagoscope, like Dr. Jackson's famed bronchoscope, is essentially a narrow-bored tube. The bronchoscope goes down the windpipe into the lungs. The esophagoscope goes down the gullet. Dr. Jackson developed both after he got the initial idea from two German professors. They derived their method from sword-swallowers. Jugglers learned long, long ago that by throwing their heads far back and depressing their tongues, their opened mouths were brought into a direct line with their straightened gullets. By getting his patients to do the same, the late Dr. Alfred Kirstein found that he could

see far down the throat with a small headlight. That was in 1894. Three years later Dr. Gustav Killian succeeded in safely running a metal tube into a patient's lung and peering down the bore.

Just as Elias Howe perfected the sewing machine by putting the hole at the front end of the needle, Dr. Jackson simplified throat and chest investigations by putting a tiny electric light at the front end of the tube which he saw Dr. Killian demonstrate in Philadelphia. Thus he could clearly see the smallest details of dark recesses, and reproduce them in drawings of exquisite details. (He is notably skillful at freehand drawing.)

If he could see into a windpipe, lung or gullet, why not reach into them—remove foreign bodies, perform small operations? It was only necessary to invent forceps, pincers, clamps, scissors, knives small enough to slip through the tubes. They must be operated by long, slender



International

DR. CHEVALIER JACKSON

... could search an Indian gullet-thief.

levers. Such instruments Dr. Jackson invented.

The University of Pennsylvania created a Chevalier Jackson Bronchoscopic Clinic for him. There he has taught to hundreds of graduate doctors, among them his son & assistant Dr. Chevalier Lawrence Jackson, the technique of removing growths and obstructions from the mouth, gullet and windpipe. There he taught them that for which the ordinary citizen knows him best—the removal from the lungs of tacks, pins, grains, teeth, bones and other knickknacks. And, although his former students are established with their instruments in all parts of the country, it is to Dr. Jackson himself that many a parent brings the child who is choking on a safety pin or what-not. But Dr. Jackson is no longer at the Chevalier Jackson Bronchoscopic Clinic of the University of Pennsylvania, with its children's rooms decorated like nurseries. Two years ago he resigned to develop a similar clinic for booming Temple University School of Medicine, also in Philadelphia. Nonetheless, he continues to give some graduate instruction at the older University.



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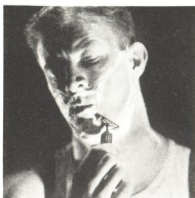
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**MAGAZINE
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SIMPLIFIED SCHICK

Hays Poll

Of prime concern to Motion Picture Producers & Distributors of America, Inc. is the fact that U. S. cinema attendance has declined about 35% in the last two years. Last week the organization took action. To the kind of people that Cinema Tsar Will Hays believes have lately begun to be interested in the cinema—bankers, editors, ministers, scientists, socialites, teachers, writers—were mailed 150,000 small blue ballots, containing hallois. On each ballot were listed 34 species of cinema under six generic heads. Voters were asked to check their favorite kind of cinema, add remarks. Twelve million more such ballots will be distributed, by mail and in theatres, in the next six months.

Ten thousand ballots returned last week showed that: 1) educated cinemaddicts are fondest of animated cartoons, particularly Mickey Mouse; 2) cinemaddicts of lower mental rating prefer sub-divisions of Drama, like "spiritual struggle," "social and sex problems," "society."

Critics of the poll pointed out that: 1) typical cinemaddicts—whose opinions are most valuable—are the least likely to bother writing them on a ballot; 2) producers think they already possess most of the information the poll is intended to disclose. Said *Motion Picture Herald*: "The industry hardly needs to confess obtuseness by any such gesture."

Gossip Reel

For their best shots, newsreels are dependent upon accidentally suitable events, like the Lindbergh kidnapping. Otherwise they are too often forced to use clichés like battleship launchings, cherry-blossom time in Japan, baby parades, Mussolini, sporting events and animals that can dance or count. A new type of newsreel called *Louis Sobol's Newsreel Scoops* made its appearance last week. It showed what in newsheets would be feature stories—shots of Harry K. Thaw and Evelyn Nesbit as they looked when Harry K. Thaw shot Stanford White and as they look at present; various ladies who have been friends with or married to Rudy Vallée; three Broadway playboys playing cards in a penthouse; the man who makes Mayor James J. Walker's shoes, and Mayor Walker in jolly mood, strumming one of his own tunes on a piano.

In effect much like the chipper colyum of Broadway gossip which Louis Sobol writes for the *New York Evening Journal*, the Sobol newsreel seems ingenious and potentially popular, depending almost entirely on the intimacy of the revelations made. Observers wondered where Sobol had procured his material. He had borrowed old shots of Thaw and Nesbit from old newsreel libraries, had new ones made to order. Guy Loomis, an oil stock promoter who found that his land really contained an oil well; "Billy" Mishkin, who expects to inherit a fortune in a few years; and a Manhattan sport named John Walker, were easily persuaded to be revealed as Metropolitan spendthrifts. Mayor Walker was not at all averse to posing at the piano as a

postlude to the portrait of his cobbler. Other items in the first instalment of the Sobol newsreel were: a survey of the careers open to *Follies* girls, with three examples; a shot of the interior of a speak-easy, deleted by censors after one showing.

The New Pictures

The Beast of the City (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). Partly because of protests from the Hays organization, 1932 gangster pictures will show criminals as craven rather than heroic. Cinema police, like Walter Huston in this picture, will be clever and courageous instead of timid



HARLOW & FORD

This year, criminals will be craven.

nincompoops. But it is unlikely that even these thoughtful improvements will instill respect for law & order into cinemaddicts so long as the underworld, however deplorable, is displayed as brilliantly efficient. In this picture, almost all the admirable members of the police department of an anonymous city are destroyed in their effort to capture one small nest of desperadoes who are handicapped by drink. Nor is this the only respect in which malfeasance is shown to have advantages over civic virtue. The members of the gang are able to associate with Jean Harlow which, to a village audience, should sufficiently excuse their defections. The chief of police has vowed to sanitize the town and he is well on his way to do so when his young brother (Wallace Ford), cajoled by Jean Harlow, neglects the obligations of his detective's badge so far as to help two gangsters rob a bank. He and his accomplices are captured but they "bect

the rap." The young brother is then so much ashamed of himself that he offers to betray the gang. This leads to the climactic scene in which revolvers pop for two minutes and a half, killing most of the major members of the cast except Jean Harlow.

When Miss Harlow recently set out to make a personal appearance tour, Loew's Inc. published a 28-page brochure on the subject, rehearsing the familiar milestones in her career. She started life 21 years ago as Harlean Carpenter in Kansas City, Mo. She was married at 16, divorced last year. She got her first important part when Howard Hughes, remaking *Hell's Angels* as a talking picture, gave her Greta Nissen's rôle. In effect, Jean Harlow is a shiny refinement of Clara Bow. She is a competent though not a brilliant actress. Her contours are luxurious though slender; her face childish but engaging. Her most obvious and enticing quality is the peculiar pale thatch on top of her head. It got her her first part in the cinema, when a director noticed her standing outside a Kansas City drugstore. It caused her pressagent to invent the phrase "platinum blonde." It also caused a major revival of the hair-bleaching industry. Jean Harlow has had a larger influence on the trade of beauticians and the habits of their customers than any other cinemactress in the last two years. Because its ivory-colored covering soils so easily, Jean Harlow washes her head with soap and a few drops of bluing, every other day. She detests exercise, has a masseuse preserve her figure. She wears low-cut gowns but travels with her mother and remarks: "Sex appeal should be a subtle quality so I wear black a good deal."

The Lost Squadron (RKO), instead of being about flyers in the War, is about flyers performing in a cinema about flyers in the War. While not exactly a breath-taking stroke of originality, this helps give *The Lost Squadron* a freshness of viewpoint which informs even the routine stretches of the picture. It also permits the inclusion of one character almost entirely new to the cinema: a violent, loudly clothed, arrogantly posturing Hollywood director. The behavior of this director and his name—Von Furst—suggest that he might have been patterned after Director Erich Von Stroheim. In appearance Von Furst and Von Stroheim are identical, for Von Stroheim plays the rôle, with obvious relish. Before assuring his actors that they are adde-headed and incompetent, he removes his checked coat, folds it carefully and throws it on the ground. He twists his leading lady's wrists when he suspects her of liking one of his stunt flyers and then rubs corrosive acid on the control wires of that pilot's plane. At this point, the *esprit de corps* of the stunt flyers—three pilots who belonged to the same unit in France—reasserts itself. One (Robert Armstrong) against whom the director has no grudge, takes off in the damaged plane. The one (Richard Dix) whom the director hoped to kill,

*Part of the actual stunt flying necessary to the manufacture of *The Lost Squadron* was done by the late Leo Nomis. One of Hollywood's four most famed stunt flyers, he crashed last month while making a scene for *Sky Brides*.

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follows him in a sound machine. The third (Joel McCrea) stays on the ground, threatening the director with firearms.

The Lost Squadron is the first picture manufactured by RKO since young David Selznick became production head of RKO-Radio and RKO-Pathé. It will be to the advantage of all concerned if the picture is typical of forthcoming RKO products. Good shot: a group of assistant directors, script writers, prop boys and camera-men waiting to start work, with Von Stroheim standing above them, on a pedestal beside the camera, bawling orders.

