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April 25, 1932

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine



Volume XIX

CHANCELLOR CHAMBERLAIN OF BRITAIN'S EXCHEQUER

"Why should we not take a loaf out of the Canadian loaf?"

(See FOREIGN NEWS)

Number 17



Would Beer Put a Million Men to Work?

"Yes," says the Wet Press.

"No," says FORTUNE.

Has Prohibition Saved the U. S. \$6,000,000,000 a Year?

"Yes," says a Dry Economist.

"No," says FORTUNE.

In the May issue, FORTUNE turns the light of common sense and established fact on the great prohibition debate, discussing the issue as a straight business problem, debunking the arguments of both Wets and Drys, and analyzing the effect of prohibition, modification, or repeal on

UNEMPLOYMENT

TAXATION

LABOR EFFICIENCY

THE FARMER

THE RAILROADS

TRADE REVIVAL

Fortune

[FORTUNE IS NOT SOLD AT NEWSTANDS : : THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS TEN DOLLARS THE YEAR : : ADDRESS CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT, 350 EAST 22ND STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS]

How a Man of 40 can Retire in 15 Years



IT makes no difference if your carefully laid plans for saving have been upset by the depression. It makes no difference if you are worth half as much today as you were in 1929.

Now, by merely following a simple, definite Retirement Income Plan, you can arrange to quit work forever fifteen

years from today with a monthly income guaranteed to you for life. Not only that, but if something should happen to you before that time, we would pay your wife a monthly income for life. Or, if you should be disabled, and were unable to continue your payments, we would make them for you, and pay you a disability income besides!

\$250 a Month beginning at age 55

Suppose you decide to retire on \$250 a month beginning at age 55. Here is what you get:

1. A check for \$250 when you reach 55 and a check for \$250 every month thereafter as long as you live.
2. A life income for your wife if you die before age 55.
3. A monthly disability income for yourself if before retirement age serious illness or accident stops your earning power for good.

It sounds too good to be true. But it isn't. There are no "catches" in it, for the plan is guaranteed by an 80-year-old company with \$600,000,000 insurance in force. If you are in good

physical trim, and are willing to lay aside a modest portion of your income every month, you can have freedom from money worries and you can have all the joys of recreation or travel when the time comes at which every man wants them most.

The Plan is not limited to men of 40. You may be older or younger. The income is not limited to \$250 a month. It can be more or less. And you can retire at any of the following ages you wish: 55, 60, 65, or 70.

How much does it cost? When we know your exact age, we shall be glad to tell you. In the long run, the Plan will probably cost nothing, because, in most cases, every cent and

more comes back to you at retirement age.

Write your date of birth in the coupon below and mail it today. You will receive, without cost or obligation, a copy of the interesting illustrated booklet shown above. It tells all about the new Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. Send for your copy of the booklet now. The coupon is for your convenience.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
693 Elm St., Hartford, Conn.
Send us by mail, without obligation, your new book,
"THE PHOENIX MUTUAL RETIREMENT
INCOME PLAN."

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Date of Birth _____
Business _____
Address _____
Home _____
Address _____



PHOENIX MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Home Office: Hartford, Conn.

Established in 1851

Copyright 1932,
P. M. L. I. Co.

IN 1924 THERE WASN'T ANY NEW

YORKER....



IN 1931 THE NEW

YORKER SHOWED THE WARES OF MORE



ADVERTISERS THAN USED ANY OTHER

MAGAZINE.....IN ALL, 897 OF THEM

THIS COULD HAVE HAPPENED ONLY BECAUSE THE NEW YORKER HAS POINTED THE WAY TO NEW OR SUPERIOR SALES OPPORTUNITIES. PERHAPS THESE SALES OPPORTUNITIES MERIT YOUR CONSIDERED STUDY?



America's Choice for 1932 ..the safest tire ever built—

25.9% more Sales prove it

JOIN THE SILVERTOWN SAFETY LEAGUE

Sign the Safe Driver's
Pledge. Display the
League Emblem on your
car. The nearest Good-
rich dealer will enroll you.
There's no cost.



WITH deaths and injuries from automobile accidents increasing every year, American motorists *know* that in 1932 they need more tire safety than ever before. Greater driving speeds—quick brake action—smooth, oil-filmed roads—added traffic congestion—all make new demands on tires.

That's why the new Safety Silvertown—*safest tire ever built*—was developed. Were the American people ready for it? Here's the proof: 25.9% more Silvertowns have been sold this year than in the same period last year.

You don't pay one cent more for the extra safety and mileage in the Safety Silvertown. The price is the same as that of any standard tire. There is a Goodrich dealer near you. Ask him to go over with you the safety features described below. Put on a set of Safety Silvertowns and notice the difference in the behavior of your car!

15% Thicker Tread



New Safety Silvertowns provide thousands of additional anti-skid miles—safe motoring. Husky cleats of tough rubber continue to grip the road long after the ordinary tread has become unsafe.

Better Grip on the road



The dynamometer test proves Safety Silvertowns bring you to a safe stop at (A). The next best anti-skid tire in the test brings you to a stop at (B). Safety Silvertowns provide positive control.

Greater Protection against blowouts



Silvertown Cords (A) lie flat—completely embedded—floating in live rubber. Ordinary fabric (B) has cross threads which chafe cords, causing damaging internal friction. Goodrich Full-Floating Cord Construction gives greater strength, prolongs tire life.

Silence—less nerve fatigue



The electrical ear in the Burgess Laboratories proved the silence of Safety Silvertowns. Top line indicates silence of Silvertowns. Tire line indicates silence of operating noise of three other makes. Now—silent speed—less nerve fatigue.

Goodrich Safety Silvertown

Copyright, 1932, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company

ANOTHER B. F. GOODRICH PRODUCT—32,000 rubber articles, representing more than a thousand distinct rubber products—Goodrich Silvertowns • Zippers • Rubber Footwear • Drug Sundries • Sales • Heels • Hose • Belting • Packing • Molded and Hard Rubber Goods

LETTERS

ONE PROVEN WAY

of increasing business!

1930-1931—and now 1932 has seen almost every panacea for business ills tried—and found wanting. Wage slashing, lay offs, part time, cut prices. And still treasurers dip their pens into red ink!

There *must* be a practical way of increasing business—of meeting competition . . . and there is . . . a *proven* way . . . United Profit-Sharing Coupons!

Today's public has been "saled" to death—swamped by "amazing bargains" and "sensational reductions." Men and women are now waiting for a PLUS—an ADDED VALUE to rouse them from their buying lethargy. And the *only* plus, the *only* added value that has proven itself during good times and bad, that actually induces customers to come back again and again, is United Profit-Sharing Coupons, exchangeable for almost 600 nationally known, nationally advertised products.

The story of United Profit-Sharing Coupons needs no explanation here. It is known to every executive. It is used by corporations large and small—Schulte Cigar Stores, Smith Brothers, Wrigley Chewing Gum and many other manufacturers and retail stores throughout the country. These coupons are definitely restricted to one manufacturer in an industry and to one retail store in a district.

1932 can *still* be turned into a profitable year for you and your stockholders. We are ready to show you the facts—by letter or in person. No obligation at all—but a practical, proven way out of this business morass.



UNITED PROFIT-SHARING CORP.
44 West 18th Street
New York City

Who Paid Tebbetts

Sirs:
In regard to the Coolidge-Tebbetts story (TIME, April 11), the general public is not aware that the New York Life rather than Coolidge himself paid the \$2,500 to the St. Louis insurance man. You will no doubt be interested in our story of the case, it being an authorized one from the New York Life.

J. D. CALDERWOOD
Assistant Editor

Eastern Underwriters
New York City

New York Life's story says that

"Mr. Coolidge is one of the most kindly of men and would never deliberately hurt anyone's feelings. Least of all would he attack an individual by innuendo. He had never before been sued and furthermore his experience in public life and with newspapers had taught him what he could expect in the way of publicity if he were to appear in court as a defendant. It would mean taking him away from the privacy which he so much enjoys in Northampton, Mass., and subjecting him to a tremendous amount of lined light for days with constant besieging of reporters and cameramen.

"Everett Saunders [sic] . . . went to St. Louis and has arranged for the New York Life to pay to the attorney of Tebbetts the costs and legal expenses incurred since the beginning of the action. The impression that Mr. Coolidge sent his own check is incorrect."
—ED.

Where Roosevelt Was

Sirs:
I notice on p. 17 of the issue of TIME of March 28 a footnote indicating that Vice President Theodore Roosevelt was mountain tramping in New York State when word came to him that President McKinley was dying in Buffalo. For the sake of accuracy, I want to suggest that President Roosevelt was attending a banquet of the Vermont Fish & Game Club at the home of ex-Lieut. Governor Nelson W. Fisk at Isle La Motte, Vt. when this news reached him. He arrived in Vermont September 5, 1901.

RAWSON C. MYRICK
Secretary of State

State of Vermont
Montpelier, Vt.

Roosevelt addressed the Vermont sportsmen the evening of Sept. 6. Just as he was finishing, word came that McKinley had been shot. He rushed at once to Buffalo, stayed two days. Then, when the President's physicians declared their patient out of danger, the Vice President joined his family in the Adirondacks. As reported by TIME, it was in the Adirondacks, while he was climbing Mount Tahawus Sept. 13, that word reached Roosevelt of McKinley's impending death, which came before Roosevelt reached Buffalo.—Ed.

"The Beautiful Youth"

Sirs:
Perhaps Florence Crabble may not believe it, but it is true that when Montgomery Flagg attended the Art Students' League during the

'90s he was spoken of as "The Beautiful Youth," and with no sarcasm attached to it either. I must confess that when I looked at the cut in the March 21 issue of TIME I could hardly realize that he was the same Flagg who used to attract so much attention for his good looks, the Flagg with the straight, slender figure and the quiet manner touched with just a bit of blaze.

His criticism of the college girls may have deserved rebuke but not such a savage onslaught as in the letter under the caption, "Flagg Played" (TIME, April 11).

The cut referred to calls to my mind the verse of Garrett Busey:

*This carbon mask that is my countenance
Was modeled skillfully and set away
Achieved, but lesser artists—Circumstance,
The passions—tinker with it every day,
And oh, the ruin they are like to make!
Exasperation scratches up the brow,
While Time keeps sliding forward, sure to take
A little clay from either cheek, and now
To mar the clear formation of the throat,
The mouth, relinched by discomfitment,*

*Wise characters whose drooping lines denote
The residue of ash when youth escapes.
The mask is sad, But under flesh and skin
Stretches, bone deep, a wide enduring grin.*

EMMA L. R. WHITE
New Brighton, Staten Island

Surgeons Taft & Leale

Sirs:
In your April 4 number I notice an error. . . . "Birthdays, Dr. Charles Augustus Leale, 90 (first surgeon to reach Abraham Lincoln in Ford's Theatre after he was shot by John Wilkes Booth); . . ."

My brother Surgeon Charles S. Taft was the first surgeon to reach Lincoln after Booth shot him. Col. Odorous Oldroyd in his book *The Assassination of Lincoln*, which is authentic, tells of Surgeon Taft being the first surgeon to reach Lincoln and he says Surgeon Taft had charge of the case until the arrival of the Lincoln's private physician and the Surgeon-General.

My brother told us, "When I saw Booth's face and heard the shot I knew what had happened." He climbed on to the stage and was helped into the box the same way Booth had come down. Col. Oldroyd says, "Surgeon Taft stood at the head of the dying president all that dreadful night controlling the flow of the blood from the wound with his finger."

The Surgeon-General ordered Surgeon Taft to report to the artist for the official picture of the *Deathbed of Lincoln*. That picture may be seen in the house on Tenth Street where Lincoln died, in the museum of Lincoln relics, formerly kept by Col. Oldroyd. In the picture my brother is shown standing at the head of the bed with his hands on Lincoln's head. I have seen some incorrect pictures of the *Deathbed*, but this is the authentic one. . . .

I remember a man told a reporter once that he was the first one by Lincoln. This Dr. Leale may have been one of those asked by my brother to assist in carrying Lincoln from the theatre across the street to the house where he later died. . . .

JULIA TAFT BAYNE

May I add that mother is 35 years old, still writes and publishes books and articles, still
(Continued on p. 8)

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

ROY E. LARSEN

CIRCULATION MANAGER, TIME, INC.

350 E. 22nd Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Please enter my subscription for
Time for one year, and send me a
bill (\$5; Pan-America, \$6.00;
Foreign, \$7.00; Canada, \$8.50).

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SPRING'S HARVEST

Now the days are almost sure to be what we make them. And they are likely to flower in rich plentifulness—for those who have the right equipment. The rapid and economical duplication of forms, bulletins, letters, drawings, etc., is today, more than ever before, a vital factor in business procedure. A thoughtful investigation of the Mimeograph's remarkable economies is now emphatically a worth-while undertaking. Write A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—or see classified 'phone directory for nearest branch.



New Hammermill Bond

Make these simple tests yourself. See how this



ORDINARY BOND PAPER: See what happens when a stenographer erases on ordinary bond paper. Turn fibres, ugly furrows, neat appearance ruined.



NEW HAMMERMILL BOND: See the difference? Mistake quickly erased without disfiguring surface of paper. Character retyped, erasure unnoticeable.



ORDINARY BOND PAPER: Everyone has had this unpleasant experience. Mistake erased, then rewritten, looking ugly, illible, "blotted" appearance.

MORE for your money! That's what Hammermill Bond now offers with added qualities . . . at no added price.

Better erasing . . . Impartial tests prove it. See the pictures above. Then prove it yourself with similar erasing tests in your own office.

More crackle . . . The new Hammermill Bond not only is better—it *sounds* better. Note the fresh, crisp crackle once found only in high-priced bond papers.

Greater strength . . . Hammermill Bond, always famous for its ruggedness, has "stepped up" its own past performance. Greater strength, folding endurance, permanence—all are now in the sheet to a greater degree than ever.

Better "feed" . . . You need no expert to



HEAR THE DIFFERENCE

tell you that Hammermill Bond has been improved far out of its price class. You *know* it the moment you feel the new sheet.

Brighter white . . . "Give us a white white—not a blue white, not a gray white," said bond paper users.

Has Hammermill done it? Professor Hugh E. Agnew, Chairman, Department of Marketing, New York University, was asked to conduct impartial tests.

Under his supervision, samples of various white bond papers (trimmed to eliminate the watermarks, and identified only by key numbers), were submitted to 496 representative business people—executives, stenographers, purchasing

agents, office workers. In this test the new Hammermill Bond was put in competition with eleven other well-known bond papers—some selling at the same price, others up to three times its price. Here is Professor Agnew's report at the conclusion of his tests:

March 15, 1932

Gentlemen:

The results of the investigation we made for the Hammermill Paper Company in regard to testing the whiteness of the sheet are as follows: There were 496 persons interviewed. Of these, 295 gave No. 5 (the new Hammermill Bond) first place as being the whitest sheet. The second choice was No. 11 with 95 votes. Altogether No. 5 was mentioned as a choice (first, second or third) in 409 out of the 496 interviews.

The investigators did not know which paper, if any, I was interested in, so it was about as nearly impartial a test as could be made. I congratulate you on the showing. Very truly yours,
Hugh E. Agnew, Chairman
DEPARTMENT OF MARKETING
New York University



FEEL THE DIFFERENCE

Stands Tough Erasing Tests

new paper proves superior for business stationery



NEW HAMMERMILL BOND: Mistakes easily erased without harming surface of paper. Correction made neatly. No ink "spread." No blotchy appearance.



Wins "Eye Test," too

UNBIASED TESTS

by

HUGH E. AGNEW

Chairman

DEPARTMENT OF MARKETING
NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

You may think that all white bond papers are true white. Yet, in Professor Agnew's test, in which samples of twelve well-known bond papers were shown, 295 persons out of 496 interviewed selected the new Hammermill Bond as the whitest white paper in the group. The nearest contender for first choice received 95 votes out of the 496, and the next nearest contender received 37 votes for first choice out of 496 cast. The nine remaining papers in this test received first votes ranging from 2 to 21.

So, once again Hammermill Bond establishes a new quality and color standard. Not a standard for 1913. Nor for 1929. But a standard for the important year 1932.

For in addition to its new qualities, Hammermill Bond retains all those advantages that have caused it to be used by more business firms—recommended by more printers, warehoused in larger quantities by more leading paper merchants than any other

paper. It is surfaced for fast pen or pencil writing, neat typing, clean printing. It has a practical color range for modern "signal systems"—thirteen colors and white—a separate color for each department, branch office or activity.

It is easily available, to aid quick service from your printer. It is uniform; its quality is dependable. And it is moderate in price, to encourage universal use.

MAKE "EYE TEST" YOURSELF . . .

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE MATERIAL

Mail the coupon at once for Test Folder of new Hammermill Bond. Then give the paper the erasing test, and the "Eye Test." Folder is so arranged that you can put any other bond paper in competition with the specimen of new Hammermill Bond and see which is whiter. We will include with the Test Folder, a sample book of the complete Hammermill Bond line. (Sent free anywhere in the United States, if you attach this coupon to your business letterhead.)

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIC, PAID. T-5-2

Please send me Test Folder. Also sample book of entire Hammermill Bond line.

Name

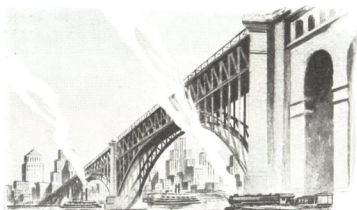
Position

Fill in both lines and attach to your business letterhead

HAMMERMILL BOND

LOOK FOR THE WATERMARK
It is our word of honor to the public





ST. LOUIS

TRANSPORTATION CROSSROADS OF AMERICA

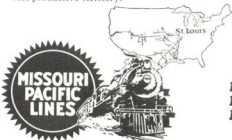
"The city surrounded by the United States" . . . Almost half the population of the country resides within a 500 mile radius of this city and almost half the Class 1 railway mileage of the United States originates or terminates at St. Louis . . . Terminal facilities provide the fastest interchange of merchandise cars . . . No change of stations is necessary in this gateway city, the most logical between the north and east and the south and southwest.

ST. LOUIS IS THE HOME OF
The Lindbergh Trophies • Shaw's Garden Municipal Opera • Symphony Orchestra • Texan and Southerner routes to Kansas City, Colorado, the Pacific Coast, Memphis, New Orleans, the Gulf Coast Country, Mexico, Texas Cities, Arizona and Southern California, with unexcelled freight service via these routes to this vast productive territory.

And of the

MISSOURI PACIFIC LINES

It is the starting point of the famous Scenic Limited, Sunshine Special, Texan and Southerner routes to Kansas City, Colorado, the Pacific Coast, Memphis, New Orleans, the Gulf Coast Country, Mexico, Texas Cities, Arizona and Southern California, with unexcelled freight service via these routes to this vast productive territory.



"A SERVICE INSTITUTION"

MISSOURI PACIFIC STAGES
AUXILIARY TO MISSOURI PACIFIC LINES

**Dependable
Freight and
Passenger
Service**

gives her delightful talks on "My Memory of Lincoln," and still keeps up to date by reading *Time*, which she very much enjoys.

LILIAN WEST

Urbana, Ill.

Surgeon Taft was a second cousin of the late William Howard Taft. Surgeon Leale's claim of first-to-Lincoln rested largely on his own sworn statement on reporting the autopsy to the Surgeon-General. Dr. Leale also claimed to have put the half-dollars on the dead Lincoln's staring eyes, to have bound up the drooping jaw with a pocket handkerchief.—Ed.

Boyer's Cellar

Sirs:

I should like to correct a statement made in the section on music in your issue of April 4. You mention a photograph record of Mlle. Lucienne Boyer, and say that "Parisians go to the swank *Monteignac* to hear her sing" or something of the sort.

Mlle. Boyer has not sung at the *Monteignac* for many moons. During the season of 1931-32 she has had her own night club in Paris, *Choez les Clochards*, where she has become even more popular than before. This club is located in a very historic old cellar in the Rue du Départ, off the Boulevard Edgar-Quinet, in Montparnasse.

I have always admired *TIME* as a news magazine, and it should gratify you to know the many Americans on the continent who depend on *TIME* for accurate information on the U. S.

MARGOT JOHNSON

New York City

Jeffers' Mother

Sirs:

In the interesting and quite full account of Robinson Jeffers in your issue of April 4 you casually refer to his mother as "His father . . . had married an orphan 23 years his junior." It is true that Mrs. Jeffers was an orphan, but she was 25 when she married Dr. Jeffers, and had a happy home of culture and means with a childless cousin of her father, and the former's wife. She was a woman of unusual beauty of form and character, great charm, well educated, with finely nurtured mind, and a good musician. To his heritage from her and her influence and training Robinson Jeffers owes much, as well as to his able Father.

Having been named for the cousin above referred to of his maternal grandfather he received a moderate legacy. It is encouraging to know that in lovely California one can be independent, retire from work, marry, have children, and pass "time swimming and writing verse" on a modest amount of capital.

A. C. ROBINSON
President

Peoples-Pittsburgh Trust Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Important Citizen

Sirs:

It has been brought to my attention that in the March 21 issue of your publication, in an article dealing with Brooklyn newspapers, you have, in a footnote, referred to the Brooklyn *Citizen* as "relatively unimportant."

This gratuitous slur, I take it, is not due to malice but to ignorance of newspaper conditions in Brooklyn. For your enlightenment, therefore, I beg to acquaint you with certain particulars. . . . The Brooklyn *Citizen*, "relatively" is in a sounder financial condition than either the Brooklyn *Eagle* or the Brooklyn *Times-Standard Union*.

The Brooklyn *Citizen* is unincumbered by bonds, mortgages or indebtedness of any kind. Furthermore, it is the only Brooklyn newspaper which pays dividends. It has for years paid an annual dividend of 6% which is proof that it is not a "relatively unimportant" paper but a going concern.

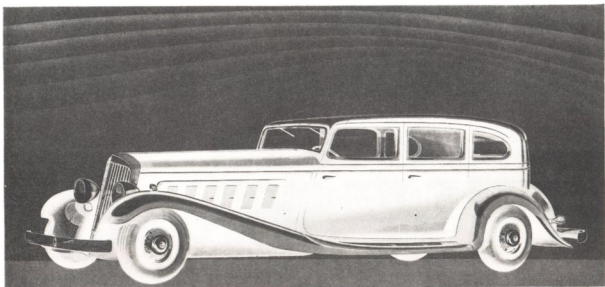
It is the representative Democratic newspaper in a county in which the Democratic party is in the ascendancy and in which the Democratic voters are in an overwhelming majority.

The Brooklyn *Citizen* is a nationally-known newspaper and no newspaper which is nationally-known can be said to be "relatively unimportant."

During the 46 years of its existence, the Brooklyn *Citizen* has advocated conservative principles



ANNOUNCING THE
 SUPERCHARGED AIR-COOLED
Twelve Cylinder
 FRANKLIN



For four years Franklin engineers have studied, experimented, tested, proved — and now present the Supercharged, Air-cooled, Twelve Cylinder Franklin. For the first time in a motor car, this new Air-cooled Twelve incorporates the one thing that has given aviation its greatest impetus—the high-powered, multi-cylinder, air-cooled engine.

To see the car is to feel instantly the freshness and brilliance that LeBaron has styled into the Franklin Twelve—the year's pattern of beauty and luxury. And when you drive this responsive, amply proportioned car of 144-inch wheelbase, that feeling is immediately transformed into thrilling admiration for the sensational performance which carries you to new luxury in travel.

The Supercharged 150 horsepower air-cooled engine is extremely simple in operation, requiring 100 less parts than comparable water-cooled engines.

So accessible is the engine and so free of complication that low maintenance becomes an important feature. The Supercharger achieves flowing, turbine-like power, smoothness and acceleration by forcing a full charge of perfect mixture into every cylinder equally. Actual tests show gas consumption is appreciably lower. And engine life is much greater, for even at high touring speeds the engine is purring effortlessly. Pressure air-cooling adds greatly to the economical efficiency of the engine and allows you to drive all day at high speed without overheating or loss of power. In Franklin there is no water to boil, freeze or leak.

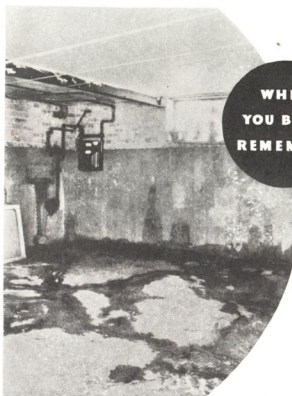
You are invited to examine and drive the new Supercharged Twelve as an example of the really modern motor car.

Franklin also offers the new Supercharged Airman, with 132-inch wheelbase, 100 horsepower engine. Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, New York.



Air-cooled

Twelve



WHEN
YOU BUILD
REMEMBER

Guard against "water-soaked"

basement walls and floors . . .

TO permanently protect basement construction against water seepage, dampness and moisture—something more must be done than a mere surface application.

The economical, practical and *sure* way is to use Medusa *Waterproofed* Gray Portland Cement. This produces concrete and mortar that is *automatically waterproofed* throughout the entire mass.

Medusa *Waterproofed* Gray Portland Cement—successful for 22 years—contains Medusa Waterproofing ground in at the mill. The cost of waterproofing is negligible.

If you are building, or your present basement is damp, write for the free circular "HOW TO MAKE BASEMENTS DRY."

MEDUSA PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY
1002 Engineers Building Department A Cleveland, Ohio

MEDUSA
WATERPROOFED PORTLAND CEMENTS

• White and Gray •

Originated by Medusa—Proved by Time



and this has won for it the confidence and support of the leaders in finance & business circles generally. While its circulation is not as large as that of the *Eagle* or the *Times-Standard Union*, it is more solid and substantial.

The Brooklyn *Citizen* has made no effort to obtain circulation—transient at most—by premiums, promotion contests, cooking schools or carrier boys. Such circulation is not helpful to advertisers.

The efforts of the Brooklyn *Citizen* are directed to the sale of the paper on its merits. Its circulation of 40,000 represents a larger purchasing power than 100,000 circulation obtained by promotion methods, such as referred to above.

The Brooklyn *Citizen*, in conclusion, is as much a home-owned paper as either the *Eagle* or the *Times-Standard Union*. It has the advantage over both in the continuity of its home-ownership. Unlike the *Eagle* and the *Times-Standard Union*, it has never undergone any change in its ownership from the day it was first published. The owners of the Brooklyn *Citizen* are not only residents of Brooklyn but natives, which is more than can be said for the owner of the *Times-Standard Union* or the owners of the *Eagle*, all of whom hailed originally from up-State.

SOLON BARBANELL
Editor

The *Citizen*
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rumanians & Popcorn

Sirs:

I refer to TIME's Foreign News of your April 11, in *the* to those concerning Rumanians.

The age you are giving my country, it is rather a matter of interpretation. Applying the same method of reasoning what age would you give to the United States of North America?

As to "Baby Fascist" Filipescu may I inform you that he does not need any self-advertising. He is the son of a famous Rumanian statesman—Nicholas Filipescu—who by the way killed in a duel a political adversary, and served a term in prison for it.

Unfortunately those few Rumanians who choose the duel as a means to "satisfy their honor" do not shoot with popcorn.

