

# TIME

*The Weekly Newsmagazine*



*Wide World*

Volume XIX

**EDOUARD HERRIOT**  
*"America should let Europe alone!"*  
(See FOREIGN NEWS)

Number 20

We want  
you to  
**KNOW**  
which tire is  
best



THE PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY  
AND STAFF MEMBERS OF TEN LEADING  
UNIVERSITIES IN AN IMPARTIAL NATION-  
WIDE STUDY DETERMINED THE WEAR  
OF FOUR LEADING BRANDS OF TIRES

#### *Quick Details of the Nationwide Analysis*

**PURPOSE**—To determine scientifically the tread wear expectancy of the leading brands of those tire manufacturers who produce 78 per cent of the American output.

**MADE BY**—The Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory with the co-operation of ten leading universities.

**WHERE MADE**—In 83 towns and cities in all parts of the United States.

**HOW MADE**—From speedometer and instrument readings on tires in actual service on owners' cars.

**FIELD WORK**—Done under the supervision of engineer-

ing professors, each working independently in the various survey areas.

**COMPILATION**—Each engineering professor audited the data from his survey area before forwarding to the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory for final audit and compilation into the national finding.

**IMPARTIAL**—The United States Rubber Company had no hand in the analysis, had no knowledge of the results being obtained, accepted without question or alteration the audited findings of the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory.

It will pay you to see the nearest U. S. Tire dealer now and get complete details of this revolutionary investigation.

**United States Rubber Company**  
WORLD'S LARGEST  PRODUCER OF RUBBER

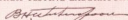
HERE ARE THE

*facts*

We have just completed a nationwide survey to determine the tread wear of the four leading makes of tires. We supervised the entire investigation and attest to the accuracy of the findings. With the tires showing the lowest mileage valued at 100, the tread wear values for the four makes of tires examined are:

Tire A	100
Tire B	100
Tire C	108
U. S. ROYAL	115

PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY

  
President

Copyright 1912, United States Rubber Co.

**U.S. TIRES**—built with **TEMPERED RUBBER**

# Keep TRACK of Antiseptics

*It will pay you to know about  
them in the day of need*

THE SCIENCE of antiseptics has advanced in great strides during the last few years. No longer do we ask of an antiseptic, "How strong can it be made in the bottle?" The modern question is, "How strong can it be used on the flesh?"

The old poisonous antiseptics were strong in the bottle, but they positively could not be used without diluting. Nor could they be left around the house, lest children should get their hands on them—*children who could not read the directions about diluting!*

Comparisons are odious, it is said, but this advertisement is going to make comparisons, and being a Zonite advertisement, it is going to talk about Zonite without any pre-tending or beating about the bush.

Zonite is the *only* antiseptic in America (unless there is a big secret somewhere!) which combines safety in use with great power to kill germs.

If you ask us to define "safety" we

**ZONITE**  
**POWERFUL**  
*as the poisons*  
**SAFE**  
*as pure water*



mean this: even if you used Zonite improperly it could not bring fatal results.

Then if you ask us to define "great power to kill germs," we mean this: out of the nine well-known safe and non-poisonous antiseptics on general sale, the nearest to Zonite in germicidal strength is only about *one-sixth* as effective!

Furthermore, Zonite is *far more powerful* than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed to touch the body.

In the face of these facts, can anyone blame a Zonite advertisement for being enthusiastic about the Great War Antiseptic? Use Zonite for mouth or throat or wherever the skin is broken. In bottles: 30¢, 60¢, \$1.00 at all drug stores. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

**Zonite**



THE WORLD WAR ANTISEPTIC

# THE WAGES OF LABOR . . .



*Invisible items swelling the deficit in housing are the racketeer and all his works, of which the defunct Mr. William J. Rooney, business agent of the Sheet Metal Workers' Chicago Union (here laid out) is one.*

*The May article is the fourth in FORTUNE's series on past failures and present opportunities in housing. Earlier articles have discussed the need of better housing at lower prices, the wastefulness of land promotion and home financing, and the failure of the housing industry to keep step with the development of improved production methods. Future articles will discuss city planning and the tax burden before suggesting concrete solutions for the problems posed.*

... in the building industry are not always paid to the laborer and are sometimes death

FORTUNE for May casts the balance of the building trades, reducing to comprehensible terms that curious economy of labor in which the job is a man's property, the union his corporation, the 40-hour week and the \$15-day his dividend check, the jurisdictional strike his law suit, and the slick young gangster with the bulge of a sawed-off shot gun underneath his coat sometimes his counsellor at law—that economy in which all the radicals are conservatives, all the strikes reactionary, and all the bombs as stable as a party vote.

## Fortune

FORTUNE IS NOT SOLD AT NEWSSTANDS :: THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS TEN DOLLARS THE YEAR :: ADDRESS CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT, 350 EAST 22ND STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

# THIS is the safest tire ever built

## JOIN THE SILVERTOWN SAFETY LEAGUE

Sign the Safe Driver's Pledge—follow the rules which have proved their ability to prevent accidents . . . The nearest Goodrich dealer will enroll you, and place the League emblem on your car—without charge.

*—yet it doesn't cost  
you one cent extra*

THREE years ago, Goodrich set out to build a tire which would more than meet the demands of the modern motorist—which would provide more safe mileage, a better grip on the road and greater protection against blow-outs—the *safest tire ever built*.

Then, before this tire was offered to the public, it was run over a million test-miles on cars of the Silver Fleet. It endured the most searching laboratory tests yet devised. It was *proved safest*. The diagrams below tell the complete story.

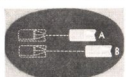
Yet you don't pay one cent more for this extra safety. The price is the same as that of any standard tire. *Standard price—super safety*—an irresistible combination! The result—25.9% more Silver-towns have been sold this year than in the same period last year.

Right now is the time to put on Safety Silvertowns all around. Then notice the difference in the performance of your car!



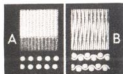
### 15% Thicker Tread

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 worn smooth—become unsafe.



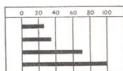
### Better Grip on the Road

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



### Greater Protection Against Blow-Outs

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 gives greater strength—prolongs tire life.



### Silence . . . Less Nerve Fatigue

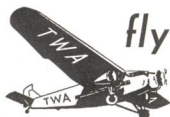
The electrical ear in the Burgess Laboratories proved the silence of Safety Silvertowns. Top line indicates silence of Silvertown Tire. Lower lines indicate operating noise of three other makes. Now, silence—less nerve fatigue.

# 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 • Soles • Heels • Hose • Belting • Packing • Molded and Hard Rubber Goods

## COMPLETE AIR SERVICE



The Lindbergh Line



Shortest  
Route  
Coast to Coast

Passengers  
Mail  
Express  
Freight

NEW YORK  
PHILADELPHIA  
HARRISBURG  
PITTSBURGH  
COLUMBUS  
DAYTON  
FORT WAYNE  
CHICAGO  
INDIANAPOLIS  
ST. LOUIS  
SPRINGFIELD  
KANSAS CITY  
WICHITA  
TULSA  
OKLAHOMA CITY  
AMARILLO  
ALBUQUERQUE  
WINSLOW  
LOS ANGELES  
SAN FRANCISCO

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STANDARD AIR-LINE OF THE WORLD

## L E T T E R S

## Believe or Not

Sirs: Believe it or not, Robert L. Ripley, creator of the "Believe It or Not" Series has just reached Sydney on the luxury liner *Mariposa*.

Ripley was delighted with Sydney Harbour. He was amazed to know that the Sydney Harbour Bridge is one of the biggest of its kind in the world. He was astonished when he saw the Laughing Jackass and found not a beast, but a bird that laughed at its own jokes.

He talked with Ornithologist A. H. Chisholm who told him about the Homer Bird, the bird which paints the inside of its nest. He was delighted with a luncheon which I hurriedly arranged, where he met Ministers of the State—men who were former speakers in the State House Assembly and the Federal Senate.

It took some persuasion to make him believe that some of the sheep out here wear shoes to protect their feet from the burrs. All these things interested Ripley, but the thing that grasped his interest and made his eyes sparkle, believe it or not, were two copies of *TIME* that I gave him—the first he had seen in Sydney.

GEORGE FITZPATRICK  
Superintendent  
New South Wales Community Hospital  
Sydney, Australia

## "Ditched, Dammed &amp; Drained"

Sirs: I read newspapers and periodicals every day of my life and I must say that I get information out of *TIME* which I find in no other publication. For instance the causes which led to Governor Roosevelt's being a cripple (*TIME*, Feb. 1).

I read in *TIME* where you said that Governor Murray of Oklahoma in a speech at Charlotte made use of an expression wherein Hoover was a great engineer for he had ditched, dammed and drained the whole country in the short time he has been president (*TIME*, Feb. 29).

The point is that Governor Murray used the expression as being original with him when it was to the contrary—and his audience didn't know any better. Since I read what Governor Murray had to say about Hoover, I have heard many prominent Democrats in political speeches pay their respects to the President in exactly the same words which Governor Murray used in his Charlotte speech. I don't know that the speakers tried to convey the impression that they were the authors of this bit of sarcasm thrown at Mr. Hoover, but I can say that every time the expression was used it brought down the house.

On more than one occasion, *TIME* has furnished me with information which I was unable to procure from any other source and so I am asking you to print the name of the author of this most excellent piece of Democratic thunder and the occasion on which it was used.

Burlington, N. C.

Up rose in the Senate on Dec. 10, 1930 Mississippi's Democratic Pat Harrison, arch-baiter of the G. O. P., to remark: "For the last 18 months Herbert Hoover has shown that he has not only ditched the United States but he has drained the whole world." The allegation was later expanded but Senator Harrison is credited

W. G. COX

with giving the phrase its first political currency. He took it from a constituent's letter. The letter has been lost; the constituent remains nameless.—Ed.

## Shanghai

Sirs: Allow me to congratulate you on the aide way you have reported on the situation obtaining here in my home-town of Shanghai. *TIME*'s version of this undeclared war has been much clearer than that of some of the prejudice-laden and propaganda-diffusing reportings of most of the local journals published in the English language. Chinese and Japanese publications need interest nobody who wish to see things as they are.

Being well acquainted with some of the relatives of retired Chinese Admiral Tai, I can tell you that C.-in-C. Tsai Ting-kai is no son of the said Admiral. As to the commander's alleged article of faith *re* "real poets" and "goose-steppers" I would advise you and your readers to take that with the proverbial pinch of salt.

JANG SUN

莊森

Shanghai, China

## College Men in Politics

Sirs: Your list of young college-trained men prominent in U. S. politics (*TIME*, April 25) overlooks Georgia's 14-year-old governor, Richard B. Russell Jr. Son of Georgia's Chief Justice Richard B. Russell Sr., he received his legal training in the State University, was a member of the House of Representatives at 23, its speaker *pro tem* at 25, its speaker at 27, and Georgia's youngest governor before his 34th birthday. He has reorganized the State government and balanced its budget. He is a candidate for the unexpired term of William J. Harris, deceased, as U. S. Senator from Georgia.

WRIGHT BRYAN

Atlanta, Ga.

Sirs:

Under the heading Education your latest issue, dated April 25, comments on Governor Cross's article in a recent issue of the *Forum* wherein he advises political careers for young men. I notice that your footnote omits mention of U. S. Senator Huey P. Long.

Inasmuch as you go to some trouble to point out that there are more than a few "young" college men in Congress, I feel that Senator Long, who is a Tulane University graduate and not yet 39 years of age, should surely be included.

PETER M. TAMBURO

Washington, D. C.

Sirs:

May I call your attention to your omission of one of Georgia's distinguished sons in your list of young men in politics (*TIME*, April 25), the youngest Congressman since Henry Clay—W. Carlton Mobley? He was elected to fill the unexpired term of Samuel J. Rutherford, late representative in U. S. House of Representatives.

LEGARE HILL OBER

Washington, D. C.

## "CURT, CLEAR, COMPLETE"

—and the Subscription price is \$5 yearly

ROY E. LARSEN, CIRCULATION MGR., *TIME*, INC.  
350 E. 22nd Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Please enter my subscription for *TIME*, for one year, and send me a bill (\$5; Foreign, \$7; Canada, \$8).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



# 70% OF YOUR INVESTMENT in any modern refrigerator is in the MECHANISM

**LOOK** to the mechanism. The mechanical unit of a refrigerator not only determines its life but what is even more important, the dependability of its service.

## NATURAL RADIATION

Heat rises. The General Electric's simple mechanism is placed *on top* to take advantage of this law of nature. Heat is drawn up and out of the cabinet and into the *uncovered* coils. Natural radiation dissipates this heat into the air. Only the General Electric employs this simple principle which eliminates the necessity of mechanical cooling devices.

Fifteen years were spent in developing the G-E

mechanism. Within the steel walls of the Monitor Top it is guarded against air, dust and moisture—hermetically sealed, like a MAZDA lamp. The G-E requires no attention—not even oiling.

The sturdy cabinet of All-Steel construction is a fitting companion to the famous Monitor Top. Both unit and cabinet of *all* G-E refrigerators are guaranteed.

## NEW LOWER PRICES

New lower prices now make the General Electric an even more outstanding value than ever. General Electric Co., Electric Refrigeration Dept., Section H5, Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, O.

*Join the G-E Circle. A special program for women every week day at noon (except Saturday). On Sunday at 5:30 P. M. a program for the whole family. (Eastern Standard Time). N. B. C. coast to coast network.*

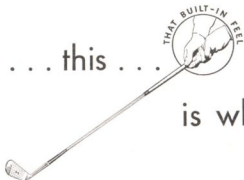
**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**  
ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR



# What sweet clubs

... this ...

is why



There's more to a golf club than meets the eye! "That built-in feel" (the distinguishing virtue of Macgregors) is something you can't see; but you sure know when it's there... and your score suffers when it isn't.

Compare Macgregors with ordinary clubs — you can tell instantly what sweet clubs Macgregors are!

Golfer-Craftsmen build the "feel" into Macgregors — been doing that and nothing else for 34 years. They're expert workmen and good golfers, every one of them. They play daily on Macgregor's own course, testing their craftsmanship on tee, fairway, trap and green. Macgregor woods and irons are made by men who know the fine points of the game. Modern precision tools make their handiwork infallible.

## You are invited

Be our guest any day... play the Macgregor Country Club... take a little trip through our shops. It will be an eye-opener. You'll learn why Macgregor is "the greatest name in Golf." You'll never be content to play again with anything less than Macgregors.

The coupon will bring a Special Non-Resident Guest Card and the new 1932 edition of "Macgregor for Golf."

# MACGREGOR

THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF

© 1932 C. M. C. Co.

Macgregor, "Golf Headquarters," Dayton, Ohio  
You interest me. Please be specific.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



Sirs:

Your item, "Just Too Dirty," (TIME, April 25), is very truly. Perhaps you may be interested in the following additional information concerning college men in politics:

Of 209 State governors holding office from 1915 to 1930, at least 135, or 64%, had attended college. Many of these were fraternity men; at least nine were Phi Beta Kappans.

Of the 34 present governors listed in *Who's Who in America* (1930-1931), at least 26 are college men. . . .