Dancers in the Dark (Paramount). Blonde Miriam Hopkins makes her living by cavorting in a 10¢ dance hall. When partners are scarce, she entertains the customers by crooning. Her promiscuous past, well-known to practically every member of the orchestra, does not prevent its chief saxophone player (William Collier Jr.) from proposing marriage. Complication is injected when the band leader (Jack Oakie), long a friend of Collier, tries to break up the union. Action is kept at a swift pace by lust, robbery, off-stage murder and, finally, the shooting of Oakie by a gun-toting habitué of the dance hall (George Raft). Good shot: Miss Hopkins, eyes half shut, singing "St. Louis Blues" while the ten-centers wiggle according to dance hall form.

The Passionate Plumber (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). The combination of Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton in this picture (faintly derived from *Her Cardboard Lover*, which Leslie Howard and the late Jeanne Eagels acted on the stage) works out well. Durante is worried about his huge and remarkable nose. The nose is worried by the other characters who tweak it, pinch it, slam doors against it. Durante is an urbane but eccentric chauffeur who speaks French with a Brooklyn accent. He gets a chance to use his favorite word when Polly Moran, as a maid-servant, rebuffs him with the door. "You may think that mortifies me," cries Durante. "It spurs me on, it spurs me on!"

Keaton, imperturbable in situations which could not happen elsewhere than in the Paris of cinema comedies, is a Yonkers plumber who has strayed abroad with his kit of tools. Called upon to fix a bathroom belonging to the heroine (Irene Purcell), he stays on at her request to help her control her infatuation for a cad (Gilbert Roland). Keaton manages to follow her into a swank gaming house but when he pulls a handkerchief from his rented evening clothes, moth-balls fall into the roulette wheel. He calls himself, not a gigolo, but a "juggler," says it is his job to "make women want other men more." A large amount of bric-a-brac in the room where part of the action occurs gives a clue to the grand scene at the finish. Plates, pots, vases, statues, lamps and chandeliers are shattered over the head of Cad Roland, while Durante watches, with his nose to a key-hole. Director Edward Sedgwick made *The Passionate Plumber* raucous, rapid and amusing. Good shot: Keaton wriggling out of an embarrassing situation with the heroine by posing as a physician, examining her abdomen with pliers and a suction cup for his stethoscope.



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MUSIC

In & Out of Russia

In Philadelphia, in Manhattan and over the radio, Conductor Leopold Stokowski had his Philadelphia Orchestra play all-Russian programs last week. Stravinsky, Scriabin, Prokofiev and Moussorgsky are composers comfortable now on any U. S. concert program. But along with them Stokowski introduced two strangers: Serge Nikiforowitch Wassilenko and A. S. Illiaschenko. *The Witches' Flight* by Wassilenko was eerie music fairly descriptive of its title. Illiaschenko's *Dyptique Mongol* dissonantly depicted the retreat of the warriors escorting dead Genghis Khan, their preparations for battle afterward.

The Witches' Flight is 23 years old. And the composer of *Dyptique Mongol* teaches at the Brussels Conservatory, is a White Russian expatriate like Prokofiev and Stravinsky. But most people knowing that Conductor Stokowski brought the two new scores home with him on his return from Russia last spring, knowing him to be an alert musical reporter,* assumed that these importations were Soviet products.

Truly typical of Soviet music was Mos-solow's *Soviet Iron Foundry* which Stokowski played early in the season (TIME, Nov. 2). *Soviet Iron Foundry* perfectly describes a mass of noisy machines. Most Russians prefer Tchaikovsky or Beethoven to the kind of din they hear all day at their work. But the Government encourages music which publicizes the new régime. It frowns on any music that is languorous or melancholy. For this reason gypsy music, so popular before the Revolution, is generally tabooed. The new music is vigorous, direct and, like Soviet newspapers, optimistic.

However they may be inspired, Russian composers do well to comply with governmental wishes since musical performances are as strictly supervised as industry under the Five-Year Plan. Concerts and operas to be approved must serve one of two purposes. They must exalt, an indisputable cultural influence, hence the current enthusiasm for the classicists. Or they must promote propaganda. Since jazz does neither, it is never played. *Madame Butterfly* may be given at the opera house but extremists reconcile themselves to it on the ground that Pinkerton, the naval officer who deserted Butterfly, was a capitalist. All religious music is banned. Spirituals are popular but Russians hear them only after references to the Lord are eliminated. A performance of Haydn's *Creation* was forbidden even after new words were written. The music stayed essentially religious. A concert dedicated to Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven was advertised lately as "The Dawn of Industrial Capitalism." When Dancer Ruth Page was in Moscow last year the Government asked her to come on stage riding a tractor, waving a red flag.

*Stokowski has Mexican music on his mind now, gleaned from his mid-winter vacation. On March 14, with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, he will put on *Il P. P.*, a ballet by Mexican Carlos Chavez. Mexico's famed mural painter, Diego Rivera, is designing sets & costumes.

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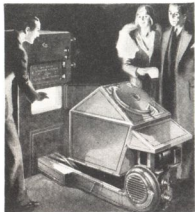
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Most foreign artists now exclude Russia from their European tours. Their pay is mostly in rubles which they cannot take out of the country. The Government acts as impresario for all artists. A young Russian musician must pass examinations proving himself familiar with Russian politics, testifying that he has aided in some social movement like the abolition of illiteracy or alcoholism. The Government then advertises him in simple, forthright fashion. He may not call himself "World's Greatest Tenor" as does Beniamino Gigli or "Famous Boy Violin Genius" as does Yehudi Menuhin. Tickets for his concert will cost anywhere from 7¢ to 25¢. Factory workers then get a 60% reduction.

Stokowski returned from Russia enthusiastic over the results that energetic resident artists are getting. But Soviet composition has yet to impress itself beyond the border. Laymen wrongly attribute the *Internationale* to the Russian Revolution. It came out of the Paris Commune (1871). Tourists have been deeply stirred by the Soviet Funeral March, played on all state occasions. It is a folk song, a relic of old Russia turned into a Revolutionary song beginning "We fell victims..."

Woman's Symphony

One hundred assorted women got behind musical instruments in Manhattan last week and left themselves go. In her usual ministerial frock,* Conductor Ethel



LEGINSKA & LADIES

The women at the winds don't worry.

Leginska stood before them, driving, cajoling, exerting all her high-pitched energy toward making them realize, as he obviously did, that the debut of a national Woman's Symphony Orchestra is a highly important occasion.

If the public will support it, or if a backer can be found, the Woman's National Symphony Orchestra plans to be a permanent, touring organization. Conductor Leginska will pack up her spare frock coat then. Violinist Eileen Mayo will abandon the schooner aboard which she lives. Horn-playing Suzanne Howitt will leave the women's club of Teaneck, N. J. Eight other ladies will shoulder their double-basses, pretty Doris Smith her colossal tuba.

But Leginska's women face severe obstacles. People seem loth to subsidize

*For practical reasons Leginska wears a black velvet costume something like a Prince Albert. Frail shoulder straps would never survive the passion she puts into her music. Only Debussy and the like could be conducted with safety by a lady in conventional evening dress.

a woman's orchestra. No matter how creditably a woman may play, she can rarely get symphonic training.* Women who play wind instruments are additionally handicapped by the fact that they look funny blowing. Until this year the Chicago Woman's Symphony, conducted by Ebba Sundstrom, a dentist's wife, had men play the difficult winds. But in Manhattan last week there was stout Edith Swan to play the trombone, Amy Ryder, 60 years old and deaf, to lead the French horns. They did not worry about appearing ridiculous any more than Ethel Leginska did when she decided to become a conductor.

There were no lady conductors then. Leginska was a pianist who felt herself frustrated. She disappeared several times when she was scheduled for concerts—and got headlines. All the time she was studying orchestra, working day after day for 20 hours out of the 24. She got the results she wanted. She was invited to conduct in Manhattan, St. Louis, Los Angeles, Berlin, London, Paris, Munich. She founded a woman's symphony in Boston, took it on tour for two seasons. She conducted the Chicago Woman's Symphony, helped instruct Lady Conductor



International

Sundstrom (who last week said that interest in her orchestra has grown each year).

Ethel Leginska still plays the piano far better than most members of her sex. With her new-founded orchestra last week, she played Mozart's *A Major Concerto*, bent low over the keys one minute, stood up the next, urging her women to keep to the brisk pace she had set for them. Her showmanship captivated a great audience. Critics thought that her players, considering their inexperience, responded very creditably to her tense, determined leadership.

*Notable exceptions are the few women who play in major U. S. orchestras. Lady harpists preponderate. There are two in Cleveland's orchestra, one each in the big orchestras in Detroit, St. Louis, Los Angeles, Manhattan. The San Francisco Symphony has three lady violinists, two lady cellists; Minneapolis has a lady violinist; Los Angeles and Cincinnati a lady pianist each; Cleveland a lady viola player. These fortunes get union wages. When the Chicago Woman's Symphony feels pinched, its members play for \$5 a week. Leginska and her players gave their services.



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of appointment, Packard extends a cordial invitation to inspect and drive today's distinguished Twin Six. With its Silent Synchro-mesh Transmission, *quiet in all three speeds*, its new Finger Control Free-Wheeling and the original Packard Ride Control, you will find it the highest development of Packard's world-renowned luxury—in performance, comfort and ease of control. ¶ It is priced at the factory from \$3650.