Two years ago a Capt. Dimanescu,* now an officer in the King's Guards Regiment fought a duel with a civilian from eight in the morning till six in the afternoon. There were 15 *florin* encounters and five *sabre*, before the poor civilian was put out of fight with the muscles of both hands cut to the bone.

It is unlawful to fight a duel in Rumania, though the unwritten code of the Army requires that officers should defend their honor with sword or gun. After they do it, to satisfy the law, they go to jail.

DACUS VIATOR

Pittsburgh, Pa.

*Ioan Dimanescu of the 2nd Royal Guard Regiment, Bucarest, against a bank clerk Tebeica.

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine
(Mag. U. S. & For. 083)

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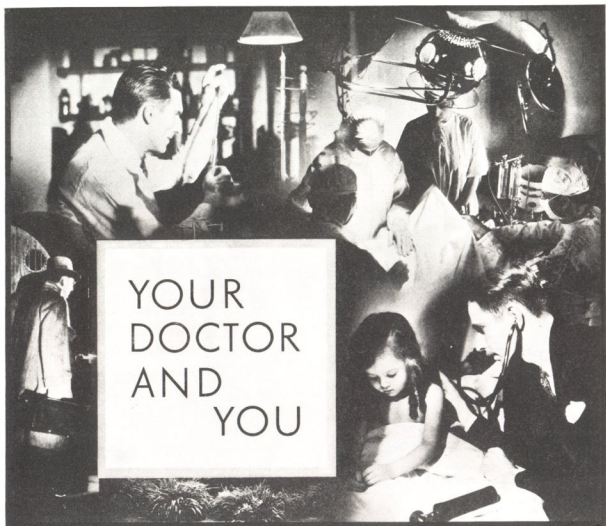
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YOUR DOCTOR AND YOU

AT the other end of your telephone wire is a man who has spent years preparing to respond to your call for help—your doctor.

To qualify himself to answer your summons, he first acquired a sound preliminary education. Then he spent four years in medical school. He passed rigid state examinations. He served an internship in a hospital. And he has dedicated his life to the practice of one of the most arduous and painstaking professions in the world.

Whether you call your physician suddenly, or make an appointment a week ahead of time; whether you go to his office or he comes to your home; whether your need is slight and simple, or dire and complicated—he brings to your aid the whole of man's protective knowledge against pain and sickness, tempered and fitted to your individual needs by his personal skill and friendly understanding.

Your doctor does not pretend to super-human powers. He is a highly trained expert, working within the limits of modern scientific knowledge, which he interprets for your own benefit.

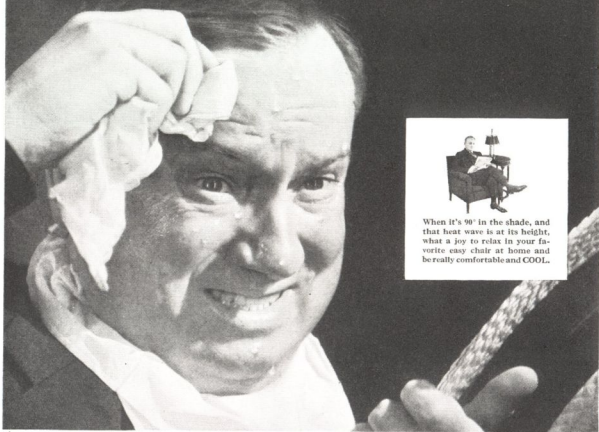
With that knowledge, he can prevent some diseases which until a generation ago were believed unavoidable; he can cure or control others which not so long ago were almost invariably fatal.

If we could give you only one message about health, it would be this: With such help at hand, don't rely upon the advice of well-meaning friends without medical training—go to your *physician*.

PARKE, DAVIS & COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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Makers of Pharmaceutical and Biological Products

Fair and Warmer—



When it's 90° in the shade, and that heat wave is at its height, what a joy to relax in your favorite easy chair at home and be really comfortable and COOL.

Fuel Savings, too— from 35% to 50%

"My house heating plant was reduced by nearly 50% in size."

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"We have received more solid comfort and satisfaction from J-M Home Insulation than any investment we have ever made."

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Practically all houses have hollow walls. Circulation of air *within* these walls chills the house in winter, heats it in summer. Comfort is lost, fuel wasted. Uninsulated roofs or attic floors are equally to blame. Heat or cold readily penetrates through.

Yet the 4- to 6-inch air spaces within the walls, within the attic floor—the real cause of heat and cold trouble—are easy of access. Why not fill them up? Completely—with a thick, solid, really efficient insulation?

That's exactly what Johns-Manville does in a few hours. Rock Wool insulation is blown through a hose as pictured here—into all the empty, leaky spaces in your house. Here is the only really effective barrier against heat and cold.

says the weather man

Fair and Cooler—

says Johns-Manville

Your home can now be 8° to 15° cooler in the summer, warmer in the winter—with a radical cut in fuel bills—by means of J-M Triple Thick Home Insulation

DES MOINES, IA., July 14, 1931. 90° in the shade. Tar melting in the streets, trees scorching in the sun, homes like bake ovens. "Still hotter tomorrow," sadly reports the weather man.

—"but Mrs. Hadley and I were surprised to find that even the third floor of our house was decidedly cool," writes B. F. Hadley, of the same city, to Johns-Manville.

—"heretofore our upstairs rooms have been unbearable . . . now they are remarkably comfortable," announces Wm. D. Kyser, Memphis, Tenn., while Memphis swelters.

—"by actual test, the temperature was from 18° to 20° lower inside our house than outside in the shade," confesses John C. Mundi, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

What's this! Has Johns-Manville gone into conflict with the weather man? Can J-M dare a "Fair and Cooler" when his most reliable instruments say "Fair and Warmer—continued warm"? Who's "running" the weather these days, anyway?

Johns-Manville, as far as you are concerned—as far as the comfort of your home is concerned. And that's that. The weather man has no redress.

It's here—installed and proved in thousands of homes during the last 4 years. Perfected by Johns-Manville as a result of pioneer work in efficiently insulating great industrial plants.

—A new method of making houses practically heat-proof and cold-proof, a method that is creating a sensation wherever it is tried.

What is it?

This new method is J-M triple thick Home Insulation. Here is a unique process of blowing—by means of a pneumatically operated hose—long, fine, fleecy fibres of rock "wool" into all the empty

spaces of your home—the outside walls, in and on the attic floors, under the roof. Unlike other methods, J-M Home Insulation completely fills up these empty spaces, gives you a thick, well-packed, 4- to 6-inch protective "wool blanket" around and over all your rooms.

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J-M Home Insulation makes your home from 8° to 15° cooler in hot weather. Stifling sleeping rooms, third floor rooms, living rooms—rooms that would otherwise be hot and stuffy, become refreshingly cool and comfortable. But this is only one advantage. J-M Home Insulation reduces fuel bills in the winter—as much as 50%, on an average of 35%. It also lessens the fire hazard. J-M Rock Wool will not burn.

If you are interested in further details, read all of this advertisement carefully. It tells you the things you want to know. Then drop a line to Johns-Manville, 292 Madison Ave., New York City. Suggest that the nearest Home Insulation Contractor call to see you. He has only two things to sell. COMFORT—and ECONOMY.



Done in a "jiffy" . . .

without fuss or bother

The J-M Home Insulation truck drives up. From this truck the hose is run to your house. J-M Rock Wool is blown dry directly from bags in the truck to the air spaces within the walls of the house. That is all there is to the job. No fuss or bother. A day or two and it is finished. And the entire job is done outside the house. Nothing within is disturbed. The hose method does away with litter and bother of any kind. Delicate shrubbery is not marred. Lawns are scrupulously guarded. Only skilled men do the work.

Johns-Manville



Controls

HEAT, COLD, SOUND, MOTION

Protects against

FIRE AND WEATHER



Making straight the road to market

There is a direct road from manufacturer to user in Western Electric's marketing of telephone supplies to the Bell System.

This is possible because Western Electric's customers—the telephone companies—are also members of the Bell System. So marketing of telephone supplies is not so much selling as it is distributing made-to-order equipment in response to needs and scheduled plan.

To fulfill this assignment Western Electric has built up a nation-wide distributing organization. At thirty-two strategically located warehouses, it maintains stocks for replacement and expansion of telephone facilities.

Meeting these normal requirements is

**Facts About
Western Electric**
*Purchasers, Manufacturers,
Distributors for the Bell System*

a large undertaking. In addition to that comes the sudden demand for supplies to meet and *beat* emergencies—when fire, storm or flood take their toll. Communication must be maintained.

Besides delivering supplies where and when needed, Western Electric does most of the purchasing and manufacturing for the Bell System. Its fifty-year experience in making telephone apparatus helps to make possible the System's standards of reliability.

Through its triple responsibility, Western Electric plays a vital part in making the Bell ideal a fact—"the best possible telephone service at the lowest cost consistent with financial safety."

• AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY •



TIME

Vol. XIX, No. 17

The Weekly Newsmagazine

April 25, 1932

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Looking Up

In the early days of the Depression President Hoover used to tell the country in direct discourse how and when he expected a turn in the economic tide. When his forecasts failed, he lapsed into worried silence. Last week for the first time in months he again spoke encouragingly to the nation on economic improvement—but only in indirect discourse. The Press trooped into his office, jotted down his "background" facts and figures and departed to notify their readers that President Hoover believes business is now looking up. After three bad weeks, the White House based its hopeful opinion on these factors:

1) The banking crisis had passed. In the nine weeks before Reconstruction Finance Corp. was created, 655 banks with \$478,000,000 in deposits went under. In a like period since R. F. C.'s establishment only 77 banks with \$25,000,000 in deposits closed.

2) Where \$400,000,000 in currency was withdrawn from circulation by hoarders in December and January, \$250,000,000 had been returned in the past two months.

3) Public fright over the tax bill had subsided with the knowledge that the Budget would be balanced.

4) The \$2,400,000,000 Soldier Bonus was definitely beaten. Congress cannot muster a two-thirds majority to re-pass it over a Presidential veto.

5) National business has a firmer tone now that liquidation of security values has spent itself.

Next day Representative Strong of Kansas talked at the White House, spent an hour talking business conditions with President Hoover. He came out fairly bursting: "That was the most satisfactory talk I've had with any President in the past 13 years. Conditions are getting better. The President was in high spirits over the economic improvement. He has a remarkable grasp of the whole situation."

President Hoover's only active opponent for the Presidential nomination is onetime Senator Joseph Irwin France of Maryland. Last week Mr. Hoover decided to dispose of bumptious Dr. France on his home grounds by filing as a candidate in the Maryland preference primary to be held May 2.

After having his picture taken with delegations from the National Association of Credit Men and from the American Bandmasters Association, President Hoover stepped quickly back into his office to shake hands with Ely Culbertson, bridge expert. Said Mr. Culbertson to Mr. Hoover: "I don't envy you your job but

if you want to be re-elected the most certain way is to pass a law abolishing kibitzers. You certainly have plenty yourself. . . . Bridge is the light wine and beer solution of the gambling problem."

Still deadlocked last week were President Hoover and Democratic leaders of the House on how & where to reduce Government expenses. To the Capitol the President sent a 31-page omnibus bill which, if passed, would he said effect a \$225,000,000 saving. The principal dispute was over Government wages. President Hoover wants to keep the pay scale as it is but put employees on a five-day week by means of a staggered furlough which would require each worker to take off one month per year without pay. House leaders favor a straight 11% pay cut. Meanwhile last week the 1932 Deficit silently crossed the two-billion-dollar line for the first time.

Senator Royal Samuel Copeland, Democrat of New York, is a homeopathic physician—a fact he never likes to let his public forget. One sure way he has found to remind them is to call on the President, emerge with a report of his health. Last week a "minor matter" took the Senator to the White House. His report: "I found President Hoover looking much better than he did the last time I looked him over. He's in fine shape physically and doesn't appear to be tired or worn."

On the south lawn of the White House stood 17-year-old Betty Thompson Hanna of Camden, N. J. with her arms full of peach blossoms. "Mr. President," she said, "I'm presenting you these peach blossoms on behalf of the South Jersey Blossom Festival. I hope you can attend."

President Hoover took the peach blossoms, smelled them, replied: "These are beautiful apple blossoms. I trust the apple blossom festival will yield an abundant harvest."

THE CONGRESS

Work Done

The Senate:

Passed a \$45,500,000 Interior Department appropriation bill; sent it to conference.

Passed a resolution by Pennsylvania's Reed to investigate the effect of depreciated foreign currency on tariff rates.

Received from Einar Hoidal, Minnesota Democrat, a contest to the seat now occupied by Republican Senator Thomas D. Schall of Minnesota.

Committees of the Senate:

Voted (9-to-8) to seat Alabama's John Bankhead rather than its James Thomas ("Tom Tom") Heflin.

Approved an investigation of expenditures in the forthcoming presidential campaign.

Approved the bill by Virginia's Glass to curb speculation by banks on Federal Reserve credit (see p. 17).

Approved a House bill to tax radio broadcasting stations from \$120 to \$5,000 per year for their Federal licenses.

Approved a bill to permit states to tax national banks.

Rejected (11-to-8) a resolution by Nevada's Pittman to query all nations on the Senate reservations to the World Court protocol.

Heard railroad representatives oppose a \$500,000,000 bond issue for river and harbor development.

Heard President Richard Whitney of the New York Stock Exchange explode the "billion-dollar bear raid" rumor, and oppose the stock transfer tax provision of the House revenue bill (see p. 49).

The House:

Passed the District of Columbia appropriation bill.

Passed 14 bills relating to the local government of the District of Columbia.

Passed 16 minor bills relating to Indian affairs.

Committees of the House:

Approved a bill to create a fund to guarantee the deposits of member banks of the Federal Reserve System.

Continued hearings on the Soldier Bonus.

Heard Federal Reserve officials oppose a bill instructing the Federal Reserve to raise and stabilize commodity prices (see p. 17).

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National Affairs—(Continued)

TERRITORIES

Horror, Rumor, Trigger

Straight out of Greek tragedy might come the situation of a man on trial for murder describing to a court how his wife was beaten and ravished and how he felt when she told him. The situation might be heightened today if the husband were a Kentuckian and the ravisher a brown-skinned buck.

"I telephoned the house. When she answered I could hardly recognize her voice. She said: 'Come home at once. Something horrible has happened.' I jumped in a car and rushed home. When I got to the front steps I could hear her crying. I went in and she collapsed in my arms. Blood was coming from her nose and mouth. Her lips were crushed. Her bruised eyes were swollen. Her clothes were all torn. I thought a truck had run over her.

"I kept asking her what happened and she said, 'It's too terrible.' She could only sob. She finally said some men had dragged her into a car, beaten her, carried her into the bushes and ravished her. I said, 'My god.' She sat dazed and kept saying, 'I want to die.' I tried to comfort her but I couldn't. Then I called the police."

He took his wife to a hospital where her broken jaw was wired.

"When she swallowed, she almost screamed with pain. I didn't have much money so I hired a day nurse and acted as night nurse myself. They gave me a pair of pliers and told me to cut the wires if my wife became sick. Otherwise she might choke to death. . . . I tried to work but couldn't. I kept seeing my wife's crushed face. I couldn't eat. I couldn't sleep. I was haunted by what had happened to my wife. An abortion was necessary. It was worse than anything I could imagine. It had a strange effect on my mind. . . . I kept hearing footsteps. I jumped up and ran out of the house but saw nobody. . . . I used to get up and walk the floor. . . ."

Such was the recital, last week in Honolulu, of Lieut. Thomas Hedges Massie, U. S. N., on trial for murdering Joseph Kahahawai Jr., one of the Hawaiians accused of his wife's ravishment. Also charged with the murder were his mother-in-law, Mrs. Granville Roland Fortescue, and two naval enlisted men named Lord and Jones. Cunning old Clarence Darrow, Lieut. Massie's attorney, had put his client on the witness stand to bare his soul to a polyglot jury, expose the whole emotional background of his act. Prosecutor John C. Kelley had tried to keep the details of the assault and rape out of the evidence. They were admitted only when Lawyer Darrow announced that he planned to use them as groundwork for a plea of insanity.

Prosecutor Kelley did his best with a circumstantial case. To the jury he presented the external circumstances of the murder, which began with Kahahawai's abduction from the court house steps and ended with the arrest of Mrs. Fortescue,

Lieut. Massie and Seaman Lord speeding in a car with Kahahawai's corpse toward Koko Head. What Prosecutor Kelley could not give the jury were the intervening events within Mrs. Fortescue's high-begged home.

Opening the defense Lawyer Darrow exhibited all his mastery of court dramatics.



Acme

PROSECUTOR KELLEY

His foreground: lethal violence.

From Lieut. Massie's testimony he built up bit by bit the effect Mrs. Massie's experience had had upon her husband's mind, until his client's finger finally pressed the trigger of the revolver which sped a bullet into Kahahawai's lungs.

The ravishment of his wife was had enough, Lieut. Massie testified, but the "vile rumors" that followed were worse.

"One was that I was getting a divorce. Another was that I went home the night of the dance and found my wife with Lieut. Branson, a naval officer, and beat up my own wife. I also heard that I followed her in a car and beat her up and that a crowd of naval officers had assaulted her. Another story was that my wife had never been assaulted at all but was merely a seeker after notoriety headlines. . . . I got so I couldn't stand crowds, couldn't look people in the face. I felt miserable and couldn't sleep. I felt like I'd like to cut my brain out. . . ."

"Then I went to see a lawyer to ask how I could stop these terrible tales which were cracking my mind. He told me the best way was to get a confession signed by one of Mrs. Massie's assailants. He warned that force must not be used.

"I talked it over with Mrs. Fortescue and we decided that the only thing for us to do was to try to get a confession. . . . I did not have any purpose or intent of killing. . . . I told Jones about it. . . . and Lord agreed to help and went to my house and talked it over. . . . We decided the only way to get Kahahawai into a car was by a ruse so we fixed up a summons. . . ."

"I heard Kahahawai sit down in the

front room. I went in and confronted him with the gun, pulling back the carriage and making it flip into place. I wanted to scare him as much as possible. Mrs. Fortescue sat at his left. I put the gun on him and said: 'I've got you here to make you tell what happened in September. You did your lying in court.



DEFENDER DARROW

His background: emotional insanity.

You'd better tell the truth now.'

"He said: 'I don't know nothing.'

"I suddenly said: 'Who kicked the woman?'

"He said: 'Nobody kicked her.'

"I said: 'You're not telling the truth. You said you weren't there and now you say nobody kicked the woman!'

"Mrs. Fortescue got up and said: 'He's been lying and he'll lie all day. Let's carry out our other plan.'

"I said: 'All right. Kahahawai, you know what happened to Ida [another alleged attacker, beaten by a mob], well, that's nothing to what's going to happen to you.'

"I told Lord to go out and get the boys. Kahahawai began to move forward in his seat. I said: 'Ida talked and he told plenty on you. If you don't talk when these men get back, you'll be beaten to ribbons!'

"Suddenly he said: 'Yes—we done it!'

"That's the last thing I remember. . . . Suddenly the picture came back to me—the assault on my wife when she prayed for mercy and he replied with a blow that broke her jaw."

Said Prosecutor Kelley: "If Massie killed Kahahawai, why did he use Jones's gun instead of his own? . . . Why, Massie did not even kill Kahahawai." But Prosecutor Kelley in his cross-examination was not able to change a jot or tittle of Lieutenant Massie's story. The officer told how he learned of his own actions: "Mrs. Fortescue said I stood there like a bump on a log. Later they put me in a chair. Jones. . . said I acted like a damn fool."

National Affairs—(Continued)

PROHIBITION

Plebiscite, Parades

With 187 Congressmen on record as Wet (TIME, March 21) and the nation economically ailing, anti-Prohibitionists have been pointing with new emphasis and hope to drink as a source of revenue and employment. Last week the economic argument for Prohibition reform had gathered enough momentum to cause plans for monster "beer parades" throughout the land, and three famed Drys came out in favor of resubmission of Prohibition to the people.

At the Jefferson Day dinner in Washington (see p. 18) onetime Governor Harry Flood Byrd of Virginia, firm teetotaler, proposed a Constitutional amendment modifying or repealing the 18th Amendment, ratification to be by a majority of the electors of three-fourths of the States. Two days later Bishop James Cannon Jr. approved the Byrd plan before a meeting of the Anti-Saloon League at Richmond. Day after that Secretary of Agriculture Arthur M. Hyde returned from the Missouri State Republican convention and endorsed that body's appeal that Congress call a national Constitutional convention on Prohibition.

New York's natty, fun-loving Mayor Walker broached the beer parade idea. He set May 14 and predicted that a million marchers would turn out in his town. He urged the mayors of all other U. S. cities to hold similar demonstrations. The American Federation of Labor and the American Legion promised support. Mayor Walker admitted getting his idea from Mrs. William Randolph Hearst.

BANKS

"Reflation"

Plans for a third enormous national credit pump lay last week before the House Banking & Currency Committee. In January this committee helped design Reconstruction Finance Corp. to pump \$2,000,000,000 of Federal funds through the nation's banks into industry. In February, with the Glass-Steagall bill, it went to the rescue of the banks themselves by giving them a bigger & better pipe line into the Federal Reserve System. It was now proposed to pump Federal Reserve credit into the commodity markets—wheat, corn, beef, cotton, coffee, sugar. The bill was introduced by Representative Thomas Alan Goldsborough, Maryland Democrat. It required the Federal Reserve "to take all available steps to raise the present deflated wholesale level of commodity prices as speedily as possible to the level existing before the present deflation, and afterward to use all available means to maintain such wholesale commodity level of prices." Just how the Federal Reserve was to accomplish this large order nobody was sure.

George Leslie Harrison, governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and Eugene Meyer, governor of the Federal Reserve Board, appeared before the Committee. Both opposed the Goldsborough bill. Their objections were similar: the

Federal Reserve was now doing all it could to support the commodity markets; by itself it could not execute such a legislative mandate. Declared pump Governor Meyer: "I would not want to be peremptorily ordered to run 100 yards in ten seconds flat." The Federal Reserve, according to its chief, was now "holding the line" and "if you can hold the line, you can turn it eventually."

To specify what the Government had already done Mr. Meyer revealed that R. F. C. has helped out of trouble 1,319 banks of which 76% were in towns of 10,000 population or less.* Likewise since Feb. 1, \$250,000,000 in currency had been returned to circulation by hoarders.†

But it remained for pipe-smoking Governor Harrison to lay the biggest piece of fiscal news down before the House Committee—namely, that the Federal Reserve was in the market for U. S. securities as never before. Its purchases were part of the Government's new determination to pump credit into the country—a process its friends call "reflation" instead of inflation—under the provisions of the Glass-Steagall bill. Not until its statement was issued later in the week was the full extent of the Federal Reserve's pumpings evident to the country.

The Glass-Steagall bill permits Federal Reserve banks to use Treasury obligations for part of their currency coverage, thereby releasing gold above the 40% minimum requirement. Open market operations in the U. S. securities have always been part of the Federal Reserve's function. Last autumn the Federal Reserve began a credit-pressure move of the kind now undertaken. England's gold crisis halted that move, but since the Glass-Steagall bill's enactment (Feb. 27), the Reserve has been quietly purchasing in the open market Federal securities at the rate of \$25,000,000 per week. Last week it was buying them at the rate of \$100,000,000 per week. Total purchases: \$245,000,000. The U. S. security market fairly boomed, imparting strength down the line to the rest of the bond market.

The result of this new Government credit policy was to increase the funds at the disposal of Reserve member banks for commercial loans in the following manner: Bank A receives from a customer \$500,000 in Government securities to sell. It turns them into the Federal Reserve bank which credits Bank A with \$500,000. Bank A credits its customer with a \$500,000 deposit on which it must pay interest. But it gets no interest on its own \$500,000 Reserve deposit. Until it draws its Reserve deposit and puts it to profitable work at the service of commerce or industry, it is losing money.

Last week, as a result of open-market purchases by the Reserve banks, the system's member bank balance increased \$69,000,000 to \$2,011,000,000. In effect the Federal Reserve was stacking this

pile of \$69,000,000 (worth approximately \$690,000,000 in new credit) in its front window and inviting member banks to come and get it for "reflationary" purposes rather than to call loans to raise money.

New Glass Bill

Members of the Senate Banking & Currency Committee last week clustered about 74-year-old Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, wrung his hand, gave him congratulatory back pats. They had just approved his latest version of a bill to reform the national banking system on a tremendous scale.

The crusty little Senator had been fighting a winter-long battle to frame legislation to curb speculation on Federal Reserve credit. The first draft of his bill sent bankers flocking to Washington to condemn it as deflationary. The second draft drew sharp criticism from the Federal Reserve Board itself. Senator Glass charged that there was a bankers' conspiracy afoot to kill his bill. The third draft which went favorably to the Senate floor last week constituted a series of changes and compromises to make the measure generally acceptable to the financial fraternity.

Gone were the stiff penalties which previous drafts imposed upon banks caught speculating with Reserve funds. Dropped also was the extra rate banks would have had to pay for 15-day money on their own notes. Instead the Federal Reserve was given broad discretionary power to deal with banks which made "undue use" of their credit for speculative purposes. Senator Glass was sure his bill would "correct evils as to stock speculation unless dreadfully maladministered."

The new bill, unlike the old, permits national banks with capital of \$500,000 or more to establish branches, regardless of whether or not State laws give State banks the same privilege. Likewise national banks were permitted to put branches across State lines within a radius of 50 mi. in the same trade territory. This provision brought howls from Insurgents who view branch-banking with great alarm.

Still in the Glass bill was a special corporation to assist in liquidating closed banks but with capital reduced from \$200,000,000 to \$125,000,000. This sum would be raised in part by contributions of 1% of total deposits by member banks of the Federal Reserve.

Security affiliates would have to be divorced from parent banks within three years. A bank's direct dealing in securities would be sharply limited. The Federal Reserve Board in Washington would take over the present activities of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York in the field of foreign finance.

Happily to get his bill at last before the Senate where he could press for quick action, Senator Glass declared: "Not a fundamental provision of the original bill has been materially altered. . . . The committee approved the bill heartily as perhaps the most important banking legislation since the adoption of the Federal Reserve Act."

*Last week the Treasury gave R. F. C. the last \$150,000,000 of its \$500,000,000 allotment. Hereafter to raise money R. F. C. will have to sell its own securities.

†Last week, after subscriptions of \$30,000,000 the Treasury ceased selling "baby bonds" to absorb hoarded funds.

National Affairs—(Continued)

DEMOCRATS

"Unthinker" v. "Demagog"

It is always fair weather when the Democrats get together. It is seldom fair when they part. The feast that they held last week in Washington to commemorate Thomas Jefferson's birth was looked forward to by political observers as a convergence of sectional minds, personal pressures and rising temperatures. And indeed this last big Democratic function before the Chicago convention in June, the full dress parade to present a united front to the G. O. P., wound up in an intra-party disturbance even fiercer than expected.

Proudly present at the speakers' table were the Democracy's greatest men—Cox, Davis and Smith, the last three presidential nominees; Newton Diehl Baker, John Nance Garner, Harry Flood Byrd, George White, Joseph Taylor Robinson. Illinois kept James A. Reed in Missouri; campaigning kept William Henry ("Alfalfa Bill") Murray in Oregon.