It would seem, therefore, that the governor's chair, for one thing, is not as hard on college clothes as our New Haven Diogenes would have us believe.

SAMUEL R. SOLOMON

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

## Speaker on the Floor

Sirs:

Will you kindly settle a controversy pursuant to Speaker Garner's "Plea in Homespun"? (1) Is it customary for the Speaker of the House of Representatives to take the floor to deliver his opinion on an issue? (2) Has the seriousness of and widespread interest in the present movement to balance the budget given publicity to the Speaker's taking the floor which, at another time, might pass unnoticed?

JOSEPH R. NOEL

Chicago, Ill.

1) No.

2) No.

Speaker Garner's tax speech was the first use of his parliamentary privilege to join in House debate. As Speaker (1925-31) Nicholas Longworth descended the rostrum to address the House from the floor five times on such subjects as the Soldier Bonus, a Big Navy and the "Lame Duck" Amendment. Frederick Huntington Gillett (1919-25) spoke five times. During the eight years of his Speakership (1911-19) Champ Clark took the floor 18 times for regular debate and 45 times when the House was in the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

His speeches produced much applause with members rising to their feet. Joseph Gurney Cannon (1903-11) spoke four times on the floor, six times in committee and four times (irregularly) from the chair. Thomas Brackett Reed (1889-91; 1895-99) spoke, according to the records, only "two or three times" from the floor whereas Charles Frederick Crisp (1891-95) spoke not at all. On March 15, 1871 Speaker James Gillespie Blaine indulged in an undignified and personal controversy with Representative Butler, also of Maine, on the House floor. Henry Clay (1811-14; 1815-20) spoke so often from the floor that he virtually used his prestige as Speaker to control and color all legislative procedure.—Ed.

## Imitators

Sirs:

Students of Penn State publish the Penn State *Froth*, clever college comic magazine. Last week appeared the parody number. Those magazines "parodied" included *Liberty*, *True Confessions*, *Amazing Stories*, and *TIME*. I am sending you the parody page of *TIME*. I think you will find it "curt, clear, complete."

Several days ago appeared *The Log*, comic magazine of the U. S. Naval Academy. It also is a parody on *TIME* even including the cover design, contents, style. Be sure to read it; it is interesting and cleverly written.

*TIME* seems to impress college students. There must be a reason.

ERNEST C. MILLER

State College, Pa.

(Continued on p. 10)

\*In 1930, Phi Beta Kappaman Roosevelt defeated Phi Beta Kappaman Tuttle to win reelection as New York's governor.

# "Merrily it smacks on the tongue!" ...the snappy flavor of Creamed Old English Cheese

*"Up betimes, and off to a Food Shop for some of that savoury cheese that takes me back in memory to the old Coffee House I frequented in my King's England. While the clerk was busying himself with my order I took occasion to tell a woman (young she was, and very pretty) of this Creamed Old English Cheese. 'Merrily it smacks on the tongue, Madam,' said I. And I made so bold as to offer her a package with my compliments."*



*I*f a perfect stranger stops you in a food shop one of these days, and starts rhapsodizing about a cheese with a rare tingle-on-the-tongue flavor—hearken! He's discovered Kraft Creamed Old English!

By an exclusive Kraft method, our experts have blended rich cream and fine English-type Cheddar cheese into a snappy cheese delicacy that spreads like butter, and is *wonderfully digestible!*

Try Creamed Old English spread on crackers—toasted to a tender goodness! When you've discovered this flavor that "smacks so merrily on the tongue," it's very likely you too will be tapping a stranger's shoulder—telling the news about Kraft Creamed Old English Cheese. It's at your grocer's—only 25c the package.

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation—Makers of Cheese, Malted Milk, Mayonnaise, French Dressing.

Copyright, 1932 by Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation



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

# "63,233 people hurt



## ACCIDENTS LIKE THIS HAPPEN DAILY IN THE J-M LABORATORIES

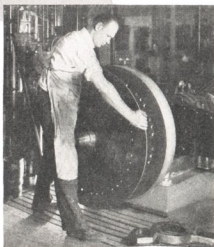
By means of remarkable INERTIA MACHINE Johns-Manville duplicates the exact brake conditions that cause serious motor accidents, makes definite recommendations to promote greater safety on the highways.

**D**AY after day, Inertia Machines are at work at the J-M Research Laboratories at Manville, N. J. On one end of a shaft is a flywheel, made up of thin steel discs as pictured here. Discs are added, or removed, so that the flywheel represents the exact weight of the car to be tested. *Your* car, for instance. Or the smallest roadster. Or a 20,000-lb. bus. On the other end of the shaft the *actual* brake drum of the car (or truck or bus) is mounted. The machine is started.

It travels at any speed. From 10 to 80 m. p. h. Suddenly the brakes! Auto-

matically the distance covered before stopping is recorded—rate of deceleration—pressure on the pedal. Over and over again the same test is made.

When the test is finished, *every* characteristic of that brake lining on *that* car is known. How consistently it performed! How it would have performed on the road in an emergency! 95% of these tests might have been tragedies on the highway. Johns-Manville confines these tragedies to the laboratory—and each new test has its part in the never-ending improvement of J-M Brake Lining and Brake Blocks.



# -20,468 killed without a single injury . . . "

Johns-Manville moves the open highway indoors

75 . . . 80 . . . 85 miles an hour. Wide open. Going places fast. Suddenly—a car from a side road. Quick! . . . the BRAKES . . . Quick . . . CRASH!

"Cars collided" read the police report. "Both completely wrecked. One driver killed instantly. Four persons seriously injured."

IT happened at Manville, N. J. To be exact, it happened at the Johns-Manville Research Laboratory, at Manville, N. J. Scores of serious motor accidents happen here. Thousands of persons are killed. Thousands more are injured. That is theoretically. *Actually there has never been a single injury.*

Did it ever occur to you that the one sure way to minimize accidents—to further promote SAFETY in motor-

ing—is to find out, scientifically and accurately—just exactly what has caused accidents.

That's what Johns-Manville does. That's why Johns-Manville, makers of the well-known line of J-M Friction Materials, stages thousands of brake lining tests every year. Tests which, with uncanny accuracy, duplicate and reveal exact driving conditions as they *really are*. Far more scientifically, more accurately than the regular road tests could do.

These tests are conducted on remarkable *machines*—the unique, new Inertia Machine invented by Johns-Manville automotive experts. Skids! High speeds! Burning brakes! Quick stops! Accidents! *Serious accidents.*

Test! Test! Improve! Improve!

Here's the practical research that makes Johns-Manville Brake Linings. And here's the one element—more than anything else—that puts dependability, durability, constant PRECISION into the day-in and day-out performance of J-M Linings.

For almost half a century, Johns-Manville has pioneered braking, the *CONTROL OF MOTION*. Today on thousands of automobiles—on huge fleets of trucks and buses—on hoisting machines—on cages that lower men and materials into the pits of the earth—on excavating machinery—on giant cranes—on the wheels of all industry, J-M Brake Linings, Friction Blocks, Clutch Facings are rendering a sure, dependable, low-cost service.

If a motorist, visit your local J-M Brake Service Station. If it's an industrial braking problem of *any* kind, address Johns-Manville, 292 Madison Ave., New York City.



## 650,000 safe, quick, quiet STOPS

Stops at high speed—stops at low speed—stops with the brakes hot—with the brakes cold—25,000 miles of stops through the congested traffic of a busy eastern city. And this set of Johns-Manville Brake Blocks is still in good condition, ready for thousands of miles more of cost-free operation—after 650,000 safe, quick, quiet stops! Here is a record.

## 16,682 yards—31% increase

Johns-Manville Friction Blocks on the hoist drum of this electrically driven coal excavator, operated by the Lehigh Navigation Coal Co.—Lansford, Pa., lasted for a total of 1,491 service hours. The best set of 7 other makes of blocks lasted only 675 hours. On the basis of average performance figures for all the friction blocks used for a period of about 10 years, the increased life of J-M Blocks effected a 24% reduction in the annual friction block cost on the hoist drum. The use of J-M Blocks resulted in a 31% increase in cubic yards excavated per set of friction blocks.



# Johns-Manville



Controls

HEAT, COLD, SOUND, MOTION

Protects against

FIRE AND WEATHER



"Well, sir, here's a 17 that we guarantee will eventually become a 15½—and it seldom misses by more than an inch. Then here's a 16½ that many of our 15½ customers buy. And this is an Arrow Shirt, size 15½, that stays size 15½ forever."

"Come, come, my man—no flippancy. I've been buying shirts since Boss Tweed was way up town. And I know for a fact that there is no such thing as a constant 15½ shirt."

"But, sir, if any Arrow Shirt shrinks from your correct size,

we'll gladly return your money. For Arrow Shirts are shrunk by Arrow's own patented Sanforizing Process, which guarantees permanent fit—no matter how often the shirt is laundered."

"Ah, young man, you make me very sad. These new inventions take all the gamble and zest out of life. Give me a dozen Arrows, size 15½."

P. S. Look for the Arrow label. If it hasn't an Arrow label, the shirt is not an Arrow Shirt.

© 1932, CLUETT, PEARSON & CO., INC., TROY, NEW YORK

# ARROW SHIRTS SANFORIZED SHRUNK

Guaranteed to fit you PERMANENTLY — or your money back

Sirs:

They do say that imitation is the sincerest form of plagiarism so I know you will be very interested to receive the copy of *To-Day* . . .

Of course, *To-Day* may be operating under license from you in which case there is no harm done but if not then I feel sure you will be highly flattered at the shadow you have cast in these parts. . . .

Needless to say as a subscriber and cover-to-cover reader of *TIME*, I thought you would be interested in the exhibit.

DAVID McMILLAN

Melbourne, Australia

Last November, all within a week, appeared three professional imitations of *TIME*—*To-Day* (Sydney, Australia), *Now* (Manila) and *Hoy* (Santiago, Chile). All are departmentalized in the *TIME* manner, reflect its influence in style and format. *To-Day* ("The Fortnightly News-Magazine"), successor to *Stead's Review*, has a strong editorial bias against Premier John Thomas Lang of New South Wales, omits "a," "an" & "the" promiscuously, does not stick close to the news. In it Franklin Delano Roosevelt appears as the late great Theodore Roosevelt's nephew, Nicholas Roosevelt as "Teddy's son." *Now* ("The New Independent Weekly") is slangily edited by Filipinos. It handles news from the U. S. under "Foreign Affairs," has a section headed "Court Squabbles." *Hoy* ("The Review Which Replaces 100 Books & Magazines") is published by Carlos Davila, onetime Chilean Ambassador to the U. S. and *TIME* reader. It prints signed articles and fiction.

The *Palma Post* ("The Mediterranean's English Weekly") also is edited in *TIME*'s departmental style.

In the U. S. the *Literary Digest* has imitated *TIME*'s method of captioning pictures by quotations from the printed text. Likewise the *New York Times* magazine section has adopted to a degree the same style of cut caption.

Besides Penn State's *Proth* and the Naval Academy's *Log*, *TIME* has been burlesqued by such undergraduate publications as the Harvard *Advocate*, the Georgia Tech *Yellow Jacket* and the University of Washington *Columns*. Other non-professional imitators have included the *Omicon Owl* of Tau Kappa Epsilon at Ohio State, the California Chamber of Commerce *Journal*, the Rochester Ad Club *Bumblebee*, the Rem Rand *News*, the Marmon Factory *News*. The 4th Regiment of U. S. Marines at Shanghai issued their *Walla Walla* once as a *TIME* take-off.—Ed.

## TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

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

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# TIME

Vol. XIX, No. 20

The Weekly Newsmagazine

May 16, 1932

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE PRESIDENCY

#### A Serious Hour

The issue before the country is the re-establishment of confidence by ending these delays in balancing the Budget. . . . It is not a partisan issue . . . not a controversy between the President and Congress. It is an issue of the people against delays and destructive legislation which impair the credit of the United States. It is also an issue between the people and the locust swarm of lobbyists who haunt the halls of Congress seeking selfish privileges . . . misleading members as to the real views of the people by showers of propaganda. . . . This is a serious hour which demands that the people rise with stern courage above partisanship to meet the needs of our national life.

It was with a warm feeling that has not come to him often during his Administration that President Hoover thus addressed the nation last week. Rarely had the White House correspondents, to whom and through whom he spoke, seen him so pleased and self-confident. Overwhelming evidence had come to him overnight that he really had the country behind him in a time and on an issue of utmost importance. The White House secretariat had showed and described this evidence to the Press—a real, continuous flood of telegrams, telephone calls and letters cheering for the President's message to Congress the day before, a sudden, sharp message calling for protection of the nation's credit (see col. 3).

President Hoover had not been to the Capitol since Washington's Birthday, but no journalist in Washington could deny the accuracy of his "locust swarm" phrase in describing the country's legislative halls (see above).

The President followed up his statements to Congress and the country in two ways: 1) He ordered his political entourage not to pick up his words for partisan purposes. 2) He forewent his week-end at the Rapidan to hold two night conferences in the Lincoln Study with Treasury officials and those men of his party who really count in the Senate. At these meetings a legislative program, of which Action was the keynote, was discussed, devised.

On two evenings before President Hoover's special message went to Congress, a tired-looking gentleman in a Homburg hat stepped off a train from New York. It was John Pierpont Morgan. "I'm just down here for dinner," he told newsmen. "I have no statement to make." Two private detectives closed in chorusing: "Mr. Morgan has no statement to make." That night Secretary of the Navy

Adams gave a formal dinner for President Hoover at which Mr. Morgan was also a guest. Other guests included Charles Dewey Hilles, G. O. P. boss of New York and Louis Kroh Liggett, G. O. P. boss of Massachusetts.

President Hoover signed a bill whereby this year's graduating class at the U. S. Naval Academy can be commissioned ensigns in the Navy.

Before vetoing the new Tariff bill which deprives him of his flexing power, the President circulated it at the State, Treasury and Commerce Departments for expert opinion as to why it should be killed.

"Trying to please nine different Presidents and their families in the matter of keeping the White House not too warm and not too cold has been some job, believe me!" declared Edward A. Norris as he retired after 40 years service as engineer at the White House.

### THE CONGRESS

#### Work Done

##### The Senate:

Passed (44-10-21) a bill by Maine's Hale directing the President to build the Navy up to full treaty strength at a minimum cost of \$786,035,000; sent it to the House.

Debated the bill by Virginia's Glass to revise and reform the national banking system (TIME, Feb. 8; April 25).

Accepted the committee resignations of Louisiana's Long, rebel against the Democratic leadership of Arkansas' Robinson.

Validated a treaty of "establishment and sojourn" between U. S. and Turkey.

##### The House:

Passed (183-to-132) a bill by Ala-

\*National of one power living under the other will be avoided the same treatment as the most favored foreigner.

bama's Hill for Government operation of Muscle Shoals in case no private leasor is found in 18 months; sent it to the Senate.

Adopted a resolution for an Army-Navy football game in Washington this year.

Refused to accept the Senate's 10% cut in the State, Justice, Commerce & Labor appropriation bill; sent the bill to conference.