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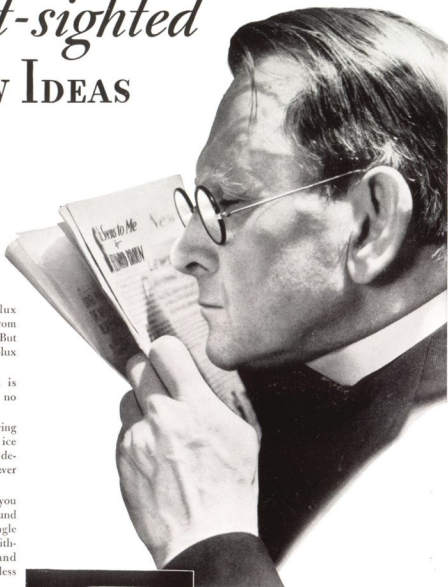
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A R T

Roly Poly

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, convalescing last week from a painful mastoid operation, got a medal in her morning's mail from the American Art Dealers Association "for conspicuous service to art in America." At the same time Mrs. Whitney's most obvious service, the pink and imposing Whitney Museum of American Art, did last week the sort of thing for which it was established. In conjunction with an amusing showing of the works of provincial U. S. painters of the early 19th Century, the museum had a memorial exhibition of the work of the greatest cartoonist the country has produced: Thomas Nast.

Everyone knows something about Cartoonist Nast's great battle with paunchy Boss Tweed of Tammany Hall. Many remember that Abraham Lincoln called him "the North's best recruiting sergeant." Few remember that Thomas Nast,



N. Y. Public Library

TH. NAST (SELF PORTRAIT)

... caused Boss Tweed's arrest for kidnapping.

a potent political figure in the U. S. for 35 years, was born in Landau, Palatinate, Germany, in 1840, emigrated at the age of 6, always spoke English with an accent. He always drew. At the age of 15, a small, fat boy, he asked the imposing Frank Leslie for a job. To get rid of him Publisher Leslie told him to draw the holiday crowds at the Hoboken ferry. So good was the result that fat Tommy Nast was promptly hired—at \$4 a week. Constant difficulty in collecting even this salary caused him to leave Leslie's Weekly. The New York Illustrated News sent him to Italy to follow the triumphal advance of red-shirted Giuseppe Garibaldi up the peninsula. From this almost bloodless war he sent bales of drawings very much like those his great contemporary, Constantin Guys, was doing for the London Illustrated News. When he returned to the U. S. in 1861, 20-year-old "Roly Poly" Nast was already a public character.

Thomas Nast was no soldier in the Civil War, but as a cartoonist he threw himself into it with the same gusto he gave every fight. The South was a nation

of tobacco-chewing slave whippers. Lincoln was his saint, Grant his personal hero. In 1862 Fletcher Harper hired him for *Harper's Weekly* at a good salary. From that day Harper's and Nast were an unbeatable team, the most influential artist, the most influential magazine in the country. When they separated in 1886 Harper's lost its circulation, and Nast, though he tried to start a paper of his own, lost his public.

May 29, 1860 was an important date in the development of Thomas Nast as an artist. That week Sir John Tenniel published a biting cartoon in *Punch* on the subject of the Alabama Claims* showing the U. S. as a bloated Falstaff demanding £400,000,000 from the bearded Prince of Wales, Edward VII, as the price of his love. Plump Tommy Nast raged at the subject, but admired the technique. A month later he replied with a full page in *Harper's Weekly* of an even fatter John Bull Falstaff, drawn in the same manner. In this adaptation of the Tenniel technique he thereafter drew all his best known pictures.

Nast's battle with Tammany Hall and the Tweed Ring was his greatest campaign. In 1870 the Ring, consisting of William Marcy ("Boss") Tweed, Peter Barr ("Brains") Sweeney, Richard B. ("Slippery Dick") Connolly, Mayor A. ("Elegant Oakey") Hall, ruled New York without question. Bearded, bleary-eyed Boss Tweed, who began his career as nose-punching foreman of the Americus or Big Six Fire Co., was Commissioner of Public Works; Brains Sweeney was the lawyer; Slippery Dick was Comptroller of Public Expenditures; Elegant Oakey was the Ring's social front. Their methods were childishly simple. New York's books were never shown to anybody. The Ring simply charged the city four times as much as every money bill was worth, and pocketed the difference. British-born Editor Louis John Jennings of the *Times* fought the Ring as valiantly as did German-born Artist Nast, but the pictures were what moved the public.

"Stop them goddam pictures," roared Boss Tweed. "My constituents can't read but dammit they can see pictures."

The Ring was broken. The Boss fled to Spain, a fugitive from justice. He was arrested in Vigo on the charge of "kidnapping two American children." This curious charge was explained by the fact that he was identified by a Spanish policeman from an old Nast cartoon that showed the Boss as a Tammany policeman collaring two small ragamuffins, labeled "Lesser Thieves." The Boss died in New York's Ludlow Street jail. In his luggage was every Nast cartoon ever drawn of him.

Thomas Nast invented most of the vocabulary of the U. S. political cartoon. He invented the figure of gaunt Uncle Sam, the Tammany Tiger (a reference to the tiger pointed on the dashboard of Boss Tweed's old fire engine, now in the Museum of the City of New York), the

*At the close of the War the U. S. attempted to collect damages from Britain for the destruction of Union merchantmen by Confederate commerce raiders built in British yards. The C. S. S. *Alabama* was the most successful.



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P E O P L E

Democratic Donkey and Republican Elephant. No other U. S. cartoonist has ever equaled his power, the strength of his line. Out of fashion for ten years before he died, he accepted the post of U. S. consul at Guayaquil, Ecuador from President Roosevelt, died at his post of yellow fever. Last week Critic Henry McBride had this to say of his exhibition:

"The force of statement and finish of workmanship are not to be matched anywhere in present day caricature. . . . One wonders why this should be; and one wonders also if the showing of Nast's work in a museum may not key up our draughtsmen to bolder expression. It certainly will key up the collectors."

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

Part of the stock-in-trade of the British Statesman **Winston Churchill** on his current U. S. lecture tour, is the following proposition, outlined by him at his appearance in White Plains, N. Y.:

"What business has gained in America, politics has lost. The flower of American manhood does not go into politics but chooses industry instead. In England just the reverse is true, and very frequently English young men devote their lives un-

selishly to improving the state of the nation.

"I think an interchange might work out very nicely. Let your young men run our business and we might lend you some of ours to run your government."

Because his Pasadena home had not enough privacy, **Herbert Hoover Jr.** bought an estate near the base of Mt. Wilson in California.

Asked to select the six prettiest girls of the Junior Class at Syracuse University, Artist **James Montgomery Flagg** wrote: "Sure—I'll pick out the prettiest gals—one if five—or if six. All sorts of colleges

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"I have had to gaze on some of the most god-awful female mugs!"

every year do this to me, salt water, fresh water and bilge-water colleges, and I have had to gaze on some of the most god-awful female mugs in this broad tho' narrow land! I know now why there are so many pretty gals in New York—all the ugly ones are in colleges. . . ."

Wilbur Glenn Voliva ("The Earth is flat"), general overseer of Zion City, Ill., observed his 62nd birthday by announcing his new diet: buttermilk and Brazil nuts only.

In his colyum of Washington chit-chat in the Scripps-Howard newspapers Reporter George Abell told how **Dr. Erich** ("Candid Camera") **Salomon** pointed his lens at a group of important Democrats jovially quaffing drinks in an ante-room at the Jackson Day dinner. Just as he snapped the shutter **Dr. Salomon** heard someone shout: "Hey, you can't take that picture!" It was **Governor Albert Cabell Ritchie** of Maryland. Continued the Governor: ". . . But you can come in and have a drink."

EDUCATION

Sluggards Reprieved

To loaf like oafs, to nod like clods seemed the best idea to 40 students at Asbury Park High School, N. J. They were so lazy they would not even bother to be bad. Irked immeasurably by Asbury Park's 40 sluggards, Superintendent of Schools Amos E. Kraybill announced last week he would expel them. "They are wasting their time," he cried, "and their teachers' time and the taxpayers' money." Out they would go, he said, legally or illegally. The Board of Education backed Superintendent Kraybill. But soon Superintendent Kraybill changed his mind. He reprieved the 40 laggards, announced he would consult with their parents. Meanwhile, said he, they had been frightened into some slight improvement.

Have school boards the right to oust lazy or stupid students? Many a tax-paying parent might feel that, having paid his money, he has his rights. Last May this question interested one Jean West, 19, freshman at the Teachers' College of Miami University (Oxford, Ohio) which is State-supported. Suspended for failure to maintain a required standing, Miss West sought to restrain Miami University from expelling her. Her counsel argued that higher education is for everyone, that Miss West, daughter of a tax-payer, had a right to hers. She won her case, but a higher court reversed the decision last December. Reason: a pupil who falls below a set standard must not be allowed to retard his fellows.