Also notably absent was Franklin Delano Roosevelt. At the last moment he wired Chairman Raskob that he had to "remain in Albany to attend two meetings which are of importance to public welfare, one to outline further plans for unemployment relief and the other to discuss government economies." This elaborate emphasis on official duty was well understood by the dining Democrats. They well knew that Mr. Roosevelt well knew that a Jefferson Day dinner is no place for a Democrat who has already almost run away with the next presidential nomination. They also realized that Mr. Roosevelt had anticipated the evening's oratory and made his own speech a week in advance, broadcast to the country.

The meeting began with speeches in sweetest harmony. Mr. Baker intellectually eulogized Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Robinson vehemently flayed all Republicans. Mr. Byrd came out for a Prohibition referendum. All hands were rhetorically positive their party would sweep the election. But when Mr. Smith, still the Democracy's titular leader, arose to speak, something electric passed through the room. Everyone knew that the Messrs. Smith and Roosevelt, once closest friends, were friends no longer. And everyone knew that even Mr. Roosevelt's friends had been upset by his radio speech.

That speech had had for its theme the "forgotten man" at the bottom of the economic heap. Mr. Roosevelt had belabored the Hoover Administration for relieving only the top crust, the big banks and corporations. He had beat his breast about the lost purchasing power of the farmer. He had mocked "shallow thinkers" who had no idea how to help the farmer. Addressing himself to the proposed program of large Federal expenditures on public works—a program urged by Mr. Smith—Governor Roosevelt had declared: "It is the habit of the unthinking to turn in times like this to the illusions of economic magic. . . . Let us admit frankly it would be only a stop-gap."

Flushed and forthright, Mr. Smith now exploded his retort with no disguise except the omission of Mr. Roosevelt's proper name:

"This country is sick and tired of listening to political campaign orators who tell us what is the matter with us. Few, if any, of them know what the cure is. . . . It is a perfectly easy thing to say we must restore the purchasing power of the farmer. Fine! Of course we must. But



ALFRED EMANUEL SMITH

"I will take off my coat and vest and fight . . ."

how are we going to do it? . . . Exception to this [program of public works] was recently taken by a prominent Democrat on the theory that it is a stop-gap. Who ever said it was anything else? It is at least better than nothing and infinitely better than a continuance of the disguised dole in States and municipalities. . . . The country is flooded with statesmen who orate and stop at that. Oratory puts nobody to work. . . .

"This is no time for demagogues. There is always the temptation to some men to stir up class prejudice. Against that effort I set myself uncompromisingly. . . . I will take off my coat and vest and fight to the end against any candidate who persists in any demagogic appeal to the masses of the working people of this country to destroy themselves by setting class against class and rich against poor! . . .

"The disposition to gloss over controversial questions will bring forth a meaningless [platform] document, a colorless candidate and a weakened party. Expediency will do nothing for democracy. . . . It would be better that the convention remain in session all summer and give to the people a vigorous, strong platform and candidates capable of fighting for it than to hurry away from Chicago with a half-baked proposal. . . ."

The Smith-Roosevelt feud was thus put squarely out in the open where the G. O. P. could view it with undisguised delight. After such words it seemed impossible

that the Brown Derby could support Franklin D. Roosevelt in a national campaign. That Al Smith would use every ounce of his party power and prestige to block such a nomination was now a political certainty.

Governor Roosevelt is used to hearing that he is unfit to lead the Democracy. Last week at Albany he parried the Smith attack thus: "I'll tell you a funny one. A friend of mine called from New York today and said: 'Wasn't that a terrible attack Al Smith made on 'Alfalfa Bill' Murray?'"

While Governor Murray spluttered and fumed indignantly at the suggestion that the Smith speech was aimed at him, James Roosevelt, son of the New York executive, blurted in Boston: "It is high time a leader had the courage to state the desperate conditions which face the average man and woman. If that leader be classed as a friend of the poor and oppressed, all I can say to him is keep your courage, fight the good fight and the people of America will back you to the end."

Governor Roosevelt continued to avoid personalities in a speech in St. Paul, Minn., even went so far as to do what political opponents immediately identified as "turning the other cheek." Said he: "My distinguished predecessor Governor Smith was happily able to prevent the control [of water power] from passing out of the hands of the State. When I took office I undertook at once a definite plan for the development of this great power. . . . Obviously Governor Roosevelt was patting ex-Governor Smith on the back with one hand while with the other he pointed out his own additional suggestion in his 'ten or a dozen points for economic recovery' which he promised in his radio speech. Mr. Roosevelt urged: restoration of control limiting public utilities to a fair return upon the actual cash invested in them; public development of water power sites; 'the firm establishment of national control' over electricity transmitted between States.

By coupling his "reply" to Mr. Smith with a reiteration of his attack on the Administration, Governor Roosevelt was able to plead for election votes from the Northwest while implying that Mr. Smith represented the moneyed (pro-Hoover) class of the East in the pre-convention fight. Excerpts:

"I am pleading for a policy broad enough to include every part of our economic structure—a policy that seeks to help all simultaneously, that shows an understanding of the fact that there are millions of our people who cannot be helped by merely helping their employers, because they are not employers in the strict sense of the word—the farmers, the small business men, the professional people. . . . It is right to mend the roof but at the same time your house will not be safe until you have repaired the foundation as well. . . . In much of our present plans there is too much disposition to mistake the part for the whole, the head for the body. I plead not for a class control, but for a true concert of interests. . . ."

Debt Formula. "Unthinker" Smith

National Affairs—(Continued)

contributed more than an attack on "Demagog" Roosevelt in his Washington speech. He also offered his fellow Democrats a formula for dealing with War debts. Said he: "Let us say to the nations of Europe who owe us money that we will forget all about it for 20 years and will write off as paid each year 25% of the gross value of American products which they buy from us. . . . This will help the farmer, mill owner and manufacturer . . . and is a far better way to restore trade than sitting idly by, clamoring for the payment of debts which we know cannot be paid."

Observers to whom this proposal seemed at least interesting and worthy of cogitating, felt that its authorship was unfortunate. For like so many ideas that have emanated from beneath the Brown Derby, it did not appear to be taken seriously. It occasioned no enthusiasm among the Democratic diners. The men who write newspaper editorials throughout the land blurred polite nothings about it next day, or dismissed it out of hand as "another of Smith's amateurish suggestions." European ears pricked up with interest, but no impartial and potent U. S. economist bothered to voice an opinion, except ever-vocal Nicholas Murray Butler who took occasion to repeat that he is for immediate and complete Cancellation. The one tangible new foreign debt idea voiced this year by a real figure in U. S. public life was thus tabled.

Delicacy & Lightning. Governor Roosevelt last week declined to be a New York State delegate-at-large to the convention on the ground of "political delicacy." Al Smith, no less a candidate, not only did not decline to be a delegate but insisted on being one. Boss Curry of Tammany formally named him, despite opposition from Governor Roosevelt. Chicago in June was thus made a surely exciting place. Had Calvin Coolidge gone to Kansas City in 1928, he might easily have stamped that Republican convention, which shied off Herbert Hoover until the last moment. Equally well, perhaps even more easily, considering the volatility of Democrats and their "Crose of Gold," might a sudden Smith uprising stampede the Chicago convention away from Roosevelt. But that could not happen unless Roosevelt were blocked on the first few ballots, and the direction of the stampede would probably not be toward Alfred Emanuel Smith. His anti-Roosevelt outburst last week and the assurance of his presence on the floor at Chicago were less precursors of a sudden Smith earthquake than they were warning signals for a possible stroke of the freak that is political lightning.

STATES & CITIES

In Illinois

Last September three notorious Republicans of Illinois journeyed to flat, sun-baked Kankakee, site of the State Insane Asylum, on high political business. One was William Hale ("Big Bill") Thompson whom Chicago had booted out as its

profligate Mayor the spring before. Another was William Lorimer, expelled in 1912 from the U. S. Senate for employing "corrupt methods and practices in his election." The third was Frank Leslie Smith, barred in 1928 from the U. S. Senate for excessive campaign expenditures. In Kankakee this trio, with many a rowdy follower, called on buck-toothed old Lemington Small, twice (1921-29) Governor of Illinois. Banker Small, whose political



Acute

DEMOCRAT HORNER

He would not take off his coat.

record was no better than those of his callers,* accepted their invitation to run again for the Republican nomination for Governor. His battle cry: "America first! Back to prosperity with Len Small!"

Last week newshawks flocked about the Small home in Kankakee. Len Small had won his nomination. Though he got only 36% of the G. O. P. primary vote, he managed to nose out four other candidates. As a Wet, he handily defeated a weasler, one Omer N. Custer, whom repeal-voting Governor Louis Emmerson had selected as his successor. Nominee Small declared: "I accept the responsibility of leading the people in their battle against the forces of wealth, greed and privilege back to prosperity!"

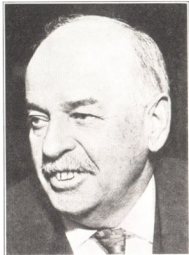
While "Big Bill" Thompson exulted loudly over having nominated "his man" and rolled his eyes in anticipation of long happy days at Springfield, the righteous Republican Chicago *Daily News* grieved aloud at the primary result in a front-page editorial entitled "Dead on the Field of Dishonor" and beginning:

HERE LIES
DODO,
IRONICALLY CALLED THE
REPUBLICAN PARTY OF
ILLINOIS
IT DIED FROM LACK
OF BRAINS AND
HONESTY

*He was indicted and tried for withholding interest on State funds loaned to meat packers. The Supreme Court in 1925 ordered him to disgorge.

Democrats. Mayor Cermak is the Democratic boss of Chicago. Last week's primary made him the Democratic boss of Illinois. He succeeded, by a 150,000-vote majority, in nominating for Governor a plump 53-year-old Jew named Henry Horner who has sat solemnly and well for the last 18 years on the bench of the Probate Court in Chicago.

Judge Horner received the primary returns in Boss Cermak's City Hall



International

REPUBLICAN SMALL

He is against greed.

office. When cameramen arrived, he modestly disappeared. Boss Cermak, after ordering him back over the telephone, explained: "He says he'll come when he gets damn good & ready. I guess that proves I'm not his boss." Later Nominee Horner returned to be photographed but objected when cameramen ordered: "Take off your coat—shake your fists—hold your hands above your head." Mayor Cermak tried to get him to comply. When he still refused, Boss Cermak again loudly boasted that his nominee was unbossed. At last they photographed little Harry Horner sitting in a corner eating his toast and jam (see cut).

First shot of the campaign fired by Boss Cermak: "God help the people of Illinois if Len Small should be elected Governor and do to Illinois what his friend, 'Big Bill' Thompson did to Chicago."

On the North Shore. For the last 13 years round-faced, bespectacled Carl Richard Chindblom has pontifically represented in the House the 10th Illinois District—the North Shore suburban strip from Chicago to the Wisconsin line. Last week the Republican primary turned Mr. Chindblom out of office and nominated in his stead James Simpson Jr., polite 27-year-old son of Marshall Field's board chairman (TIME, Oct. 26). Nominated as a Wet, Junior Simpson will face a Wet Democrat in the election. The W. C. T. U. whose home, Evanston, is in the Simpson district, grieved.

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

Utmost Standard!

Only laborites pay much attention to the International Labor Organisation, that homely neighbor in Geneva of the white-spatted League of Nations. Last week, however, Geneva correspondents "discovered" the I. L. O. when its 16th Annual Conference of 47 nations occupied the handsome hall just built by the City of Geneva for plenary sessions of the Disarmament Conference (last week sitting in committees). Conscious of their importance, the 324 labor delegates marched bravely in and elected by acclaim as their president a onetime Ontario telegraph keyman, Senator Gideon Decker Robertson, Canadian Labor Minister in the Conservative Cabinet of rich Premier Richard Bedford Bennett.

Keyman Robertson keynoted that "the International Labor Organisation has served and is serving as a perpetual reminder in these times of economic stress that the worker's standard of life and his conditions of labor should be maintained to the utmost possible limits!" (*Cheers.*)

Statisticians then informed the Conference that "between 20 million and 25 million workers are unemployed in the world today and they have between 40 million and 50 million dependents."

The Conference, comparatively short & snappy, will deliberate for only three weeks, chiefly on three items of agenda:

- 1) The fight to wipe out fee-charging employment agencies throughout the world—jobs to be obtained instead from State or charitable agencies.
- 2) World propaganda for old age pensions.
- 3) Determination of "the minimum age of admission of children to non-industrial occupations."

Studiously avoiding "radicalism," the International Labor Organisation works under a provision of the Treaty of Versailles (Part XIII). Each participating nation sends four delegates, two representing its Government and the other two Labor and Capital. Recommendations passed by the Conference are of course non-binding, but it may also adopt draft conventions and these the 55 member nations are bound to submit to their parliaments for adherence or rejection. None of the 31 draft conventions adopted by sessions of the Conference thus far has been ratified unanimously, but 30 of these 31 conventions have been adopted by one or more nations and are binding upon the ratifiers. The 21st and completely unratified draft convention was adopted by the Conference two years ago, sought to create better working conditions for white-collar workers, proverbially friendless and unrepresented in the world's parliaments.

Stimson Mince

For the first time a U. S. Secretary of State called on the Secretary General of the League of Nations last week, but this historic coming of the Mountain to Mohammed was shrouded in a fog of qualifications and quibbles.

Secretary of State Stimson, modest as a jack of diamonds traveling incognito, insisted that in clasping Sir Eric Drummond's hand he did not do it as Secretary of State. He had not even come to Geneva as Chief of the U. S. Delegation to the Disarmament Conference, he said, but as a simple U. S. delegate.

"I am not taking [Chief Delegate] Hugh Gibson's place!" cried Delegate Stimson when further pressed upon this nice point. "I am just going to help when and how I can."

Polite Sir Eric then said that he had not shaken the Stimson hand in his rôle as Secretary General of the League of Nations but in his other rôle as Secretary



GIDEON DECKER ROBERTSON

He keynoted for the world's laborers.

(See col. 1)

General of the Conference. In the strictest legal sense the clasping last week was therefore a case of two other statesmen.

"Hire a Palace." Carrying to its refined conclusion the technique of putting over important business deals at lunch, Statesman Stimson always hires at every big conference which he attends the most palatial estate which can possibly be hired, preferably a mansion some miles out of town like his own "Woodley" in Washington. Last week, having taken Mrs. Stimson to Europe on the svelte, palatial *Île de France*, and brought her to Paris on a private railway car, he set her up three miles from Geneva as the Chatelaine of the Château de Bessinge.

Into raptures went the Press: "... superb situation ... uninterrupted view of snow-clad Mount Blanc ... on the other side, from a terrace, one looks down on Lake Lemman ..."

Inside the Château de Bessinge self-styled "Delegate" Stimson made himself at home in Louis XVI salons set out with slightly rusty suits of armor suggesting a museum. All the Louis XVI furniture, according to a spokesman for the Swiss

real estate agent who leased the Château de Bessinge is upholstered in genuine Gobelin tapestry.

To the very first business lunch at the Stimson musée last week came Sir John Simon, British Foreign Secretary, who makes no bones about the fact that he is Chief British Delegate.

What Chance Success? On his way to Geneva, Mr. Stimson had conferred in Paris with Premier André Tardieu. Because France goes to the polls next month and the U. S. election looms, these two statesmen found it best to make no statement of what they told each other to their publics.

In Geneva the Disarmament Conference remained deadlocked upon Premier Tardieu's plan to equip the League of Nations with an international police force—a plan anathema to President Hoover, as everyone knows. Therefore knowing Swiss pulled long faces, called Delegate Stimson "the American Undertaker come to bury the Disarmament Conference." But Chief U. S. Delegate Hugh Gibson had presented to the Conference last week a spirited rehash of the "real disarmament" which President Hoover would like to see achieved.

Mr. Gibson declared that "the following weapons are of a peculiarly aggressive value against land defenses: tanks, heavy mobile guns and gases, and as such should be abolished."

Promptly the British, Germans and Italians backed this U. S. proposal but simultaneously it was hamstrung by French and Japanese opposition.

"It is amusing," sneered *Pertinax*, pungent Paris publicist, "that America, thinking of its naval aircraft carriers, took care not to insert bombing planes in the list of offensive arms to abolish."

Decorously *Le Temps*, echoing the French Government's official view, observed, "It would be inadvisable to seek to disarm those powers, like France, for whom, because of their geographical position, land forces constitute the principal guarantee of security, while nations which are relatively safe from invasion and hold in the control of sea power their best guarantee, should continue to dispose liberally of the most formidable offensive armaments."

In Washington, cables stating that Delegate Stimson has carried to Geneva a plan for "hemispheric disarmament" caused Acting Secretary of State William Richards Castle to raise his eyebrows slightly and observe, "I do not recognize that phrase."

"Make Thy Loins Strong"

Often dollar-hostile, the newsgorgans of Baron Beaverbrook veered around like weathercocks last week to crow the praises of dollars in general and of newly-arrived Ambassador Andrew William Mellon, dollar Croesus.

"French banks have advised against the dollar and French newspapers have at-

Foreign News—(Continued)

tacked it.*" recalled the Beaverbrook Evening Standard as his new friendliness flowered, "but American business character today is strong and good. . . . We say, therefore . . . to the American people . . . in the words of the prophet, Nahum, 'Keep the munition, watch the way, make thy loins strong, fortify thy power mightily.' And we say too: 'May God's blessing go with you.'"

Not merely blessings but hints were showered upon Ambassador Mellon's hoary head all week, for England hoped that somehow he would influence President Hoover to attempt cancellation of Reparations and War Debts at once. At the welcoming dinner of The Pilgrims, Edward of Wales put the nation's hope thus: "I cannot help feeling that the presence of Mr. Mellon in London can be of the greatest assistance . . . for the advice he can give America of European conditions."

Sir John Simon, British Foreign Secretary, who had flown expressly to the banquet from Geneva (300 mi.), stressed Anglo-U. S. amity. "It is our firm resolve to cultivate this happy relationship," cried Sir John, "and to use it for the benefit of the whole world."

Ambassador Mellon, eschewing champagne, had been sipping all through dinner a rare and red French vintage. While he slowly sipped, an iced Statue of Liberty directly in front of him slowly grew soggy, squelched down and had to be carried out. The noble chairman, the Earl of Derby, jocularly observed that this proved the warmth of Mr. Mellon's welcome. Rising to speak at last, Mr. Mellon twirled his glass, recalled that things which twirl too rapidly burst of centrifugal (out-thrusting) force.

"Together the United States and Great Britain," he declared, "represent a great centripetal [in-thrusting] force in a world which tends to fly apart. We must leave nothing undone to strengthen that force."

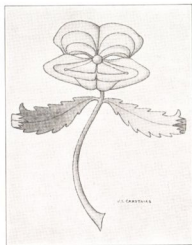
Weasel Mellon. If to most Englishmen Ambassador Mellon's words sounded vague and cheerless, a famed Welshman did not hesitate to attack him openly. In a new book published last week, Mr. David Lloyd George called him a weasel, thus:†

"A few weeks after . . . I vacated the office of Prime Minister . . . Mr. Bonar Law, who succeeded me, sent Mr. Stanley Baldwin and Mr. Montagu Norman to the United States in January 1923 to open negotiations for the funding of the British debt.

" . . . No worse team could have been

chosen. Mr. Montagu Norman [today Governor of the Bank of England], is the high priest of the golden calf [i. e. the Gold Standard] and his main preoccupation was to keep his idol burnished and supreme in the pantheon of commerce. In his honest view it was the only god to lead the nation out of the wilderness. Such a person was a dangerous counsellor for a man of Mr. Baldwin's equipment.

"As to the two leading negotiators, Mr. Mellon and Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Mellon was keen, experienced, hard, ruthless; Mr. Baldwin, casual, soft, easy-going, and at that time quite raw. Mr. Baldwin [today leader of the largest British party, Conservative] admits that since then he has



London Sketch

BARON BEAVERBROOK

A new friendliness flowered.

learned a great deal. At that time he merited his constant boast that he was only a 'simple countryman.' A business transaction at that date between Mr. Mellon and Mr. Baldwin was in the nature of a negotiation between a weasel and its quarry. . . .

"This settlement which Mr. Baldwin so hastily concluded staggered Europe. It amazed the business community of America. It was so unexpected. The [U. S.] Treasury officials were not exactly bluffing, but they put forward their full demand as a start in the conversations, and to their surprise Mr. Baldwin said he thought the terms were fair, and accepted them. If all business was as easy as that there would be no joy in its pursuit. But this crude job, jocularly called a 'settlement,' was to have a disastrous effect upon the whole further course of negotiations on international War-debts. The United States could not easily let off other countries with more favorable terms than she had exacted from us, and as a consequence the settlement of their American debts by our European Allies hung fire for years, provoking continual friction and bitterness. Equally the exorbitant figure we had promised to pay raised by so much the amounts which under the policy of the Balfour Note we were compelled to de-

mand from our own debtors. Not alone Britain, but all Europe, has suffered ever since from Mr. Baldwin's vicarious generosity."

Solution? Mr. Baldwin's sin and Mr. Mellon's (as Mr. Lloyd George sees it) was to sign a paper in 1923 wherein Great Britain pledged herself to pay a great deal of what she owes. Last week all Europe saw a new hope emerge from a strange new source—the brown derby of New York's Al Smith.

Speaking in Washington, Mr. Smith not only disrupted Democratic politics (see p. 18) but made the only new proposal for dealing with Reparations and War Debts made by a public man this year. Proposed Citizen Smith of New York:

"Let us say to the nations of Europe who owe us money that we will forget all about it for 20 years, and not only will we do that, but we will write off as paid each year 25% of the gross value of American products which they buy from us. . . ."

Promptly *Germany*, organ of German Chancellor Heinrich Brüning, backed the Smith scheme. So did the leading French economist, M. Claude Joseph Gignoux, recently President of the Council of National Economy.

"There is no question that M. Smith's scheme would greatly stimulate American exports," said Economist Gignoux, "and there is no doubt in my mind that France would study sympathetically any such proposal if it came from the United States Government."

GREAT BRITAIN

Chamberlain's Budget

(See front cover)

An obscure happening, ignored by headline writers 22 months ago, kicked open the throttle of a roaring train of events that has carried Rt. Hon. Arthur Neville Chamberlain to first political rank in Great Britain and marked him as Prime Minister James Ramsay MacDonald's probable successor. Last week tall, husky-voiced, smoldering-eyed Chancellor Chamberlain of Britain's Exchequer led to a hushed House of Commons the Empire's first sky-high-tariff budget. That speech was sufficiently historic. The obscure happening 22 months ago was Mr. Chamberlain's discreet success in getting himself appointed chairman of the Conservative Party by bumbling Party Leader Stanley Baldwin.

Mr. Baldwin, commercially inept, has bumbled away his large inherited fortune until he is today a man of merely comfortable means. He was bumbling the Conservative Party down the same hill 22 months ago, his most spectacular mistakes being to have no tariff policy, either for or against, and to have bitterly antagonized Britain's two potent press lords, Baron Beaverbrook and Viscount Rothermere, men of fierce patriotism but as easily enraged as small, spoiled boys. What the Conservative Party needed and what it has had increasingly in recent months has been the cold, hard, managing head of

*But last week *Le Temps*, leading Paris daily, devoted two columns of its special financial supplement to bullish comment on the U. S. Exports: "If things go normally, the U. S. budgetary deficit will be met, or at least considerably reduced by new fiscal resources and economies. The bonus proposition will be sidetracked. There will be no inflation in the proper sense of the term. The currency will remain solid. The United States will enter a period of new credits with the likelihood of an economic prosperity less brilliant than before the crisis, but more real and more solid."

†THE TRUTH ABOUT REPARATIONS AND WAR-DEBTS—David Lloyd George—Doubleday, Doran (\$1.50).

Foreign News—(Continued)

a CHAMBERLAIN—that mighty name from Birmingham.

Old J., Sir A. & Neville. Without his name and inherited political prestige, able but scarcely likeable Neville Chamberlain could most certainly not have overhauled the whole Conservative Party machine, oiling grievances and rubbing off bumble-rust. His husky voice would scarcely have had the authority to bring those bad boys, the Press Peers, to their basically conservative senses. Finally, without his family's name and prestigious relations with Birmingham Mr. Chamberlain could not have applied the pressure necessary to make Mother Free Trade Britain change her middle name to High Tariff.

CHAMBERLAIN stands first for Birmingham's late, great "Old Joe," a hawk-nosed, becomenocled power in and behind several Victorian cabinets (though never Prime Minister). This elegant Parliamentarian whose daily orchid fascinated the House, lost the first two of his three wives after they bore him respectively:

Sir Joseph Austen Chamberlain, today 68, who retired with the Garter after winning the Nobel Peace Prize as British Foreign Secretary (TIME, Dec. 20, 1926).

Arthur Neville Chamberlain, today 63, whom nobody expected to become the Chamberlain of today—which he is.

Sent by his father to Rugby, to Mason College, Birmingham and to a sweaty job of plantation management in the Bahamas, worthy Neville seemed to have about fulfilled his Chamberlain destiny when he returned to Birmingham and after five years of local political plodding became its Lord Mayor during the War.

Free-Trader David Lloyd George, then Prime Minister, plucked Lord Mayor Chamberlain from Birmingham and brought him on the national scene as Director of National Service (1916-17). At the last British election (TIME, Nov. 9), the Conservative machine which Neville Chamberlain had overhauled obliterated Mr. Lloyd George* and rolled up for the Conservative Party the largest majority ever won by any British party: 472 seats out of the House total of 615.

Events beyond any one man's control which made this Conservative victory possible included the Labor Cabinet's split, the Naval mutiny and sterling's slide off gold—but it was the Conservative Party machine, reorganized, conciliated within itself and tuned up by Neville Chamberlain which all over England turned the Labor enemy's defeat into a rout. That rout was the reason why the 1932-33 Budget of His Majesty's Exchequer was presented to the House of Commons last week by Rt. Hon. Arthur Neville Chamberlain as Chancellor.

The Budget. Promptly at 3:21 p. m. Edward of Wales, having climbed the narrow stair in the House of Commons to the Peers' gallery, entered smiling and took the seat from which H. R. H. hears all budget speeches, the seat directly behind the clock.

*Four M. P.s now comprise the "Lloyd George Party" in the Commons: himself, his daughter Miss Megan, his son Major Gwynn, and his son's brother-in-law, Major Goronwy Jones.

Below on the oblong floor of the House, which is a great Gothic box, crisp English primroses bloomed in the buttonholes of scores of M. P.s, for Budget Day had happened to fall on "Primrose Day." On the Government front bench sat snow-crowned Scot MacDonald between the Empire's two biggest bumblebees, Stanley Baldwin, Lord President of the Council, and James Henry ("Jim") Thomas, Secretary of State for the Dominions. Exactly at 3:30 p. m. Chancellor Chamberlain rose, ruffled his notes, took a stiff stance beside the red leather despatch box and, before he began to make his budget speech, cast a quick glance up at the packed public galleries.

Speaking as usual without effort or gestures, Mr. Chamberlain took his time, began with a tribute to his famed predecessor Viscount Snowden of Ickneshaw, a choleric Free Trader who attacks the present Chancellor's tariff policies on any & every occasion. With the Olympian condescension of a Chamberlain, the new Chancellor declared last week: "Lord Snowden's last budget is a model example of secure but sound and sane finance. We are now £9,000,000 better off than Lord Snowden anticipated."