Received a \$386,983,000 War Department appropriation bill, reduced \$24,380,000 below the Budget and cutting officer personnel by 2,000.

Passed (316-to-67) the legislative appropriation bill, after attaching a \$30,000,000 omnibus economy rider; sent it to the Senate.

Passed a bill to pension War widows and orphans (see p. 16); sent it to the Senate.

Passed the Goldsborough bill to inflate commodity prices (see p. 16); sent it to the Senate.

#### The Budget & The Hill

The U. S. Government ran 900 million dollars into the red in fiscal 1931. When April came this year it was 1,885 new millions in the red for fiscal 1932. When April went it was 448 more new millions behind (mostly Reconstruction Finance loans). All these millions—2,333 of them and more to come before June 30—will be lumped with the Public Debt for future generations to pay off.

Months ago President Hoover, obviously endorsed by public sentiment, and joined by even the ill-organized, quarrelsome House of Representatives in its famed standing vote of March 29, resolved that in fiscal 1933 the U. S. must spend no more than it takes in, that the Budget must balance. Three consecutive, mounting deficits would certainly impair the public credit.

Last week, a month after the House's famed rising vote, the prospect of the 1933 Budget being brought to balance by Congress was never more remote. Lobbyists had taken the place of leaders. An atmosphere of confusion and delay permeated the Capitol.

The House passed a new pension bill for War widows. Cost: \$100,000,000 in five years.

The House passed a bill to inflate commodity prices by deflating the dollar (see p. 16).

The House finished with the President's economy bill. Out of proposed savings of \$210,000,000 it agreed to only \$30,000,000. "It goes to prove," said the defeated Democrat in charge of the bill (Alabama's McDuffie), "that . . . representative government is dead."

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## National Affairs—(Continued)

The Senate Finance Committee was still fumbling fruitlessly with the House's jumbled tax bill. After two weeks fumbling the Senators were dismayed to find their bill still 100 million shy of the mark.

**"Will of the Country."** Since Congress convened in December, President Hoover had made 20 public statements on Economy & Taxation. Suddenly, sharply he now sent up Capitol Hill a 21st pronouncement. Said he:

"Fear and alarm prevail because of events in Washington which have greatly disturbed the public mind. . . . Nothing is more necessary than balancing the Budget. Nothing will put more heart into the country than prompt and courageous and united action. . . . The details plainly require: 1) prompt enactment of a revenue bill . . . to distribute the burdens equitably; 2) a drastic program of economy . . . \$230,000,000 below the executive budget. . . ."

"The Government cannot be dictated to by organized minorities. . . . I know these actions do not reflect the will of the country and I refuse to believe that the country is unable to reflect its will in legislation."

Democrats writhed and winced. Hotly they retorted that this message was the President's first campaign speech for reelection. Nevertheless, the outlook for Economy & Taxation suddenly cleared on Capitol Hill. Within a few hours the following took place:

The House, in committee, finally rejected all plans for paying off the Soldier Bonus in cash (\$2,400,000,000 in addition to all other billions).

The Senate, in committee, met with Secretary Mills and in three hours whipped together a compromise tax bill which, he said, "should assure a balanced budget in the sense that there will be no additional borrowings during 1933."

For the moment, Capitol Hill seemed safe for Public Credit.

### Goldsborough Bill

#### A Bill

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled. . . .*

*It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States that the average purchasing power of the dollar as ascertained by the Department of Labor in the wholesale commodity markets for the period covering the years 1921 and 1929 inclusive shall be restored and maintained by the control of the volume of credit and currency.*

*The Federal Reserve Board, the Federal Reserve Banks and the Secretary of the Treasury are hereby charged with the duty of making effective this policy.*

Passage of this 97-word bill by the House of Representatives last week caused intense financial excitement abroad. In Paris the dollar slumped below the gold point (25.3562 francs). The Federal Reserve Bank in New York kept telephoning the Bank of France to buy dollars. The guilder, the Swiss franc and the belga soared to year-high values against the dollar.

The German press shouted a warning across the sea: AMERICA FACING DANGEROUS CURRENCY EXPERIMENTS. Berlin bankers said they "couldn't believe it."

Vienna newspapers headlined: INFLATION IN THE U. S.! WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE DOLLAR? Prague, where the crown is tied to the dollar, was wildly excited.

In London the bill was called a "comic opera measure" and editors tush-tushed popular fears about the dollar. Nevertheless Ambassador Mellon found it expedient to make a little speech reassuring Britain on U. S. finance.

Dollars were sold heavily in Warsaw.

From New York Europe withdrew a total of \$35,000,000 in gold during the week. Almost the only place where the measure failed to stir popular excitement and financial fears was in the U. S. itself.

Why the U. S. took the bill, grossly inflationary on its face, so calmly was because it directed the Federal Reserve System to do precisely what it was already quietly doing to expand credit. Four weeks ago the Reserve started buying Federal securities in the open market at the rate of \$100,000,000 worth per week. It stacked the cash proceeds in its front windows for bank borrowers to come and get. Last week the Reserve's holdings of U. S. securities—\$1,287,000,000—were almost double those of the same week last year.

The House bill was not only an endorsement of the Reserve's credit-pumping policy but an order for it to continue as a matter of law. The Reserve was given no specific instructions on how to proceed but was left free to work on the theory that credit controls the value of money and the value of money in turn controls prices. By increasing credit the value of the dollar would decline and by comparison commodity prices would appear to rise. And higher commodity prices were what a majority of the House wanted to see before election day. The Reserve was expected to put the dollar back to its 1926 value which in turn would up commodity prices to the same level.

Author of the House's measure was Thomas Alan Goldsborough, a Maryland Democrat from the rural Eastern shore.

A lawyer by profession, his legislative hobby is banking. Placid and friendly at home, he is an energetic, fist-clenching, table-thumping speaker in Congress.

What alarmed Europe in the Goldsborough bill was potential currency inflation to the tune of billions of dollars. But even its critics in Washington agreed that there was no serious danger of that result, that the measure was meant only for credit inflation. The Federal Reserve Board, it was pointed out, is composed of sane, level-headed men who would no more think of leading the U. S. off the gold standard by issuing fiat money than they would of assassinating Secretary Mills.

Despite its apparent harmlessness President Hoover picked out the Goldsborough Bill as one of the House's sins against the Budget and U. S. credit (see p. 15). He objected to it because of its effect abroad. He also thought it saddled

the Federal Reserve with a permanent policy impossible of execution. Governor Eugene Meyer of the Federal Reserve Board summed up the Administration's opposition three weeks ago when he declared: "I would not want to be permanently ordered to run 100 yards in ten seconds flat."

### "Locusts"

The President of the U. S. last week told the country that the halls of Congress were "haunted by a locust swarm of lobbyists" (see p. 15). This was news to no newspaper in the U. S. General descriptions of the locust-swarm were wired out of Washington by correspondents, but without naming names.

Active and successful lobbies which pay their legislative agents \$10,000 or so per year to secure Congressional favors include the following:

**Veterans.** Dapper, aggressive John Thomas Taylor of the American Legion and dark, stocky L. S. ("Ted") Ray of the Veterans of Foreign Wars pushed the War widows pension bill through the House last week. But Lobbyist Ray failed to get the Bonus out of committee.

**Government Clerks.** Luther Stewart and Gertrude McNally lobby for the National Federation of Federal Employees. They managed to beat a real pay cut in the House omnibus economy bill.

**Motorists.** The American Automobile Association, whose special speaker is Alexander E. Johnson, failed to block a Senate increase in the automobile tax.

**Oil.** Flashy with diamonds is Lobbyist Wirt Franklin of the Independent Petroleum Association. He got his tariff in the tax bill.

**Farmers.** Chester Grey, lobbyist for the American Farm Federation, Joseph Simpson, for the Farmers Union. Last week they were inactive.

**Railroads.** Alfred Pembroke Thom, counsel for the Association of Railway Executives, takes care of his client before Congress.

**Wets.** Lawyer Levi Cooke lobbies for brewers. As a side-line last week he fought off a tax on cosmetics.

**Drys.** Most famed of lobbyists are Dr. Clarence True Wilson of the Methodist Board of Temperance and Francis Scott McBride of the Anti-Saloon League.

**Peace.** Against all military expenditures lobbies Frederick Libby of the National Council for Prevention of War.

**Women.** Margaret Sanger lobbies for Birth Control. Dorothy Detzler, young and fair, represents the International League of Women Voters. Elizabeth Eastman works for a combination of other women's organizations.

**Labor.** Lobbyist for the American Federation of Labor is shrewd, able Edward Francis McGrady.

**Free Lance.** Ready to take on any lobby client is Frank Wheeler Mondell who, because he was once Republican Floor Leader in the House, does a thriving trade "contacting" his erstwhile colleagues.

## National Affairs—(Continued)

## TERRITORIES

## Ten Years into One Hour

One evening last week a party of Navy folk gathered at an obscure Chinese restaurant in Honolulu's Waikiki section where good chop suey is to be had. Full of good spirits, they sat around eating, laughing, talking, making merry. Centre of the group was Lieut. Thomas Hedges Massie, with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Granville Roland Fortescue. Thalia Fortescue Massie, his wife, was also there. About them they had assembled Navy friends for a celebration because for the first time in four months Lieut. Massie and Mrs. Fortescue, with Seamen Jones and Lord, were once again legally free. Their sentences for the killing of Joseph Kahahawai Jr. had been duly served.

At 10 o'clock that morning the four defendants, whom a polyglot jury had convicted of manslaughter instead of second-degree murder, were led into the Honolulu courtroom where they had mounted through their three-week trial. Mounting the bench Judge Charles S. Davis pronounced his sentence: "Ten years imprisonment at hard labor."\* A smile flickered across Lieut. Massie's face. Mrs. Fortescue almost pranced she was so happy. The two enlisted men were as jaunty as ever. They all knew what was coming.

After the judge's departure everyone stood around in the courtroom chatting easily while High Sheriff Gordon Ross guarded his prisoners. Soon the four "convicts" were herded across the sunny street to Iolani Palace, once the home of Hawaiian Kings, now the office of the territorial governor. There they sat waiting in a high-ceiled, red-carpeted inner room for a few minutes more.

"This is a swell jail!" remarked Seaman Jones. "A lot better than Al Capone's."

At exactly 11 a.m. all four prisoners were ushered down a hall and into the office of Governor Lawrence McCully Judd. To each he handed a paper commutating their sentences to the time already served. By telescoping ten years into one hour the Kahahawai case was thus closed with one final dramatic fillip.

"I wish I could be in Kentucky right now to see the smile on my mother's face when she learns I'm free!" exclaimed Lieut. Massie after hugging his wife and kissing his mother-in-law. Mrs. Massie was "thrilled" at the outcome. Mrs. Fortescue, almost weeping with delight, rushed off a message to her husband while Seaman Jones cabled his mother in New Bedford, Mass.: "Will be home soon. Keep the coffee hot." Clarence Darrow, defense counsel, beamed satisfaction, shook hands all around.

The commutations from Governor Judd, island-born son of an island-born son of a Yankee missionary, did not come spontaneously. Defense counsel had formally petitioned him for executive clemency but more potent was the pressure of mainland sentiment. In Washington Congress had

seethed with legislative proposals to set the convictions aside. No less than 104 Congressmen had signed a cabled plea to Governor Judd to pardon the four prisoners. Victor Steuart Kaleoaloa Houston, Hawaiian delegate in Congress, aware of the rising political tide against his territory, likewise begged the Governor.



HAWAII'S JUDO

*A secret deal? "Anything of the kind is a lie!"*

There was even a report that Secretary of the Interior Wilbur had radiotelephoned. In Honolulu a Navy boycott against concerns employing Kahahawai jurors was threatening serious economic damage to the business community. One juror had been threatened with "a ride." Governor Judd's nerves were raw with worry. He was friendly with the brown islanders but, after all, he was a white man.

When a newsman asked if the commutations were part of a secret deal whereby the surviving assailants of Mrs. Massie would not be brought to trial a second time, Governor Judd lashed out angrily: "Anything of the kind is a lie!"

Because commutations of sentence do not restore civil rights, a belated drive was started by Lawyer Darrow to get his clients full and unconditional pardons from Governor Judd. In Washington, Congressional sentiment was overwhelmingly for pardons. Legislation was offered authorizing the President to act over the head of the territorial governor in such cases as this.

Loyal to Lieut. Massie was the Navy. Secretary Adams announced that neither he nor the two enlisted men would be disciplined as a result of their conviction. Orders were issued transferring Lieut. Massie from Honolulu to the naval district at San Francisco.

Happy for the first time since his wife's ravishment last September, he declared: "If I had a hundred million dollars I'd still rather be in the Navy."

Still to be retrieved were the four brown bucks charged with assaulting Mrs. Massie. Without her as its chief witness, the

prosecution's case would collapse. Mrs. Massie, having told the story of her ravishment twice in court, did not want to do so again. Prosecutor Kelley heard she was sailing for the mainland with her husband and mother aboard *S. S. Malolo*. He got a subpoena to detain her. Policeman Dewey Mookini went to the Pearl Harbor Naval Base to serve it. She was nowhere to be found. The Press was told she had had a "nervous breakdown."

Next day Mookini was aboard the *Malolo* before sailing time. Suddenly a little naval tender darted up offside the liner. Through a cargo port jumped Mrs. Fortescue, Lieut. Massie and his wife. Mrs. Massie scampered around a potato bin, through a pantry—and there in a hot corridor stood Mookini with his summons. Before the Hawaiian could read it, he was shouldered out of the way by Capt. Ward Wortman, naval guardian for the defendants during the Kahahawai trial. Mrs. Massie slipped past, fled to her stateroom, slammed the door. Capt. Wortman and process server wrangled bitterly outside. On deck blew the all-shore bugle. Mookini got off; Mrs. Massie stayed on.

With whistle tooting and the band playing "Aloha Oe," the *Malolo* glided from her pier, set her nose for Diamond Head. Into the harbor gay passengers tossed their leis (flower garlands), symbol of speedy return to Hawaii. But no leis were cast back by Lieut. Massie, his wife or mother-in-law.

## AGRICULTURE

## Cotton Cloudburst

Under pressure from cotton merchants who protested that the Government's cotton holdings acted as a "cloud" over the market, the Federal Farm Board last week announced the coming of a cloudburst. During the year beginning Aug. 1, the Board will dispose of 650,000 bales of cotton, one-half of the amount it bought from the 1930 crop at an average price of 16.3¢ a lb. It will be the first real sale made by the Government since it began trying to peg cotton prices. Since cotton sold last week at 6¢ a lb., and since it costs approximately \$3.50 per year to store and insure a bale of cotton, the total Federal loss on this transaction will be between \$25,000,000 and \$30,000,000.

The Farm Board made its decision on the recommendation of "cotton co-operators," leading Southern Bankers and leaders in the textile trade. But the decision did not please Southern Senators. Georgia's George and South Carolina's Smith clamored for the Board to withhold its sale "for another year at least."

Last week's announcement affected only one-fourth of all Federally-owned cotton. Not to be sold before July 31, 1933, announced the Farm Board, are its other 650,000 bales or the 2,100,000 bales owned by the American Cotton Cooperative Association, its debtor. In addition, the Department of Agriculture owns 365,155 bales of cotton accepted as collateral on defaulted seed loans, but does not intend to dispose of them "in the immediate future."