Guggenheim Fellowships

In the ears of many a scholar and artist the name Guggenheim rings sweetly. It means security for a year or two of creating, with a little left over for *pernods, pulque or Pilsener*. Since 1925 there have been awarded 417 Fellowships on the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation which Simon Guggenheim and his wife, Olga Hirsh, established in memory of their son who died in 1922. Average stipend is \$2,500. Many a Guggenheim Fellow has done well with his year of freedom: Stephen Vincent Benét (*John Brown's Body* which won a Pulitzer Prize); Playwrights Lynn Riggs (*Green Grow the Lilacs*) and Paul Eliot Green (*The House of Connelly*); Walter Francis White, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (*Rope and Fagot*); a *Biography of Judge Lynch*; Linus Carl Pauling, Langmuir prize-winner (scientific research); Arthur Holly Compton, Nobel Prize-winner.

Last week the year's list of 57 Guggenheim Fellowships, 30 less than last year's, was made public. Fifteen of the winners will visit the U. S. from Latin America. Among U. S. names: Authors Lewis Mumford, Evelyn Scott, Louis Adamic, Caroline Gordon Tate; Dancer Martha Graham; Painters Andrew Michael Dasburg, Ernest Fienne, Peter Blume; Sculptor Antonio Salamee; Critic Isaac Goldberg; Composer George Antheil; Moscow Correspondent William Henry Chamberlain of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

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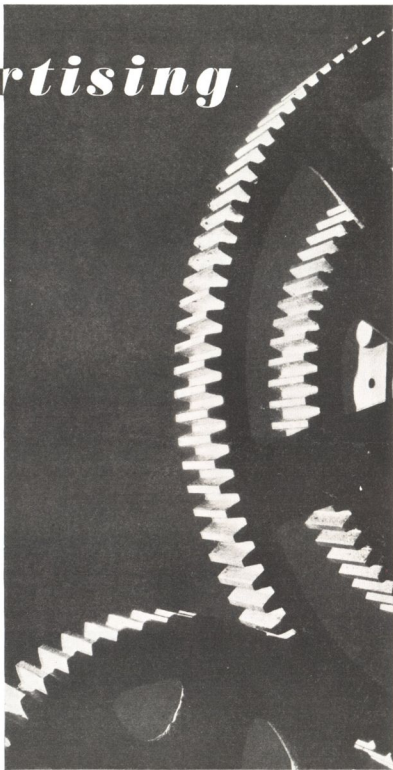
A few years ago it began to advertise. Somebody got the idea of shifting gears to higher speed. That business has grown more in the last 10 years than in the previous 150.

Big factories, like big stores, require lots of customers.

Advertising is the quickest way to get them; the most economical way.

You can put a motor car in low gear and drive it across the continent. It's pretty slow. You can also make a good product and wait for it to find customers.

But second and third speeds are made to get there quicker, and advertising shortens the time for business accomplishment.



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BUSINESS & FINANCE

Out of the Mill

The House of Steel has many mansions. In and out of it at No. 71 Broadway pass hundreds of executives of the 200 far-flung companies which constitute U. S. Steel Corp. Some of them visit for just a short time, some of them go there regularly. They are so many that the big staff of underlings at No. 71 could scarcely be expected to know any but the most important ones. They all, of course, know Myron Charles Taylor, the handsome Quaker whose office on the 17th floor is labeled "Chairman of the Finance Committee." They all know "Big Jim"—James Augustine Farrell—who for 20 years has occupied the 18th floor office labeled "President." And they all know "Mr. Filbert," a keen-eyed man whose bald, round head is said to contain all the Corporation's complex statistics and who was recently elevated to vice chairman of the finance committee.

When, six months ago, the vice president of American Sheet & Tin Plate Co. arrived from Pittsburgh to be made operating vice president of the parent company, there was little stir in the House of Steel. William A. Irvin (pronounced: Irwin) was given an office down on the 14th floor, far away from the real executive headquarters. He soon and often thereafter returned to Pittsburgh to inspect the noisy mills which are the Corporation's core. When at No. 71 Broadway, he worked hard at the desk which had been given him. Few of the New York personnel wandered in to see him or met him between working hours.

Last week the executives of the Corporation attended a luncheon in the old dining room on the 20th floor, a room spoken of (mostly by those not important enough to dine in it) as the "Doughnut Room." Waiters hovered anxiously near the table, for they had heard by the house grapevine that the successor of resigning President Farrell was to be announced.

When, in the "Doughnut Room," it was heard that William A. Irvin had been chosen by the directors to become president of the Corporation, the waiters huddled together. "Which one is he?" they whispered. Up on the 17th and 18th floors the news was heard with surprise, bewilderment. And then somebody said, "Oh, yes, he's the new man on the 14th floor, the big fellow with glasses."

News-tickers rushed the word to Pittsburgh, capital of Steel. Here too it was a surprise. Steelmen knew Mr. Irvin. They had met him at the Duquesne Club, at association meetings and dinners. They all knew him to be a good operating man, one of the kind popularly supposed to be able to tell the rate of production by sniffing Pittsburgh's cinder-laden air. But none had ever dreamed he would rise to the greatest height in their world. If he had ever had that dream himself, he never revealed it.

Mr. Irvin is 38 and most of his years have been spent in the steel business. After working as a telegraph messenger for the Western Union, he became a telegraph operator for Pennsylvania Railroad

and later a shipping clerk for P. H. Laufmann Co., sheet and tinplate makers, in 1895. He literally went through the mill, coming out superintendent. Two mergers brought P. H. Laufmann into the U. S. Steel family in 1904, as part of American Sheet & Tin Plate. For 20 years Mr. Irvin was assistant to the operating vice president. Then he was rewarded with promotion to vice president in charge of plant operations.

When Mr. Irvin became an employee of U. S. Steel Corp., the company had just had its first change of presidents. President Schwab, after a difference with Chairman Gary, had resigned in 1903, later to organize Bethlehem Steel Corp. The new president was William Ellis Corey. In 1911 he resigned and was followed by Mr. Farrell. Because publicity had attached



Keystone

WILLIAM A. IRVIN

For him, no moose this year.

to President Corey's divorce in 1907, there was again talk of trouble between U. S. Steel's president and its earnest Chairman Gary. It was noted that Judge Gary spoke of new President Farrell as a "family man."

Under "Big Jim" Farrell, U. S. Steel had its great era of War prosperity, in 1921 ran true to form by having a deficit of \$14,000,000 after dividend payments, rebounded vigorously. In 1927 the Corporation was faced with the problem of picking a man to succeed Judge Gary. Myron Taylor, also trained as a lawyer, was chosen, and J. P. Morgan & Co. took a more active part in the Corporation's management. While there has never been talk of a real rift between Chairman Taylor and his president, the steel world has felt that plans for a sweeping shake-down in Steel's management included a change in the presidency. Sharp divergence of opinion became noticeable last year over the matter of wages, President Farrell stating emphatically that there would be no reduction, Chairman Taylor taking the attitude that business conditions might make one necessary.

When the Corporation announced a plan to retire all executives at the age of 70 it was revealed that Mr. Farrell would reach retirement age in 1933 (Time, April 27). Then he startled the business world by announcing his resignation would take effect this year instead (Time, Jan. 25). Although nothing has been said officially on the subject, there is a widespread feeling that Mr. Farrell had figured his age incorrectly for years, was shown his error by an enterprising newshawk who looked up the original records.

New President Irvin must face his new task, the toughest, biggest job in the Steel business, with something akin to awe. Everyone knows that Depression has annihilated the earnings of U. S. Steel. Everyone knows that no improvement has set in as yet. Last month, when a small gain had been hoped for, the unfulfilled orders ("backlog") of the company dropped 102,000 tons. Operations last week were slightly better at 26½% of capacity. A clue to conditions was the reduction in National Steel Corp.'s dividend from \$2 to \$1 although National was the only major steel company to earn its dividend last year. President Irvin cannot lightly waste U. S. Steel into a private era of prosperity. He has tremendous problems to solve, problems of price and wages, of old equipment and new plants, of billets and tinplate, tubes and alloys. He will have little time for the hunting, fishing and golfing he likes so well. It will surely be more than a year before he can go after moose in Canada again. Nor will he have so much time for raising setters and flowers, for playing with his twelve grandchildren. Mr. Irvin's new job is not only the hardest in Steel-dom but one of the most complicated in U. S. industry.

"Poor Krueger"

Ivar Krueger, 52, matchmaker and moneylender to many nations, arrived in Paris last week. His pallid face was whiter than usual, and drawn. He had just been in the U. S., seeking loans for his labyrinth of companies. He had failed to get the loans. He did not look forward to a meeting he had called for Saturday noon to discuss his companies' financial position with their leading executives and certain international bankers. When on Friday his doctor told him he was in poor shape and should watch his heart he became very depressed. Saturday morning he arose, dressed, wrote three letters. Then, while his associates and bankers were growing impatient at his tardiness, he went to his bedroom, undid his waistcoat, lay down on the bed, put a bullet through his heart (see p. 15).

News of Ivar Krueger's death was withheld by the Paris police until after the stockmarkets of the world had closed for the week-end. When it reached Sweden it caused something akin to panic. In London a "high Swedish authority" received a representative of the *Times* with a sad face. "Poor Krueger," he said. "Creditors were closing in on him. . . ."