In one respect Chancellor Snowden erred conspicuously last year, overestimated by £18,000,000 the revenue from estate duties. To this error (resulting from the fact that an unusually small number of rich men died during the year) Chancellor Chamberlain alluded by making the only joke in his budget speech. "I am reminded," said he stroking his mustache, "of that story concerning the Peninsular War, the story of the General who saw his troops hesitate to charge and encouraged them by exclaiming, 'You don't want to live forever, do you?'"

This joke the House of Commons received at first in dead silence. Suddenly, after a lapse of perhaps 45 seconds, the Englishmen, Scotsmen and Welshmen present saw the joke and roared. Chancellor Chamberlain, his stern features relaxing in a smile of pleasure, got down to business.

As the bombshell of his speech he solemnly indicated Great Britain's determination that the Lausanne Conference next June shall finally cancel both Reparations and War Debts—thus leaving the U. S. taxpayer holding the entire bag. "After the deliberations at Lausanne," said Mr. Chamberlain, "I shall submit to Parliament whatever proposals may be necessary to give effect to the measures we have agreed to." He presented in his budget no figure for such payments, either by Britain to the U. S. or to Britain from the Continent. "The best course is to refrain from all conjectures," said he, "and treat the account on both sides as being in suspense." By this technique Neville Chamberlain balanced his "maiden budget" at roughly \$3,000,000,000—the lowest British balancing figure since 1924.

On the tariff side Chancellor Chamber-

lain of course reduced by not one inch or penny Great Britain's brand new tariff wall. The Chancellor announced a new duty on "foreign tea" of fourpence a pound, on "Empire tea," of twopence a pound. But tea-loving and beer-loving Englishmen had also expected Mr. Chamberlain to cut the beer tax.

"I believe beer has been overtaxed," said the Chancellor. "But remission . . . would cost me [*i. e.*, the Exchequer] £10,000,000 in the present year," he added firmly, refused to make the sacrifice. Finally Mr. Chamberlain left the British income tax alone, drank a glass of water, sat down amid cheers from his party.

Most Heavily Taxed? Thus Chancellor Chamberlain did not much alter the tax status quo conjured up by that bleak British boast, "We are the world's most heavily taxed people."

Roughly the national income tax burdens on a U. S. and on a British citizen, each with a wife and two children, compare as follows in three significant income tax brackets:

| Income | Tax U. S. | Tax G. B. |
|----------|-----------|-----------|
| \$3,500 | nil | \$411 |
| \$10,000 | \$83 | \$1,926 |
| \$25,000 | \$933 | \$7,388 |

There are no local income taxes in Great Britain.* The local "rates" (county taxes) are assessed on the rented or presumptive rental value of property. Contrarywise in the U. S., property taxes are assessed on the presumptive sale value.

As yet neither the U. S. nor Great Britain has a sales tax on manufactures, but Canada has and Chancellor Chamberlain has long been fixing his dark eye upon Canada. In urging Britain to abandon Free Trade he recalled on every possible occasion that Canada had adopted tariffs. He cried from many a hustings, "Why should we not take a leaf out of the Canadian book?"

Definitely a politician—a bargainer and adjuster—Chancellor Chamberlain now looks forward to the Imperial Conference at Ottawa next summer as his chief hope for Empire recovery. His object will be to exclude non-Empire goods by an Empire tariff wall around the Mother Country and Dominions, thus with the avowed plan of later bargaining with other high-tariff countries.

From the Flames. Tall and purposeful Chancellor Chamberlain faced the world last week resolved to play a rôle not smaller than that which his brother Austen attempted at Locarno. Today the "Locarno Spirit" of European goodwill is dead, killed by Depression and cremated by the flames of nationalism. Out of these flames (and high tariffs are a fiery essence of nationalism) Rt. Hon. Arthur Neville Chamberlain hopes to extract with honor not only the Empire but the world. Toward the U. S. cold Neville is studiously friendly, never tires of assuring British doubters that U. S. currency is safe & sound on gold and will remain there.

*Commemorating the death in 1881 of that great statesman whose favorite flower was the primrose and who sent 500 of them to Queen Victoria: Benjamin Disraeli, 1st Earl of Beaconsfield.

*In the U. S., 20 States have income taxes. In these States the maximum normal tax on maximum income does not exceed 8%. Thus the U. S. citizen in all cases is liable to lower total income tax than the British citizen.

Foreign News—(Continued)

Dame

To enlisted men of His Majesty's fighting forces the name "Fanny" conjures up a mental snapshot of rich, curvaceous Dame Fanny Lucy Houston whose social equals call her "Lucy."

A friend to all the King's horses, all the King's men and even to all the King's airplanes is Lady Houston. Without her



Wide World

LADY HOUSTON & KING'S MEN

She (generously): "The British Lion right now is like a toothless old lap dog."

sudden, impulsive gift of \$485,000 (par) last year the British Air Ministry could not have entered and won the final Schneider Trophy Races (TIME, Sept. 14, 1931, et seq.). Last week Dame ("Fanny") Lucy was at it again. She astounded Chancellor of the Exchequer Arthur Neville Chamberlain by offering a gift of \$756,000 "to keep the flag flying and help the Army, Navy and Air Force in their dire need and necessity."

Warm, generous, jellylike people are repugnant to cold, precise Chancellor Chamberlain. He "indicated" to correspondents what he called a "tentative refusal" of Lady Houston's proffered gift. It appeared that what the impulsive Dame had actually done was to withhold her due income tax payment of \$151,200, offering instead her gift of \$756,000. Most irregular. Not cricket.

Not one bit abashed Dame ("Fanny") Lucy caroled, when told of the Chancellor's coldness:

"No question of the Government's deciding comes into this matter—England is in deadly peril, I repeat! The British Lion right now is like a toothless old lap dog."

AUSTRALIA

"Lang Is Right!"

Melbourne, Australia's biggest city, is in Victoria, and last week Edmund John Hogan, Victoria's Labor Premier, was in London. A cablegram woke him in the middle of the night to tell him that he had just been kicked out of office by a no-confidence vote in the Legislature of 29-25. Oracles picked Sir Stanley Seymour Argyle, leader of the Opposition, to succeed him.

In tumultuous New South Wales 25,000 roaring supporters of tumultuous Premier John Thomas Lang organized themselves into a self-styled "Red Army" (non-Communist), and paraded the streets

under banners blazoned LANG IS RIGHT! (see map).

The Commonwealth Government of Australian Premier Joseph Aloysius Lyons, weary of paying New South Wales's repudiated debts (TIME, April 6, 1930, et seq.) continued its efforts to impound New South Wales funds. Mr. Lyons issued a proclamation attaching betting tax receipts at race courses, entertainment taxes at theatres, and the receipts of state-owned railways in New South Wales. State Premier Lang swiftly countered by ordering that all railway receipts must not be handled by banks, but sent direct to Sydney under armed guard. During the night his agents changed all the locks on all the doors of the state tax office to prevent Federal agents from attaching taxpayers' records.

NEW ZEALAND

Hussies & Pillage

(See map)

Not pangs of hunger but a will to have nice things prompted 10,000 New Zealanders to stage a demonstration which became a series of bloody riots in Auckland last week. Time after time the mob swept down Queen Street, smashing the windows of smart shops right & left, seized \$350,000 worth of nice things.

"Never in all New Zealand has such a thing happened before!" puffed the Mayor of Auckland after 48 hours of civic chaos. "If things go on like this I shall positively be obliged to read the Riot Act!"

Young women of the most brazen sort, Auckland reporters agreed, were ring-leaders in turning an orderly procession of jobless men down Queen Street into a wild scramble of pillage. One of the hussies wore a sweater—the reporters were sure. Beyond that they only knew that the young women placed themselves unexpectedly at the head of the procession and began throwing stones into the window of a jewelry store. Four hussies were seen to escape with skirtsful of jewelry down a side street. By that time their feminine example had spurred the men to some really heavy looting. Auckland police, who have had no practice on mobs, made awkward efforts to clear Queen Street, but the first riot lasted four hours.

Up from the waterfront came at last British bluejackets from the British ex-cruiser H. M. S. *Philomel*, launched in 1890, rated today as a training ship. With these sailors guarding Queen Street, confident New Zealand insurance men wrote policies covering glass not yet broken at premiums only 50% above normal, but charged for new fire & theft policies 1,000% above the old rate. That night Auckland went quietly to bed and next day Premier Forbes soothed New Zealand's House of Representatives at Wellington.

"My Government is fully prepared to meet eventualities," said he. "These were not food riots but the work of a criminal element. Not a single grocery store or food shop has been looted."

Shouted Laborite John Holland, "If the



Foreign News—(Continued)

Government doesn't stop quibbling and help the unemployed, then what's happened so far is only the foretaste of what's going to happen!"

To keep the aftertaste from happening Auckland hastily swore in 1,200 special constables. Also two squadrons of the sharp-shooting Waikato Mounted Rifles arrived with a loud clomp-clomp to protect Queen Street. But suddenly on the second night the mob, swarming in from side streets, engulfed once more the inexperienced forces of Law & Order. Three more hours of rioting broke almost every Queen Street window while insurance men despaired. Even Auckland newshawks were staggered, reported that "members of the crowd cursed and swore the most fearful oaths."

When special constables, brandishing their new truncheons, closed in on a woe-begone looking man who was helping himself to purple neckties, part of the mob suddenly set up such a roar of "Leave that man alone!" that the special constables let him alone and he absconded publicly with the purple neckties.

Just about that time the Church of the Epiphany caught fire—a diversion which made every honest Auckland's blood boil. A lifetime of good works have been modestly performed (as all Auckland knows) by the beloved Pastor of the Church of Epiphany, Rev. Jasper Coldar. To the flaming church rushed every Auckland fire fighter, amateur and professional. Encouraged by Rev. Jasper Coldar they put most of his church out. Meanwhile the Mayor of Auckland announced a total of 300 arrested persons, 130 wounded and \$500,000 loss, and hurled his threat to "read the Riot Act."*

Bledisloe. Not the least perturbed by all these incidents was Lord Bledisloe, the Governor General of New Zealand. While Auckland's rioters were doing their worst, Lord Bledisloe calmly observed at Wellington, "It seems to me that I should accept a further diminution of my official honorarium, a diminution which would reduce the original sum of £7,500 by 45%. But I must stipulate that this diminution is not to apply to my successor. I also wish to say that I personally will not demur if one of the two official residences of the Governor General of New Zealand should be closed on the principle that such action is deemed to be in the interest of economy."

New Zealand, consisting chiefly of "North Island" and "South Island" (plus numerous small islands) was not occupied in Queen Victoria's name until a good many years after bold Englishmen had colonized it—not indeed until 1840 when

Her Young Majesty received secret information that unless the British Navy acted quickly King Louis Philippe of France would snatch it first.

Australians, whose continent is roughly the size of the U. S., affect a superior attitude toward New Zealand (which is only about the size of the British Isles), call it "Wobbly" because New Zealand has splendid hot springs, active volcanoes, frequent earth tremors.*

Chief New Zealand imports are motor cars & parts, mineral oils and store clothes; chief exports are butter, meat and wool. Thus Wobbly is primarily a ranching country and Wobblies are rightly proud of New Zealand white man's record of prospering without injury to his brown brother. In New Zealand and in New Zealand alone the Polynesian race is not dying out but slowly, steadily growing in numbers. The whole Dominion holds less than 1,500,000 human souls, less than one-fourth the population of New York City.

Proud of their valiant War record, New Zealanders boast that of the 84,000 men they sent to Gallipoli, the Western Front and Palestine only 341 submitted to being captured, 17,000 met death, 50,000 were wounded.

SPAIN

1st Birthday

Just at dusk last week, long snakelike strings of firecrackers pip-popped from the trees in the Retiro, Madrid's sprawling city park. Gaping crowds spread over the lawns to watch pinwheels swoosh round, rockets sizzle high into the sky. It was the eve of the first birthday of Spain's Republic, the anniversary of the day Alfonso XIII fled from his country. Airplanes dropped 50,000 little red, yellow and purple parachutes; there were gala football matches and bullfights. Pink with pleasure, tousle-haired President Niceto Alcalá Zamora reviewed 10,000 troops in the Castellana avenue, presided over a lunch to the diplomatic corps. He was too excited to remember to go to a broadcasting studio in time to speak to the Americas. Madrid crowds, ever anxious to go to bed, danced in the *Puerta del Sol* all night. The keynote speech was made by Premier Manuel Azana:

"Now that the Republic has resolved the important problems it found pending, it is going to occupy itself principally with invigorating the nation's economic life, using every resource to favor the circulation of capital and procure a renaissance of public riches." Next day many a Madrid editor accused President Alcalá Zamora of "living like a king" and "wasting public moneys." Mrs. Alcalá Zamora created a diversion by announcing she had picked up a "homeless waif," restored the waif publicly to his parents.

Subsidiary fiestas were held by the Spanish colonies in Mexico and Cuba. In

*Recent earthquake: Napier in February 1931, when every stone building in the city was shaken down, streams altered their courses along 80 miles of countryside, and land rose in some places as much as 50 feet.

Fontainebleau, Alfonso XIII & family spent the day playing golf, made no public remarks on the proceedings in Madrid.

Dirty People

Fascinated by the question whether Parisians are dirtier than the citizens of Madrid, that outspoken Spanish daily *La Voz* commented last week thus: "Curious statistics recently gathered in Paris show an average of only two and three-quarter baths per year per Parisian. Surely in Madrid the average is not so low! Yet we urge the bath strongly as a daily practice of cleanliness. The Greeks and the Romans bathed often but under Christianity, which demanded austerity and deprecated beauty, the bath certainly declined in some countries. The results were uncleanly habits with which too many Spaniards are unhappily still imbued."

POLAND

Serene Banking

Not to pay any dividends at all but to put the whole of their profits for the fiscal year 1931-32 into reserves was the unanimous decision last week of Poland's seven largest banks, including the Warsaw Discount Bank (Rothschild) and Warsaw Bank of Commerce (Harriman).

Not among the Big Seven is "the American Bank of Poland," founded by Swedish Ivar Kreuger, suicided Match King, unmasked cheat (see p. 53 and TIME, March 21 at seq.). Last week the Kreuger bank announced that only 60% of its depositors have withdrawn their accounts as a result of the Kreuger scandal. It had discharged only 50% of its staff and remained serenely open for further business.

RUSSIA

Snapshots & Salutes

Harrowing was the experience related last week by a young cameraman employed by *Soyuzfoto*, the State Photographic Trust. Assigned to picture Moscow's All-Union Industrial Academy, he had been ordered to "pick out and photograph some interesting student types." Boldly therefore the cameraman looked over both male and female students.

"You look interesting," he told a young woman who was bending over a retort, heating it gently with a darting Bunsen flame. "Just keep that pose and I'll snap you as you are."

Instead the young woman turned her back, sat down and began to write in her notebook.

"I'm from *Soyuzfoto*, you know," persisted the cameraman importantly, "and I have my orders. If you please now, Comrade Student, resume your pose."

Furious, flushing darkly, the Comrade Student slammed shut her notebook, jumped up and left the classroom. Whispered another student to the cameraman whose importance instantly collapsed. "Get out, Comrade Photographer, and get out quick! Don't you know she's Mrs. Stalin?"

*Text as read in Great Britain, preferably after a flourish of trumpets:

"Our Sovereign Lord the King chargeth and commandeth all persons being assembled immediately to disperse themselves, and peaceably to depart to their habitations, or to their lawful business, upon the pains contained in an act of King George [1] for preventing tumult and riotous assembly.—God save the King."

Should the official reading of the Riot Act omit the words "God save the King" through forgetfulness or evil intent, the Riot Act is then of no legal effect and must be read again properly.

Foreign News—(Continued)

Most Russians have never seen either Mrs. Stalin or her picture (TIME, April 11). The Soviet Press has not printed her name (Nadya Allilueva). When she married Dictator Stalin 13 years ago that fact was neither published in Russia nor discovered at the time by foreign newshawks in Moscow.

Soviet papers print no news of births, marriages or deaths—except on rare occasions when an illustrious Comrade dies. Last week all Moscow flew the Soviet mourning flag (red with a black border) and even Dictator Stalin turned out for the funeral of Professor Michael Nikolavitch Pokrovsky.

Unknown except to radicals, Professor Pokrovsky was mourned last week as "the leading historian of the Russian Revolution." Past an honor guard of Red cavalrymen with drawn sabres the professor's cremated ashes were borne to a niche cut in the Kremlin wall behind Lenin's Tomb, popped in and covered with a bronze tablet while Red soldiers fired a three-volley salute.

CHINA-JAPAN

Scholar, Simpleton & Inflation

Once again the helm of China's panicky Government was steadied last week by her "Scholar War Lord," the Great Marshal Wu Pei-fu.

Four years ago Marshal Wu went into the bleak, howling wilderness of Tibet (TIME, April, 16, 1928). There in a monastery perched on a mountain crag he composed a tome of Buddhist poems, painting each character daintily with his artful brush. This scholarly job done and his Fatherland being still stricken by famine, pestilence and war, sedate Scholar Wu buckled on again the sword of a Marshal, returned from lonely Tibet to overcrowded China and today looms prominently upon the scene. Equally to President Chiang Kai-shek of China and to Marshal Wu was addressed last week a most amazing telegram received at Shanghai from Manchuria's famed General Ma (TIME, Nov. 23). For more than 40 days, according to his telegram, General Ma has been double-crossing everyone with a skill and success unrivaled even among heathen Chinese.

Acclaimed as "China's Hero" when his troops offered the only serious resistance to Japanese occupation of Manchuria, General Ma swore to defend Tsitsihar "to the Death." He received thousands of dollars cabled to him by patriotic Chinese from all over the world. Then he fled before the Japanese advance and turned up as War Minister of "Independent Manchuria," the puppet state set up by Japan (TIME, March 21). Last week War Minister Ma did not send his telegram from Changchun, the puppet capital of Independent Manchuria. Instead he traveled to the remote Manchurian frontier city of Taheho, just across the Amur River from Soviet Russia. There, with a fine disregard of telegraph costs, he wired over 1,000 words to President Chiang and to Marshal Wu—words which amounted to a



Wide World

GENERAL MA & DUPES

Ma: "But now . . . I have crossed the river and burned my boat."

dignified Chinese horse laugh at Japan. Excerpts:

"It would have been unworthy of me to have died before China's lost lands were recovered. . . . By temporarily mingling with the Japanese, letting it appear that I had deserted my fatherland, I laid plans to recover our lost territory from Japan. During more than 40 days of contact with the Japanese I witnessed the events leading to the installation of the Japanese puppet government. . . . and learned all their secret plans for the annexation of Manchuria.

"General Honjo [Japanese Commander in Chief in Manchuria] told me that Japan was fully prepared to resist Russia in the north with the full strength of the Japanese army, and to resist America to the east with the full strength of the Japanese navy. All schemes and plans for defense against Japan's two major potential enemies have been worked out and are ready to be made immediately effective in case of necessity. . . .

"I, Ma Chan-shan, am a simple military man, ashamed of my ignorance. . . . All kinds of scandal have been heaped on my head. I have been patient with the betrayers of China, but now . . . I have crossed the river and burned my boat. I have no alternative except to fight the Japanese to the end. I trust that my fellow countrymen will now understand my true self."

Reds & Expansion. Simple and ignorant though General Ma may be in his own elaborate words, Japanese officials charged last week that he had fleeced Japan out of grants totaling \$3,000,000 gold when he rejoined the Chinese cause. That General Ma's telegram was genuine neither the Chinese Government (which published it as damaging to Japan) nor the Japanese Government doubted last week. Both publicly accepted it as authentic. But the Soviet Government after a four-day interval called the telegram false, the work of Japanese agents. This charge Moscow

seemed to be making to spike rumors that what General Ma had actually done was to join forces with Russia, accept fat Soviet bribes.

"It is idle to close our eyes," said the Japanese Foreign Office spokesman, "to the fact that Soviet Russia is displeased with what has happened in North Manchuria, which is considered in the Russian sphere of influence. We can understand their disappointment at seeing their domination in North Manchuria fading permanently. We certainly have no intention of attacking Soviet Russia and do not believe they are so rash as to challenge Japan."

In Japanese Army circles there was threatening War talk, based on reports that Russia had massed 70,000 Red Army soldiers near Vladivostok and more along her Manchurian frontier. Therefore more Japanese troops must be rushed into Manchuria—but how was the civilian Cabinet of Premier Ki Inukai to pay the cost? Japanese business has seldom been so bad. Silk, that leading Japanese export, slumped to a new low price last week. There remained only one more practicable move: "controlled inflation."

Such a policy is never trumpeted from house-tops. But Japanese knew what to expect when Finance Minister Korekiyo Takahashi issued this terse warning in a communiqué to the Japanese press: "The note issue will not be contracted below the present amount and may even be expanded."

Informally correspondents were told: "The most serious feature of the situation in Japan at present is the collapse of agricultural values, including that of raw silk, to a price level at which the farmers who make up half Japan's population simply cannot repay the bankers. The Government, conscious that the farmers are laboring under an unbearable load, hopes to lighten this burden by a devaluation of the yen, but how this is to be accomplished has not been decided."

A R T

Decorous Jubilee

... Who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?
—Macbeth, Act V, Scene 2.

This year U. S. painting has at last attained an international vogue. The opening of the Whitney Museum started it. Loan exhibitions of U. S. paintings are touring Europe. The Louvre has bought a Thomas Eakins. Famed French Critic Waldemar Georges wrote in surprise six months ago: "Why have we not seen these pictures before? ... Why do their young men keep swarming to Montparnasse?" For the first time the Venice Biennale Exhibition of Modern Art will have a permanent building for U. S. painting when it opens in June. Only last month the London *Times* started a movement to devote the next international show of the Royal Academy to U. S. painting. Canny New York dealers are hastily changing course, pushing French modernists aside to make way for native sons. Dinner hostesses are learning that they must consider Albert Ryder, Thomas Eakins and Winslow Homer greater men than Anglophile John Singer Sargent. Last week the Macbeth Gallery, which has fought longer and more persistently than any other for the recognition of U. S. art, celebrated its 40th anniversary with a decorous jubilee.

The Gallery does not claim to be the first to show U. S. painting. As early as 1873 Newman Emerson Montross set aside a room for it back of his Manhattan paint store, but the Macbeth Gallery was indisputably the first to sell nothing but U. S. art. William Macbeth, a quiet little Irishman with a soft brown beard, arrived in the U. S. in 1871 and entered the art firm of Frederick Keppel & Co. In 1892 he left to start his own gallery of U. S. art. It was a lean time for U. S. painters. Fifteen years earlier the magnificos of the Reconstruction Era used to pay \$10,000 to \$25,000 apiece for paintings of the Hudson River School. Founder Macbeth sold his first picture a Wyant, for \$750. He wrote 25 years later:

"I wish I felt at liberty to name the single family of many members, with separate homes whose early purchases bridged the narrow margin between success and failure." Last week his son, rotund Robert Macbeth, admitted that they were the Pratts of Long Island. Other important collectors were persuaded to buy U. S. art by soft-spoken William Macbeth: Miss Lizzie Bliss, Hotelman Edwin A. McAlpin, Hugh D. Auchincloss, Financier Stephen V. Harkness. Collector Emerson McMillan had such a passion for pictures that he used to come in with a little red notebook and demand:

"Macbeth, what have you got that's 14 inches high and 28 inches long. I've found a space where it will just fit."

After Collector McMillan's death, when his great collection was dispersed, several pictures were found with frames sawed in half so that he could squeeze them in.

The Macbeth Gallery gave first exhibitions to Homer Dodge Martin, Alexander Wyant, Robert Henri, George Luks, William Glackens, John Sloan, Ernest Lawson, dozens of others. William Macbeth's

greatest coup was his sponsorship of his funeral friend, the late great Arthur B. Davies. Sensitive Artist Davies had a studio right over the gallery, lunched with William Macbeth every day, used to bring his pictures down to exhibit before the



THE LATE WILLIAM MACBETH

Hostesses are learning. . . .

paint was dry, was always free to borrow all the cash in the till.

William Macbeth died in 1917, but the ideas, the blood of the Founder persist. The Gallery is now operated by his son Robert and his nephew Robert G. McIntyre, as a stronghold of workmanlike, conservative painting. Rotund Robert Macbeth will have no truck with modernists, publishes blasts against such violent fellows as Pablo Picasso.

U. S. Cash Flayed

Not long ago William Addison Dwiggins had a \$5 bill. He was appalled. After brooding many months, he published a book last week embracing all his criticisms of U. S. currency.*

Mr. Dwiggins had no fault to find with the U. S. fiscal system. It was only what the money looked like that enraged him. William Addison Dwiggins is a name highly honored by printers and publishers. Born in Chicago 48 years ago he went to Boston at the age of 21 and set up as a commercial artist. Fascinated by typography, he worked in Boston under the greatest type designer the U. S. has produced, Frederic William Goudy, and under one of the two greatest printers: Daniel Berkeley Updike of the Merrymont Press. (The other: Free Lance Bruce Rogers.) Typographer Dwiggins wrote the advertising agencies' Bible, *Layout in Advertising*. He has designed several beautiful type faces and for many years has been retained by famed Mergenthaler Linotype Co. as typographical consultant. His passion for fine handwriting caused him to found the Society of Calligraphers. He

still serves as its secretary under the pseudonym of Hermann Puterschein.

Typographer Dwiggins minces no words in his opinion of the design of U. S. paper currency:

"The paper money is a little better than the average trading-stamp, and a trifle inferior to the usual tobaccoist's rebate coupon. . . . The words are there and the letters are there—evidently graphic signs intended to convey a meaning—but they are inscribed in such a fashion and distributed in such a way that every effort of the mind to grasp their significance is frustrated. . . . And this document—this singular document—stands as the prime symbol of value in the infinite transactions of a great commercial nation. It is worth its face in gold, but, my God! what a face!"

He does not stop there. Taking a \$5 bill as typical of all U. S. engraved currency he condemns it on these counts:

1) The bill has no "reasonable structure."

2) The ellipse round the portrait of Lincoln is ugly, and "the branches of hay at the base of the ellipse are afraid to declare themselves either as hay, or as branches. . . ."

3) Discussing the nest of acanthus leaves round the fat figure 5 in the corners he writes: "No merest tyro in the draughting-room of a wall-paper plant that catered to the Wisconsin Scandinavian trade would be allowed to combine shapes in this brutal and reckless fashion." The 5 bothers him particularly. He reproduces its black bulk on one page followed for comparison by seven 5s from the fonts of celebrated designers. Overleaf is a little drawing of a fat harridan leaning against the Treasury's figure while a slender nymph stands by a modern 5 of Dwiggins design. Then he says:

"The practical mind will comment that there is no reason why an Arabic numeral needs to be graceful or good looking. There is no reason why a young female needs to be graceful or good looking—but we like them that way."

4) The Treasury seal, one of the three actuating signatures of the document, is illegible and canceled by the printed word FIVE.

5) "The outstanding 'use-fault' of the design is its failure to declare the amount in plain characters."