\*Though the jury recommended leniency, the judge was, under the law, compelled to impose the maximum sentence, leaving the minimum to be fixed by the Territorial Prison Board.

## National Affairs—(Continued)

### REPUBLICANS

#### France, Norris, California

Herbert Hoover was induced to enter the Maryland preference primary to quash, once & for all, the nuisance value of Dr. Joseph Irwin France, his only announced rival for the presidential nomination. For months Maryland's onetime



Gale in the Los Angeles Times

Senator had been marching up & down the country declaring that in him alone reposed the hope of party victory in November. Not taken seriously by the Hoover forces, he had entered primary after primary, won them by default and was already claiming 153 convention votes.

Last week President Hoover carried the Maryland primary with some 26,000 votes. That gave him the State's 16 convention votes. Dr. France was beaten on his home ground. Yet he managed to collect sufficient votes—16,900—to disturb the Hoover managers. What they could not explain was why so many anti-Hoover votes had been cast by Republicans who well knew they were throwing their ballots away on a vain candidate. President Hoover had won but he had not—as Cartoonist Edmund Waller Gale of the Los Angeles Times elaborately suggested (*see cut*)—vacuum-cleaned his absurd opponent as thoroughly as his Maryland friends had expected. The France nuisance value still remained and Maryland looked like a doubtful State in 1932.

“Of course I won't support Hoover. I thought everybody knew that,” declared Nebraska's Insurgent Republican Senator George William Norris last week. “History has demonstrated that I was right in opposing him four years ago. He has not done anything he said he was going to do.” This old party rebel who campaigned for the Brown Derby four years ago was now ready to back Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

California Republicans in their primary last week worked hard to get out a big vote for their State's first President, showed confidence in Herbert Hoover and impress the nation. Unopposed, the President got some 650,000 votes, 83,000 more than he got in 1928.

### DEMOCRATS

#### Again “Chock”

“Chocked” by Alfred Emanuel Smith fortnight ago in Massachusetts, the Roosevelt bandwagon last week ran into John Nance Garner, onetime cowboy, in California. Again the bandwagon was “chocked.” The New York Governor's friends were still sure their candidate would be nominated in Chicago next month. But after his California drubbing, they stopped claiming victory on the first ballot.

Governor Roosevelt's California campaign was managed mostly by leaders of the State's Democratic organization. His energetic young son James went out to electioneer. On primary eve the Roosevelt forces made prodigious claims about sweeping the State. A Smith campaign had been conducted by good 1928 friends of the Brown Derby—Parson M. Abbott, David F. Supple, Edward W. Cahill—whose strategy was to depend on old loyalties rather than new issues. Meantime the Garner candidacy was backed by three potent Californians—William Gibbs McAdoo, William Randolph Hearst, Will Rogers. The onetime Secretary of the Treasury, heading the slate of Garner delegates, actively campaigned while Publisher Hearst and Funnyman Rogers boomed Mr. Garner constantly in the Press. At stake were 44 convention votes pledged to follow the primary's instructions.

Some 600,000 Democrats turned out for the voting, compared with 250,000 in 1928. Speaker Garner carried the State with a 60,000-vote lead over Governor Roosevelt who ran about 30,000 votes ahead of Mr. Smith. Candidate Garner swept Los Angeles while Candidate Smith ran away with San Francisco. If Governor Roosevelt had had all the Smith votes, he could have trounced Speaker Garner.

Busy about his House in Washington, Speaker Garner would say nothing more than “very significant” about his California victory which put him back into the presidential picture.

“Why should I say anything?” said Gov-

ernor Roosevelt at Warm Springs, Ga. “A personal tribute! I carried San Francisco,” remarked Al Smith in Manhattan.

Visiting Howard Coffin at Sea Island Beach, Ga. Campaigner McAdoo McAdoodled: “The first real test of strength has been settled. . . . This not only makes Garner a formidable contestant for the presidential nomination but it is a serious and perhaps irreparable blow to the Roosevelt candidacy.”

The latter, though retarded, was by no means beaten yet. Governor Roosevelt's opposition remained split on everything save opposing him. The Garner-Smith Favorite Sons forces might hold a one-third veto power over the convention but there was no sign yet of their combining on a candidate who could muster the nominative two-thirds majority of 770. The idea of Al Smith sitting down to dicker with his old foes, Messrs. McAdoo and Hearst, produced only grins among those who recalled the Battle of Madison Square Garden in 1924.

When the convention roll is called Governor Roosevelt will get the first votes announced from the floor because last week, almost unnoticed during the California excitement, he carried Alabama by default. The State which in 1924 kept stubbornly casting “24 votes for Underwood,” until the Davis compromise on the 1932 ballot, will this year lead off with “24 votes for Roosevelt.”

Also last week the Roosevelt forces picked up ten votes in South Dakota and six in Wyoming, in listless uncontested primaries where Roosevelt was the only name the voters had heard.

Democratic candidates and their pledged convention votes last week stood as follows:

Franklin Delano Roosevelt	275
James Hamilton Lewis	58
Alfred Emanuel Smith	46
John Nance Garner	44
James A. Reed	36
William Henry Murray	23
Albert Cabell Ritchie	16



CANDIDATE GARNER, BACKER McADOO

McAdoodle: “The first real test of strength has been settled.”

Wide World

## National Affairs—(Continued)

## CRIME

Nos. 11 &amp; 27

Last week Col. Henry Breckinridge, friend and legal adviser of Col. Charles Augustus Lindbergh, left his client's side for the first time in more than two months, flew to the Kentucky Derby. John Hughes Curtis, Norfolk, Va. boat builder, vanished on another of his mysterious yacht cruises. Other agents and agencies in the search for Col. Lindbergh's kidnapped child seemed no closer to success than they were on the windy night of March 1, when the baby was snatched from his New Jersey nursery. But in Washington last week another fantastic sideshow in the case was revealed. Principal in this show was a bad actor who first came to fame in the Harding era—Gaston Bullock Means.

Bad Actor Means, 53, a thick-necked, slack-jawed, dimpled-checked Southerner, is the author of *The Strange Death of President Harding* in which it is intimated that Mrs. Harding poisoned her husband (TIME, March 31, 1930). The book was written after Means had served three years (1925-28) in Atlanta Penitentiary for bribery and violation of the Prohibition laws. Before that he had turned on his employer, onetime Attorney General Harry McCall Daugherty, with tall tales before a Senate Committee about the "Ohio Gang's" activities. Before the U. S. entered the War, he says, he served with the German spy system in the U. S., once received \$100,000 from a German agent at a midnight rendezvous in Trinity Churchyard, Manhattan. Further in his past lies an astounding record of crime and near-crime. At one time or another, Gaston Means, a sleuth by profession, has been indicted for breach of promise, impersonating an officer, fraud, bribery, forgery, murder. He once told a Senate committee that "being indicted" was his business. Last November he was arrested for beating his wife.

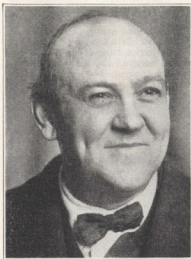
It was no great surprise to Gaston Means when a U. S. deputy marshal and a special Department of Justice agent stopped his expensive, chauffeured car on Washington's Massachusetts Avenue one day last week and took him into custody. The charge on which he was apprehended was, however, startling: that he had bilked affluent Mrs. Evelyn Walsh McLean, owner of the Hope Diamond, estranged wife of the publisher of the Washington Post and Cincinnati Enquirer, out of \$106,000 on the pretext that he could help her find the Lindbergh baby.

Rich Mrs. McLean, a mining tycoon's daughter much in the Washington limelight, interested herself in the Lindbergh kidnapping as early as March 4. In 1919 she, too, had lost her first-born; 9-year-old Vinson, the "Hundred-Million-Dollar Baby" who slept in a crib decorated with gold, gift of Leopold, King of the Belgians. In an unguarded moment her child was ground to death under an automobile's wheels. Mrs. McLean remembered Gaston Means from the good old Harding days when her husband played poker with the Ohio Gang, decided to hire him to trace the Lindbergh baby. A conference

was arranged attended by Captain Emory S. Land, U. S. N., Col. Lindbergh's cousin, and Rev. Francis J. Hurney, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception. Means said that the presence of a cleric in the negotiations would cement the kidnappers' confidence.

Means told the gathering that he had recently met a man with whom he served

had hidden it near his old home at Concord, N. C. When he failed to return it, Means had still another yarn to tell. He said that on his way back to Washington with the \$100,000 he was accosted at Alexandria, Va. by an unknown who whispered the mystic word "Eleven!" into his ear. Thinking that this must be Mrs. McLean's representative, he turned the money over



Acme

GASTON BULLOCK MEANS

For \$100,000 he sent her . . .



International

EVELYN WALSH McLEAN

. . . to Aiken, to El Paso.

in Atlanta Penitentiary. The man had suggested that he and Means abduct the Lindbergh baby. This suggestion, Means said, he had indignantly spurned, but he was willing to find out if the man had carried out the project himself. After a short disappearance Means returned to Washington with the news that, sure enough, his erstwhile jailmate was the one who had done the job. It would take \$50,000 ransom, a \$50,000 fee for himself and \$6,000 for expenses to effect the child's return. Capt. Land went to Hopewell, consulted Col. Lindbergh, returned with word that Col. Lindbergh welcomed Mrs. McLean's assistance and would repay her if she succeeded in bringing his child back home. Mrs. McLean delivered, without receipt, the \$106,000 into Means's hands in unmarked \$10 and \$20 bills on March 7. Means at once began to give Mrs. McLean her money's worth in detective-story melodrama.

First he gave all the principals numbers. His was No. 27. Mrs. McLean's was No. 11. Means had her go to Aiken, S. C. where she was introduced to a sinister character with a gun. Then she made a trip to El Paso, Tex., where the child was to be delivered. For these fruitless expeditions the ever plausible Means had excuses. He made at least 20 promises to deliver the child within 24 hours. Once he swore he had held the baby in his arms.

At last, on April 1, Mrs. McLean turned the matter over to her attorneys. She was advised to ask Means to return her money. He agreed to get it from where he

to the stranger. At this point the credulity of Mrs. McLean snapped. She went to Chief J. Edgar Hoover of the Department of Justice's Investigation Bureau and swore out a warrant to be served the next time Means stepped inside the District of Columbia.

Smiling under arrest, Means had nothing to say to the Press save that he was sure he would be cleared, the inference being that he felt no more criminally implicated than John F. ("Jafsie") Condon, the retired Bronx school teacher who gave \$50,000 of Col. Lindbergh's money to someone who failed to surrender the child in return. Means's bail was set at \$100,000. "While we are not trying him for his past crimes," said U. S. Attorney Leo Rover, explaining the size of the bond, "my information regarding his past activities leads me to believe that if the bond is not set he will not be here."

Among the many fantastic reports that came to Mr. Rover concerning Means's fantastic activities was one that a man and a woman had tried in North Carolina to buy a baby resembling the missing Lindbergh.

Mrs. McLean explained her part in the affair thus: "My plan was carried out without the knowledge of my closest friends and without the knowledge of my attorneys. When it became evident that no clue of any value had been discovered, I realized that the plan had failed. With respect to Gaston B. Means, who acted as intermediary, that is a matter which is now in the hands of the authorities."

# FOREIGN NEWS

## INTERNATIONAL

### Talk

King George could have talked from Buckingham Palace to Josef Stalin in the Great Kremlin Palace at Moscow last week, but he did not so talk.

In opening the new London-Moscow service, British telephone officials recalled that "political obstacles and political obstacles alone," have kept Moscow out of telephonic connection with all other great capitals except Berlin—which has been talking to Moscow for several years.

Between 8 a. m. and 7 p. m. three minutes of London-Moscow talk cost \$4.07, at other times \$2.43. Bell system telephone operators said last week that they could not make a New York-Moscow telephone connection via London "because Moscow is not one of our designated points."

## FRANCE

### Up Herriot!

(See front cover)

Profound emotions aroused by the assassination of the President of the Republic (see p. 21), sent French voters to the polls last week in a mood of extraordinary and unwonted calm. There were no riots, no street fights, no arrests of individual malcontents such as disturbed the initial balloting fortnight ago for the Chamber of Deputies. But Frenchmen continued to think for themselves and to vote according to their thoughts. They were not stampeded toward the political Right by scare stories that beloved old President Doumer had been done to death by a "regular Bolshevik." The second ballot took the same course as the first, a steady swing not to either extreme but from the Right Centre to Left Centre.

For a nation of Centrists, a moderate land of thrifty folk, this shift was sufficiently dramatic. Everyone agreed that it blasted and destroyed the power of the Right Centre coalition in the Chamber of Deputies whose leader is Premier André Tardieu, called "*L'Américain*" because of his go-gettishness. Looking for the next Premier of France, the nation shifted its attention from Paris-on-the-Seine 250 miles due south to Lyon-on-the-Rhône. Lyon presented a terrific sight.

A sudden landslide from the rain-soaked, earthen cliffs that tower above the Rhône had sent a heaving mass of mud hurtling down Caluire Hill where it burst like a tidal wave upon two apartment houses, shattering and engulfing them, ripping open water mains which spouted and gas mains which promptly burst into flame. A little further down the very street on which the two apartment houses had stood is the comfortable bourgeois home of Edouard Herriot, for 25 years Mayor of Lyon, leader of the Radical-Socialist Party, outstanding French statesman of the Left Centre, and therefore apparently destined to succeed Right-Centremen Tardieu as Premier of France.

The hour of the slide was 8:30 a. m. The nation was just about to vote. Mayor Herriot, of whom it is said "he could sell the Lyoneses as slaves and they would make no objection," had just finished his coffee & *croissant*. Clapping on his old slouch hat he rushed, baggy trousers flapping, to the landslide. Five minutes later Fire Chief Rossignol (Nightingale) arrived and Lyonesse firemen attacked the ruins, working furiously to rescue entrapped persons before there should be another slide. Like a commanding general Mayor Herriot backed off, took a perspective view of the hillside, conferred with city engineers who agreed with him that a cement earth-retaining wall was about to collapse. Mayor Herriot ordered Fire Chief Nightingale to sound a firemen's retreat.

Disobedient and daring, the firemen refused to quit, though they knew that in Lyon's 1930 autumn landslide 19 firemen were killed. Roared Mayor Herriot: "Get back! Back all of you!" When this had no effect, the burly Mayor rushed in and climbed to the top of the ruins, placed himself in the post of maximum danger, bellowed: "Do you all want to be killed? Messieurs, I insist that you get back."

Not a second too soon M. Herriot's insistence prevailed. As the earth began to heave firemen scattered, ran for their lives, but the Mayor did not move a muscle, stood puffing his common briar pipe,\* until he thought all the firemen were safe, then dashed down the hill to safety just as the second slide came. Fire Chief Nightingale was injured by falling masonry.