How many were his creditors, how much they were owed will not be known for a long time. Ivar Krueger's business life was known to only a handful of men. In making important transactions he usually revealed only part of the details to any

Industry Turns to Electricity and Gas

● Industries in areas served by the **Associated Gas & Electric System** are modernizing by substituting electricity for steam power, by replacing private electric plants with central station service, and by substituting gas for other fuels. The result of these changes over the past five years is:

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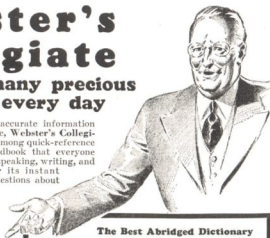
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one person. The main holdings of his companies are common knowledge, but it is certain that they also had many investments which have never been revealed. How much money he had, no one knew, not even himself. He said he did not care. Others said that next to Sir Basil Zaharoff he must have been, for a time at least, Europe's richest man.

Principal Krueger company is Swedish Match—Svenska Tändsticks. It makes 66% of the world's matches, controlling 250 plants in 43 nations. In 1930 its earnings came to \$3,000,000. This company's growth was due to Ivar Krueger's efforts and its rise paralleled his own. Sweden's match industry began in the latter part of the 19th Century. Small factories sprang up all over the country. In 1903 a merger of many of the companies formed Vulcan Match Manufacturing Co. which began to force the smaller companies out. In 1907 Ivar Krueger, then 27, arrived in Stockholm after several years spent in the U. S. as a construction engineer. (He built Syracuse University's Stadium.) He and Paul Toll formed Krueger & Toll Co. to do engineering work, but in a few years the company's function had changed to a holding company for the expanding of Krueger match interests.

Ivar Krueger's father had a small match factory which was not making money. Young Krueger saw that a merger with other independents was the solution. In 1913 he put through the deal which created United Swedish Match Factories Co. and four years later this firm merged with the Vulcan group, eliminating competition in the home market. The next years were spent in pushing exports, building factories abroad, forming alliances with competitors. One of these alliances was a sales agreement with Diamond Match Co. to cover safety matches in the U. S. When in 1930 a U. S. tariff was placed on safety matches Krueger began acquiring factories in the U. S. Last year he bought Federal Match Corp. of Chicago.

Another alliance was with Bryant & May, Britain's leading match house. Bryant & May and Swedish were always friendly but in 1927 they united their interests in the British Empire by formation of British Match Corp. in which Swedish was given a 30% interest. Matchman Krueger at the time was so well entrenched in India that he could afford to exclude that vast market from the Bryant & May deal. Swedish Match operates chiefly through subsidiaries. Of these the most important is International Match, a U. S. corporation which holds the bulk of Swedish Match's foreign interests and earned \$20,000,000 in 1930.

Although by the early 1920's Swedish Match had a firm hold on the world's markets, Matchman Krueger wished to make it impregnable. He saw an opportunity in the unsettled financial condition of most of the world, realizing that cash-poor nations would grunt match monopolies in return for loans. The first loan was to Poland in 1925 and consisted of \$6,000,000. Greece followed and then France offered a match monopoly for a loan of \$75,000,000. This large financing was accomplished through the



NATHAN G. RICHMAN

Clothing king and Grocer accomplish outstanding Sales Increase in 1931

ALL eyes on Nathan G. Richman, of The Richman Brothers Co., world's largest manufacturing retailers of men's clothing...and Alphonse Cuquet, progressive community grocer. In a year when business in general bemoaned "hard times, no buying and everything

quiet," The Richman Brothers Co. achieved new sales records...and Cuquet secured a 35% increase in business volume!

How did these two successful business men solve last year's sales and merchandising problems?

Experience has taught Richman and Cuquet that business goes where invited, and stays where it is welcome. Thus, Richman systematically contacts his retail outlets, salesmen, and prospects with direct selling literature that keeps Richman Brothers Clothes foremost in their minds. Cuquet's field is the trading neighborhood around his store. This area of prospective business he intensively circularizes with grocery selling messages.

This regular, insistent market stimulation maintains present customer volume, and quickly turns new sales-opportunities into actual business and profits.

Efficiency in Selling

To conduct productive sales campaigns with the greatest economy, Richman and Cuquet use Addressograph and Multigraph. With Multigraph it is possible to produce advertising folders, catalogs, post cards, announcements, sales letters, etc., at savings up to 40%. With Addressograph, this material can be speeded to salesmen, jobbers, dealers, and direct buyers 10 to 50 times faster than other methods.

World wide or neighborhood community in scope, your market can be enlarged and merchandise quickly turned into money with this equipment. Ask a representative to prove it without obligation.

Greater Profits

Mr. Richman accredits the splendid showings of his company to:

(1) Advertising far and wide, (2) Maintaining, even increasing, advertising in times

of increased sales resistance. The Richman direct-mail selling message shown here is Multigraphed and Addressographed.



The Richman Brothers Co. plant at Cleveland.



Richman Brothers Co. extensive Addressograph-Multigraph equipment for producing effective personalized advertising in large quantities.



ALPHONSE CUQUET

"I produce all my direct-to-consumer advertising on Addressograph and Multigraph at low cost. Increased business was noticeable from the time the first circular was distributed. On Saturdays there is a \$300 increase in sales," says enthusiastic Mr. Cuquet.



More Grocery Sales

The "weekly special" handbill and the imprinted paper bag are samples of profitable Cuquet merchandising. Cuquet's low-cost Addressograph-Multigraph investment is shown in above photo.

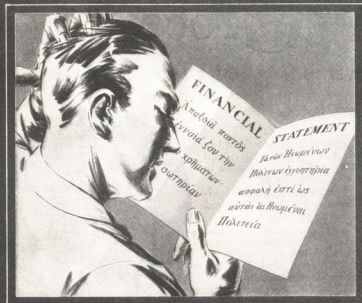


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When a man places his confidence in this stalwart old company he knows that he and his

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Indianapolis, Indiana

sale of \$50,000,000 worth of International Match bonds in the U. S. and Ivar Kreuger's monopolizing got into its full stride. More than a score of nations were approached and persuaded. In 1929 the biggest loan of all was made—\$125,000,000 to Germany. It was secured not by a direct monopoly but by an agreement to ban all Russian matches. Since Swedish makes a good 70% of all matches used in Germany the terms were satisfactory. Worry over the safety of this loan was known to be one of the things depressing Ivar Kreuger last week.

Key company to the entire group was the original engineering and real estate firm of Kreuger & Toll, controlled by Class A voting shares capitalized at \$500,000, the majority of which Ivar Kreuger held himself. This small amount of stock carried control of properties capitalized at over a billion dollars.

Kreuger & Toll has many activities in addition to control of the match companies. It handles much of the financing the monopolies make necessary. It has a 20% interest in the Grangesberg Co. of Sweden, biggest iron producer in Europe, and an 80% interest in the Boliden gold mine in northern Sweden, thought to be the richest in the world. It owns Swedish Pulp Co. with 4,900,000 acres of fine forest, valuable power properties and rights. It controls financial institutions throughout Europe, including commercial and mortgage banks. A typical deal was its purchase of Sweden's \$29,000,000 share in the Young Plan Loan in 1930. It has real estate companies with properties throughout Europe, including 87 buildings in Stockholm. By selling control of L. M. Ericsson Telephone Co. (acquired in 1930) to International Telephone & Telegraph for 400,000 shares of I. T. & T. stock, Ivar Kreuger connected his empire with the worldwide communications skein of the Behn Brothers.

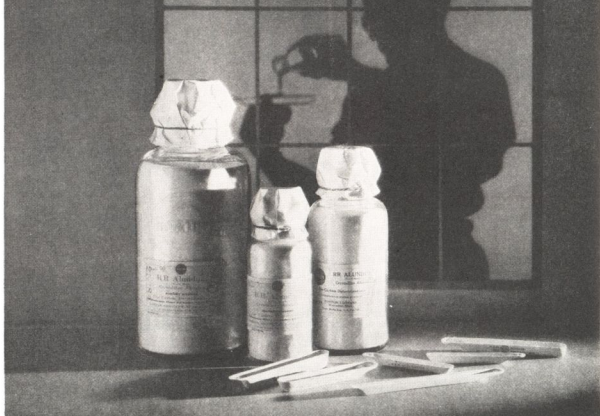
There was a central thought in the great conglomeration of Kreuger companies, although the very size of the enterprise made some conservative bankers keep away from it even before Depression. Making his fortune in matches, Ivar Kreuger decided to concentrate on basic industries with large, scattered consumption. His company had great cash resources and these had to be invested, kept fruitful. For this reason he bought control or made close affiliations with banks throughout the world, feeling that banks were in position to judge their countries' investment opportunities better than a foreign delegation of statisticians. They also could handle his transactions with complete privacy. Another rule he stuck to was to buy only into institutions with long and successful careers, ones in which problems of management and operation would not arise.

While Matchman Kreuger made no matches in the U. S., he raised much cash there. Through his U. S. bankers, Lee, Higginson & Co., the Kreuger companies floated about \$200,000,000 worth of securities in the past few years. These issues include an issue of participating Kreuger & Toll debentures which are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. For some months the Kreuger securities have been weak and on his last visit Ivar

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NORTON

LIFE ALLOWS YOU

4

DEPRESSIONS

THE average investor's life spans eight to ten depressions. Three or four are gone before he knows what to do with them. Yet, if he is wise and able, he may profit substantially from the remaining ones. During every major decline, thousands of investors have established the foundations for future independence by the purchase of sound securities whose values rose with the recovery of American business.