Let the Treasury Department consider Typographer Dwiggins merely a destructive critic he went further still. The back of the book is devoted to an explanation of what he would do about it with designs full size, printed in colors, for the currency



of the mythical Republic of Antipodes: a five crown note; a page of postage stamps; a new cancellation stamp; a design for printed stamped envelopes; a metered mail stamp; a page of internal revenue stamps for tobacco and cigars.

*TOWARDS A REFORM OF THE PAPER CURRENCY—Limited Editions Club—(\$5.84).

M U S I C

Metropolitan's Solution

Another season of opera, for weeks a matter of front-page concern in Manhattan, was definitely decided upon last week by the Metropolitan Opera Association. Since Depression started, aviation companies have cut their seat-prices, steamship berths are cheaper. The Metropolitan is attempting to solve its financial difficulties in the same fashion. Orchestra seats will cost \$7.15 as against \$8.25 this year. Seats in other parts of the house will be correspondingly cheaper.

The Metropolitan has also cut down on the length of the coming season—from 24 weeks to 16 weeks. A 25% decrease in salaries is expected to result from Impresario Giulio Gatti-Casazza's appeal to the company. With these changes the Metropolitan hopes to go on for a time giving opera in the old house. But last week Board Chairman Paul Drennan Cravath strongly indicated that the company would eventually move to Rockefeller Center.

Baltimore last week was cleaning up the Lyric Theatre preparatory to the Metropolitan's annual spring visit. Clevelanders were trying to earn tickets in an Ask-Me-About-Opera contest sponsored by the *Plain Dealer*. Rochester socialites were getting out their top-hats, arranging dinner parties for the one night (April 25) when the Metropolitan would come there with pretty Lily Pons, its leading attraction.

Specialist

When Eva Gauthier announces a song-recital she does not need to label her songs with the conventional "first time anywhere" in order to attract the musically alert. Fifteen years ago Eva Gauthier established a reputation as a sensitive purveyor of interesting, untried songs. At her debut in 1917 she sang the first Stravinsky songs ever sung in the U. S. In 1924 when skirts were at knee-length, she caused more talk by appearing in a subdued, trailing gown and singing the songs of an upstart named George Gershwin. More pigeon-plump now than when John Singer Sargent sketched her, she is back again giving U. S. concerts. Already she has sung in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Scranton. Last week, for the first time in five years, she gave a Manhattan recital.

Opera, the goal of nearly every young soprano, struck Eva Gauthier early as being too limited, too inflexible a goal for her. She was the daughter of an explorer and astronomer, French Canadian Louis Gauthier. Her uncle was Sir Wilfred Laurier, Canada's first French-Canadian Premier.

Sir Wilfred helped finance Eva Gauthier's musical education. She went to Europe. Intelligence and imagination helped her make much of a voice neither opulent nor particularly wide of range. She married a Dutchman (since divorced), went to Java to live. In Java she acquired her liking for Batik gowns and heavy oriental jewelry which seemed to go with her shiny black hair, her curious, slow-spreading smile. When she arrived in the U. S., she added Javanese folk music to her repertoire.

Songs from Java, jazz songs, songs so old that no one else thought of singing them, songs so new that no one else quite dared to put them on a formal program—in all Eva Gauthier has introduced more than 700 songs. Last week's program was



EVA GAUTHIER

"First time anywhere" is unnecessary.

typically distinctive. Jean-Baptiste Lully, court musician to Louis XIV, was a classical beginning far off the beaten track. Then there was Gabriel Fauré, the Frenchman who transmitted his fragile, elusive style to the more popular Maurice Ravel. Every song had its mood subtly, surely conveyed. Toward the end a ghoulish piece by Modernist Alban Berg (*Wozzeck*) was done so effectively that a sudden wail which came from the audience struck people at first as an overtone which belonged there. But it was a listener taken with a fit of epilepsy.

Conductor's Portrait

If at the end of this season the Chicago Symphony does the unlikely thing it has threatened to do, passes out of existence (*TIME*, March 14), its history will be described largely by the efforts of two hard-working Germans: Conductor Theodore Thomas and Conductor Frederick Stock. Theodore Thomas, the Orchestra's founder, is commemorated by a tablet in Grant Park across the street from Orchestra Hall. Conductor Stock, Thomas' successor, presented *A Musical Self-Portrait* last week on what may prove to have been the Orchestra's next-to-last program.

Conductor Stock likes to describe his latest composition as "a musical taking stock" of himself. It places him rightly as a kindly, scholarly person more of the 19th Century than of the 20th. But Chicagoans who expected it to be an obvious revelation of a life story or of superficial traits were disappointed. It was abstract, idealistic music, touched only here & there with humor sounded by piccolos and the xylophone. Large, amiable Mrs. Stock once gave a homely word-portrait of the

Stock who likes to build furniture, tinker with electricity. After a particularly strenuous piece of conducting, when he was effusively mopping his brow, she leaned over to the next box, said, "Oh, my poor Frederick, he sweats so."

Alleymen's Show

Because Irvington House, a home on the Hudson for cardiac children, burned down two years ago and a new one is needed, Manhattan last week was treated to one of the best shows it has had in years. The evening started out like most expensive, long-winded benefits. Big, shambling Heywood Brown introduced famed playwrights and authors who stepped out on the platform, allowed the audience to look at them. Grover Whalen, the city's greatest handshaker, pompously read a paper describing the Cause and used all his superlatives to boost the talent which followed: Sopranos Evelyn Herbert and Hulda Lashanska (whose name Mr. Whalen could not pronounce), Violinist Francis MacMillen, Tenor Benjamin Gigli, Composer George Gershwin who carried along a lagging orchestra while he played the piano part of his *Rhapsody in Blue*.

But after the intermission Tin Pan Alley took over the show. The curtain went up, disclosed six grand pianos in a semicircle and a seventh in the centre. Two men were at each of the six pianos, ready to play 24 hands on. President Gene Buck of the American Society of Composers, Authors & Publishers had become master of ceremonies.

One by one President Buck introduced the twelve Tin Pan Alleymen. Then the Alleymen took turns at the piano in the centre to play one of their best known songs while the eleven other Alleymen and an orchestra joined in. The dressy audience in the new Waldorf-Astoria Ballroom could not contain itself. It managed to listen quietly to Percy Wenrich play "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet" and to Raymond Hubbell's "Poor Butterfly," Arthur Schwartz's "Dancing in the Dark." But when Gus Edwards started "School Days" it was too much for them. They all started singing. They sang "You're My Everything" with Harry Warren, "Charmaine" with Erno Rapee, "Body & Soul" with Johnnie Green, "I'll See You Again" with Noël Coward, "My Song" with Ray Henderson, "Of Thee I Sing" with George Gershwin, "Old Man River" with Jerome Kern. Through it all little Irving Berlin was flying all over his keyboard with the most elaborate gestures. But people sitting near him could see that he was playing in cinema fashion, not touching the keys. When his turn came to solo, his colleagues started to snicker. Red as an apple he went to the front, started to play "Alexander's Ragtime Band" like a ten-year-old child. The Alley, of course, has known all along that the composer of a thousand hits could not play the piano. F sharp is the only key he can manage at all but he has a sliding keyboard so that he can get the effect of playing in other keys. Irving Berlin creates his tunes by humming them. He sang "Alexander's Ragtime Band" in good Eddie Cantor fashion, after he had made a monkey of himself for Irvington House, walked away with the show.

M E D I C I N E

Improved Centrifuge

Last week *Science* (weekly) published a brief paper entitled: "A Method for Washing Corpuscles in Suspension." The paper was signed "C. A. Lindbergh, Division of Experimental Surgery, Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research." Accompanying it was a neat drawing, minutely signed "C. A. Lindbergh 2/15/32," of an improved centrifuge.

For several months it has been a Rockefeller Institute secret that Dr. Alexis Carrel, famed Nobel laureate, had enlisted Col. Charles Augustus Lindbergh's aid in his researches on tissue culture and the transplantation of organs. Although Col. Lindbergh dealt with few at the Institute, peeping typists recognized the tall, fair-haired young man.

In the Lindbergh centrifuge the reservoir for blood is a conical chamber resembling an ocarina. Piercing the butt end and extending almost to the apex is a thin tube with an adjustable inlet. By means of the inlet arm the "ocarina" is fixed horizontally to a vertical reservoir of replacement fluid. As the machine rotates and produces a centrifugal force up to 650 times gravity, the corpuscles settle out of the blood. Replacement fluid flows into the "ocarina" chamber, dilutes the original fluid which flows off through a vent. In a first test of 15 minutes Col. Lindbergh demonstrated that only a fraction of 1% of the original fluid remained in the "ocarina," that the remaining, washed corpuscles were uninjured and available for Dr. Carrel's study.

The kidnapping of his baby interrupted Col. Lindbergh's efforts to improve a pump which Dr. Carrel uses to drive fluids through vital organs removed from laboratory animals.

Close friends of Col. Lindbergh were not surprised by his sally into invention. They realize that he studied mechanical engineering at the University of Wisconsin for a year and half (1920-Feb. 1922); that he is an active trustee of the Wilmer Foundation (eye research) and thus has contact with Johns Hopkins University. He is also a trustee of St. Luke's International Medical Centre in Tokyo.

"Palmar Qui Meruit Ferat"

Dr. Howard Atwood Kelly, famed Baltimore surgeon, gynecologist and roentgenologist, having passed 74 and being about to round out his 75th year in the practice of medicine, has been combing his memory for injustices to his fellow men. He found two. One is 37 years old, the other 47. Last week he presented them at the confessional of U. S. Medicine, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and prayed forgiveness.

Sin No. 1. "To the best of my recollection I had been using the knee-chest posture for rectal examinations over a considerable period and later noted that [the late J. Marion] Sims had once casually mentioned his use of it also. . . . The occasion of my writing this is that about this time [1895] I secured . . . an excellent

publication by Walter J. Otis of Boston entitled [in translation] 'Anatomical Examination of the Human Rectum and a New Method of Proctoscopy.' Dr. Kelly "for a long time intended to make this belated acknowledgment, giving [Dr. Otis] full credit of priority in this important method of examination, which in all fairness should be called by his name."

Sin No. 2. "I operated on a Mrs. Thompson, a widow, aged 42, who had an enormous ovarian tumor. . . . The great mass of tumor filled a sizable wash tub, close by the rude table on which the patient lay in her poor dwelling. The tapping of the sacculi and the bleeding caused considerable soiling of the abdominal contents, and water was used freely from a pitcher to cleanse the abdominal viscera. After all was over, we sent across the street for the steeldays belonging to



Keystone

DR. HOWARD ATWOOD KELLY

He yielded a posture, remembered a pitcher.

a butcher in the Kensington market [Philadelphia]. The whole multilobular cystic mass with the accumulated fluids tipped the scales at 132 pounds. As soon as the weighing was completed, a nurse dumped everything down a privy well. The tub weighed 16 pounds, leaving a weight of 116 pounds (52.6 Kg.) for the tumor. It has occurred to me many times since writing that report in trying to recall all the circumstances that due allowance was not made for the fluid used in irrigating the abdomen, and that the weight stated, therefore, cannot hold and should not be cited as 116 pounds net but left indeterminate."

Before affixing his neat signature to this confession, Dr. Kelly added a rubric: *Palmar qui meruit ferat.* ("Let him bear the palm who has deserved it.")

Hunting out such picaresque errors is characteristic of Dr. Kelly. He has two great virtues—exactness and versatility. He was one of the Four Doctors of Johns

Hopkins Medical School,* has been emeritus professor of gynecology since 1919. He continues as consulting-gynecologist at Johns Hopkins Hospital. Next to his home in Eutaw Place, Baltimore, is his hospital for radiological work. Besides several books he has written about 500 technical papers having chiefly to do with gynecology and other abdominal subjects. In June his latest work will be published: *Electro-surgery*. With the collaboration of Dr. Grant Eben Ward, assistant in clinical surgery at Johns Hopkins, he is recording his long experience with the electric knife in operations dealing with the skin, nose, throat, chest, abdomen, genito-urinary system, central nervous system.

Apart from his medical work, he is a naturalist of repute. A favorite apothegm: "I love to study nature because I find on all her open pages the signature of the Creator, my Father." An Episcopalian, he last year accepted a trusteeship in William Jennings Bryan University at Dayton, Tenn., because like the Great Commoner he is "a thoroughgoing believer in the special creation of Man." He also advocates Prohibition. He once took a five-foot grey & yellow king snake before a Congressional Committee to startle them into approving the creation of Everglades National Park at the southwest tip of Florida. The king snake was his library pet. His current aversion is Birth Control, his pet foe Mrs. Margaret Sanger.

Broken Bones

Four thousand Yale rats had their legs broken so that Dr. Samuel Clark Harvey, professor of surgery, could learn how broken bones mend. Last week he presented a summary of his study. On a normal diet the rats' legs show some strength the sixth day after the break. Strength increases rapidly until the 15th day, during which time calcium and phosphorus salts are deposited. Then for six days the new bone loses up to 30% of its strength. After the 21st day the bone again grows stronger, healthier, until completely healed.

An important observation has to do with diet while broken bones mend. If the diet lacks the necessary salts, the broken bone draws its material from the other bones of the body, weakens them.

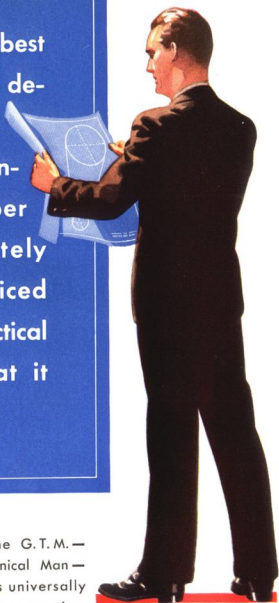
New Hormones

Dr. Adolf Butenandt of Göttingen crystallized the female sex hormone *theelin* a few months after Dr. Edward Adelbert Doisy of St. Louis had done so, thereby losing the scientific glory of priority. Last week Dr. Butenandt announced ahead of anyone else that he had crystallized the analogous masculine hormone. The new crystal yet lacks a name.

Theelin affects the female procreative apparatus. Two Parisians, Drs. André Girard and Georges Sandulesco, last week announced crystallization of two more female sex hormones with specific actions. Because these hormones came from the urine of pregnant mares, they were named *equiline* and *hippuline*.

*The others: William Henry Welch (who was 82 fortnight ago), the late Sir William Osler, the late William Stewart Halsted.

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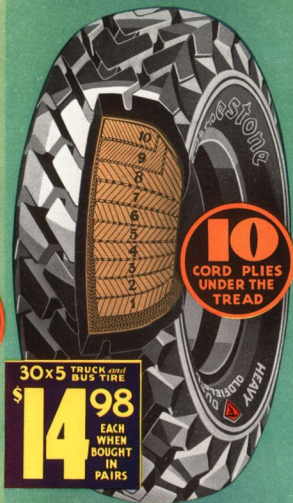
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C I N E M A

The New Pictures

So Big (Warner). Edna Ferber's Pulitzer Prize novel would have been a better

picture if its story had been told in a manner more pictorial, less bookish. Yet it is the best cinema in which Barbara Stanwyck has appeared to date. She is



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SHAVING CREAM

Selina Peake, whose father, a Chicago gambler, gets shot in the course of business. He leaves her with an expensive education, no money, a belief that "life is so much velvet."

In a community of cabbage-growing Dutch-American yokels where Selina goes to teach school, she finds the velvet worn thin. She marries a farmer. When he dies, she struggles to give her son advantages that eventually make him ashamed of her. Become almost a clod herself, she is finally powerless to show him why he should be working in an architect's office for \$35 a week instead of grubbing greedily in the stock market. Selina's only triumph comes, not from her son, but from an artist who, long before, had understood her assertion that cabbage-fields were beautiful. At the end of the picture she confides in him: "In all these years, I have done nothing."

Grand Hotel (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer).

Weekly payroll for this film:

| | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| John Barrymore | \$8,350 (estimated) |
| Greta Garbo | 6,500 |
| Wallace Beery | 3,500 |
| Lionel Barrymore | 2,500 |
| Joan Crawford | 2,250 |
| Lewis Stone | 750 |
| Jean Hersholt | 750 |

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has made more money in the last two years than any other important cinema company. This is doubtless due in part to Vice President & Producing Chief Irving Thalberg's "two star" system for feature pictures. *Grand Hotel* gave Producer Thalberg a chance to enlarge upon his system to an extent which other producers hoped would prove a *reductio ad absurdum*. The cast of *Grand Hotel* is the most celebrated, the most expensive in cinema history. It would surely have included other Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars (Norma Shearer,



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Clark Gable, Marie Dressler, Robert Montgomery, Marion Davies, Buster Keaton, Jackie Cooper, John Gilbert, Ramon Novarro) if there had been a few more rooms in the Grand Hotel.

As it is, the hotel is well filled. In one room lives a ballet-dancer (Greta Garbo) who is bored by her art and her existence. Conveniently near, so that he can filch her pearls, is an attractive and impoverished Baron (John Barrymore). In a corridor, the Baron makes friends with a pretty stenographer (Joan Crawford). She is waiting to take dictation from a disagreeable textile tycoon (Wallace Beery). The tycoon, named Preysing, is so engrossed in dishonest tricks to escape financial ruin that he fails to recognize one of his own clerks. The clerk (Lionel Barrymore) is incurably ill; he has come to the hotel to finish his last days in one burst of unaccustomed luxury. Also to be observed are a sententious doctor (Lewis Stone) with a burned face, a hall-porter (Jean Hersholt) whose wife is having a baby. The conflicting aims of these people and their proximity naturally lead to startling readjustments. The dancer and the Baron fall in love. The stenographer is attracted by the Baron too, but she agrees to take a trip with Preysing. Presently the Baron goes to Preysing's room to steal. The stenographer sees Preysing kill the Baron by smashing him over the head with a telephone. The clerk is the one who makes sure that Preysing is arrested for murder. The dancer leaves the hotel expecting to meet the Baron at the railroad station.

When Vicki Baum, who fortnight ago stated she would henceforth reside in the U. S. instead of Berlin, saw *Grand Hotel*, she had reason to be pleased with the adaptation of her play. Said she: "My admiration for Greta Garbo is unbounded. . . I see before me even now her tired, tragic face in the opening scenes and her extraordinary vivacity of expression and action as the happy Grusinskaya." It is a quick, sharp melodrama far superior to imitations of it already produced (*Transatlantic*, *Union Depot*, *Hotel Continental*). Edmund Goulding's direction is brilliant but the picture's greatest virtue, as it should be, is its acting. Garbo is less numb than usual and gives her best performance. John Barrymore makes the Baron a scapegrace so admirable as to be a larger blot upon the escutcheon of the Hays organization than six gangsters. Lionel Barrymore makes you believe that his collar is an inch too big for him. Good shot: the lobby of the Grand Hotel, looking down from a balcony on the sixth floor.

Destry Rides Again (Universal). Tom Mix rode a horse in the Spanish-American War long enough to get shot in the mouth. Subsequently he took minor roles in minor skirmishes with Chinese, Mexicans, Boers. For a time he served as a U. S. deputy marshal in Colorado. In 1910, when moving pictures were still flickering violently, he was offered \$150 a week to appear in Selig films. Followed, mostly for Fox, some 180 Wild Westers with 100 more or less leading ladies playing opposite him. Actor Mix retired from screen work in 1926, traveled abroad with his horse, re-

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| 5. Do you slow down at schools, crossings and dangerous intersections? | 10 — |
| 6. Do you signal to the car behind when you intend to change your course? | 10 — |
| 7. Do you know the feeling of having your car under control? | 10 — |
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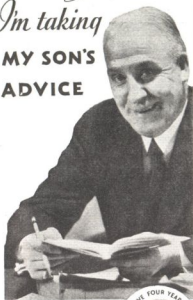


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turned to join Sells-Floto Circus at a salary reputedly \$15,000 per week. Besides his circus appearances, his news-worthy activities have since included getting divorced by Mrs. Victoria Forde Mix, who charged mental cruelty, "loudness in public," pistol twirling; getting sued for \$13,000 by one John Berress of Minneapolis, who charged that while drunk Mix grappled with him, shook a large fist; getting sued by Col. Zack T. Miller for alleged jumping of a contract with Miller's now defunct 101 Ranch Circus; nearly dying from peritonitis following an appendectomy; marrying one Mabel Hubbell Ward.

Whatever the vagaries of his private life, Mix's screen life has been impeccable. He has never been shown smoking, drunk, or disorderly beyond the usual rowdiness of a film-land cowboy. *Destry Rides Again* remains true to the Mix tradition. And if it were not the first of six Mix talking pictures which Universal is to produce, all preceded by loud publicity, one might suspect that Producer Carl Laemmle Jr. constructed *Destry Rides Again* with his tongue in his cheek. Containing all the old trappings of silent pre-War Westerns, with a main street, a saloon entitled "The Golden Girl," a stage coach hold-up, fast riding accompanied by studio clatter of horses' hoofs, it has the original plot about the hero running for sheriff, who is double-crossed by his supposed friends, with Right flourishing at the finish.

Tom Mix's comeback at 52 is not likely to excite anyone except small boys in the villages, where they give away 10¢ Mix cowboy hats to early comers at the show.

This is the Night (Paramount). It is possible that when Director Ernst Lubitsch was hesitating to sign his new contract, Paramount's production chiefs thought it might be expedient to have a second-string Lubitsch ready. Frank Tuttle certainly directed this one in the Lubitsch manner. He even uses a Lubitsch touch at the very beginning when a lady (Thelma Todd) gets her evening gown caught in the door of a limousine and the crowd on the sidewalk turns the incident into a song—"Madame Has Lost Her Dress." The song runs through the rest of the picture and helps to give it the light-hearted mood necessary to make an old plot seem fresh and more than one old joke seem funny.

What actually happens is unimportant. Roland Young, whose cinema career has been a succession of embarrassing situations, is this time embarrassed when, discovered with the lady who lost her dress by her husband, a javelin-thrower. A friend (Charles Ruggles) tries to help Young out by saying that he is married. Young is therefore forced to dig up a girl (Lily Damita) to pose as his wife. Both couples and the friend set off for Venice where, as anticipated, Young and Lily Damita are last seen drifting inseparably in a gondola. Even better than the idea of proving that Lubitsch is not imitable was the idea of teaming Ruggles and Young. A cloudy alcoholic petulance sometimes mars their friendship. Young says: "I will tear you down and put up an office building where you used to stand."

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EDUCATION

"Just Too Dirty"

"Politics as a career for college men" is a stock subject for freshman heelers to get signed articles on for undergraduate dailies. All freshman heelers were scooped by the April *Forum*, which contained a piece on "Young Men in Politics" by Connecticut's Governor Wilbur Lucius ("Uncle Toby") Cross, who used to be dean of Yale's graduate school. Are there any young men to compare with Thomas Jefferson (a William & Mary alumnus) or James Madison (Princeton) or Alexander Hamilton (Columbia), all of whom went early into public life? "There are some hopeful signs," said Governor Cross. "A number of gifted young college men, following the distinguished lead of Walter Lippmann, are exerting social and political pressure through editorial work in our dailies or weeklies. There is a sprinkling of them in our state legislatures and even in Congress." . . . The present situation is a still stronger challenge to robust American youth . . . to take the initiative, to make up their minds what our democracy needs, and to use all their educational equipment and organizing powers to get it. . . . I have no hesitation in saying to those who can stand a cold plunge: Come on in—the water's fine!"

Last fortnight the *Yale Daily News* politely declined Governor Cross's invitation. The *News* assured its readers that "the best men will stay out of politics. It's just too dirty."

"The most serious of menaces to American principles is the increasing abhorrence of educated young men for politics. Politics is no longer a decent profession. . . . When a government has fallen in the esti-

*In U. S. politics are many able young college-trained men. Not a few inherit their politics from famed kinfolk. Conspicuous is *Dwight Sinton Ingalls*, 33, Yale 1920, Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Aeronautics, grandnephew of the late William Howard Taft, who is now seeking to become Governor of Ohio. *Robert Marion ("Bob") LaFollette*, 37, fills his late father's seat in the Senate. He studied at the University of Wisconsin as did his brother *Philip Fox LaFollette*, 35, Governor of Wisconsin. *Pend John Koole*, 36, who studied at the University of Chicago, Luther College and the University of Minnesota, succeeded his father as U. S. Representative from Minnesota. *Jean Veronick ("Jerry") Hildesheim*, 26, Yale 1917, son of the ex-Senator from New York, is now a New York Assemblyman. A candidate for the New York State Senate in 1930 was *Alexander Hamilton*, then 27, Harvard 1925, nephew of John Pierpont Morgan, great-great-grandson of the first Secretary of the Treasury. *Frederic Reed Condit Jr.*, 34, Columbia 1918, longtime assistant U. S. Attorney, ran for New York District Attorney in 1929. *James Roosevelt*, 25, longtime Harvard student, son of New York's Governor, campaigns for his father in Massachusetts, is pledged to him as a Democratic delegate in Chicago next June.

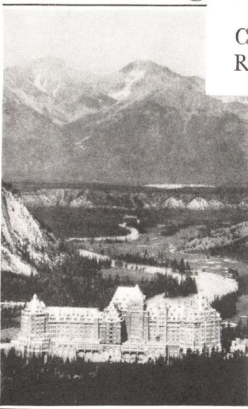
No political family are the Vanderbilts, but *William Henry Vanderbilt*, 50, longtime Princeton student, is president of the Rhode Island Senate. Last week *Jacques Simpson Jr.*, 22, son of Marshall Field's board chairman, was nominated for Congress in the Illinois Republican primaries (see p. 16). *Joseph Clark Baldwin III*, 35, Harvard 1920, New York Alderman from the 15th ("Silk Stocking") District, constitutes a unique minority on the Tammany Board. With *Lawyer Condit* (see above) and *Assemblyman Abbott Low Mafat*, 31, Harvard 1921, he is the younger element in the State Republican Party. A new, popular member of the U. S. House of Representatives is *Howard Malcolm ("Mac") Badger*, 38, of Nebraska, Yale, 1918.



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| 1000 Chamber Ave. CLEVELAND | 31 E. Jackson Blvd. CHICAGO | 1221 Washington Blvd. DETROIT | 412 Locust St. ST. LOUIS | 422 Market St. SAN FRANCISCO | 1200 Fourth Ave. LOS ANGELES | 1200 Fourth Ave. SEATTLE |

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mation of a people so that the finest and strongest people will not take part in it, that government is on the wane. The American Government is menaced by a very real, nation-wide disgust of this kind."

Other college dailies did not entirely agree with the *News*. Said the *Dartmouth*: "It is not politics . . . just some of the politicians. Some, not all." The *Michigan Daily*: "In general, we believe politics is too un-remunerative as a profession to be a field for the college graduate. The general attitude is one of disinterestedness. . . ." The University of Rochester *Campus*: ". . . Rochester men do not agree with the *Yale Daily News*. . . . College men should not quit because the task appears difficult." The *Penn State Collegian*: ". . . Before the undergraduate gets too critical, he should attempt to clear up a bit in his own backyard. Some of the methods used to get votes by fraternity cliques in many colleges would put the average politician to shame." The *Daily Princetonian*: ". . . Most undergraduates here recognize that politics need cleaning up, and a reasonable number have the desire to help in person. . . ."