As the day wore on, renewed digging brought to light no bodies, so deeply were the two apartment houses buried, but a count of missing persons made it certain that at least 31 had perished. By this time election returns were pouring in, the swing from Right Centre to Left Centre was a nationwide fact, and Lyonesse reporters told their heroic Mayor that beyond a doubt he would be the nation's next Premier.

"Our success at the polls," said M. Herriot shortly, "is magnificent, but I can think of nothing else tonight than the tragedy that is happening here before my eyes."

Sternly the Mayor's friends took him in hand, bundled him off on the midnight train to Paris, where he found these:

**Election Results:** The Right Centre parties supporting Premier Tardieu hold 43 less seats in the new Chamber than in the old, a stinging setback which caused the Cabinet to announce their resignation, effective when the National Assembly should meet next day at Versailles to elect the new President of France.

Strongest in the new Chamber is Edouard Herriot's Radical-Socialist Party

with 157 seats—a thumping gain of 44. Next are the Socialists led by Jewish Deputy Léon Blum with 129 seats, a gain of 23, while former Premier Paul Painlevé's Republican Socialists hold 37 seats, a gain of five. On the extreme Left the Communists have twelve seats, a gain of two; and on the extreme Right the Conservatives hold five seats, a loss of three.

Thus it seemed that the next French Cabinet must be of the Left Centre with Edouard Herriot as Premier. But the situation remained complex. To form a Cabinet with a working majority of some 350 in the Chamber of 615, M. Herriot would have to draw other parties into coalition with his own, turning for that purpose either to his immediate Left or Right or both.

If M. Blum would lead his Socialists\* into the wigwam well and good, otherwise M. Herriot would have to pitch his Cabinet in such a way as to encompass both the moderate Republican Socialists and some such moderates of the Right Centre as André Tardieu, if the outgoing Premier would consent to serve.

To Frenchmen such complexities in building a Cabinet are commonplace. The great fact last week was that Edouard Herriot had been placed by French voters in a position to sway the destiny and mold the policies of France.

**Herriot of Lyon.** Not a hard, pragmatic go-getter but a brilliant, busy man of romantic enthusiasms and tireless work is Edouard Herriot. Born just 60 years ago, son of an Army officer far from rich but proud, Edouard spent his childhood all over France as his father was shifted from post to military post. Destined by his mother for the church, he barely escaped wearing long black skirts. Youthful scholastic brilliance won him a scholarship which took him to Paris and the famed *Ecole Normale Supérieure*. The first book penned by unknown Edouard Herriot was crowned by the French Academy.

He has written many books since on the long road that led him from the Professorship of Rhetoric at Lyon (1896-1904) to the Mayoralty (1906), which he has held, with one break, ever since, and twice into the office of Premier (1924-25 and 1926, the last time for only two days). To distract themselves other statesmen read. Edouard Herriot (like Winston Churchill) writes. Because he chanced to attend a Beethoven festival, M. Herriot is the author of a life of Beethoven. Because he loves the forests of Normandy he has made a rambling book out of his rambles there. Stimulated by a curiosity to know whether a certain great lady had fully experienced the joys of love and successfully aroused them to the highest pitch in others, Statesman Edouard Herriot wrote his audacious *Madame Récamier and Her Friends*.

\*Not to be confused with the underslung model sent by General Doumer to Mayor Herriot, who has smoked the contraption once or twice (see front cover). Once or twice General Doumer has also smoked the Herriot briar he received as a return gift.

\*Party names mean next to nothing in France. The Socialists, though great mouthers of Marxism, are almost as moderate in practice as Radical James Ramsay MacDonald. The Radical Socialists, instead of being more radical than the Socialists are in fact only Liberal.

## Foreign News—(Continued)

In Lyon there stand as monuments to 25 years of zealous labor by Mayor Herriot four modern bridges across the Rhône, a post-War program of public works put through at a cost of 50,000,000 francs, and the annual Lyon Fair, raised by Mayor Herriot from obscurity to rank with Germany's famed Leipzig Fair. As a "Good European" (which everyone calls M. Herriot) he placed under his personal protection the German goods exhibited at the Lyon Fair of 1914, defied efforts by the French Government to confiscate and sell them. After the War he returned to Germany the things that were Germany's.

On the national stage M. Herriot's rôle has been less decisive, though without his tact and wisdom as French Premier in 1924 reactionary forces might have prevented adoption of the Dawes Plan. In 1925 the Senate, blaming on M. Herriot's policies the so-called "collapse of the franc," voted his Cabinet out of office. The Chamber at once elected him its Speaker. In the following year he resigned as Speaker to form his disastrous two-day Cabinet and a shift to the Right Centre in the elections of 1928 was said to have "killed Herriot" politically. He was even forced to resign as Leader of his party, lie low. He regained the leadership only last year and has since been forging steadily back to power.

To U. S. citizens these typical Herriotisms are significant:

☛ "If European matters do not interest Americans, if they treasure their self-imposed isolation, then America should let Europe alone!"

☛ "There can be no naval peace without agreement with England and the United States, nor peace on land without agreement between France and Germany," for which agreement M. Herriot has earnestly striven.

☛ "Russian dumping is sufficient reason for the immediate organization of an economic United States of Europe. . . . Poor Europe! Stupid Europe, which is short-sighted and refuses to unite!"

☛ "I do not declare war on anybody, but I have beaten Socialism in Lyon."

☛ Most striking of all, Edouard Herriot stands for the payment by France of her War debts to the U. S. and Britain *even if Germany ceases to pay Reparations to France*. Writing last February in his newspaper *L'Ere Nouvelle*, M. Herriot flatly called it the "plain duty" of France to "fulfill her obligations regardless of the Reparations question."

This squares with what M. Herriot calls "my doctrine of the inviolability of contracts." He demands that Germany be similarly held to the letter of her bond, but not in pound-of-flesh fashion.

The Lausanne Conference in June, M. Herriot holds, must not cancel Reparations and War debts, must assist Germany to get back on her feet by a suitable extension of the moratorium principle, must provide that eventually Germany shall pay if not all then certainly a great part of what Germany agreed to pay by signing the Young Plan.

### "Est-ce Possible?"

The men behind news cameras are trained to be as impassive, as mechanically efficient in time of crisis as surgeons or telephone girls. By hook or crook they must get that picture. Last week to the venerable dean of Paris news photographers, Louis Piston, came the opportunity to crown his adventurous career by photographing the assassination of the President of the Republic.

Long years ago the future President Paul Doumer attended the wedding of the future dean of Paris cameramen. Last week it came about that bearded Photographer Piston was standing with his flashlight upraised, his camera trained on the

Yet in a strange, sardonic sense the tragedy dated back to a day last May, the day on which Paul Doumer was elected President, a triumph which broke the heart of his far more famed rival and onetime friend, Aristide Briand. On that day victorious President-Elect Paul Doumer said: "It is strange how often the number 13 has arisen to the surface in my long political life. Not only have I just been elected 13th President of France on the 13th day of May, but the last two digits of this year 1931 make 13 when reversed!"

"I cannot consider 13 my unlucky number, and I can give many other examples of its appearance. For example, when I proceeded to my post as Governor of



Wide World

ANDRÉ, ARMAND, RENÉ, MARCEL, FERNAND & PAUL DOUMER

All but Fernand are dead on the field of honor.

patriarchal President at the precise instant when a tall, burly Russian bounded forward and fired point-blank at M. Doumer with a Colt pistol. Instantly dropping his flashlight, Photographer Piston wielded his camera like a club, beating the assassin over the head, stunning him momentarily—and throwing away the chance to make a Picture of the Century.

That act was significantly French. By law and by custom the honor & dignity of the President of the Republic are the honor & dignity of France—to an extent undreamed of in most other republics. It is a crime against the State to print jokes about the President of France or to disparage him from stage or platform. Frenchmen—as individuals and as a nation—were never more true to French traditions than in their instinctive, automatic reactions to the swift, tremendous tragedy of last week. Every moment of the 13 hours that passed between the shooting in mid-afternoon and the Death just before dawn was packed with drama.

Indo-China, I reached Saigon on the 13th day of the month and Hanoi on the 13th of the following month. And certainly no unlucky happening followed either of those two thirteens!"

On the Friday of M. Doumer's assassination events moved thus:

2:30 p. m.: The 75-year-old President, who lost four of his five sons in the War, left his Elysée Palace to sponsor a sale of books by French War Veterans. In the limousine beside ancient M. Doumer rode alert, bristle-bearded Novelist Claude Farrère, *President de la Société des Ecrivains Combattants* who were staging their "War Veterans' Book Afternoon" in the nearby building of the Rothschild Foundation. Book sales were proceeding briskly and Novelist Farrère's wife Henriette had just succeeded in selling a third book by her husband to the brawny Russian in dark glasses who loitered beside the Farrère book booth, asking repeatedly: "Of course your husband will autograph these books for me when he comes, yes?"

## Foreign News—(Continued)

3:00 p. m. President Doumer had just smilingly agreed to autograph a book which Mme Farrère said she would auction off, and M. Farrère had just crossly autographed a book for the unfortunate Russian when the latter whirled, drew his Colt, and with a cry of "Die for the Fatherland!" made for M. Doumer, despite the fact that beside the President stood the Director of Municipal Police, M. Paul Guichard.

"The President had just signed the book when I saw a hand raised toward him, clasp a small automatic," said Director Guichard afterward. "I seized the assassin's wrist but already his first bullet had struck the President in the head. I yanked the hand downward but the man still fired. His second shot pierced M. Doumer's arm. His third struck M. Farrère who was now struggling with the assassin too. His fourth pierced my coat under my arm and I believe a fifth shot was fired."

Amid the crush of 500 people jammed into a salon not over large, the President of the Republic could not fall. He slumped slowly to his knees while a gush of blood from the wound in his head dyed his snowy beard suddenly dark red. Twice, as he was losing consciousness President Doumer murmured: "*Est-ce possible?*" (is it possible?)

More blood, spouting from M. Doumer's shoulder-wound, soaked his clothing and formed a pool upon the floor. Women screamed, "The President is dead!" Men battled to overpower the furiously fighting Russian. When he was down women's fingernails gashed his cheeks. Meanwhile the President was carried out feet foremost, rushed in a blood-spattered car to Beaujon Hospital only 100 yd. from the Rothschild Foundation.

3:30 p. m. The news was broken to Mme Doumer, eight times a mother, five times a grandmother, by the wife of French Minister of Justice Paul Reynaud. The President's wife sat stunned for a moment, then asked to be taken to M. Doumer who lay unconscious on a plain iron cot in a small room on the first floor of the hospital, other beds being occupied.

Meanwhile the assassin, who police said had "fought like a devil," was in chains, undergoing a ferocious third degree. Shouted he: "I know you will kill me! I am Dr. Paul Gorgulov, the President of the National Fascist Party of Russia. European states and America seem favorable to Bolshevism so I decided to kill the President and cause France to declare war on Russia! I am a great Russian patriot. I admire Hitler and Mussolini! I had no accomplices."

In Dr. Gorgulov's pockets were found a second loaded automatic, numerous pamphlets and one of the books autographed by Novelist Farrère in which was stuck an autographed piece of paper reading: "The man who killed the President of the

French Republic"—this neatly signed by Assassin Gorgulov.

4:20. The unconscious President received the first of three blood transfusions, recovered sufficiently to recognize Professor Gosset, the most eminent of eleven physicians and surgeons who were laboring to save his life.

"*Tiens, Gosset,*" murmured M. Doumer and lost consciousness again.

4:40. Professor Gosset raised a cheer from hundreds of people gathered around the hospital when he exclaimed: "The ball



ASSASSIN GORGULOV & GUARDS

Faithful Photographer Piston threw away the chance of a century.

in the head did not touch the brain. Therefore I refuse to say that the President is lost."

5:30. The doctors bulletined, "The situation is very grave."

6:45. They bulletined, "The condition is very satisfactory."

Meanwhile, Pope Pius XI, strolling in the Vatican Garden, had heard the news, telegraphed his hope that President Doumer would recover "with God's help and the aid of science."

King Vittorio Emanuele III telegraphed personally from Rome to Paris. King George V ordered his private secretary to keep in constant telephonic touch. Premier Mussolini, informed of the crime while in the Chamber of Deputies, blazed: "The assassin struck not one man but wounded and humiliated all humanity!" President Hoover cabled, "The attempt . . . of a dastardly assassin shocks and saddens me."

8:00 p. m. Dr. Gorgulov, still under a terrific police grilling, divulged that his "Green Fascists" had kidnapped Charles Augustus Lindbergh Jr. and would never give the child up.

10:00 p. m. At Monte Carlo the assassin's wife returned from evening service at a Nice church, was arrested, grilled. Said she: "My husband told me he had gone to Paris to attend a book sale and sell some of his poetry. Now I think of it he did say: 'You'll soon hear great things of me!' But I thought he meant he expected to sell a lot of books."

11:56 p. m. Stimulated by another transfusion President Doumer recovered sufficiently to ask: "What happened?"

"You were run over by an automobile," answered his family physician.

"Not purposely?" queried M. Doumer. "Not purposely?" The President sank into alternate coma and delirium, seem-

ingly worried about why anyone should have wished to run him down, moaning occasionally, "Strange, I remember nothing."

Through the whole night Premier André Tardieu and most of the Cabinet remained at the hospital.

2:00 a. m. The Ministry of Interior bulletined the President's relapse into profound coma.

4:37 a. m. The President quietly expired, without recognizing Mme Doumer or his daughters.

5:00 a. m. Wrapped in a silken shroud the body was taken in an ambulance to the Elysée where, on the second floor, embalmers went to work.

Mme Doumer left the hospital between her daughters. Next came the Premier and members of his Cabinet with red eyes and tear-stained cheeks.

11:30 a. m. There being no Vice President in France, the Cabinet decreed that the Chamber and Senate, which recently adjourned for a General Election (see p. 20), must reassemble as the National Assembly at Versailles and elect a new President of the Republic.

"To the French people!" read the Cabinet's proclamation. ". . . All France, stricken with astonishment and plunged into consternation, mourns the illustrious Elder whose life was spent in her service and whose four sons died in her defense. "She inclines before the saddened widow, who this morning saw the closed eyes of her husband who also fell on the field of honor."

"Let us honor our Chief . . . by our calm and our dignity."

"*Vive la France! Vive la République!*" (Signed) "TARDIEU."

Aftermath. Though the Paris police who third-degreed Assassin Gorgulov ended by calling him a "madman," this opinion was reversed by three French alienists who proceeded to find him "sane and responsible for his act," a finding which probably meant that Dr. Gorgulov will be guillotined as was the assassin of the only other French President ever assassinated: President Marie François Sadi Carnot, stabbed by an Italian anarchist at Lyons, June 24, 1894.

By way of hurling a political bombshell which he hoped would swing French voters to the Right, former President Alexander Millerand declared: "I have private information which enables me to affirm categorically that the assassin of President Doumer belonged to the regular Bolshevik forces."