● From all the common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange, 34 were selected recently by an experienced research department after months of painstaking investigation as offering unusual possibilities as a group for the long-term investor to-day. A circular containing a list of these stocks and details concerning a common stock investment program based on these selections will be sent immediately, free of charge, on request. Information is also available through any of the 1500 banks and security dealers distributing the new issues of NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES, 1935 and 1936.

● That these stocks must reflect the long-term trend line of American business is indicated by such facts as these: (1) The market value of all outstanding common shares of these 34 great companies equals approximately 50% of the market value of all common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange; (2) Their subsidiaries number more than 1600, doing business in virtually all parts of the world; (3) The combined total assets of the 34 corporations exceed 24 billion dollars.

● See a NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARE dealer today or write to the address below. Ask for circular T-2.

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TRUST SHARES

Kreuger spent much time consulting with market manipulators. Last week the Kreuger & Toll shares were especially weak, dropping from \$7½ to \$5 on tremendous volume. On the day preceding his suicide it was the most active stock on the New York Stock Exchange. This was also true on Saturday when it accounted for 25% of trading although no word of Ivar Kreuger's death had leaked out.

The drop was accompanied by rumors regarding the whole Kreuger group's solvency. While its earnings have held up (Kreuger & Toll reported \$33,000,000 net in 1930) it has been hurt by fluctuations in foreign exchange and the weakening credit position of countries whose bonds it holds. Ivar Kreuger is believed to have borrowed from bankers. Last September Kreuger & Toll had a floating debt of only \$50,000,000. The sum was thought to be much higher last week. Much of the selling was from Europe. Kreuger & Toll has 11,000,000 participating debentures outstanding, of which 4,000,000 were issued to pay for the Boliden mine. Eight months ago only 4,000,000 of the remaining 6,000,000 debentures were represented by U. S. shares. Last week all but 300,000 had been transferred to U. S. certificates, a fact which on the surface would indicate that Europe's investors have long known that Ivar Kreuger's creditors might be closing in, that the match's mighty financial flame might be nearly out.

Jazz-Age Diamond

In 1921, while William Samuel Paley was still a student at the University of Pennsylvania, Author Francis Scott Fitzgerald wrote a story called "The Diamond as Big as the Ritz," published in his *Tales of the Jazz Age*. Buried on his remote estate a man found a massive diamond; he could buy anything he wanted by merely chipping off a sliver. He lived in super-Oriental luxury, owned hundreds of shirts, hundreds of neckties, socks, shoes. His house was fitted with every kind of comfort-giving device: buttons that brought soft music from an unseen orchestra, beds that tilted and slid a sleeper gently into a warm, perfumed bath, while violins played. . . . Critics agreed that Author Fitzgerald had imagination; many a college youth dreamed of finding a huge diamond. Last week Bill Paley sailed for the Bahamas with a \$10,000,000 diamond in his pocket.

Pennsylvania's Wharton School graduated William Samuel Paley with a B. S. in economics in 1922. His father took him into the family cigar business. Bill Paley knew something about Congress Cigar Co. and about cigars. As a boy he had watched girls on high stools rolling rough tobacco into Java wrappers, shaping them, cutting off the ends. At 18, just out of the University of Chicago, where he spent one year, he had gone into his father's Philadelphia factory, had broken up a strike by taking these girls out to lunch. Still, he did not think much of the cigar business. Nevertheless, he set out to advertise La Palma cigars, traveled all over the U. S. and Europe introducing Java wrappers into respectable society. His campaign was successful and he supplemented newspaper advertising with radio. In 1928,

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City: _____ State: _____

partly with La Palina's profits, he bought Columbia Broadcasting System for \$400,000.

Columbia had been founded by Publisher H. M. Newman of the *Fourth Estate*, was affiliated with Columbia Phonograph Co. and the Arthur Judson Concert Bureau. Broadcaster Newman got time on WOR and WABC. Then he sold control to a Philadelphia contractor, Jerome Louchheim. When Contractor Louchheim turned Columbia Broadcasting System over to young William Paley it consisted of WABC and 15 affiliated stations bound under loose contracts, and it was costing him more money every day.

Shrewd William Paley knew he had a diamond, but he did not know whether it was as big as the Ritz or just an ordinary diamond. He took three months off from the cigar business to find out. He tightened the contracts so that Columbia had an option on certain hours of its affiliates. In addition to cash, he gave the affiliates



Wide World

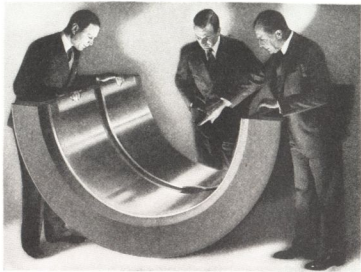
WILLIAM SAMUEL PALEY

... eased Paramount's bloody sweat.

Columbia's sustaining programs free (National Broadcasting Co. charges for its unsponsored programs). He gathered 22 more stations into his network. Then he refused an offer of \$1,500,000 by Paramount Public Corp. for his company. He was out of cigars for good. Nine months after he had bought Columbia he sold Paramount Public a half interest for \$5,000,000.

Paramount Public paid \$500,000 in cash and 58,000 shares of its stock, then worth \$65, with an agreement to repurchase the stock at \$85 March 1, 1932. Last week Paramount Public stock was quoted at \$9 per share. Columbia, meanwhile, had sold 10,000 shares, leaving 48,000 shares for Paramount to repurchase. Four million dollars was a large debt last week for Paramount which, like all cinema companies, had been sweating financial blood. But a half-interest in Columbia was worth more than four millions to William Paley. He offered to buy Paramount's half-interest for \$5,200,000. Paramount hastened to accept, bought back its 48,000 shares, had more than \$1,000,000 left over. Bill Paley had his whole diamond, now grown

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to Ritzian proportions. He put it in his pocket, sailed for Nassau and a rest.

That Columbia Broadcasting System was worth more than ten million last week nobody seemed to doubt. At first competitive bidders but finally fellow stockholders with President Paley were Brown Brothers, Harriman & Co., Lehman Corp., Field, Gloré & Co. and Herbert Bayard Swope. Columbia's gross business in 1931 was \$11,000,000. It owns five stations outright, has 91 affiliates, is the world's largest radio broadcasting system.

Jazz has made radio broadcasting, and young William Samuel Paley has kept step with the jazz age. Long ago he set himself up in the world like a Fitzgerald hero. Two years ago he moved into a three-story penthouse on svelte Park Avenue, from which he could look down on a building called the Ritz Tower. The apartment was decorated by Theatrical Designer Lee Simonson. It had a dressing room with racks for 100 shirts, 100 neckties, a fancy barroom reached by an aluminum staircase. His modernistic bedroom held a big bed equipped with push buttons for books, chromatic lights, music from one of his eight radios. Bill Paley lived there a while, then moved into a conventional bedroom. He was too active, too aggressive to enjoy lying in fancy beds. But he has a radio in his Hispano-Suiza, always keeps one going at home.

He was able to buy back his half-interest in Columbia within three years because he never lost touch with the jazz age. He discovered Crooner Morton Downey, used him to entice Camel Cigarette advertising from N. B. C. He has been radio impresario for Kate Smith, Bing Crosby, the Boswell Sisters, the Mills Brothers, Ben Bernie and many another crooner, hummer, lullaby singer. Yet his chief interest has been in better music for the radio. He signed the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra for one of Columbia's sustaining programs. Conductor Toscanini embarrassed him acutely by kissing him on both cheeks. Other Paley innovations: Columbia's "American School of the Air," its "Church of the Air," the world's first regular network broadcasting television station W2XAB.

Columbia's executive offices are elegant, many of its announcers have elegant Oxford accents. President Paley does not object; it is good showmanship. His own office is almost like Hollywood. In a smartly swiveling chair he sits, barking orders, telephoning California, London, Berlin. His subordinates seldom carry out his orders when he first gives them. He often changes his mind. His habits are extravagant, jazz-age habits: he borrows and lends with no thought of repayment, seldom has a cigaret in his pocket, has seen his cook only once in two years. Spending-money slips through his fingers, but he brags about the time he lived on \$25 a week. He does not brag of the fact that Congress Cigar Co. which he put on its feet was recently sold for \$12,000,000. He talks in extravagant metaphor, sometimes mixed. A favorite expression: "Not a red dime!" He keeps young men around him (average Columbia age: 27). But it has been two years since he sent friends a ten-foot banner with the legend: "A Very, Very Merry Christmas from Bill Paley."

RELIGION

Esthetic Piety

Can literature help the common man heavenward? It did once, when art was worshipful. Last week *The Christian Century* considered the state of the church's once potent ally, religious drama. Much U. S. Protestant church drama, complained Professor Fred Eastman of Chicago Theological Seminary, is of low quality. There has been improvement in recent years. But U. S. churches must strive for results comparable to those of the religious dramas of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides; or the Canterbury Cathedral play written four years ago by John Masefield, with music by Gustav Holst.