Princeton, like a few other U. S. colleges, demonstrates its desire to help. Since the turn of the century Yale, Harvard, Amherst and Stanford have given to the U. S. presidency their Alumni Taft, Roosevelt, Coolidge and Hoover. But Princeton gave its own President Wilson. There is at Princeton a Woodrow Wilson Democratic Club. Last week it opened its "Model Democratic National Convention," whose rules, procedure and skeleton body of 100 delegates resemble closely those of the real convention which meets in June. Last week Freshman Edward F. Pritchard delivered the keynote address. He eulogized Woodrow Wilson and also said: "In 1924 it was 'Keep Cool with Coolidge,' but now we literally freeze to death with Hoover." After the key-noting the convention elected its permanent chairman. Patly, conveniently Democratic is Otis Theodore Wingo Jr., junior. His late father was Arkansas' long-time Representative. His mother, Effie Gene Locke Wingo, succeeded to the seat (*TIME*, Nov. 10, 1930). Last week Chairman Wingo settled down importantly to explain procedures to his convened delegates, appointed ten committees. Next week Princeton's Convention will draft a platform, the week after nominate its candidates.

At Washington & Lee University this week is to open the fifth "Mock Democratic Convention," in which every student takes part. In 1908 the convention picked William Jennings Bryan in advance of the regular convention. Because the nomination of Wilson in 1916 was an assured fact, the convention was Republican, chose Charles Evans Hughes. No convention was held in 1920. In 1924 John William Davis (W. & L. trustee) was chosen; in 1928 Alfred Emanuel Smith. Only wrong guess was in 1912 when the convention chose Judson Harmon. But students claimed they would have picked Wilson had the faculty allowed them sufficient extra time to break a deadlock. W. & L. looks forward to its presidential bickerings because a university holiday is always declared.



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I overheard
A conversation
At the CLUB,
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Said one,
And then I KNEW
He meant ZIP-SHAVE.
He LOOKS it, too,
With FACE so CLEAN—
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You know, with ZIP-SHAVE
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Get your GIANT tube today
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But remember, get ZIP-SHAVE.
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The NEW way
...painted and settled
the same day

Now-one day painting

... hang pictures the same day

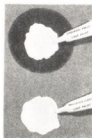
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Wallhide is totally different from other paints because it contains VITOLIZED OIL. It brings you painting results that are *impossible* with paints containing ordinary oil. It dries with

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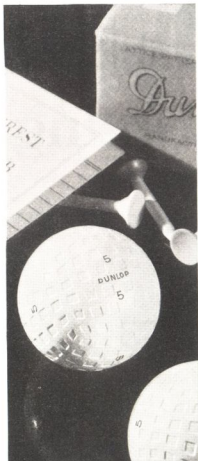
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IMPORTED
DUNLOP



MESH MOLDED... MAX MARKED

SPORT

Ping-Pong

If you asked Bobby Jones to play a round of midget-golf with a 25¢ putter, he might refuse but he would not be shocked. But if you asked Lo Wen-ching to play a game of table tennis, his small Chinese face, no longer inscrutable, would assume an appalled expression, as though you had insulted one of his ancestors. Lo Wen-ching comes from Peiping and he learned to play ping-pong at Tsing-Hua University. He, like other ping-pong players, hates mention of table tennis because so many people confuse it with ping-pong which is played with patented equipment, on a standard court, by standard rules.

Lo Wen-ching and 255 other able ping-pong players last week assembled in Manhattan for the second annual U. S. championship. The matches were played in the



International

PING-PONG CHAMPION CLARK

He came to play football.

grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria hotel. Among the 1,000 spectators was Bridge Expert Sidney Lenz, President of the American Ping-Pong Association, who 30 years ago introduced the full-hand grip, now used by almost all ping-pong players. Happily watching the matches from a lavish box was George Swinnerton Parker of Boston, decorated by a white goatee and a piqué evening waistcoat. He had donated the Parker cup, to be engraved with the name of the champion. Mr. Parker helped invent ping-pong. His firm, Parker Brothers, controls the U. S. rights to ping-pong and manufactures 640 other indoor games of which Mr. Parker personally invented more than 200.

For the early rounds, 16 ping-pong tables were set up in the Waldorf ballroom, with eight feet of free space behind each. Most of the contestants wore leather-soled shoes because rubber ones gripped the carpet and made it slide. They wore blue shirts, to improve the background. One S. A. Hamid, a Hindu, got his picture taken because he wore a picturesque beard, but he was soon beaten.

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Cyclone offers you protection without concealment, privacy without imprisonment—promises freedom from trespassing, pilfering and neighborhood pests. It guards your children and pets at play. It fits into the beauty of your landscaping...

There are so many ways Cyclone Fence can help to enrich home life we should like to send you our new illustrated booklet. It shows what others have done. Tells why Cyclone copper-steel Fence, heavily-galvanized, gives you additional years of service. Explains our erection service and our rigid guarantee of satisfaction. Be sure to have this booklet before you buy fence. Write for it now.



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Only 10% of the players used the old-fashioned pen-holder grip. Their rackets were faced with rubber, not sand or wood. The peculiar patter of the balls sounded like a storm of hollow hail, interrupted by happy squeals of "Good shot!" and "Beauty!" or disappointed grunts.

By the time he reached the quarter-finals, Lo Wen-ching was the favorite to win the championship. Then he was beaten by one of the smallest players in the tournament, Abraham Krakauer of New York University. Krakauer, an unseeded player whose entry had been accepted only when someone else withdrew, played Coleman Clark of Chicago in the final.

Clark, accustomed to the finest ping-pong room in the U. S. (at the Chicago Inter-Fraternity Club), is an investment banker with A. C. Allyn & Co. He used to be on the University of Chicago football team and was a tennis star in the Western Conference. The amazing speed and variety of his strokes—chops, drives, side-spins, baffling changes of pace—were too much for little Krakauer who stood well back from the table and played in a shrewd but more defensive style. When he began to make Clark miss his shots in the last game, it was too late to do any good. Clark had match & championship, 21-10, 21-13, 21-15.

What Killed Phar Lap

Had it been proven that the greatest horse in Australian turf history had died of poison soon after his arrival in the U. S., dark suspicions might have hung for years between U. S. and Australian sportsmen. Last week University of California pathologists finished their examination of the vitals of the late great Phar Lap ("Wink of the Sky"). They had, they reported, found traces of poison, probably some of the insecticide found on grass which the horse was known to have eaten (TIME, April 18). But they had found only two milligrams of arsenic, an amount so small that it should have been actually beneficial. They said Phar Lap had had stomach ulcers, died of acute indigestion which distended the muscles of his heart.

Phar Lap was buried last week in the horse cemetery of the Ed Perry Ranch at Menlo Park, Calif.

Who Won

❖ Dorothy Locke, 20, of Brooklyn, who started fencing four years ago to improve her health: the U. S. women's fencing championship. In the final round-robin, in Manhattan, she beat Marion Lloyd, champion in 1928 and 1931, 5-0-4, won all four of her other matches.

❖ Wilmer Allison of Austin, Tex., ninth ranking U. S. tennis player; the North & South championship; at Pinehurst, beating U. S. Champion Ellsworth Vines Jr. 3-6, 6-4, 7-5, 5-7, 6-1 in the final.

❖ The Navy crew, last year's intercollegiate winner at Poughkeepsie: its first race of the season; by one length from Princeton, on Lake Carnegie.

❖ Iavelle ("Buddy") Ensor, famed jockey of ten years ago now "coming back": the third race at the opening day of Jamaica, N. Y., racetrack; up on Mrs. D. Lowe's Chief's Troubadour.

WHAT A FOOL HE IS!



...careless of his GUMS and he has "pink tooth brush"!

IF YOU paid as little attention to your garden as you do to your gums—the weeds would have such a head-start on you that by the end of the summer they'd own the place!

There's this about gums: as a child, you had gums that were as firm and healthy as a cave-man's. If you'd been brought up on a cave-man's diet, you'd still have hard gums. But the foods of civilization are soft foods—and soft foods give the gums no stimulation.

That's why your gums have deteriorated into a flabby, touchy condition. That's why they're tender. That's why you have "pink tooth brush".

And "pink tooth brush" can lead to gingivitis, to pyorrhea, to Vincent's disease. It may even threaten sound teeth.

Check "pink tooth brush". Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. But every time, rub a little extra Ipana right into your gums. Don't rinse it away. The ziralol in Ipana—the toning agent—works more effectively if left on the gums.

It won't be more than a day or two before your teeth begin to look whiter and brighter. Before the first tube of Ipana is gone, your gums will be in much firmer shape. Keep on using Ipana with massage, and they'll stay firm and you won't have "pink tooth brush".

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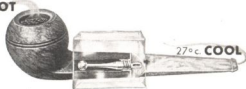
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Send for world's most complete book on pipes... shows 362 different pipes... actual size in full colors. Enclose 10c for mailing. Address Dept. T.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Baron Jozippie Paucci, vaudeville midget (height 37 in.); and Margaret Lane, diving beauty (height 5 ft. 8 in.), his estranged wife: a daughter; in Memphis. Weight: 5 lb. 11 oz. Said Baroness Paucci: "Yes, I love my husband. . . . That's why I married him. . . . We parted because we were jealous. . . . Women were always picking him up and telling him how cute he was. . . ."

Married. Beatrice Filbert, daughter of Vice Chairman of the Finance Committee William James Filbert of U. S. Steel Corp.; and one Giovanni Tenca, M.D., of Parma, Italy; in Manhattan.

Died. John Barnes Miller, 62, founder and board chairman of Southern California Edison Co. Ltd.; of blood-poisoning following influenza; in Los Angeles. A onetime planter, law student, steamboat operator, he became an employee of a small Los Angeles lighting company at 27, within five years merged 40 local utilities to form Southern California Edison. Under his direction it grew to have assets of \$375,000,000 in 1930, 110,000 stockholders.

Died. William Julius Harris, 64, senior Senator from Georgia; following an intestinal operation; in Washington. Prestigious as a banker, he became State Democratic chairman, managed Woodrow Wilson's Georgia campaign, was rewarded with the Directorship of the Census Bureau, later the chair of the Federal Trade Commission. Late in entering the Senatorial contest of 1918, he won over his two opponents when he produced a letter of endorsement from President Wilson. Enemies thereafter accused him of "riding to Washington on Woodrow Wilson's coat tails."

Died. Gamaliel Bradford, 68, biographer (*Damaged Souls*, *Darwin*, *The Quick & The Dead*); after lingering illness; in Wellesley Hills, Mass. Eighth in lineal descent from Governor William Bradford of Plymouth Colony, he termed himself a "psychographer." Critics called him "the U. S. Lytton Strachey." rated him less urbane and epigrammatic but more profound. An essayist and editorialist (for the *Boston Herald*), he said: "My biographical work is laborious and hard. . . . But plays and novels! It's easy and fun to write them. . . . That's what I've done year after year without much encouragement." Biographer Bradford, though sickly all his life, wrote several plays, eight novels, 2,000 poems.

Died. William John Burns, 70, sleuth, founder of Burns National Detective Agency, onetime director of the U. S. Bureau of Investigation ("Secret Service"); of heart disease; in Sarasota, Fla. Son of a Columbus, Ohio, police commissioner, he gained fame as an amateur detective on local cases, joined the Secret Service as a counterfeiting investigator. But it was Detective Burns's exposures of the Department of Interior's Oregon land

& lumber frauds during the Rooseveltian muckraking era, and of Boss Abe Ruef's corruption of San Francisco, that brought him to fame. With a handful of sawdust as his only clew he trapped the Brothers McNamara, later convicted for dynamiting the Los Angeles Times' Building. Convicted of complicity in contempt of court for jury-shadowing in the Sinclair-Fall trial in 1927 he was acquitted on appeal. He once said: "Private detectives as a class are the biggest lot of blackmailing thieves that ever went unwhipped of justice."

Died. George Curry, 70, last Territorial Governor of New Mexico and its onetime Congressman (1911-13); in Hillsboro, N. Mex. After his father was killed by Ku Klux Klansmen in Louisiana, he went to work on a cattle ranch in New Mexico, where also was employed onetime Secretary of the Interior Albert Bacon Fall. Congressman Curry later punched cows on Secretary Fall's ranch. After the demobilization of the Rough Riders, Curry went to the Philippines with a volunteer regiment, became first civil governor of the Province of Ambose Camarone.

Died. Charles Leavitt Edgar, 71, general manager (since 1890) and president (since 1900) of Edison Electric Illuminating Co. of Boston, onetime president of the National Electric Light Association; of pneumonia; in Atlantic City.

Died. Robert A. King, 72, song writer; of heart disease, immediately after hearing a radio broadcast of his last composition ("One Day in May"); in Manhattan. A writer of hits for 50 years, he sold five million copies of his waltz "Beautiful Ohio," written under the pseudonym Mary Earl.

Died. Julia Clifford Lathrop, 74, famed child-welfare worker; after a thyroidectomy; in Rockford, Ill. Daughter of Illinois' onetime Congressman William Lathrop, she was trained in Jane Addams' Hull House in Chicago, was long a member of the State Board of Charities. When President Taft set up the Federal Children's Bureau in 1912, she became the first woman head of a Government bureau, fostered it until 1921. Worker Lathrop fought for the recognition of illegitimate children, advocated U. S. statutes like Norway's. The National League of Women Voters selected her as one of the "twelve greatest living American women."

Died. Sir Patrick Geddes, 78, biologist, sociologist, philosopher, pioneer city planner; in MontPELLIER, France. Trained in biology under Thomas Huxley, he quickly achieved fame in his subject, then focused this knowledge on sociology. For the solution of social problems he labored to find a calculus as Leibnitz and Newton had found one to solve mathematical problems. Led by his environmental interpretation of evolution to college and town planning, he designed the Hebrew University building in Jerusalem, reconstructed the slums of Edinburgh, laid out Rabin-drath Tagore's university in Bengal. Correlator of the arts and sciences, he wrote *Evolution of Sex, Biology, Life*. His ablest U. S. disciple is Critic Lewis Mumford.

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THE hours of hand workmanship that go into these new Pierce-Arrow Twelves would be exceptional even in most of the more famous foreign cars.

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Yet, because Pierce-Arrow this year is buying its premium materials for less than in previous years, savings that scarcely seem possible are being passed on to the public in these incomparable creations.

You have only to see and drive a Pierce-Arrow Twelve to know that it has no competition in appearance or performance. Cold figures tell you there is no competing with its value!

A BRILLIANT NEW EIGHT

137" to 142" wheelbase—125 horsepower

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Fine precision operations were originated, for the most part—where motor cars are concerned—in the Pierce-Arrow plants at Buffalo, N. Y. For example: .0015 of an inch is the maximum allowance for backlash in the rear axle gears and pinions of Pierce-Arrow—indicating a degree of gear accuracy that is rare in automotive engineering.



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57



THAT matchless fresh flavor and inviting aroma you relish in Heinz Tomato Juice were instilled by months of summer sunshine.

Heinz helps Nature produce prize tomatoes by selecting choice seed, starting their growth in Heinz greenhouses and distributing the plants to growers. In turn, Heinz receives "pick of the crop" tomatoes for preparing Heinz Tomato Juice.

Picked, pressed, and packed within a few hours, the garden-fresh taste of Heinz Tomatoes is held for you the year round. Nothing is added but a tiny pinch of salt.

Serve pure, wholesome Heinz Tomato Juice regularly in your home. Your grocer sells it both in tin and glass containers.

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Ever eat a tomato right off the vine? . . . that's

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Tomato Juice

MISCELLANY

"Time brings all things."

Gravy

In Chicago, after paying \$32,500 of alimony in 13 years, Garfield J. Schieferstein, onetime rich realtor who lived "like a hermit in one of my vacant flats, with a bed and a chair as my only furniture," committed suicide. He left a note: "I leave this world because I have been ruined by my wife and the laws and courts that make the racket of alimony possible. . . . I had the grief and my wife had the gravy. Good-by, world, you are too much for me."

Depression

In Ludington, Mich., at a meeting of the county supervisors, Supervisor Karl L. Ashbacher interrupted, during a colleague's speech: "Supervisor Morse used the word 'Depression.' I demand he be fined \$1." Snapped smart Supervisor Ole Clines: "And you repeated the word, so let's have a dollar from you, too!"

Demonstration

In Detroit, while demonstrating to Chief Detective Frahm how his client shot a man, Attorney Allen W. Kent shot himself to death.

Humiliation

In Providence, because Barber Philip Reitano shaved off Francesco Mastrostefano's moustache, which had luxuriated "continuously and unclipped for . . . more than 47 years," Francesco Mastrostefano sued Barber Reitano for \$2,000. He alleged that Barber Reitano, "well knowing that said plaintiff did not wish the end of his said moustache cut, and wilfully and maliciously intending to cause said plaintiff disfigurement, humiliation, ridicule and mental and physical suffering and discomfort, did then and there with force and arms assault said plaintiff and laid hold of him and, placing a towel over his eyes to blindfold him, did . . . cut off both ends of his said moustache and closely crop same."

Misery

In Savannah, Elliot Mitchell bought a pair of second-foot shoes, had a misery when he put them on, probed into the toe of the tightest one, pulled out \$30 in bills.

Slips

In Brooklyn, Policeman Frank Wright spied a nocturnal prowler in his garden. He grabbed his pistol, rushed out of the house in his pajamas, took after the fleeing prowler, dropped him with a bullet in the ankle. "Well, you did it," said the wounded man as Policeman Wright glowered above him. A neighbor, Irving Katlin, the prowler said he was an insomniac. He had entered Policeman Wright's garden, which he had long admired, to soothe his sleeplessness. Policeman Wright, contrite, called an ambulance and said: "I'll give you some of my rose slips."

RELIGION

Methodists Kneel

Kneeling, bowing and chanting might seem abhorrently high church to many Methodists, especially to evangelical laymen. But last week Methodists were obliged to learn something about such ritual. After several years of study the Commission on Worship & Music of the Methodist Episcopal Church adopted & issued a revised order of worship, as authorized by the 1928 General Conference and approved by a considerable body of the clergy.

There are two orders of worship. The second differs mainly in length from the first, which goes as follows:

Let the people kneel or bow in silent prayer upon entering the Sanctuary.

Prelude (the people in devout meditation).

Call to worship, which may be said or sung.

Hymn.

Prayer (to be said by all, the people seated and bowed or kneeling).

Silent prayer—Words of Assurance—the Lord's Prayer.

The Anthem or Chant, which may be the *Venite* or *Te Deum*.

Responsive reading, followed by the *Gloria Patri* (the people standing).

Affirmation of Faith (the people standing).

Lesson from Old and New Testament Scriptures.

Prayer (the people seated and bowed, or kneeling).

Offertory.

Hymn (the people standing).

Sermon.

Prayer (the people seated and bowed, or kneeling).

Hymn or Doxology (the people standing).

Silent Prayer—Benediction (the people seated and bowed, or kneeling).

Postlude.

"A Little Too Far"

In Boston last week William Henry Cardinal O'Connell addressed, as "a Catholic citizen," the Guild of St. Apollonia. Said he: "The radio presents a new problem. There is a man in Florida or Michigan. I forget which,* who talks every Sunday afternoon. . . .

"The Catholic Church is a tremendously serious organization. . . . You cannot blow up the rich, laugh at the bankers . . . or utter demagogic talk to the poor in the name of the Church which is for rich and poor alike.

"This Sunday afternoon radio address has been stopped for the season. I am glad, as it had gone a little too far."

*Apparently a reference to round-faced father Charles E. Coughlin of the Detroit diocese, radio preacher, who last week presented himself before the House Ways & Means Committee to say: "To pay the Bonus will . . . put \$2,000,000,000 into . . . trade. . . . It will compel us to revalue the . . . dollar. . . . We have given the last transfusion . . . and soon we will have a corpse on our hands. . . . If we do not revalue the dollar legally—remember Russia . . . the French revolution . . . our own revolution of 1773!"



A pleasant dinner—an enjoyable show—and now for the grand finale! The liveliness demanded when hours grow small can be provided only by super-sparkling White Rock—the thirst cutting, energy giving beverage. Order White Rock when you are stepping out—serve White Rock when your friends step in! When ginger ale is in order, make it White Rock Pale Dry, the only ginger ale made with White Rock Mineral Water.



White Rock
The leading mineral water

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THE CAMERA FOR
SUPERIOR PICTURES



Do Dogs Smile?

Most certainly, says the Graflex Camera which has caught every bit of expression of this smiling pup.

Why not allow yourself the advantage of the simply-operated camera that ends all guesswork in focusing and shows—full picture size—every change of expression up to the instant of clicking the shutter!

In addition to showing, in advance, every detail of pose and expression on the Graflex ground glass, the super swift shutter speed made blurring from sudden movement impossible.



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DEPT. 26, ROCHESTER, N.Y.
Please send to name on
margin, booklet, "Why a
Graflex?"...concerning the
camera that takes guesswork
out of focusing.

A N I M A L S

Fertile Mule

Forlornly braying, the mule lives a life of toil, barren of love. For like many hybrids, the mule is sterile. So skeptical of the few reported cases of mule fertility is *Encyclopaedia Britannica* that it refuses to consider them authentic. But last week from Natal, South Africa, issued a report that appeared to have the stamp of authority. In a letter to *Nature* (British weekly), Ernest Warren of the Natal Museum reported the following "indisputable example of fertility in the mule":

"On November 24, 1924, a common mule on the farm of W. J. Kilian of Weenen, Natal, gave birth to a male foal. . . . The mule in question . . . is a typical mule in every way and has a considerable preponderance of the characteristics of the ass. . . . The foal grew rapidly and is now a reliable riding horse, practically indistinguishable from a pure horse. . . ."

"This year the same mule, which is about 15 years old, gave birth to a second male foal, and this foal was sired by a different stallion from that of the first foal. Thus, between the births of the two foals there has been an interval of seven years, although the mule has been repeatedly served. . . . It would seem as though South Africa were in some way favorable for mule fertility. . . ."

"Shocking Narrative"

Frenchmen and Belgians who buy their meat in shops identified by a great gilded horse's head would have been seriously upset last week to read an account which England's *Manchester Guardian* succinctly labelled "A Shocking Narrative." In England exists an International League Against the Export of Horses for Butchery. The *Guardian's* informant was a representative of this League who with a veterinary surgeon witnessed the landing in Havre of 77 worn out horses from the Argentine. They were so disturbed by what they saw that they followed the horses to Vaugirard, whence they were taken in wagons.

"The animals had been subject to privation for at least 29 days. Three died or were killed on the voyage. They were tied with their backs to the sea, and their hind quarters were covered with salt from the sea waves. Many of them were not shod. Most of them were lame, a few suffered from partial paralysis, several had been severely kicked and bitten, and two were little more than skeletons. Some of the horses were badly injured while being swung ashore, but they were beaten and pruned violently with sticks. We watched one man strike a horse 35 times. . . . At Vaugirard they arrived exhausted and in a deplorable condition. They had had no food or water for 50 hours. The Frenchmen said they must not have food or water for fear they got the gripes. All were lame when they reached the stables. These horses were consigned for butchering but they would not be fit to eat. They would be full of toxins produced by fatigue and by absorption from the bowels."

Over 73% of College Men prefer



and for good reasons

Paris Garters fit better, feel better, look better and wear better. These alert men know style, demand dependability and insist on their money's worth.

Important Paris features: The patented Paris Rubber Cushion Clasp—holds hose between "rubber and rubber"—prevents rips or runs. Steineeware Elastics used exclusively—treated with the special ANTI-OXIDANT Process, insuring long life.

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GARTERS

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new instructional

PLAYING CARDS

ONE-OVER-ONE SYSTEM, APPROACH
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Above systems as played by leading contract
bridge authorities.

They tell you how to bid and improve your game as you play. Engraved on the center of every card are clear instructions. New modern pipe and beautiful color back designs. For sale at leading dealers, or send \$1.00 (no-return system preferred) direct to BID-RITE PLAYING CARD CORP., 580 Fifth Avenue, New York.

PEOPLE

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

Wrote Secretary of State Stimson to **Richard Louis Sprague**, U. S. Consul at Gibraltar: "Hearty felicitations on the occasion of the completion of 100 years' service of the Sprague family as American Consul at Gibraltar. . . . There is no other such record. . . . Other Gibraltar Spragues: Horatio, Boston shipping merchant, who served 16 years; Horatio Jones, 53 years. The present Sprague has been Consul since 1901.

Six months ago **Jerome Dunstan** ("Jerry") Travers, U. S. amateur golf champion in 1907, 1908, 1912, 1913, U. S. open champion in 1915, sold his seat on the New York Cotton Exchange. With more time for golf, he found his game almost as good as of old, when he was famed for his putting and for playing a rusty old iron off the tee. Last week, like **Bobby Jones** and **George Von Elm**, Golfer Travers turned businessman golfer, announced himself willing to play exhibition matches for money but not to hire out as a professional teacher. His first exhibition, and first important match since his elimination in the first round of the 1919 amateur, is scheduled for next month at Upper Montclair, N. J. where he lives. His opponent will be U. S. Open Champion **Billy Burke**.

Rehearsing a fight scene last week, a professional pugilist forgot to pull his punches, knocked out Film Actor **James Dunn**, suspended work on the picture for two weeks.

In Tyler, Tex., **Alvin C. ("Titanic") Thompson**, notorious gambler, alleged participant in the poker game which led to the murder of **Arnold Rothstein**, shot and killed one **Jimmy Frederick**, 16-year-old golf caddy who had attempted to hold him up.

Plans were announced to undertake what Sir Ernest Shackleton once described as "the last great adventure in the history of South Polar exploration," the exploration of the 5,000,000 sq. mi. in the Antarctic Continent between the Ross Sea and the Weddell Sea, three-quarters of which has never been seen by man. Principals will be Explorer **Lincoln Ellsworth**, inactive in Arctic or Antarctic exploration since his friend **Ronald Amundsen** lost his life seeking General **Umberto Nobile** in May 1928, and Pilot **Bernt Balchen** (Byrd transatlantic and South Pole flights). The expedition plans to leave New York in September 1933, sail to a base at Framheim on the Bay of Whales, from there fly east without stop over a 1,450-mi. route, then back again, bisecting the Antarctic Continent. Purposes: 1) to determine topography and weather conditions; 2) to find out whether oceanic indentations continue trough-like, dividing the continent in two parts.

White-haired **Captain George Black**, Speaker of the Canadian House of Com-

YOU'LL SLEEP

INSTANTLY Tonight..This Drugless Way

8 Hours Sound Sleep Tonight . . . New Energy Tomorrow

HERE'S a way to get 8 full hours of sound sleep tonight—entirely without drugs.

It is a delicious food-drink that not only brings you restful sleep tonight—but, taken regularly, restores your natural tendency to sleep soundly every night.

Its unique properties rebuild your tissues while you sleep. In the morning you awaken clear eyed and fresh. Your nerves are vastly more calm.

For this discovery greatly multiplies your ability to recover from fatigue. And enables you to "come back" far more quickly when you're tired.

The name of this remarkable food-drink is *Ovaltine*. Originally discovered in Switzerland, it is now made in America according to the original Swiss formula.

How It Combats The

3 Causes of Sleeplessness

Probably the 3 most common causes of sleeplessness are: (1) brain congestion (2) digestive unrest (3) nervous irritability. Whether you suffer from one or from all three, *Ovaltine* brings you sleep.