On the contrary, Russians who had known Dr. Gorgulov in Paris, Vienna, Prague and Brussels, declared that aside from practicing medicine with no proper credentials his chief preoccupation seemed to be with an embryonic movement called the "Green Fascists" which was to oust Russian Communism and make him the "Green Dictator." There was ample evidence that numerous Russians had talked about a "Green plot" with Dr. Gorgulov, but no evidence that his "Green Fascists" existed anywhere as a party last week. The fact that he had been twice expelled

\*Within two hours the Italian Ambassador officially protested to the French Foreign Office "the intolerable presumption of Gorgulov in terming himself a Fascist."

## Foreign News—(Continued)

from France for medical practice without a license led to questions as to how he managed to return to France last year, gave the Paris Communist sheet *L'Humanité* an opening to declare: "The Government of France is responsible for the assassination of the President of the Republic."

Naturally the Moscow headquarters of the Communist International denied that Assassin Gorgulov was a Communist, crossed its fingers with the observation: "The Party rejects individual terrorist acts."

To gaze upon the waxen face of dead President Doumer, the people of France shuffled slowly to the Elysée, packed closely in a queue eight wide, blocks long. Drenched by fickle showers, flecked by hail, many a citizen waited three hours to file by the bier, resting in state before a great black canopy.

**Career of Doumer.** The life of President Paul Doumer began with a coincidence. His father, a common railway foreman, died the day Son Paul was born.

Growing up in desperate poverty while his mother worked as a charwoman, Paul Doumer ran errands for pay almost as soon as he could run, became apprenticed to an engraver of medals when barely in his teens, studied nights and won the French equivalent of a high school diploma when 15.

By the time he was 21, Engraver Doumer had married "for love" a girl with no dot, and had wrung from the University of Paris a degree which set him up as Professor Doumer. From teaching in a country school he graduated to provincial journalism, next into politics and in 1888 was elected to the Chamber of Deputies. From then on he slogged and slaved at all sorts of political tasks, won recognition as an expert on finance but drifted into debt and barely managed to extricate himself by obtaining appointment as Governor General of French Indo-China, where he ruled 17,000,000 souls with Coolidgean frugality, Rooseveltian firmness. Returning to France he was elected Speaker of the Chamber in 1905 and in 1906 he took the bold plunge of running for President of the Republic against the Speaker of the Senate, Clément Armand Fallières. By a vote of 449-to-371 the National Assembly elected as President not Speaker Doumer but Speaker Fallières.

It was during the War that the Senators and Deputies who elect French Presidents came at last really to know and respect Paul Doumer. Working under "Tiger" Clemenceau yet also friendly with Aristide Briand, M. Doumer slowly became symbolic of the type of Frenchman who is quietly indomitable in defense of *La Patrie*. As the father of five fighting sons only one of whom was not slain by the enemies of France, M. Doumer wrung the nation's heart by writing a book of austere dignity, *Le Livre de Mes Fils*.

In the post-war years Paul Doumer was twice made Finance Minister by Premier Briand who used to boast "I myself know nothing about money!" When the "Peace Man" decided to crown his long career by

seeking the Presidency of France he asked M. Doumer—whose candidacy had previously been announced—to withdraw. Quiet, firm, bourgeois to the core Senator Doumer refused to withdraw, broke the Peace Man's heart by his triumph.

As President *le bon bourgeois* had only one eccentricity—which almost drove the police frantic. He would not permit detectives to dog his heels, motored about France to see his friends totally unguarded and serene. Who would kill the father of Four Sons? To President Doumer the very notion was preposterous. He was confident that all men knew him for what he was—a good, industrious man to whom the honor and defense of France were supremely dear. Respectfully pressed to accept a secret service guard by former Premier Pierre Laval, last year, the President replied with an ancient chuckle:

"My little one, your plain-clothes policemen with their heavy boots, long mustaches and inevitable baggy umbrellas are altogether too conspicuous. If I went out with them I would have no privacy at all. Every one would spot me."

### New President

Drastic precautions against disaster while France elected her 14th President in succession to assassinated 13th President Doumer last week included six fire engines parked close to the Palace of Versailles lest it should ignite, 3,250 infantry-

went to Versailles and sat in the National Assembly with the Senate to elect the new President. Several Communist deputies arrived in bright blue overalls and work shirts. Two Left Centre deputies arrived quarreling; one twice slapped the other's face. A senator and a deputy began a furious fist fight, blundered into War Veteran Deputy Louis Sevestre who has only one leg, knocked him down. But leading Paris papers called the proceedings "among the quietest in years, out of respect and homage to M. Doumer."

As expected, the National Assembly on the first ballot elected as the 14th President of France the President of the Senate, peasant-born Albert Lebrun, 60, who like President Hoover has been a mining engineer. Out of 826 ballots cast President Lebrun received 633, the Socialists gestured by throwing away 114 ballots on the obscure secretary of their party Paul Faure, scattered friends of former Premier Paul Painlevé (who announced that he did not choose to run at the last moment) gave him twelve votes, the Communists cast eight for Communist Leader Marcel Cachin (who lost his Chamber seat in the earlier election last week), and finally 59 members of the National Assembly dropped blank ballots into the ornate, Napoleonic urn. Cried President Lebrun of France, soon after his election: "In the most ambitious dreams of my childhood I never dared hope to attain to such heights. I am extremely proud of the confidence of the nation. . . . I will strive to carry forward the exalted tradition set by President Doumer."

Said Premier Tardieu, who as acting President had invested President Lebrun: "The post of President is one of honor and danger, as is shown by the odious assassination of President Doumer."

Together President Lebrun and Premier Tardieu then motored to Paris where M. Tardieu presented his Cabinet's resignation. Since the new Chamber will have a Left Centre majority, President Lebrun seemed bound to call on Edouard Herriot, most potent Left Centrist (see p. 20), to form a Cabinet soon, but meanwhile the President asked Right Centrist André Tardieu to carry on pending the assembling of the new Chamber in June.

President Lebrun, diligent and plodding, has been a respected work horse under such outstanding premiers as MM. Clemenceau and Poincaré. Soon after his election to the Senate he served on the League of Nations' mixed commission on armaments. Comfortably obscure, he is the sort of man Frenchmen like to have as President, for in France the President has few powers, many formal duties.

### Le Gangster

In Paris the highly conservative French Hatters' Association censured last fortnight and threatened with expulsion a member of their depressed trade who has boomed his business this spring by selling to fond mothers of French moppets a small boy's hat embroidered with the fetching foreign word "GANGSTER."



14th President LEBRUN

"I never dared hope . . ."

men and 600 cavalrymen massed in the Palace courtyard, mobilization of all nearby military garrisons and a ceaseless roaring patrol of airplanes overhead.

Since the new Chamber elected last week cannot meet until June 1st it was the old Chamber, elected in 1928, which

## 'Foreign News—(Continued)

### INDIA

#### *Lathis for Monkeys*

Migrating monkeys swarmed screeching into the Viceregal Capital of New Delhi last week, disturbed the repose of Their Excellencies the Viceroy and Lady Willingdon, made more trouble for the police than do St. Gandhi's non-violent Nationalists. Treating the monkeys exactly like Gandhites, police riot squads drove them out of town with *lathis* (long staves) every day. But every night the monkeys crept back to plague New Delhi, caused the United Press to report that "monkeys dominated the city."

Legally dominant, the Viceroy demanded that New Delhi's Municipal Council do something about the monkeys. They could, one Councilman proposed, be penned up in wire enclosures (like Gandhites). The Council called this scheme "impractical," temporized, waited to see if Nature would not tell the monkeys to get on with their migration.

#### *Lathis for Congressmen*

Because Gandhites are beaten every day, bored white correspondents have almost ceased to report their sufferings, but the British Labor Party still keeps in touch with goings on in India. Released last week was a report from Madras by Laborite Peter Freeman, former M. P. Reported he:

"I was going along Mount Road, the main street of Madras, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when I saw on the other side of the road about a dozen Indians, walking quietly along, one of their number carrying a flag. On inquiry I was informed that they were members of the [Gandhite Indian National] Congress. Such action is illegal in India.

"A policeman whom they passed on their route snatched the flag out of the hands of the man carrying it and without further ado the police officer started hitting him repeatedly with a heavy *lathi* as hard as he could hit, on every part of his body, including many blows on his head. The man was knocked down, and became unconscious after a short time, but the rain of blows continued, even while he was lying maimed and helpless on the ground.

"By this time, a car load of about 20 additional police had arrived, all armed with heavy *lathis*. Other members of the little group were then attacked and beaten mercilessly. There was no retaliation of any kind from the Congressmen.

"In one case the man's nerve failed him, and he attempted to run away, but he was chased by four or five of the police officers and hit ruthlessly on every part of the body, including the head. How he was able to stand the heavy blows without losing consciousness I do not know, though he attempted to ward off the blows with his bare arms, but with little effect. Eventually he was able to escape and made his way amongst the crowd.

"No aggressive action had been shown by any members of the little procession and no kind of counter-attack was made.

No crowd had collected. No inquiry was made and no attempt to arrest these men was made at the time, though other members of the group were subsequently arrested. No threats were made to the police, and there was no danger of any kind of attack, as every member of the group was unarmed and walked quietly and peacefully along until stopped.

"... Such sights are, unfortunately, of almost daily occurrence in nearly every large town throughout India."

### AUSTRALIA

#### *Curbing Lang*

Once again unruly John Thomas Lang, Labor Premier of New South Wales, thumbed his big nose last week at the Commonwealth Government which is still trying to impose state taxes to pay off New South Wales's defaulted foreign debts. Australian newspapers announced that Premier Lang had capitulated and handed over the keys of the State tax offices to Commonwealth officers. Next morning they learned the truth. Sparring for time, John Thomas Lang had merely handed over a great bundle of lists of paupers in New South Wales.

It was almost his last trick. In Canberra Australia's Parliament passed laws seizing one-sixth of the new Sydney Harbor Bridge tolls, death duties, liquor and automobile taxes. Further, it rushed through a bill aimed straight at John Thomas Lang himself: any State official impeding the Commonwealth Government in the seizure of State revenues to meet defaults in the State's foreign debt is liable to a fine of \$5,000 or three years' imprisonment.

### CANADA

#### *Squaw on Ice*

From Ottawa last week the Canadian Department of Justice radioed to the Royal Mounted Police schooner *Stroche*, frozen in Arctic pack ice, an order to release the Eskimo Squaw Kobvello whom seagoing Canadian Mounties arrested last December, charged with murdering one Fritz Schurer, a naturalized U. S. citizen.

But for the radio Squaw Kobvello could not have been brought to trial until the pack ice melts. Her case, Arcticly outside the realm of ordinary journalism and ordinary jurisprudence, was briefly summarized thus: "It is the custom in the Arctic for an Eskimo in need of a servant to follow his trappings and do other labor, simply to seize any single woman he sees and take her with him into the wilderness. Schurer did just that to her, Kobvello said. He seized her on Herschel Island, forced her to accompany him on a trapping expedition and made her do all the manual labor in connection with the trip. That was all right and according to custom. But when he attempted to kill Kobvello because he no longer needed her services, she rebelled and shot him to death. Schurer went into the Arctic in 1930 from Seattle on the trading schooner *Patterson*. He entered the U. S. from Germany in 1923."

### CHINA-JAPAN

#### *Pax Britannica (3rd Class)*

Inside the British Consulate at Shanghai last week, closely guarded by His Majesty's Marines in full war regalia, sat an aristocratic Old Etonian, Sir Miles Wedderburn Lampson.

Years ago he accepted from the Emperor of Japan both the Order of the Rising Sun (3rd class) and the Order of the Sacred Treasure (3rd class). Since 1926 he has been British Minister to China, and soon after Japan struck at Shanghai (TIME, Feb. 1) handsome, trim-mustached Sir Miles began trying to make peace. On his desk last week lay the makings: an agreement in English ready to be initialed by the plenipotentiaries of China, Japan and the Great Powers providing for Japanese evacuation. Picking up a pen, Sir Miles initialed the agreement first himself, then sent it to the hospitals where three of the Oriental signers lay painfully in beds.

A Japanese surgeon had just cut out the right eyeball of Vice Admiral Kichisaburo Nomura. Another surgeon was waiting to cut off the right leg of Japanese Minister Mamoru Shigemitsu—both men having been wounded by the Korean bomb thrown fortnight ago during a Japanese military and naval review at Shanghai (TIME, May 9). Propped up in bed and waiting for his leg to be cut at the knee, Minister Shigemitsu smiled with heroic Japanese courtesy at Director of Intelligence Samuel Chang whom the Chinese Government had sent to witness his signature.

"Tell your people—tell the Chinese people," said the ashen-lipped Japanese Minister, "I dearly wish that we shall be at peace!"

Samuel Chang approached the bed, made as though to shake Minister Shigemitsu's right hand, drew back when he saw it was bandaged.

"Here, shake my left hand!" cried the game little Japanese, and as they shook he patted Samuel Chang's hand with his bandaged right. At 1:14 p. m. Minister Shigemitsu signed the agreement, lost his leg two hours later, received a blood transfusion, was described by his Japanese surgeon as "in a condition not quite hopeless."

Samuel Chang, taking no chances, took the agreement to his chief, Chinese Foreign Vice Minister Quo Tai-chi, not in a glittering Government limousine but in a ramshackle Chinese taxi with its old-fashioned shades tightly drawn. This precaution was necessary because Shanghai citizens instinctively suspected that the Old Etonian and the wounded Japanese were trying to put something over on China. Mere announcement that the agreement was to be signed had sent 100 Chinese students hot-footing it into the French Concession where they burst into the home of prospective Chinese Signer Quo.

"Toad-in-the-slime!" screamed the students. "You have betrayed China!"

Before Mr. Quo could answer a student

threw a plate which gashed him just above the eye. Other students pitched in, knocked Mr. Quo down, beat and kicked him, would have killed China's Signer had not French police arrived.

**Terms of the Pax Britannica** signed at Shanghai:

1) The Japanese forces are to withdraw within four weeks from the Woosung Forts and other occupied areas around Shanghai. Japan began this withdrawal promptly last week.

2) The Chinese Government's troops are to hold their present positions some 20 miles from Shanghai while a joint commission (set up under the agreement) supervises the Japanese withdrawal and certifies that it has taken place.

3) The Chinese Government is to assign a special constabulary to police the evacuated area.

To this true U. S. Minister Nelson Trusler Johnson contributed not only his initials but a friendly statement: "I believe that the agreement means an early return to normalcy. Both parties are to be congratulated on their forbearance."

Thus Minister Johnson turned the other cheek to 60 Japanese bluejackets who the night previous had climbed the high, spiked gate of the International Settlement near Soochow Creek and rushed with fixed bayonets upon a Chinese crowd technically under the protection of the 31st U. S. Infantry. Lunging at these Chinese civilians the Japanese bluejackets wounded ten with bayonet thrusts, knocked down eleven more with blows from their rifle butts and climbed back over the high, spiked gate as the 31st U. S. Infantry rushed upon the scene. Tersely a Japanese spokesman explained that the bluejackets had acted to "punish" Chinese who had been making faces, hurling stones and obscenities from the supposed safety of the International Settlement.