Professor Eastman quoted the late Professor Gerald Birney Smith: "Protestantism has suddenly become conscious of the inartistic quality of many phases of its



Acme

NOTRE DAME'S O'DONNELL

Empress Eugénie started his magazine.

portrayal of religion. . . . If Protestantism is worth preserving it can be preserved only as it shall be made as obviously dignified and worthy as Catholicism. But this dignifying of Protestantism cannot be a mere imitation. . . ."

Poetry Society. Catholicism is well aware that it is "dignified and worthy." Like Author Ludwig Lewisohn (see p. 55) it knows that poems as well as masses save souls. There is in the U. S. a Catholic Writers Guild. Last year there was founded the Catholic Poetry Society of America. All poets and those interested in poetry (including non-Catholics whose works are sympathetic with Catholic principles) may join as General Members. More selective are divisions of Executive Members and Academy Members whose number (self-perpetuating) is limited to 33. President of the Society is President Charles Leo O'Donnell of the University of Notre Dame; vice presidents include Agnes Repplier, Aline Kilmer, Theodore Maynard. Last month the Catholic Poetry Society adopted a constitution, last week in Manhattan held its first public

meeting. The Society's headquarters are next door to those of *America*, urbane Jesuit weekly whose literary editor, Father Francis Talbot, S. J., is chaplain to the Society. A onetime English teacher at Boston University, Father Talbot helped found the Catholic Book Club which selects secular books for the faithful to read. This month he is to publish a book of plays, *Shining in the Dark*.

Purity & Authenticity. Best current exposition of the Church's view of literature was in last week's *America*, in the weekly page "With Scrip and Staff" signed by *The Pilgrim* (a title shared by various members of the staff). Said *The Pilgrim*: "That we need Catholic poetry today, there is no shadow of doubt. The Church will be, as she always is, Catholic and Holy without poetry, as with it. But her holiness will not shine, her catholicity will not move the great tides of human emotion unsung as much as if spoken in verse. . . . More souls have been saved by the Dies Irae; the Lauda Sion; or the Veni Sancte Spiritus than by any sermon yet preached. . . . But . . . the non-Catholic civilization in which we live does not of itself provide a setting for Catholic thoughts. We lack that web of associations with things holy, things charitable or just or spiritually awe-inspiring which mark a Catholic civilization. . . . The Poetry Society has the opportunity to pick out just those great common things in our American life which, though meaningless to the general, are yet full of meaning to those who have but a moderate degree of insight, a casual acquaintance with Catholic history, a slight knowledge of Catholic doctrine and its implications. . . . The Catholic poetic group . . . will lay their hands upon those elements in our American life which will show forth the Catholic view of life even to the generality, to the non-Catholic, to the spiritually illiterate, to the infidel. . . . Such work is essentially group work. The fact that the group is somewhat lonely, as compared with our Literary Guilds and Best Seller poets, adds to the difficulty, but ensures purity and authenticity of product in the end."

Ave Maria & Limericks. It is perhaps Notre Dame's misfortune that her fame is chiefly in football, that her President O'Donnell is known (to the masses perhaps not even by name) mainly as a eulogizer of the late coach Knute Rockne. Father O'Donnell has done other things. Born in Greenfield, Ind. 47 years ago, he was graduated from Notre Dame in 1906. Later he studied at Holy Cross College and Harvard, was ordained in the Congregation of the Holy Cross of which he is now Assistant Superior General. Father O'Donnell was chaplain to the A. E. F. in 1918-19. A professor of English literature at Notre Dame, he became president in 1928.

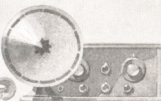
Smallish, precise, bespectacled, Father O'Donnell is known to a discerning few as a sensitive, delicate poet. Many U. S. Catholics think him too good to be a college president. He is an editor of *Ave Maria*, founded at Notre Dame in 1875 with a gift from the late Empress Eugénie. Besides writing Catholic verse (*The Dead Musician*, *Cloister*, *A Rime of the Road*), Father O'Donnell plays bridge, amuses himself composing limericks.

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1920



1926



1932

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Aerial Theology

People are constantly getting married in balloons or airplanes nowadays. May a good Roman Catholic do so? asked readers of the Naples *Mattino* last week. *No!* came answer, from Monsignor Enrico Pucci, occasional Vatican spokesman to the Press, and Father Arturo Vermeersch, Jesuit professor of theology in the Pontifical Gregorian University. Canon law, they explained, requires that a Catholic be married by a parish priest in his own parish. Elsewhere the priest has no authority. A moving airplane is not likely to remain over one small parish during the ceremony.* Also, they felt, the canon law referred to earth, not air.

Roman Catholics were informed three weeks ago that for the present they may not fulfill their obligations by listening to radio-broadcast masses. The Congregation of Sacred Rites so opined. On Sundays and other required days the participant must be present in person. It was also recalled that "solo mass" (where there is only one celebrant and no congregation) is permissible only for missionaries when a second Christian is not available. Similarly, confession by telephone is forbidden under ordinary circumstances, should any one ever attempt it.

Medieval theologians might have argued profoundly over Radio. When the celebrant of a mass whispers "This is my body; this is my blood," he consecrates the Host in the person of Jesus Christ. According to the church dogma of transubstantiation, it is the body & blood of Jesus Christ. Could there not, as some people once thought, be something aerial and unreal about this which could be transmitted through the ether? Such questions did not interest the Congregation of Sacred Rites. But, suggested Father Giuseppe Gianfranceschi, director of Station HVJ and president of the Pontifical Academy of Sciences: "In special cases, such as for the sick, who now are dispensed from hearing mass, [the Pope] might now require them to hear mass by radio when there are facilities for it."

Last week U. S. Catholics and Protestants learned, from questions answered during the weekly Catholic Hour on the radio:

❖ That use of the ouija board "is sinful if it is regarded as being able to predict the future, or in other ways possessing powers of divination coming under the head of superstitious practice. There is abundant evidence from medical sources of mental disorders produced by the frequent use of the ouija board."

❖ That "gambling or the staking of money on a game of chance is not in itself sinful if these conditions be present: The gambler must own what he stakes. No man, for example, is allowed to gamble with what is necessary for the support of his family. He must act freely, without being forced or unduly persuaded. There must be no fraud involved. There must be reasonable equality in the venture, or to phrase it in popular language, the odds must not be all on one side. . . . Habitual gambling may lead to excesses of a sinful nature."

*But an autogiro, or a helicopter such as Pope Pius XI ordered last year, could do so.

B O O K S

Shardust

WHAT I REALLY WROTE ABOUT THE WAR—Bernard Shaw—*Brentano* (\$3.75).

A wily prima donna among intellectuals, George Bernard Shaw knows that to hold the public eye it is necessary to make frequent appearances on stage. His present occasion, to lay the dust he raised when he wrote about the War, is made happy by many witty words.

Having "no ethical respect for modern Capitalist civilization," Socialist Shaw "contemplated the British, German and French sections . . . with impartial disapproval. I felt as if I were witnessing an engagement between two pirate fleets, with however, the very important qualification that as I and my family and friends were on board British ships I did not intend the British section to be defeated if I could help it."

Unaided by Socialist and Labor colleagues, who were interested only in pacifism and disarmament, he started his campaign before the War by giving British imperialistic diplomacy a good thrashing. The policy he himself proposed, says Shaw, was adopted at Locarno, twelve years later "when it was unanimously applauded as a triumph of British statesmanship." When the War broke, Shaw saw in its confusion a good opportunity for Socialists to snatch a political victory, told them "there are only two real flags in the world henceforth: the red flag of Democratic Socialism and the black flag of Capitalism." Patriotic indignation overflowed. By open letter Shaw tried to persuade Wilson to request that Great Britain, France and Germany should withdraw from Belgium and fight in their own territories. He reminded the President of "the quaint absurdity of a war waged formally between the German Kaiser, the German Tsar, the German King of the Belgians, the German King of England, the German Emperor of Austria." Shaw could see the absurdity of the War, could not see the absurdity of fighting witless circumstance with wit. For all his labors nothing but scandal ensued. Right down to the Treaty of Versailles, when Shaw pleaded for clemency towards Germany his utterances "had about as much effect on the proceedings . . . as the buzzing of a London fly has on the meditations of a whale in Baffin's Bay."

Brotherly Hate

BROTHERS—L. A. G. Strong—*Knopf* (\$2.50).

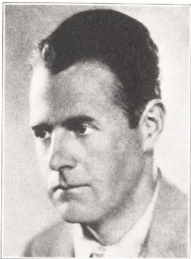
Along the rocky shores of the Western Highlands live hardy fishermen who catch lobsters in their naked hands, make Scotch moonshine in the veiling mists. With barnacle-like fervor they cling to the briny customs of their fathers. Silent (when sober) almost as clams, they are also prone to stew in their own juice.

Peter Macrae is clever, his younger brother Fergus is strong. In all useful pursuits, fishing, seal-hunting, Fergus outstrips his brother. Peter hates him for his open disposition, his drunken glees with

Captain Aeneas McGrath, a roisterous old sea-dog who settles nearby. When Patriarch Hector Macrae dies soon after a terrible "rowing" to settle a family feud, Peter becomes patriarch in his stead, begets Fergus to his fall.

The feud had arisen because of Mary, their hired girl, who, failing Fergus, had gone a-love elsewhere. Peter, who keeps a goat's eye on her himself, persuades Fergus that she has been the cause of their father's death, that she must be killed. On the day of the murder Peter feigns sick. Fergus loves Mary, but, under his brother's patriarchal command, he takes her out and drowns her. Convicted of murder, he is sentenced to penal servitude for life.