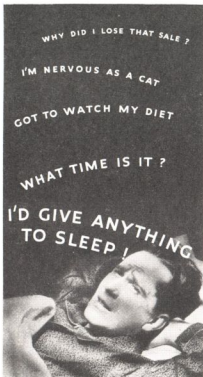
First: *Ovaltine*, when taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the head. And combats congestion in brain capillaries. So the mind is "conditioned" for sleep.

Second: *Ovaltine* corrects digestive unrest by gently stimulating and aiding digestive processes. And it contains a remarkable food property, called *diasase*, which has the power to digest the starch content of other foods in the stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs. And helps your stomach "rest."

Third: *Ovaltine* combats nervous irritability by supplying important calcium to the system under the most favorable conditions to promote calcium metabolism and provide favorable calcium balance in the blood. Phosphorus is supplied (in its food form—leithin), a vital element of nerve and brain tissue. A cup of *Ovaltine*, in fact, provides, in easily digested and rapidly assimilated form, the food elements necessary for rebuilding nerve, brain and muscle tissues while you sleep.

Begin Tonight

So say "goodbye" to sleepless nights. Get



NO NEED TO ENDURE NERVE
WRACKING HOURS OF THIS

acquainted with *Ovaltine* this very night—and see how quickly you sleep.

As you continue to take *Ovaltine*, note the permanent benefits it brings. Observe how quickly you fall asleep every night. See how resistance to fatigue is built up—how "staying power" multiplies.

That's why millions take it *night after night*, largely on physicians' advice.

But don't judge *Ovaltine* merely by what is claimed for it. Try it and see for yourself.

Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of *Ovaltine* today. You will sleep more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

NOTE: Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using *Ovaltine* to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—for nursing mothers and the aged.

897-R

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in U. S. A.
according to original Swiss formula

\$200 A MONTH



... and
plenty of time
to PLAY!

What the PROVIDENT PROVIDOR will do for you

It will pay:

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

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

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

A MONTHLY INCOME—Under certain conditions a guaranteed monthly income is payable in case of prolonged total disability. Furthermore, no premium deposits will be required during the course of such disability, and you will continue to receive the regular annual dividends under the policy.

WHETHER your objective is to accumulate funds for retirement in the happy years ahead, or just to obtain sound insurance protection and investment, you should know more about the Provident Provider. It is not offered to men over 55 or to women, as we have other policies and annuities more suitable to their needs. Just clip the coupon — if you are under 55.

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

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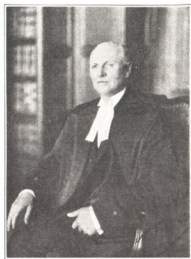
Home address _____

Business address _____

Date of birth _____

MONTH DAY YEAR TR 21

mons, looked out of his office window on Parliament Hill and saw some rabbits gnawing the tender bark of young evergreens recently planted. Captain Black is a man of action. He went into the Yukon in the gold rush of 1898, led a company of soursoups to France in the War, has represented the north country in the House since 1921. His constituency embraces 207,000 sq. mi., has 4,000 residents.



CANADA'S SPEAKER BLACK

He rid his realm of rabbits.

Two of his ribs were broken when he rolled down a mountainside in the Rockies under a gasoline flat-car. He once traveled 2,000 miles to defend Mark Zarkovitch, former private in his company, accused of killing a man in a knife fight in Jasper National Park. The Speaker of Canada's House looked at the rabbits, pulled a .22 calibre target pistol from his desk, stalked them cannily 'round the Houses of Parliament, killed six, returned to preside at a session.

To celebrate the 25th year of his accession to the throne the Maharaja Jamsahab of Nawanagar, Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes and champion cricketer of India, gave his weight in silver to the poor of his realm. Dressed in full ancestral armor and anointed with sacred water from the Himalayas, the Jamsahab weighed in at 174 lb. After the silver distribution, 20,000 poor were fed.

To celebrate the 157th anniversary of the Battle of Concord, Governor Joseph Buell Ely of Massachusetts went to Schenectady, impersonated an embattled farmer, fired a "shot heard round the world." In a broadcasting studio radio technicians wielded powder horn, ramrod and wadding, loaded a Revolutionary Brown Bess flintlock. At 7:30 a. m., hour when the Concord skirmish began, Governor Ely nervously pulled the trigger. It clicked ineffectively—an official fired a revolver. In 1/4 of a second the sound was flashed to Kootwijk, Holland, relayed to Bandung, Java, thence to Sydney, Australia and back to Schenectady.



"It always has stopped raining"

DURING an incessant downpour lasting several days the village philosopher was asked, "Do you think it will ever stop raining?" to which the venerable man of wisdom replied, "Well, it always has."

Meanwhile, the use of Old Ironsides Ledger for public and commercial records continues because it has always "stopped raining."

Old Ironsides Ledger is a high percentage clean, new rag content paper. The essential properties demanded of a paper to be used for permanent records will be found in this grade, not only those you see and feel but the intrinsic qualities—permanence, durability and resistance to discoloration.

Look for the "Old Ironsides" watermark in your record sheets. It is your guarantee that your printer or stationer has done you a valuable service.

GILBERT PAPER COMPANY
Menasha, Wisconsin

Old
IRONSIDES
Ledger



AERONAUTICS

Pan American Pushes On

From the map of his 22,000-mile Pan American Airways, able young President Juan Terry Trippe struck the last remaining legend of railway route last week. About his entire system, which coils like a python around South America, slithers across the islands of the Caribbean and flicks all Central America with its tail, a U. S. salesman can now hurry with never an hour lost on a train. For Pan American Airways Corp. (holding company for the system) announced the purchase of practically all of Cuba's air transport industry, the 14 airports, eleven planes, 850 miles of route, of *Compania Nacional Cubana de Aviacion, S. A.* Though *Compania Nacional* will be operated as an independent unit, its personnel kept intact (largely as balm to Cuban national feeling), it will be co-ordinated with Pan American's three trunk lines. North-bound passengers from Barranquilla and Jamaica can change at Cienfuegos to plane instead of train for Havana.

Only the week prior President Trippe had struck another railroad legend from his map of the world's biggest air transport system. Planes had begun to drone in regular service from Vera Cruz, low on the Gulf of Mexico, up to Mexico City, following the old route of Conquistador Cortes, of General Winfield Scott and his U. S. Army.

From Paris, where he discussed interconnections with French Aeropostale for its mail delivered by boat across the South Atlantic from French Africa to Natal, Brazil on the Pan American System, unerring President Trippe flew last week to London to ponder a mail route (with Imperial Airways) from the U. S. to Europe via Bermuda and the Azores.

Pan American was also making news last fortnight far in the North. It announced that its summer service from Boston to Halifax would this year be extended, if mail contracts are forthcoming, to turbulent St. Johns, Newfoundland. Co-operating with Transamerican Airlines Corp. (operating between Cleveland and Chicago), Pan American will push surveys and preliminary research this summer in a drive to span the Atlantic by way of Greenland, Iceland, the Faeroes and Shetland Islands to England and the Continent. Last summer Pilot Parker Cramer was drowned in the Atlantic as he was completing an experimental flight over this route.

Last fortnight Denmark refused Transamerican Airlines concessions for bases on its Eskimo colony, Greenland (TIME, April 18). That this implied a breakdown of the project was denied by company officials; negotiations would be continued, they said. But the Parliament of the Kingdom of Iceland (whose king is big King Christian X of Denmark) did not refuse to grant a 75-year franchise to Transamerican when Judge Gudmundur Grimson of Rugby, N. Dak., who in 1930 represented his State at the millennial of the founding of the Icelandic parliament, intervened. Judge Grimson went to Copenhagen to plead with the King of Denmark and of Iceland.



Sad news for the dog. Great news for those who want fence protection.

You can now provide a safe play yard for your youngsters; make your property trespasser-proof; obtain that desired privacy and security with Anchor Fence Protection and pay for it out of income.

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Please, send FREE CATALOG describing
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Within the bulb is illustrated a gravity tester for determining filament strength, one of the many devices used experimentally to find ways to improve our product.



PERFORMANCE is More Important than PRICE

This is about a 200-watt MAZDA lamp, so commonly used in industry today . . .

Considering its present price . . . current cost for 1000-hour burning and the increased efficiency of the 1932 lamp over the 1921 product, the consumer now gets \$3.98 more light for his money from a single lamp than he did ten years ago.

Only one thing has made possible this startling increase in the amount of light at a substantial saving in cost . . . That thing is the research and development work which has been applied to MAZDA lamps, and on which General Electric spends more than a million dollars a year.

The best guide you have, when buying lamps, is the trade mark of a manufacturer in whom you have confidence.

And remember, General Electric engineers are at your service to help you plan lighting on an efficient, economical basis. General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

PRESS

Lindberghiana

Police Commissioner Mulrooney of New York was surrounded by newshawks one day last week. The Commissioner was trying to quash the report that Col. Lindbergh had been hoaxed, had paid the \$50,000 ransom to some interloper. His point was that the payee had identified himself by a code token identical with that contained in the original ransom note found in the baby's nursery.

"But," argued the newshawks, "did no one else see that ransom note? Could no one else have known the code?"

With great reluctance Commissioner Mulrooney admitted officially for the first time: "I know that many persons have seen that note."

This admission was taken by newsmen as confirmation of a persistent report: that a complete description of the ransom note and its code marks lies jealously guarded in the morgues of all Hearst-papers. It is an old story now that within a day or two of the kidnapping, a staff member of Hearst's Chicago *American* telephoned to Hopewell, N. J., got the New Jersey police on the wire, and posed as the Chicago Chief of Police, got a minute description of the ransom note. But the Lindbergh attorney, Col. Breckinridge, got wind of the scoop, successfully argued Hearstmen into secrecy.

Scoop. Revealed last week were the facts behind the only published scoop in seven weeks of this biggest story in modern journalism: the discovery that a ransom had been paid. On Saturday morning, April 9, 27-year-old Henry Gwinnell Coit, city staff writer for the Newark *Evening News*, was cashing a check at his bank. The teller seemed excited. "Did you hear about the list?" he asked Coit.

"What list?"

A list of the serial numbers of \$5, \$10, and \$20 bills we're to look out for, sent by the Federal Treasury to every bank in the country.

"Anything in it?"

"We totaled them out of curiosity. They add up to \$50,000."

Quick-fired questions at the cashier strengthened Coit's suspicion that the \$50,000 was the Lindbergh ransom money. Managing Editor Arthur Sinnott got in touch with Hopewell, where the story was confirmed with "deep disappointment," in time to get a flying edition of the Newark *Evening News* on the streets by 12:30 p. m.

Shortly afterward Col. Lindbergh called to ask that the story be played down. Newark's *News* played it down. The Associated Press* withheld the story at Col. Lindbergh's request—as did other

*Associated Press last week corrected Time's report of the A. P. handling of the ransom money flash (TIME, April 18): "Your story charges that we picked this up and transmitted it to the nation. That statement is absolutely false. Colonel Lindbergh called the Associated Press first, and asked our advice as to what might be done. We volunteered to prevent the transmission of this story over our wires to points outside of New York, and we killed the story on the New York City circuit. It was after Colonel Lindbergh talked with us and agreed upon a policy that he called the other agencies. . . ."

news services, and all Manhattan dailies except the tabloid *Daily News*, ever a gadfly to Col. Lindbergh. When he learned of the *Daily News's* action, Col. Lindbergh issued a general release and all later Sunday editions had the story. The Treasury numbers on the ransom money occupied more than 18 half-columns in the New York Times. "An amazing typographical spectacle," Editor & Publisher called it.

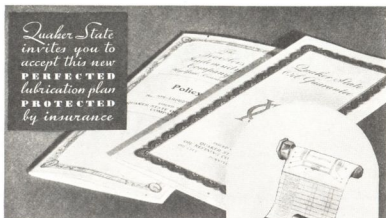
Hush. A phase of the case where the New York *Daily News* did co-operate with Col. Lindbergh was revealed last week by Editor & Publisher. Weeks before news of the famed "Jafsie" negotiations leaked out among other newspapers, both The Bronx *Home News* and the *Daily News* knew the whole story. In deference to Col. Lindbergh The Bronx *Home News* withheld its beat. The *Daily News* was asked to do likewise, in a most remarkable way: Col. Breckinridge and J. P. Morgan asked Thomas Lamont to ask Col. Robert McCormick, publisher of the Chicago *Tribune* and partner of Publisher Joseph Medill Patterson of the *News*. When Captain Patterson learned of the request, he said the matter was entirely up to his managing editor, Frank Hause. The story never came out.

Five-Cent Foam

Because five cents used to be the price of a good glass of beer and because there are more loose nickels than dimes in present-day pockets, Editor Warren B. Cody chose that price last week for his new magazine *Beer*. No dilly-dallyer, *Beer* goes straight to the point: the cover shows an unmistakable glass of foaming lager on a red background. Its slogan shouts WE WANT BEER! Its publishers are housed in the same building with the New York headquarters of the We Want Beer Association Inc. A score of thirsty articles and beer-slopped cartoons attend a similar need of quenching.

Gleaners v. Employers

Accustomed as tabloid readers are to seeing Sunday magazine articles enriched by reproductions of classic paintings—often of Eves and Bathshebas nuder than *Follies* beauties—readers of last Sunday's New York *Mirror* magazine section blinked in bewilderment at the fertile genius of the make-up man who had coined Painter Jean François Millet's famed "Gleaners" with an article by Kathleen Norris. Substance of Author Norris' article was a complaint that employers are unfair to married women, fill jobs with unmarried women. "Idleness," pleaded the writer, "and the lack of means of self-expression is one of the great evils of woman's lot. The thought that she will have to content herself with arranging flowers, ordering meals, with bridge and beauty-parlor and matinee, is a serious deterrent to marriage. . . ." The *Mirror* editor inserted a reproduction of "The Gleaners," showing three peasant women at the back-breaking task of gathering the grain left by the reapers. He captioned it: ". . . Masterpiece by François Millet, depicts the kind of work that many employers seem to think women should confine themselves to, instead of taking men's jobs. . . ."



Insured LUBRICATION

STARVED lubrication steals from you the built-in mileage and power you pay for. Undernourish your car's vital parts, slump on oil and grease and soon the soft purr changes to annoying rattles; smooth, surging power fades to half-hearted transportation.

You cannot test lubrication by sight, touch or taste. The experiment is made in your car and you pay for your own mistakes.

Are you confused by a multitude of claims? Then here is an end to doubts. Surely oils and greases good enough to insure are best for your car.

For many years millions of motorists have insisted on Quaker State, with its "extra quart of lubrication in every gallon." Now a new, sensible reason is winning more millions to this super-refined Motor Oil, for Quaker State offers to users its Insured Lubrication Guarantee, backed up by insurance in The Travelers Indemnity Company of Hartford, Conn.

Study the proposition at the right. No other refiner goes as far to prove his claims. Lubrication to you may be a trifle. But it can be an expensive trifle if you neglect it. Actual field surveys reveal that it costs America's motorists millions of dollars annually for burned-out and prematurely worn bearings, as a result of faulty lubrication.

Accept this unique offer. Change to Quaker State and equip your car with "Roll-o-Miles." See your Quaker State dealer or mail the coupon today.



Listen in on coast-to-coast broadcast of QUAKER STATE'S CAREFREE PROGRAM—learn about Quaker State's unusual offering.

THE QUAKER STATEMENT THE LUBRICANTS

- 1 - Perfected motor oils and greases to meet full requirements of all seasons for each part of every make of car.
- 2 - Motor oil made from 100% Pennsylvania crude oil: so pure it does not require acid treatment which lessens an oil's illness.
- 3 - By costly, extra refining processes, Quaker State removes the quart of thin, useless oil of little or no lubricating value—which remains in every gallon of ordinary motor oil—and replaces this waste with a quart of rich, full-bodied lubricant. Four full quarts of genuine, heat-resisting lubrication in every gallon.

THE PROPOSITION

- 1 - Because your car will not operate without oil and grease, you face a choice of brands.
- 2 - Brands differ greatly in quality; we urge that you use Quaker State, but we do not attempt to prove its superiority by claims alone. Instead we say:
- 3 - If you will use only Quaker State lubricants in your car, adopt the Quaker State Plan of Lubrication and equip your car with "Roll-o-Miles" at \$3.50, we will supply you with a One Year Guarantee insured in The Travelers Indemnity Company of Hartford, Conn., which agrees to pay the customary cost of repairing or replacing any burned out and insensitive bearings resulting from faulty or insufficient lubrication.

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OILS AND SUPERFINE GREASES

HOW TO GET Insured Lubrication

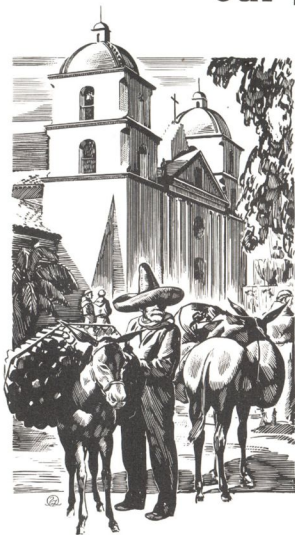
Check the coupon at right, either for immediate application or request for the booklet, "The Story of Insured Lubrication." Or go to any Quaker State dealer for full details.

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☐ As per your offer, I enclose \$1.50. (Duty and taxes extra in Canada.)
 Send me "Roll-o-Miles" and your FREE Insured Guarantee prepaid.

Name _____ Date _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____
 Make of Car _____ Year of Model _____
 Factory or Serial No. _____
 Brand of oil I am now using _____

Old Matias Reyes was our first competitor



Matias delivered burro-loads of wood to Santa Barbara homes in the eighties, when Pacific Lighting was starting to supplant wood stoves with gas ranges.

Almost half a century later, Pacific Lighting has 978,022 customers in more than 250 communities in eleven Southern California counties, including Los Angeles—the most rapidly growing section of America.

This entire period of unchanging management has been marked by consolidations of local utility companies (of which Pacific Lighting was originally one of the smallest) into larger and stronger groups that could meet the problems of management and engineering confronting a pioneer industry. Pacific Lighting is the final outgrowth of all these consolidations.

Its financial structure is entirely free of holding company bonds or debentures. Combined reserves of the Corporation and its operating companies stand at \$54,800,000. For thirty-eight years it has maintained dividends without interruption.

Good fortune also played its part, notably in the discovery of vast supplies of natural gas in numerous local oil fields, providing high-heat fuel at low rates and encouraging its universal use.

Natural gas is the ideal fuel for the climatic requirements of Southern California, and nearly every home uses it for cooking and heating. Industrial plants and other power-users burn it as a cheap steam-producing fuel. Pacific Lighting-gas-fired boilers generate electricity in its own power plants for its electric service in Los Angeles.

Pacific Lighting is offering no securities at the present time. This advertising is intended to establish a more general appreciation of the company's history, growth and balanced system of operation, as an economy in the distribution of future issues.

Pacific Lighting Corporation unifies the following companies for economy in operation and in the supplying of capital for their extensions and improvements:

LOS ANGELES GAS AND ELECTRIC CORP.
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA GAS COMPANY
SOUTHERN COUNTIES GAS COMPANY
SANTA MARIA GAS COMPANY
with investments in
PACIFIC GAS & ELECTRIC COMPANY
PACIFIC PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY

An illustrated descriptive booklet may be obtained by addressing Pacific Lighting Corporation, 700 Insurance Exchange Building, San Francisco.



..... ONE OF AMERICA'S OLDEST UTILITY GROUPS

BUSINESS & FINANCE

Bear Hunt

If President Richard Whitney of the New York Stock Exchange was surprised at being suddenly ordered to Washington by the Senate last fortnight, he did not show it. The Exchange's president must be prepared for all sorts of wild stories and charges, especially when the market is in a bad way.

But Mr. Whitney may well have been surprised, upon reaching Washington last week, to learn the origin of his hurry call. Senator Walcott of Connecticut had, it seemed, received a telegram from no less a personage than Publicist George Barr Baker, faithful friend and volunteer adviser of President Hoover, disclosing the imminence of a "billion-dollar bear raid." The Senate Committee on Banking & Currency, on which Senator Walcott, once a Wall Streeter himself (Bonbright & Co.), is the Administration's spokesman, wanted Mr. Whitney to get up a complete list of persons on the short side of the market, wanted to quiz Mr. Whitney on bear practices and the Stock Exchange's rules.

President Whitney, precise in dress and address, confronted the Senators coolly. On his watchchain they could perceive a small gold animal charm which was neither a bull nor a bear, but a pig.* He could perceive that the committee's special attorney, aggressive Claude Raymond Branch of Providence, was irritating to the Senators; that Chairman Norbeck of South Dakota was impatient, Senator Glass of Virginia sarcastic, Iowa's Smith Wildman Brookhart belligerent.

Mr. Whitney flatly denied, as he had often denied before, that professional bears had had anything to do with the decline in market prices. He said that the short interest decreased by 230,000 shares during the previous week, while the market level fell to a new bottom. A similar condition existed last October, he said. As to bear raiding, he simply said: "Our investigations have disclosed no bear raids." He suggested that the Federal Government had put the general public into the market by educating the people to a knowledge of securities through Liberty Loan drives, agreed that public officials had helped to sustain the 1926-29 inflation through bullish statements.

Mr. Whitney explained that the sale of a long stock is far more depressing than a short sale, pointed out that the Administration's reconstruction measures have given investors an opportunity to get out of the market. Small investors have increased during Depression, he said. Asked to what cause he attributed the slump in prices, he replied:

"Liquidation by frightened investors who are giving these United States of ours away."

Senator Couzens of Michigan: It has come to my attention that a broker may use his customer's stock to depress the value of that stock.

Mr. Whitney: Senator Couzens, I deny that. No broker may do that.

*A fancier of fine hogs, Mr. Whitney may perhaps wear his pig charm because of the old Wall Street saw: "A bull can make money, a bear can make money, but a pig never can."

Senator Couzens: Oh, don't be so innocent. How do you detect it?

Mr. Whitney: Our men check the brokerage offices.

Senator Brookhart: Do you think the rules you are constantly citing are enforced or evaded?

Senator Blaine: Maybe he thinks they are enforced better than the Prohibition law of the Federal Government.

Senator Brookhart: You brought this country to the greatest panic in history.

Mr. Whitney: We have brought this country, sir, to its standing in the world by speculation. You think you can affect the world by changing the rules of a stock exchange or board of trade?

Senator Brookhart: Yes, we can change them by abolishing the stock exchange



International

THE BIG BOARD'S WHITNEY

"You think you can affect the world by changing the rules?"

and board of trade, so far as speculation is concerned.

Mr. Whitney: And then the people of the United States will go to Canada and Europe to do those very things and pay their taxes there.

The meeting adjourned with Senator Glass wondering why Mr. Whitney had been called at all. Three days later Mr. Whitney told the Senate Finance Committee that the proposed $\frac{1}{4}$ of 1% tax on stock and $\frac{1}{4}$ of 1% on bonds might force his Exchange to close.

Back before the Banking & Currency committee, Mr. Whitney presented a list of 24,000 traders on April 8 (day before the "billion-dollar bear raid" was to have been staged). The committee began sorting out the short-sellers. Many of them bore "nationally known names" but Senator Walcott demurred against their publication. Said he: "You wouldn't print them if they were made public." Washington, realizing how glad the Administration would have been to catch some big Democratic bears, wondered if some big Republicans had been found in bear's clothing.

Shaken Empire (Cont'd)

Samuel Insull has not bothered to conceal a mild contempt for bankers. Last week the bankers had him, tied and bound, in their hands.

But what could they do with him? Perhaps nothing except to let him loose—"Biggest Man" in Chicago.

The center of Mr. Insull's power is the control of the gigantic utility companies supplying to Chicago and vicinity electricity, gas, street car and electric railroad, and other services. Never, of course, did Mr. Insull own more than a small fraction of these companies which grew to a combined size of over \$850,000,000. But he ruled them, a veritable tsar. He knew how to handle the public (partly by making his customers stockholders). He knew how to handle the politics. He knew how to handle bankers in the bull market days—simply ordered them to sell the securities he gave them.

But his only stock-control of Chicago's nervous system lay in two investment trusts which he formed at the height of the bull market. Into these trusts—Insull Utility Investments, Inc., and Corporation Securities Co.—he put all his own utility stocks. Not only Mr. Insull realized the strategic value of these Chicago properties. The small handle by which he exercised control was tempting to Cyrus Eaton's Continental Shares, which aggressively accumulated large blocks of the stocks. Other interests that might have merged their holdings also threatened the Insull kingdom. But using millions of the public's money and considerable banking accommodation, Mr. Insull's trust acquired a working control of the three giant operating companies, namely about 17% of Commonwealth Edison, 29% of Peoples Gas, 11% of Public Service of Northern Illinois, and 29% of Middle West Utilities, some of whose principal affiliates have important working arrangements with these Chicago companies.

As market conditions became worse & worse the temporary bank loans became fixtures. Last week, the common stocks of his trusts were practically worthless, and the notes and preferred stocks held by the public brought only nominal prices. What the trusts owed at the banks was barely equal to the market value of the utility stocks which they had put in the banks as collateral. So the two investment trusts, which had working control of Chicagoland's utilities, went into receivership. That was how the banks, principally the Chicago bankers, had got Insull.

If the bankers desire to put the tsar out of Commonwealth Edison, Peoples Gas and Public Service of Northern Illinois, they can, presumably, do so. But last week, as a "reorganization committee" was being formed, no one suggested that they would. Tsar Insull may have lost his entire personal fortune. But who could take his place as tsar in Chicago? No banker was looking for the job.

Also into receivership last week went **Middle West Utilities Company**. That was a different story. Middle West Utilities is the great nation-spanning owner of hundreds of power plants, mostly in little towns, as mapped in TIME April 18.

Chicago has been Insull's lightly-held kingdom. Middle West is the utility em-

pire sprawled somewhat shapelessly through 5,321 small cities and towns serving 6,000,000 people. It was acquired financially in the financially halcyon days. Mr. Insull could lose this village-empire and still be a great man if he controlled Chicago. But, again, it seemed that no one was prepared to take over the reins of power. That section of Middle West which lay, illogically, in New England and along the Atlantic, heavily involved with New York banks, might be taken away and attached to some large Eastern, possibly Morgan-sponsored, system. This was, however, stoutly denied last week. As for the midwest part of Middle West, stretching from Texas to Canada, the problem was to effect financial reorganization of the parent company without disturbing the profitable operation of all its 119 subsidiary parts.

For this task Federal Judge Walter C. Lindley in Chicago appointed as receivers: 1) Edward Nash Hurley, politico-businessman who once headed the U. S. Shipping Board and last month procured both Republican and Democratic conventions for Chicago; 2) Charles Alexander McCulloch, who recently bolstered the business of the late John R. Thompson one-arm-chair cafeterias; 3) Samuel Insull. When an objection against Mr. Insull's appointment was made, Judge Lindley exclaimed: "This company is Samuel Insull's own child. His appointment is not improper because if he were excluded the company would miss the benefit of his intimate knowledge of its affairs." He made each receiver post a \$100,000 bond and warned, "I expect an impartial administration of the assets of this company."