**Chinese Pandemonium** broke loose when, day after the *Pax Britannica* was initiated, the Chinese Government of Marshal Chiang Kai-shek telegraphed orders to Chinese mayors and garrison commanders to suppress promptly and at once any anti-Japanese societies or other boycott groups in their districts.\*

All China assumed that this order was what Japan and Old Elionian Sir Miles Wedderburn Lampson had put over—that it was Japan's secret price for agreeing to evacuate. Raging mad, prominent Chinese sent telegrams from Peiping, Tientsin, Canton, Hankow and Shanghai demanding that the Chinese Government at Nanking resign, accusing its members of "betraying China."

Experimentally the Government let Foreign Vice Minister Quo (who signed for China) resign, waited to see if kicking Quo would appease the nation's wrath.

Leading Japanese newspapers featured brazenly last week a story that Great Britain's helpful attitude toward Japan has been due to "fear that the Japanese Navy might seize both Hong Kong and Singapore which Great Britain could not

defend at present." (The famed British naval base at Singapore is incomplete. James Ramsay MacDonald is a Pacifist. Overtaxed Britons are in no mood to pay the cost of fighting Japan.)

## CHILE

### "Without Revolution"

Only last year short, swart Senor Don Carlos Guillermo Davila, potent Chilean publisher, was hobnobbing in Washington with President Hoover and many another man of property. Senor Davila, as Chilean Ambassador and a leading negotiator in setting up the Chilean-U. S. nitrate trust (Cosach), looked and acted as though he would be the last man on earth to propose State Socialism. Last week he suddenly proposed it to the Chilean people in a bulky manifesto of 20,000 words, was



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CHILE'S DAVILA

... thought the time was ripe to step in, accused of wanting to make himself President by a *coup d'état*.

Senor Davila ceased to be Ambassador and returned to Santiago when the Chilean Government of President Carlos Ibanez was upset by a *coup d'état* (TIME, Aug. 3). Last week the new government of President Agustín Justo tried to suppress the Davila manifesto, stigmatized it as revolutionary. Senor Davila, who thought it best to quit his handsome home and go into hiding, declared in his manifesto, "Present conditions in Chile warrant a trial of State Socialism adapted to our national peculiarities. If we can adopt the useful residue of the French revolution, to mold our primitive political system, without taking a Bastille, without decapitating a king, without bloody tribunals, has not the moment arrived to try what demonstrates itself to be utilizable, without having to march on Rome, and without the ten years of suffering experienced by the Russian people?"

"At this moment the Chilean Government can step in and take over all means of production and distribution without stepping outside the bounds laid down by the present Chilean Constitution. I urge that Chilean people adopt Socialism without Revolution."

## PEOPLE

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

On Mother's Day (May 8) in Arlington National Cemetery, the Gold Star Mothers honored the Unknown Soldier and the **Unknown Soldier's Mother**. Schoolchildren threw soil from all the States, France and Canada around the roots of a small white birch to be known as the **Unknown Soldier's Mother's Tree**. Austrian-born Mme Ernestine Schumann-Heink, eight times a mother, eleven times a grandmother, twice a great-grandmother, sang "Taps." Secretary of War Hurley declared: "The American mother gave to the nation its soul. . ."

**Mrs. Robert Patterson Lamont Jr.** (Frances Kent of Chicago), daughter-in-law of the Secretary of Commerce, made her professional stage debut with a Denver stock company as Sadie Thompson in *Rain*.

Sinclair Lewis, in Paris, discussed his new book. The heroine, **Anne Vickers**, "will be a sort of female Babbitt playing a reverse rôle, but she is not intended as a sarcastic interpretation of that glorious class of American women who help make the wheels of business spin. She will live on Main Street and Dr. Arrowsmith will be her family doctor."

**Theodore Miller Edison**, youngest son of the late great inventor, was granted his first patent, on a device to eliminate vibration from any kind of machinery, from a phonograph to a truck.

Less famed than "Mickey Mouse" is the animated cartoon **"Betty Boop"**. Claiming that the latter is a too palpable imitation of her own lisp and seductive mannerisms, Singer **Helen** ("Boop-Boop-Boop") Kane filed suit against the Max Fleischer Studios and Paramount-Public Corp. for \$250,000.

**Prince Youssef Kamal**, cousin of King Fuad of Egypt, renounced his rank & title. Said he at Cairo: "I have nothing to say except that hereafter I desire to be known as Youssef Kamal."

**Col. William Sparks**, industrial patriarch of Jackson, Mich. ("Spartan" radios, auto horns, refrigerators) went happily forth to the presentation and opening ceremonies of a 600-acre public park—complete with lake, golf course, club house, cascade lighting—his gift to the City of Jackson.

With many bottles of *sekt* (champagne), former officers of the Imperial German Army last week celebrated the 50th birthday of long-necked **Friedrich Wilhelm**, onetime Crown Prince of Germany. Granting an interview to the foreign Press for the first time since his return from exile (1923), he said: ". . . I cannot avoid hitting straight from the shoulder. . . Have you proud and free Americans any inkling of what it means to make a proud people submit to special laws and regulations? . . ."

\*China's boycott of Japanese goods has reduced trade between the two countries 53%, according to Japanese statistics released at Tokyo last week. Japanese exports have been off as much as 81%, had picked up considerably between the time fighting ceased and last week.

## S P O R T

## At Churchill Downs

One way to bet on last week's Kentucky Derby was described by Lester Doctor, betting expert for the Whitneys. The morning of the race he had made a long distance call, been cut off by an operator who said something about "overtime." Lester Doctor said he was playing Mrs. John Hay ("Jock") Whitney's entry, Overtime.

Another good way was to pick out the jockey you liked and play his mount. The field, weakened by three important withdrawals in the last week, was not up to Derby standard and the horses were hard to rate on form, but everyone knew about most of the riders. Everyone could have a good look at them. Perched like bright birds in the sun on the veranda of the jockey house, they sat chatting to each other. In the moving crowd below the veranda stood a detective watching them.

Earl Sande, most famed jockey in the U. S., his cheerful little face pinched by the strain of making weight, had won three Derbies and wanted another to break the record. He was wearing Mrs. "Jock" Whitney's fuchsia silks, as was Lavelle ("Buddy") Ensor, whom she had chosen to ride Stephenfitchit. Ten years ago, when he was regarded as the best rider in the country, Ensor's conviviality grew so pronounced that no trainer dared trust him with a mount. This year, reformed at 34, his comeback has been even more dramatic than Sande's.

Another jockey waiting for the start was Laverne Fator, whose admirers consider him more brilliant than Sande. Col. Edward Riley Bradley, who had two horses entered last week, told Fator to choose the one he wanted to ride. Fator, who had won \$3,000,000 for various owners and won every important U. S. race except the Derby and the Belmont Stakes, chose Brother Joe. Burgoon King, a horse that most of Louisville liked better, he turned over to 19-year-old Eugene James, a jockey who was bred in Louisville and made a sensation last season, his first.

The actual running of the Kentucky Derby, over a mile-and-a-quarter of chocolate-colored loam at Churchill Downs, takes a few seconds more than two minutes. As the horses paraded to the post last week, Crystal Prince shied at the loud hand playing "Swanee River." Cee Tee and Tick On made trouble at the barrier. Cee Tee was placed outside and when the barrier finally sprang after 15½ min., Tick On was pocketed behind the field. It took Fator on Brother Joe about a half-mile to find that he had picked the wrong horse. Brother Joe pulled up lame and Fator could see Burgoon King running well with the leaders, in third place, behind Economic and Brandon Mint as they started down the back stretch.

Coming around the second turn, Burgoon King moved up with a burst of speed. From three lengths behind tired Economic at the head of the turn, he was four lengths ahead after the horses came into the stretch. Jockey James, who usually lies back to wait for clear running at the start of a race, has the reputation of being impossible to catch when his horse is leading

in the stretch. Jockey Horn on Economic and Jockey Ensor, coming up fast with Stephenfitchit, found him impossible to catch last week. Burgoon King was first by five lengths at the finish, with Economic second, Stephenfitchit third, Tick On sixth.

Burgoon King's time—2:05½—was comparatively slow but his victory made a record for his owner, Col. Bradley. In 1921 the Bradley horses Behave Yourself and Black Servant finished first and second in the Kentucky Derby. Two more Bradley horses—Bubbling Over and Bagenbaggage—did the same thing in 1926. No one else has ever owned three Derby winners. When Governor Ruby Laffoon congratulated him last week, Col. Bradley said he was particularly pleased because Burgoon King is a son of Bubbling Over.

Though Kentuckians like to bet on horses from his big Idle Hour Farm which



International

COL. EDWARD RILEY BRADLEY

*Behave Yourself, Black Servant, Bubbling Over, Bagenbaggage, Burgoon King.*

spreads out on both sides of the Frankfort Pike near Lexington, Col. Bradley is no native Kentuckian. He was born in Bradford, Pa., and worked in its steel mills till he was old enough to go out West and become a cowpuncher. After a few years of that he went to Chicago and made money with a hotel. Presently he was rich enough to spend his winters in Palm Beach, where he started a gambling casino. How much "Bradley's," smartest gaming place in the land, makes per year Col. Bradley is reluctant to state. Some say \$5,000,000. Col. Bradley became interested in horses 35 years ago when his doctor advised him to retire and live in the country. Now he owns the New Orleans race-track in addition to his properties in Chicago and Palm Beach. With no children of his own, he takes a charitable interest in orphans, holds a race-meeting for their benefit at Idle Hour Farm each autumn. Bland, dignified and equipped with a genuine Kentucky accent to match his genuine Kentucky colonelcy, Col. Bradley shows a wary reticence when

talking to reporters. He has one superstition: all his horses have names beginning with "B." Burgoon King was named for Jim Mooney, a Lexington grocer whose "burgoo"—a savory meat stew cooked for two days and sometimes seasoned with corn whiskey—is reputed Kentucky's best.

## Flynn, Feary &amp; Friends

Noticeable in the comparatively small crowds that attend the A. A. U. boxing championships each year are certain shabby individuals who stand in the corridors of Madison Square Garden, munching on unlighted cigars, spitting thoughtfully. They are professional fight managers on the look-out for good material. They do not bother to look at most of the fights because they know before the tournament starts which fighters are worth watching. Last week the members of this group spent most of their time in or near the dressing room of Eddie Flynn, a Loyola University dentistry student who was defending his championship in the 147-lb. class. Flynn, a better boxer than most professionals, won his semi-final bout and then lay down to nap on a rubbing table while his trainer explained that Flynn was 22 years old and married, that he earned \$60 a month as a janitor, that he had no intention of becoming a professional. Presently Flynn swung himself off the rubbing bench, walked out to the ring and retained his title in a three-round fight against a rough little San Francisco Italian named Andrew Bozzano.

Amateur heavyweights, because they are usually youths who have grown too rapidly, are not likely to be as good as the men in the smaller classes. Among the 146 boxers in last week's tournament, there were two exceptions to this rule: John Kilcullen, a 195-lb. Yale sophomore whom experts had picked to win not only the A. A. U. championship but the world's championship at Los Angeles next summer; and Fred Feary, a 20-year-old high-school boy of Stockton, Calif., who bounces about the ring as lightly as though his 215-lb. body were inflated with air. Feary and Kilcullen fought each other in the third round of the tournament. In the second round Kilcullen knocked Feary down once and Feary knocked Kilcullen down twice. In the third round, Feary scored his 33rd knockout in 38 recorded fights. In the semi-final, he scored the 34th when the handler of his opponent, Jack Holland of New Orleans, took off his shirt and threw it into the ring. His opponent in the final, George Schultz of Cleveland, stayed on his feet till the third round when Feary knocked him down for eight seconds and won the decision.

Other title-winners:

- 112 lb.: Louis Salica, New York.
- 118 lb.: James Martin, New York.
- 126 lb.: Richard Carter, New York.
- 135 lb.: Nat Bor, Fall River, Mass.
- 160 lb.: Fred Caserio, Chicago.
- 175 lb.: Homer Brandis, San Francisco.

## Sportsman

Last spring Edgar William Warren II of Westwood, Mass., was the best short-stop on any Eastern college baseball team. Last summer, in the Adirondacks he

slipped off the deck of a motorboat that was turning around for someone who had fallen off an aquaplane, got caught in the propeller. His left arm had to be amputated. His Yale baseball mates insisted he remain their captain notwithstanding.

Last week the Yale baseball team played Wesleyan, won 15 to 2. Captain



International

## YALE'S BASEBALL CAPTAIN

"Warren, rf. 4 2 1 0 0 0"

Warren played right field. In five times at bat, he knocked a long fly, then a single which scored a run, then a hard grounder, got a base on balls, struck out. In the field he handled two chances perfectly. His line in the box-score read:

"Warren, rf. 4 2 1 0 0 0"

Fielder Warren now plays with a glove that has no back-strap. When catching a ball, he shakes his glove off, throws with his bare hand. He uses a short 28-oz. bat, four ounces lighter than normal. This spring he took up squash. He goes around a golf course in 115, swims, plans to study medicine. He practices with his players every day but, because he thinks the team might do better without him, he said last week that the Wesleyan game was the last he would play in.

## Who Won

William Beaver of Berwyn, Pa.: the U. S. amateur trap-shooting championship; by breaking 194 out of 200 clay pigeons, one more than Stevenson M. Crothers of Philadelphia, champion in 1925, 1927-28, 1930; at Traver's Island, N. Y.

Yale's varsity crew: the Blackwell Cup Regatta, at Philadelphia, with Columbia second by three lengths, Penn a length behind Columbia.

The Princeton track team: a dual meet with Harvard (first since 1926) by 75½ to 59½; at Princeton.

The Japanese Davis Cup team (Jiro Satoh and K. Miki): 3 matches to 0, against Greece, at Athens, in the second round. Winners in the first round for the Davis Cup, completed last week, were: Germany (v. India); Monaco (v. Norway); Austria (v. Czechoslovakia).

## Natives Encouraged

Rochester paid so willingly to hear pretty French Lily Pons sing in *Lucia di Lammermoor* fortnight ago that for the time in eight years the Metropolitan Opera's visit showed a profit. Last week musical Rochester went three times to the big theatre named for the late George Eastman who gave it, and once to small, chaste Kilbourn Hall which Mr. Eastman built in memory of his mother. But no reckoning had to be done in either box-office. These concerts were the second annual Festival of American Music, given free by the Eastman School of Music. Under the direction of Howard Hanson music by 15 U. S. composers was played, none of it particularly exciting.

Radio gave U. S. music an added puff last week. Fortnight ago five unidentified symphonic compositions (weeded out from 573) were played over the National Broadcasting chain, listened to by 150 judges in all parts of the country who telegraphed their votes back to N. B. C. in Manhattan. Week later the five pieces were played again, the composers announced. Philip James of Manhattan won \$5,000 for *Station WGBX*, a midwest symphony which ingeniously describes lobby confusion at a studio, interference and static, a slumber hour, microphone hysteria. Another \$5,000 was divided between Max Wald, a native of Litchfield, Ill., living in Paris; Carl Eppert of Milwaukee, Florence Grandland Galajikian of Maywood, Ill., Nicolai Berezowsky of Manhattan. President Merlín Hall Aylesworth of N. B. C. made the awards at the broadcast.

## Street Music

"Music is the meat and drink of the people. I will lead street bands, I will give free concerts, when this Depression prevents folks from hearing music they must have."