When, after long years, he wins a remission and returns home, Peter refuses to take him in. Fergus drinks holes in his



LEONARD ALFRED GEORGE STRONG

Amelia was his grandmother, Amelia was a sow.

stomach, himself into a hospital. On his recovery a priest forces Peter to let him come home. Fergus has at last caught on to Peter. He keeps a quarter of a mile distant from him whenever they walk the road to town. One day he catches up with his brother—a bull is kneeling on his crushed chest. The shock of Peter's death awakens the ulcer in Fergus' stomach, its starfish of pain begins to spread. He takes some drink to ease it, dies dreaming of dead friends and the sea.

The Author. Englishman Leonard Alfred George Strong's first literary effort was a Chaucerian ballad about a sow named, after his grandmother, Amelia. This attracted his family's attention, but it was not until after he met up with Aldous Huxley, Robert Graves, Richard Hughes and Edmund Blunden at Oxford that his literary talent became widely recognized. A sometime theatrical cartoonist, ballad singer, actor, broadcaster, teacher, he now devotes all his time to writing. Other books: *Dewey Rides*, *The Jealous Ghost*, *The English Captain*, *The Garden*.

Tower of Bibles

EXPRESSION IN AMERICA—Ludwig Lewisohn—*Harper* (\$4).

When scripture became only literature, Literatus Lewisohn avers, "it was necessary for literature to become scripture." Modern literati are no mere craftsmen, do not play the bezux to pretty *Belles Lettres*. They must be poets "whom the thoughtful and instructed modern reader seeks out to experience for him, to interpret for him, to illuminate for him, to guide him, to face for him the inscrutable. . . ." With such vicarious help, common-or-garden men, in order to climb heavenward, need only keep their glasses polished and read the scriptures as they come.

In his impressions of the expressions of American literati, dead, alive, half-dead or simply dazed, Author Lewisohn gives the most complete modern history of American literature yet published. A little Freudian analysis goes a long way to give the story bite. As applied to Whitman, it not only bites, it goes far to clear our literature of one of its most muffled mysteries. Author Lewisohn seldom lets his religio-poetic predilections run away with him, gives good professional literary criticism by & large. The U. S. literary scene, when he is through with it, looks just about the same, though the literati look more real. For modern writers like Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, John Dos Passos he has not much to say; prefers Hemingway, Frost, Edna Millay. The book is a reliable and compendious guidebook, though its readers will sometimes suffer from a discomforting suspicion that its author's opinions will never wither from lack of air.

Big Shots in the Dark

A BASIS FOR STABILITY—Samuel Crowther—*Little, Brown* (\$3).

With 21 interviewed big-wigs of 18 major industries collaborating, Author Crowther analyzes the current Great Depression. Author Crowther himself writes about credit and its artificially restricted issue. His industrial collaborators, with few exceptions, talk as if restricted credit had little to do with the Depression, but that over-production (the other fellow's) caused it all. Walter C. Teagle considers that if the anti-trust laws were modified, oil (the other fellow's) would not be such a nuisance. Howard Heinz points a lesson: "The fact that food is essential to life makes the food industry a key industry of vital importance"; concludes, "commercially prepared food will always be the best food that anyone can buy." The President of the American Agricultural Chemical Co. suggests that Congress should legislate 50% of our farm lands out of crop production; the remainder (with plenty of A. A. C. Co.'s fertilizer) will produce all the crops we need.

Industrialist Alfred P. Sloan Jr. is one of those to whom the credit problem is impressive. Says he: "The industrial machine did not break. It was the financial machine that broke because it was not geared to the country." Carl Snyder of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York proposes an annual 4% increase in the

*For news of religio-literary efforts—both Roman Catholic and Protestant—to help the common man, see p. 57.

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issue of credit to keep pace with estimated industrial growth. Author Crowther shares the Sloan and Snyder view and sounds it off point-blank: "Unemployment and poverty are hardly to be considered as the natural sequences to plenty, yet that is the conclusion we are bound to reach if we adopt the theory of overproduction as a cause for business disaster. These disasters are not . . . business disasters. They are financial. The one thing lacking is money—credit." The book as a whole emits the familiar sound of big shots in the dark proclaiming dawn.

Clay Rabbits

UNCLAY—T. F. Powys—*Viking* (\$2.50).

Pastmaster at exorcising goatish emanations from rural England's maids, meadows, men and mud, Author Powys sticks to his increasingly familiar incantation like a leech. As in other of his books, in *Unclay* there are the simple-minded clergyman whom nothing shocks, the dove-like virgin, the innocent poor farmer, the rich farmer like a boar. Only one newcomer is in the book, Last Comer Death.

Scythe and all, John Death comes to Dodder with a parchment signed in flame ordering him to unclay Joe Bridle and his true-love Susie Dawes. Death drops the parchment by Joe Bridle's pond; Joe hides it under his shirt. At a loss for once, Death rents a house in Dodder to await the discovery of his parchment, or new orders from above.

To while away the time he whets his scythe, courts the womenfolk of Dodder who find him highly aphrodisiac. Parson Hayhoe's wife, who has lost her only child, lets him love her, as does crazy Sarah Bridle. Best of all he loves Joe Bridle's true-love Susie Dawes. But Susie's depraved father will not let her go with Bridle or with Death; he aims to sell her to rich, sadistic Farmer Mere. After the wedding ceremony Joe Bridle in love's despair hands the deadly parchment back to Death.

On the wedding night orders come from above to unclay Susie's father and Farmer Mere. Mere, who has stolen John Death's scythe to torture Susie with, is cut down by himself. Susie runs off to meet Joe Bridle by his pond. When their eternal moment of loving is at an end, Death appears to execute his orders. Hand in hand, Joe and Susie walk into the pond. Death disappears.

Throughout his tale Author Powys allegorizes to high heaven. The story is better helped along by its author's beautifully artless style, and occasional quirks of humor, all too few.

Behind the Seen

THE CLAIRVOYANT—Ernst Lothar—*Kinsey* (\$2.50).

First publication of a new House, Ernst Lothar's book lands firmly on its literary feet. As an example of the modern Teutonic school of novel-writing, which lines clouded realism with silvery romance, it deserves good marks.

Rustic Sebastian Trux comes to the big city to become a banker's lawyer, but Fate opposes. Millionaire Rafael Bassan, who owns racing-stables and tries to own his beautiful bad wife Fedora, has just been robbed of a fortune in stocks &

bonds. Ambitious Rustic Trux calls attention to himself by prophesying, from a bit of the man's handwriting, who the thief would turn out to be. Though his clairvoyant accusation carries no legal weight, subsequent tests confirm his prophetic powers. He is taken up as a curiosity by Millionaire Bassan, falls in love with vampirish Fedora, prophesies her husband's death. Bassan dies, not according to prophetic schedule, but largely because of Fedora's diablerie, ahead of time. Prophet Trux, for vanity's sake and feline Fedora, for caution's, hide the discrepancy. On the strength of their mutual deceit they become lovers.

Sebastian's propheteering publicity leads to an engagement with international Impresario Bimeter. All goes well until the clairvoyant discovers that his divine powers have some devilish effects. A man commits suicide because of his prognostications; Fedora's handwriting reveals to



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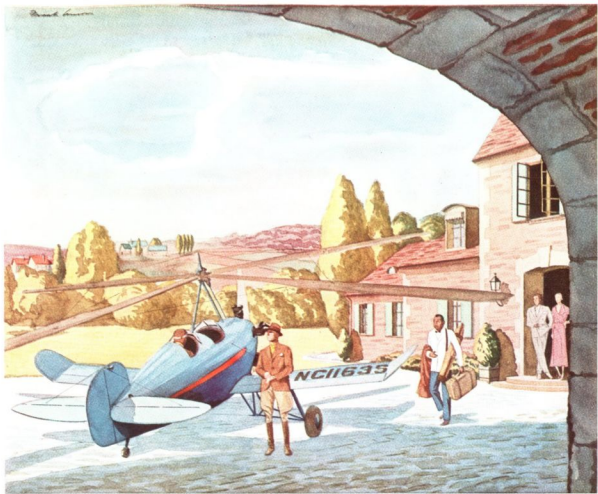
ERNST LOTHAR

His prophet horrifies himself.

Sebastian what she really is. With the discovery that he had accused the wrong man of the Bassan robbery, Sebastian throws up his prophesying in disgust. He returns to Agnes, a country girl who has kept loving him in spite of his career, and whom he has gotten with child. Anxiety before the child's birth makes him try his hand at prophecy again—to his horror he foresees a stillborn babe. When all-loving Agnes presents him with a bouncing boy, he renounces prophecy for good; goes back with her to his home farm to learn again the rustic mystery of making hay, rain or shine.

The Clairvoyant is the March choice of the Book League of America.

The Author. At the University of Vienna, where his lawyer-father insisted on his taking a law-degree, Moravian Ernst Lothar spent more time writing poetry than in study. After graduation he pursued both law and literature, made both contribute to his successful trilogy, *Power Over All Men*. Now, more & more literary, more & more lawless, he attempts in his novels to hybridize fancy with realism, intuition with not necessarily legal truth.



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