The only surprise in appointing Samuel Insull was that Samuel's brother Martin was not appointed. Brother Martin has been president of Middle West, and a great speech-maker up and down the Mississippi-Missouri Valley. Recently Samuel Insull Jr., smart son of a smart father, had been supplanting Uncle Martin in control of Middle West. Uncle Martin was out. Although Father Samuel would act officially as receiver, it was possible that Son Samuel would continue to be the practical cost-cutting manager of the sprawling empire.

What directly threw Middle West into receivership was \$40,000,000 unsecured notes in the hands of the public, the first \$10,000,000 of which would fall due June 1. Besides this obligation, Middle West owed the banks \$30,000,000. If bankers forced the receivership, it was New York bankers, not Chicagoans. Although the Chicago banks may have Mr. Insull's personal fate in their hands because of the receivership of the Insull trusts investment, it is strong New York banks which are owed most money by Middle West.

Reorganization is a long process. That Middle West could be reorganized without affecting a kilowatt in its 5,321 towns seemed altogether probable last week. Assuming moderate patience on the part of bankers, the various regional subsidiaries of Middle West seemed to be financially solid. The aforementioned Eastern division caused the most immediate concern.

Samuel Insull's heart was primarily in Chicago with the three giant operating companies which he had brought up from childhood. He issued a statement that they were unaffected by the gyrations of the

holding company securities. Their earnings were nearly as good as ever. The credit of Commonwealth Edison and Peoples Gas still stands high—have money in the bank, can easily refinance the millions of notes coming due. Public Service of Northern Illinois has less money in the bank but no one doubted its ability to get whatever money it needed at a reasonable price.

Thus, in the home town, the Insull achievement stood firm as billions of bulbs twinkled and millions of suppers were cooked. Squarely Samuel Insull faced his crisis late in life and at a time when he was preparing to take a large part in Chicago's Exposition celebrating 50 years of electric light. "My greatest ambition in life is to hand down my name as clean as I received it," he said. "It's just that. It isn't a question of money or anything else."

Successful Circle

TO OUR STOCKHOLDERS:

It is a sincere pleasure to submit this report covering the present condition of



Chas. F. Teetor

LOTHAIR TEETOR

... has every reason to be confident.

our company and our activities during the year 1931. ... We feel that you have every reason to be confident of our continued success.

Thus, two months ago, spoke a proud president—Charles N. Teetor, aged patriarch of the Teetors of Hagerstown, Ind. The company was Perfect Circle Co., greatest maker of piston rings for gasoline engines. Cause for pride were earnings of \$901,831, 48% better than in 1930, 35% (\$510) better than in record 1929.

Like many a successful manufacturing company, Perfect Circle had a hard time finding itself at first, which was towards the close of last century when Charles Teetor and a brother John began to make things in their Hagerstown barn. They made a hand car for railroads and in 1895 organized Railway Cycle Manufacturing Co. Later they began to make internal combustion engines and in 1914 the company became Teetor-Hartley Motor Co. Four years later they decided to specialize

NOTICE

Since all NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES are represented by bearer certificates, direct communication with holders is impossible. This notice is designed to reach holders of the original issue of NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES who for any reason have failed to receive the following information from their investment dealers.

HOLDERS OF NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES, 1953

(Original Issue) are entitled to a special preferential basis for exchanging their holdings through authorized dealers for the new issue, NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES, 1955 (Maximum Cumulation Type) and/or NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES, 1956 (Maximum Distribution Type).

EXCHANGE WARRANTS

Exchange Warrants evidencing the right to this preferential basis, together with complete information, are available without cost to holders of the Original Issue from any of the 1,600 investment houses and banks authorized to distribute NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES.

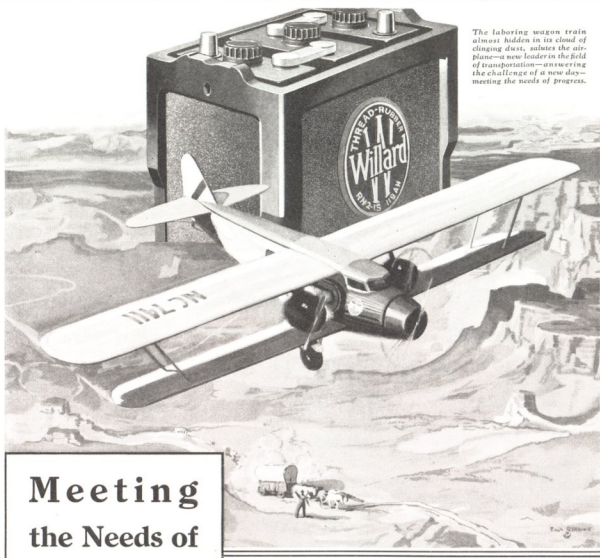
EXPIRATION DATE OF WARRANTS: MAY 15, 1932

Names of local authorized dealers will be supplied any holder of NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES on request.



DISTRIBUTORS GROUP, INCORPORATED

63 WALL STREET, NEW YORK



The laboring wagon train almost hidden in its cloud of clinging dust, salutes the airplane—a new leader in the field of transportation—answering the challenge of a new day—meeting the needs of progress.

Meeting the Needs of Progress

Willard, the pioneer, developed the Thread-Rubber Insulated Battery—a striking advance in efficiency. Improvements continued—in quality—design—materials—workmanship.

Today these batteries handle easily the increased load of heavier modern motors, extra lights, electrical accessories. They render almost a super service—more dependably—more consistently than ever before. They are a distinct economy in any car.

Willard

THREAD-RUBBER
BATTERIES

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

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY
COMPANY
Cleveland • Los Angeles • Toronto, Ont.

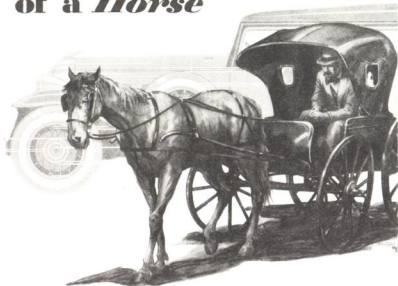
Thirty thousand friendly Willard dealers help you keep YOUR battery fit. Use them.

Storage Batteries for

QUICK STARTS . . . AND MANY OF THEM

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

You wouldn't expect it of a *Horse*



Why ask it of your old *Car*?

IT IS TRUE your car is inanimate but like the horse it can't go on working forever.

All the coaxing, priming, repairing and costly tinkering in the world can never make it what it used to be.

In balancing the family budget the automobile is one of the most important considerations. Mounting repair bills and unforeseen replacements often become extravagance—

So check up on your car, today. Compare its upkeep with the advantages of the latest model. Then investigate Commercial Credit Service—

Buying a new car on a Commercial Credit plan has often been found more economical than trying to make the old car a new car.

COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY COMMERCIAL BANKERS

HEADQUARTERS • BALTIMORE



WHEREVER YOU ARE • WHATEVER YOU MAKE,

SELL OR BUY • INVESTIGATE COMMERCIAL CREDIT SERVICE •

in piston rings and until 1928, when the present name was assumed, the company was Indiana Piston Ring Co.

The Teetors come of Pennsylvania Dutch stock and their frugality is legend in Indiana. The Teetor offices are in an old-fashioned frame house on the same block as the factory. Once a representative of a Manhattan investment house went to interview them and broke his pencil while taking notes. He threw it into a waste-paper basket whereupon a Teetor dived for it, remarking, "We can use this around here."

On the Perfect Circle directorate are Charles N., Ralph R., Lothair, Macy O., Dan C., Don H., Herman and John H. Teetor. In Hagerstown's population of 1,262 are many other Teetors. Practically all male Teetors work for the company.

In addition to Patriarch Charles N. Teetor, Lothair and Ralph are important in the company, vice presidents. In the old frame house Charles uses what used to be the parlor, Lothair the dining room, Ralph the kitchen.

Lothair, son of Charles, is 35, a graduate of University of Wisconsin. He shows his German ancestry in fat cheeks and a chubby body. He wishes he did not look so young. He has always been interested in the promotion of new business and persuaded the company to start national advertising, although the consumer does not directly buy the product. Last year Perfect Circle spent \$351,000 in advertising, this year it will spend more. The result has been increasing replacement business to offset the declining needs of manufacturers. Lothair takes a big interest in departments other than that of sales, is considered "the next-in-line-Teetor."

Ralph Teetor, Lothair's cousin, has been blind since boyhood. This did not prevent him from graduating from University of Pennsylvania with honors in engineering or from designing most of the company's patented machinery. Tall, gaunt, he spent the War years working in a shipyard. The ship company tried to persuade him to stay with them but he was loyal to piston rings and returned to Hagerstown. He is sensitive about his blindness, walks alone to work each day without a cane and often goes for a stroll through the factory.

Still confident, last week Perfect Circle was opening a plant in Toronto to avoid the 27½% tariff on piston rings.

Deals & Developments

Extensions. No moneylenders came to terms with Samuel Insull last week (see p. 49). But Electric Bond & Share was happy to announce that its subsidiaries, American & Foreign Power and United Gas Corp., had been given a one-year extension on bank loans of \$50,000,000 and \$21,000,000, respectively.

Bankrupt Tiffany. When U. S. homes were filled with Victorian furniture and knickknacks crowded every mantel, sure to be in evidence was a vase or two of "Tiffany Favrite Glass," heavy and iridescent. This glass was the invention of Louis Comfort Tiffany, son of the late Charles Lewis Tiffany who founded Manhattan's famed Tiffany & Co., jewelers, silversmiths & stationers. Although Glassman Tiffany is a vice president, assistant

treasurer and director of the jewel firm, painting and glasswork have been his chief interests.

Last week Louis Comfort Tiffany, 84 and feeble, lay ill abed, unwilling to discuss the voluntary bankruptcy of his glass company. It failed with listed assets of \$315,000 mostly in receivables and inventory, liabilities of \$481,000. Chief creditors are Mr. Tiffany himself (\$223,000) and Bankers Trust Co. (\$125,000).

Neighborly Suit. Strong old First National Bank did not crack and topple last autumn but the 54-year-old First National Bank building at Wall Street & Broadway did. Immediate cause was the excavating alongside First National for an addition to Bankers Trust Co. (TIME, Oct. 19, 1930). First National promptly moved to temporary quarters at No. 52 Wall, awaiting completion of a new \$2,000,000, 20-story building on the old site.

Last week came a repercussion of the toppling. First National Bank brought suit against neighborly Bankers Trust for \$881,500 damages.

Basar Kreuger

The Kreuger Scandal, already grown into one of the ugliest affairs in business history, last week increased in malignancy. At the time of Herr Kreuger's suicide it was suspected that there were "irregularities" in his books. By last week the "irregularities" had been disclosed as fraud of the worst type. Then came two disclosures which shattered the last vestige of admiration which could have attached itself to the late great maker of matches. Disclosure No. 1, coming with the arrest of three of Kreuger's associates, was that the "irregularities" were not born of falling markets and reverses but began in 1925. Disclosure No. 2 showed Kreuger in a scene that might have been taken from a common crook melodrama.

This scene occurred in 1931. Kreuger, failing to get a match monopoly in Italy, needed funds. From an Italian engraver he got copper plates that bore the likeness of an Italian Government bond. On a piece of paper he sketched the way he would like an English-worded statement printed. He furtively took the plates to a Stockholm printer. The printer, knowing Kreuger's affairs were vast, did not become suspicious when he was asked to print 42 bonds, each of £500,000 denomination. Kreuger took the counterfeits, forged on them the name of E. Drelli, gave them to his companies in return for good bonds upon which he could borrow. To anyone who became suspicious he would whisper that relations between France and Italy were strained, no mention of his big "loan" to Italy must be made.

Other developments during the week were: a charge that Kreuger supported a Stockholm Communist paper (as did many a Russian capitalist before the Revolution); an opinion that Sweden's high income taxes must be upped another 15% to make up for the loss of Kreuger & Toll's big payments. "Only the beginning" was the gloomy warning of the Government's newspaper, *Svenska Morgonbladet*: "The coming week will be one of the most nerve-wracking ever experienced by the Swedish nation."



Copper the latest safeguard in Bank Vault Construction

In hundreds of bank vaults throughout the country, the high heat conductivity of Copper has been utilized to provide the last word in protection. Thick plates of copper inserted in vault doors so quickly diffuse the heat of the cutting torch, that it is not practical to penetrate the vault by this means. In addition the ductility of copper renders the door more resistant to explosive force.

This ability to conduct heat at rapid rate accounts for the extensive use of copper and its alloys in radiators, condensers, evaporators and similar equipment.

Other properties of copper that account for the widespread use of this metal throughout industry are its high electrical conductivity, its resistance to corrosion,

its ductility and its resistance to fatigue.

Today special copper alloys are available which possess extremely high strength and resistance to fatigue, which can be readily welded or which can be machined at high speeds. Still other copper alloys are particularly suited to spinning, stamping and drawing operations.

Copper and its alloys not only contribute toward greater efficiency and economy in the processes of manufacture . . . but these attractive rust-proof metals also add to the appearance, the salability and the service of the finished article.

If you are faced with any question on the use of copper and its alloys, we would welcome the opportunity of working with you.

COPPER & BRASS
RESEARCH ASSOCIATION

25 Broadway, New York

TIME HAS PROVED THE SERVICE OF COPPER, BRASS AND BRONZE

Don't Risk Your Skin

Your eye can't tell the difference between a sharp blade and a dull one—but your skin can! Take no chances with blades that *look* like Gem Blades . . . Only the genuine Gem Micromatic Blade is made of thick, tough surgical steel. Only the genuine has an edge so keen that it *glides* away with that barbed-wire beard of yours. Only the genuine *stays* keen for shaves . . . and shaves . . . and shaves. Gem Micromatic is the *only* genuine blade for your old or new Gem Razor.



P. S. Investigate the New
Gem Micromatic Razor
—the first real shaving
invention in 20 years.
American Safety Razor Corp.
Brooklyn, N. Y.



PAT. NOS.
1,773,014
1,791,280

GEM MICROMATIC BLADES

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SCIENCE

Lamisilite

Peoples Gas Light & Coke Co., one of Samuel Insull's least troubled concerns (see p. 49), last week joined the parade of corporations getting into the "next big industry": air conditioning equipment. Dr. Robert G. Guthrie, chief metallurgist of the Chicago utility, announced the invention of a new chemical compound which he calls "lamisilite." "Lamisilite" is a silicate like silica gel (which certain new air conditioners use), quartz, opal, beryl, tourmaline, garnet, mica. Like silica gel, the new material is highly hygroscopic—absorbs moisture, dehumidifies air. The mother ore of "lamisilite" is a trade secret. Victor Chemical Co., who will make the material for the gas-operated conditioners, knows of large deposits in North and Central America, some in South America, Central Europe, Russia. The ore can now be bought for \$1 a ton and "lamisilite" produced at 50¢ per lb. Victor Chemical wants to control as much of the ore deposits as possible before the ton price gets out of its control. Peoples Gas Light & Coke expects to profit from the sale of gas.

The manufacture of air conditioners, humidifiers and coolers, entrains a number of industries: motors, fans, sheet metal, ice, pipes, radiators, silica gel, plumbing, gas, electricity. Several concerns have already assumed leadership in the industry: Carrier Engineering Corp., Newark, N. J.; Lewis Corp., Minneapolis; Doherty-Brehm, Chicago; A. C. Gilbert (toy-maker), New Haven; Frigidaire Corp., Dayton. Several are swinging in: York Ice Machinery Corp., York, Pa.; Western Tool & Mfg. Co., Springfield, Ohio; American Blower Corp., Detroit; Holland Furnace Co., Holland, Mich.; B. F. Sturtevant Co., Boston; Timken Silent Automatic Corp., Detroit.

At first the construction and installation of air conditioners was an expensive engineering feat indulged in by cinema "palaces," zoos, the U. S. Senate. Department stores quickly discerned an inducement to summer trade. Big department store installations include Hudson's in Detroit (a \$1,000,000 job); Kern's, also in Detroit; Abbott's, Tulsa; Ayres's, Indianapolis; Filene's, Boston; Macy's, Manhattan; Sanger's, Fort Worth; Smith-Kasson's, Cincinnati; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia.

Baltimore & Ohio R. R. filters, washes and cools air in trains between Manhattan and Washington, will soon put the equipment on its New York-Chicago diners. The Santa Fe has its trans-continental express diners air-conditioned. Pennsylvania has conditioned dining cars in service. The Chesapeake & Ohio this week installs a conditioner on its Washington-Ohio run.

This "next big industry" expects a billion-dollar market within five years. The widest market will be in small theatres, stores, offices, homes. Small portable humidifiers cost from \$15 to \$100. Air washers, humidifiers and blowers built as one unit average \$300 to \$500 installed. Mechanical refrigeration for cooling pushes the cost to about \$1,000.

BOOKS*

Twilighter

LIMITS AND RENEWALS—Rudyard Kipling—*Doubleday, Doran* (\$2.50).

Like a hoary ground hog looking for a shadow, Rudyard Kipling has again ventured from his Sussex lair. But either his spring is late or Mr. Kipling has passed to disembodied immortality and the twilight of the gods. No shadow falls. This first new fiction volume of Kipling in six years, a collection of 14 stories, 10 verses, conceals chiefly an aged emptiness. The stories are, of course, masterfully told, but they are not masterpieces.

A sample story is "Dayspring Mishandled," of how Manallace, "a darkish, slow northerner" meted out justice to an affected and belled person called Alured Castorley. They had worked together at a Fictional Supply Syndicate until Castorley inherited some money and withdrew from hack work to follow "Literature." Chaucer was his prey; soon all the world recognized Castorley as a Chaucerian authority. Manallace remained a hack. During the War they were thrown together again. Castorley said something about the woman Manallace loved, which inspired in Manallace a smoldering anger. Years later, when Castorley had become so prominent as an author on "our Dan" that the slightest jingle might pitch him into knighthood, a fragment of a hitherto unknown "Canterbury Tale" turns up in New York. Castorley is of course consulted. The lines he proclaims undoubtedly authentic: "Mangent as doom, my dear boy—look!"

*Ah Jesu-Moder, pitie my oe peyne
Daispringe mishandeelt cometh nat
agayne.*

"The freshness, the fun, the humanity, the fragrance of it all, cries itself as Dan Chaucer's work."

Castorley's words are printed all over the world. He becomes Sir Alured Castorley. Manallace grins, remains silent, helps Sir Alured prepare his major opus. Manallace's devilish plan has worked. Every single word of the Chaucer fragment was—you've guessed it—his very own.

Of the 10 verses, most noteworthy is a gibe at Hollywood and cinema, entitled "Naaman's Song." Excerpt:

*... here come hired youths and maids
that feign to love or sin
In tones like rusty razor-blades to tunes
like smitten tin. . .
And here is mock of faith and truth, for
children to behold;
And every door of ancient dirt reopened
to the old;
With every word that taints the speech,
and shone that weakens thought;*

*Kipling's *The Light That Failed* was produced by Paramount with Percy Marmont as Dick Heldar, in 1923. Poet Kipling visited Hollywood during the filming but had nothing to do with the direction. *Without Benefit of Clergy* was produced by Pathé in 1921 from a script on which Kipling was consulted in England.

*New books are news. Unless otherwise designated, all books reviewed in *TIME* were published within the fortnight. *TIME* readers may obtain any book of any U. S. publisher by sending check or money-order to cover regular retail price (\$5 if price is unknown, change to be remitted) to Ben Boswell of *TIME*, 135 East 42nd St., New York City.

*And Israel watcheth over each, and—
doth not watch for nought.*

Oliver Twist at Sea

Boy—James Hanley—*Knopf* (\$2.50).

Hardly 13, Arthur Fearon, a puny, whimpering, pinch-faced Liverpool school-boy, is brutally forced to work by a drunken father. His first job, bailing bilge water out of a filthy ship and chipping salt from the boilers, so sickens him that he crawls on to a tramp steamer, escapes as a stowaway. His life on the freighter is grim with the obscenities of shipmates from cook to bo's'n. Here is not the sea of Conrad, romantic with austerities, but a sea which has beaten its devotees into a coarse ritual. "What kind of world was it into which he had flung himself? All men sailing at sea seemed to be obsessed



Greenwood

JAMES HANLEY

His hero is smothered in a great coat.

with boys." Larkin, an officer, his own friend, warned him against the sea. "You must either give in or break away. In my 20 odd years at sea I have been disarmed and stripped naked by her. . . . It eats into the heart, it reduces the brain to a sort of pulp." At Alexandria, still only 13, Fearon watches a *caneen* dance, fascinated, repulsed, wavering. His return a day later results in his catching syphilis. He would drown himself, but he is too weak to leap overboard. The end comes when the captain himself, sympathetic, smothers him in his great coat.

The Author, James Hanley, latest White Hope of the intelligentsia, was born in Dublin in 1901, went to sea at the same age as his hero, 13. In 1916 he joined the army, returning to the sea after the War. Onetime stoker, cook, butcher, clerk, postman, Author Hanley knows the proletariat of which he writes. His writing

induces nausea in some readers—Hugh Walpole leading the hue & cry with a public shriek of horror—but causes in others a vehement banner-waving. Among the banner men are Thomas Edward Shaw (Col. Lawrence), Richard Aldington, John Cowper Powys. Laboriously punting upstream Author Hanley owes much of the success of his early efforts to the wake of Richard Aldington and Poet Robert Graves in his country, John Dos Passos and William Faulkner in the U. S.

Horsepower Humanized

BEHEMOTH—Eric Hodgins and F. Alexander Magoun—*Doubleday, Doran* (\$3.50).

This is a humanized history of power, culminating in today's giant-jowled, 214,000-h. p. turbo-alternators, sleek, 34-wheeled million-pound locomotives, 70,000-ton steamers, dynamic colossi of all sorts, not to mention the minutiae of 35 million automobiles. (Of all the power generated in the U. S., 75% comes from gasoline engines, most of them driving automobiles. Giant power stations contribute only 5% to the total.) Solicitous as a Teutonic guide conducting tourists through a museum of *Naturwissenschaften*, Authors Hodgins & Magoun speak in terms a child could comprehend, lead the simple by the hand through labyrinths of invention & discovery.

Good legends come from the groping faith of the powerseekers: in 1829 the South Carolina Railway turned hopefully to sail power to drive its locomotives, found it impossible, however, "to cross a railway conductor with a haddock fisherman." The trainmen, unskilled in reef points and weather main braces gave up when the first engine mast cracked after reaching a speed of 12 or 13 m. p. h. In 1824, one George Stephenson—improver of locomotives—went before the House of Lords to plead for a charter authorizing the use of steam locomotives in England. The Lords thundered a denial. What would become of fox-hunting? A frothy Lord asked the engineer how fast his locomotive would go. Stephenson, off his guard, guessed 12 m. p. h. Horrified, the Lords vetoed the plan. "England must be kept safe for travelers and serene for foxes."

Self-consciously unlearned, Messrs. Hodgins & Magoun avoid the philosophical pros & cons of the Machine Civilization. If, as they say, the economic pronouncements of Dr. Julius Klein often make them long for a world of spinning wheels, yet the medievalism of Ralph Adams Cram and others is just as likely "to drive them, sobbing, into the arms of Mr. Charles M. Schwab." They would, however, prefer to correct one false impression: that the power-seekers are materialists. For, "of the two great media of power, steam and electricity, one is imponderable and both are invisible." If the book has a fault it is this very emphasis on the poetic simplicity of inventors and the almost accidental zest with which they chance on millennium-making secrets. If these things be, it would come as no surprise to hear some day that Joe Cook, tampering with a circular saw, has accidentally solved the riddle of utilizing the gravitational pull of the moon and been given a research pension by General Electric.

T H E T H E A T R E



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New Plays in Manhattan

Foreign Affairs (by Paul Hervey Fox & George Tilton; Kamsler & Fuller, producers). A great many people admire the slick urbanity of Osgood Perkins; many more are titillated by the romantic comedy of Henry Hull; others like to watch Dorothy Gish purse her mouth. *Foreign Affairs*, with all three of these favorites in it, should therefore afford capital fun to playgoers in considerable numbers.

Scene is laid in an inn in the Italian Tyrol, whither two lovers (Miss Gish and Mr. Hull) have foregathered for a blissful

is thin. He appears to Matt and Denny, members of the lynching mob, forgives them for their crime, pleads for a better understanding between the races. This action so moves Matt, the real murderer of the girl, that he and Denny decide that he (Matt) should be hanged. This is finally done with the same old rope in the same old tree where the Negro died.

Take My Tip (by Nat N. Dorfman; Mack Hilliard, producer) is, of course, about the 1929 stockmarket crash. A not over-bright Connecticut householder has bet his shirt on something called Triplex



Vandamm

HULL, GISH & PERKINS

In spite of an onion sandwich. . .

fortnight. To their horror they discover that the lady's husband has become aware of his cuckoldry, is expected to arrive soon. Just ahead of him arrives the great Otto Zeigen, the Rumanian millionaire (Mr. Perkins). That gives the amorists their chance to trick the husband once again. Actress Gish sets out to ensnare Zeigen, Actor Hull tries to charm a kitchen maid (porcelain-faced Jean Arthur of the films). Neither has much success at first. Zeigen, it turns out, is a man of frugal habits. He is ready for an onion sandwich and bed. The kitchen maid does not think Actor Hull "very interesting." However, next morning, Zeigen gets and willingly takes the spousal wrath, settles with a check and departs with the irate husband. That leaves the lovers alone again, but not very blissful. In spite of the maid's initial unwillingness . . . in spite of Zeigen's onion sandwich. . .

The Tree (by Richard Maibaum; Ira Marion, producer). Ed and Denny and Matt are all in love with the same girl in a rural district "north of the Mason-Dixon Line." A happy blackamoor named David is found dancing and singing for the girl. He is wanted to stay away from her. The geography of *The Tree*, however, must not mislead you. There is a lynching. Victim is the Negro after the girl is found raped and slain. At this point this earnest play turns allegorical.

Back to earth comes David, not as David, to be sure, but as David's pious uncle. Since both parts are taken by the same actor (Thomas Mosely), the disguise

Oil and, sure enough, Triplex Oil takes a devastating tumble. Playwright Dorfman is not so sanguine as to have Triplex Oil ride the Connecticut punter and the play back to prosperity and happiness. That end of the comedy is taken care of by a machine, well "planted" in Act I, for engraving monograms on soap.

Revival

The Truth About Blayds (by A. A. Milne; Guthrie McClintic, producer). A revival of *The Truth About Blayds* after ten years is depressing. It reveals all the promise that Playwright Milne once showed. In 1921-22 three Milne plays were produced in the U. S.: *Blayds*, *The Great Broxopp* and delightful *Dover Road*. The first and last were thought of as works of considerable merit. They had principle, and although neither was written with incontestable consistency, each was written with undeniable brightness and charm. There is still lots of charm in *Blayds*, the tale of an eminent Victorian who lived to 90 amid plaudits for his immortal poetry. Unhappily for most of his family, who fed off his prestige and fortune, the nonagenarian divulged at the very end that his fame was due a dead comrade who had written the work and died young.

The part of Blayds's amanuensis-son-in-law is taken in the current production by Ernest Lawford, who carries off the memorable birthday scene with fine pomposity. *Blayds* should be witnessed if only to see how good Playwright Whimsy. Wimsy was before he had his attack of milne.

F L E E T W O O D



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