When Conductor Leopold Stokowski made this statement five weeks ago, most people were inclined to discount it as Stokowski-talk. But last week Stokowski made good his word. He assembled 200 jobless musicians in Reynburn Plaza opposite Philadelphia's City Hall. A sharp wind was blowing across the open square. Some of the musicians sat huddled in overcoats. But Stokowski, by the time the concert was under way, had shed even his jacket, stood conducting in his shirt-sleeves.

Stokowski's outdoor concert was ostensibly a rehearsal for a John Philip Sousa memorial concert held next night in Convention Hall. With Assistant Conductor Alexander Smallens of the Philadelphia Orchestra and Bandmaster Arthur Pryor, who once played the trombone in Sousa's band, Stokowski led the 200 jobless through nine Sousa marches which have come to comprise the nation's street music.

Boise, Idaho, also went in for street music last week. The city band will play every Saturday afternoon, market time for the farmers who drive to town with their produce. Explained Bandmaster

George Fleharty: "Bands played during the War to cheer up people and it will work now."

## Cinema Music

On the assumption that the U. S. masses prefer their music light and syncopated, the Roxy cinemaman in Manhattan dismissed its symphony orchestra four months ago, installed Fred Waring and his jazz-making "Pennsylvanians." Fred Waring put on a series of brisk, comic turns but last week at Roxy's great waves of applause greeted every showing of an announcement that the symphony orchestra would be reinstated. Hugo Riesenfeld, leading pioneer for "good" cinema music, would be conductor. Good music had thus won a victory likely to have results in movie houses all over the U. S.

It is no longer considered disgraceful for famed singers to swell their incomes by singing in cinemansions. Contralto Margaret Matzenauer sang last week at Roxy's where Contralto Ernestine Schumann-Heink, another Metropolitan Opera alumna, has sung several times. Soprano Frances Alda, a mound of red velvet and jewels, last week did a turn at the Palace, Manhattan vaudeville house.

Tenor Beniamino Gigli had not decided last week whether to accept a \$7,000-a-week offer for 20 weeks from Paramount-Publix, the cinema chain for which oldtime Coloratura Luisa Tetrazzini has been singing this season. But he was ready



Acme

## TENOR GIGLI

"None of my colleagues had a long contract to protect. . ."

with the statement he promised his public in connection with his refusal to take a salary cut at the Metropolitan and the severance of his connection there (TIME, May 9). Excerpt: "Mr. Gatti-Casazza had a grudge against me. . . . None of my colleagues had a long contract to protect, as I had. . . . [The 32 artists who signed a letter protesting against Tenor Gigli's *esprit de corps*] have acted in a tricky way. . . ."

## RELIGION

**"The Backs of the Poor"**

*"A small but outstanding group of some of America's rich men are now seeking, by the expenditure of vast sums of money, to secure the repeal of the 18th Amendment. This would evidently shift the burden of taxation from their own shoulders to the backs of the poor. . . ."*

The 35 other Methodist bishops present, who had helped to write the episcopal address which Boston's Bishop William Franklin Anderson was delivering, beamed in their chairs upon the platform. The 800-odd delegates and some 1,500 of their friends who crowded Atlantic City's Municipal Auditorium for the 31st quadrennial general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church rose to their feet and cheered. It sounded like the old days when temperance cartoons depicted "the brewer's big horses" trampling down poor children, and the Saloon as a burly ogre digging graves for mankind, pointing with

the Government must deal with it in more vigorous fashion. . . .

"The metropolitan Press, with rare exceptions, has written one of the most shameless chapters in the history of the Republic. . . . What we commonly hear is: 'Leave it to the communities that want the traffic back again to solve the problem for all of us.' Leave it to the sidewalks of New York and the slums of Chicago!"

Again the auditorium rang with cheers. Bishop Anderson had to repeat the section of his address dealing with the Press. The Board of Temperance, Prohibition & Public Morals began preparing copies of the section on Prohibition to send to President Hoover, Governor Roosevelt, Alfred Emanuel Smith and New York's Mayor Walker.

Not for years & years had Methodism spoken so sharply to Business. In the years leading up to Prohibition's enactment, support of the Dry movement was

national classes, spawned upon society by this ruinous business, falls chiefly upon the sober and industrious. The burden imposed upon the resources of the American people by the liquor business far exceeds the cost of maintaining all the armies of Europe. Once let the American people realize how they are held up and robbed by this highwayman and they will make short work of his arrest and execution."—From the episcopal address, 1924.

"The prohibitory law has not been perfectly enforced, of course. For a century and a half the traffic in liquor was a perfectly lawful business, just as much so as banking and farming. Millions of money were invested. . . . Drinking was a popular social custom. . . . [The Prohibition law has resulted in] enlarged savings deposits in the banks, increased expenditures for legitimate commodities, decrease of crime, increased efficiency of labor, broken homes repaired, separated families reunited. . . ."—From the episcopal address, 1924.

"Where customs of long standing are affected by law . . . especially where there is involved the question of political power, commercial gain or personal restraint, the written law is not automatically effective."—From the episcopal address, 1928.

Other items of Methodist activity last week at Atlantic City:

☛ Authorization of a campaign for \$1,000,000 between May 15 & 30 to save the missionary, philanthropic and educational services of the church.

☛ A speech by Dr. Halford Edward Luccock of the Yale Divinity School deploring as "brutal and inhuman" the rise of U. S. Steel Corp. stock upon news of a 15% pay cut (see p. 51). Excerpts: "Every day that passes makes it more clear that there is nothing more futile than sending out to the Orient a religion which is not transforming the pagan forces which are so largely ruling here in America. The kind of a pagan world we live in is clearly pictured in the movement of the Stock Exchange quotations on Friday of last week. The headlines . . . tell the brutal and inhuman story: 'Steel Pay Cut Again; Stocks Rise Rapidly.' That is what we call a Christian civilization, a civilization which imagines that prosperity can be increased as human misery increases!"

☛ Passage of a resolution "that no conference shall hereafter meet except in cities where there is no segregation of special racial groups, no discrimination in hotels, elevators and restaurants, and where there have been specific instructions . . . to treat the representatives of every race with equality and courtesy." The conference had received reports that some of Atlantic City's boardwalk hotels refused to receive Negro bishops and delegates. The resolution was passed despite warnings of many delegates that it would be a blow to efforts of the church to reunite with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Bishop James Cannon Jr. of the Southern Methodists told the delegates that ten years of missionary work among the Negroes in the Congo had brought him great joy.

☛ Announcement of the retirement of Bishops Anderson, McDowell and Charles Edward Locke (St. Paul).



Culver Service

**THE OLDTIME SALOON**

*Not since his day has Methodism so berated Business.*

pride to poorhouses and asylums, barring the path of Progress to honest Government and Universal Prosperity (see cut). Methodism was again aligned on the side of the poor man against the privileged rich who would despoil him.

"Industry has as a rule given labor a grudging, insufficient wage," continued Bishop Anderson, "keeping it down by child exploitation, by suppression of legitimate organizations, and by other expedients, while at the same time huge fortunes have been amassed for the favored owners of the resources of production."

"Today the burden is without conscience shifted to the worker, who after giving his labor for miserable financial results, is turned off to starve or beg. Thus, the machine, which might have been used to lift the load of poverty from the backs of all people, has been used selfishly for the benefit of the few. . . ."

"Through the better part of eight years, Prohibition enforcement was largely in the hands of its enemies. Considering this fact we must conclude that there is a vast power of public opinion behind it or it would not have survived. The present administration has given the 18th Amendment the best enforcement it has had, but

considered a policy of industrial enlightenment.\* Passages from episcopal addresses of other years reflect the cycle of Industry's attitude toward drink and Methodism's feeling about that attitude:

"We are glad . . . that great railroads and factories have concluded that men cannot be trusted with material interests and precious human lives who are addicted to intoxicating drink, glad that life insurance companies and mutual benefit societies have learned that all drinkers of intoxicants are deteriorated risks, and especially glad that the closing of the saloon on the Lord's Day has been effected in the great city of New York."—From the episcopal address, 1896.

"Public attention should also be constantly called to the economic side of the liquor business. While we stir the moral sense we ought also to arouse the financial sense of the burden bearers of the business world. The care for the dissipated crimi-

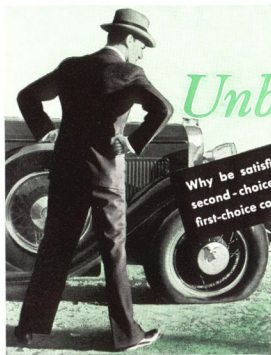
\*In 1913 the Brewers' Association "black-listed" for refusing to support it or for contributing to the Anti-Saloon League the following industries: U. S. Steel Corp., Pennsylvania Railroad Co., Western Union Telegraph Co., S. S. Kresge Co., Wanamaker's, Hershey Chocolate Corp. Industrialist Henry Ford is still one of Prohibition's most ardent supporters. Industrialist Pierre Samuel du Pont one of its keenest foes.

# "TOUGH LUCK,"

he called it—

but the fact was, he got an

## Unbalanced Tire!



Why be satisfied with a second-choice tire, when first-choice costs no more?

*This weakness attacks tires from within. Unseen, unknown, it strikes without warning when you ride on unbalanced tires*

What that tire could do sounded swell in the sales-room.

The dealer showed him a long list of specifications—tread thickness—weight—plies—and what-have-you.

But the trouble was—these combined to make an *unbalanced* tire.

Many a tire that looks good for thousands of additional miles fails because of this trouble.

Because it's *unbalanced*, the tread and carcass fight each other.

No matter how thick and husky the tread—it can't give you any more mileage than you can get from the carcass beneath it.

No matter how many plies there are in the carcass—they're useless without a tread that can match them in endurance.

Both parts of a tire must be equally and uniformly good—both balanced in quality, both balanced in strength, both balanced in lasting-ability—if you are to get your full money's worth.

You get balanced tires when you buy Goodyears.

To develop balanced design, Goodyear has the world's greatest rubber laboratories. To safeguard uniformity, Goodyear maintains the world's closest control of rubber manufacturing processes. To test balanced construction, Goodyear operates the world's largest tire testing fleet.

It is this skill in development—this watchfulness over uniformity—this ceaseless checking of the finished product which makes Goodyear Tires outrun others.

The fact that millions of people like yourself have found that Goodyear builds the best values in tires, makes more people buy and ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

Why shouldn't you ride on the finest tires—Goodyear Tires? They cost no more!



New  
Silence  
plus Safety

For complete safety, tires must have *center traction*—massive blocks of rubber in the tread-center, where the tire meets the road.

But to make tires quiet-running, it is much easier to put sled-runner ribs of rubber in the center of the tread.

Goodyear gives you *silence* and *safety* both—in the new Goodyear Silent All-Weather—the only noiseless non-skid tire.

It keeps all the traction of the famous All-Weather Tread—it engineers *silence* into center traction by shifting a fraction of an inch of rubber on those husky traction blocks, to make some larger than others.

THE GREATEST NAME

IN RUBBER


# GOOD YEAR

IT'S FUN TO DRIVE THE C



De Soto

# CAR THAT STARTS A VOGUE

A vintage DeSoto car, likely a 1935 model, is shown from a front-three-quarter view. The car is a light tan or beige color with chrome accents on the grille, bumpers, and wheels. It is parked on a sandy surface in front of a large, light-colored building with a prominent archway. Several palm trees are visible in the background, and the sky is a clear, pale blue. The overall scene suggests a warm, coastal environment.

**I**N January... DeSoto "stole" the New York Motor Show. Remember? Next... it duplicated that success in every Show from Boston to the Coast.

Today... it's the Hit of the Highway. DeSoto has clicked. It has started a new trend in style. It has actually made thrift exciting.

While everybody was waiting to see what the other fellow would do... DeSoto stepped out... created a daring automobile at an incredible price.

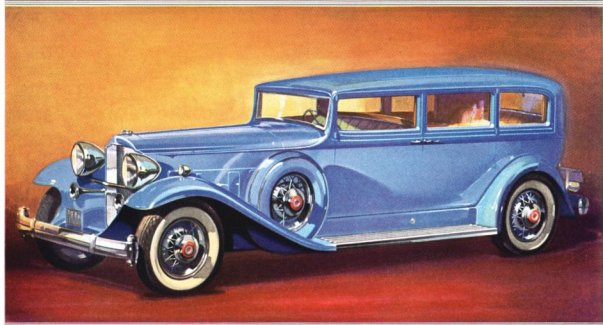
It's different. Not because of minor refinements. From rounded radiator to de luxe tail-light, the whole car has been designed with new flair... new rhythm. It's original. Not an imitation.

No vibration... DeSoto has Floating Power. Nothing for your left foot to do... DeSoto has Automatic Clutch... perfected Free-Wheeling... Hydraulic Brakes... Double-drop, "X" girder-truss Frame... every feature you can think of.

That's nothing. Wait till you see the price-tag. \$675 and up... F. O. B. Factory. A bargain? Shucks... it's a miracle... even in times like these.

DeSoto Motor Corporation, Division of Chrysler Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

**SIX** *America's Smartest low-priced Car* **\$675** AND UP  
F.O.B.  
FACTORY



*... of a Distinguished family*

THE Packard Twin Six is a familiar name wherever men drive motor cars—a name that has taken its place in our very language. ¶ The Packard Twin Six of before the war made motor car history. The world-renowned war-time Liberty motor added to the fame of Packard Twin Six engines—a fame since enhanced by the development of Twin Six marine engines for the world's fastest racing craft and the Packard Twin Six "2500," the most power-



ful airplane engine built in America today. ¶ And now a superb Packard Twin Six motor car takes to the highway again—a car of beauty, a car of supreme luxury, a car of power, a car that revives the

famous title of the first Twin Six—"Boss of the Road." ¶ Today's Twin Six Packard is the climax of sixteen years of continuous experience with twelve-cylinder engine designs—an experience of twice that period in the building of fine and distinguished cars. There is literally nothing by which to judge it, for it is so advanced, so modern that it defies comparison with multi-cylinder cars of conventional type. See and drive this great, new Super-Packard.

# PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

## THE PRESS

## New English Weekly

Last month there came back in London, after a ten-year literary absence without leave, Editor Alfred Richard Orage with a new magazine, *The New English Weekly*. As editor of *The New Age* from 1907 to 1922 he was considered England's best by not a few for not a few reasons. Such prestige did his magazine have, so much literary loyalty did its editor inspire, that literati contributed mostly without pay, among them Shaw, Chesterton, Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, Havelock Ellis, Wyndham Lewis. Editor Orage's special genius lay in discovering new writers, helping them develop themselves. Over 40 famed writers—including Katherine Mansfield, Michael Arlen, Richard Aldington, the Brothers Powys, Rebecca West,

telligentsia, Americans began to flock to Fontainebleau. But in 1924 an automobile accident almost killed Gurdjieff; he was forced to discontinue the activities of his Institute, took to writing. His book, of biblical proportions, *Beelzebub's Tales to His Grandson, or an Objective Criticism of the Life of Man*, recently completed, was translated from the Russian by Russian pupils, re-translated into English by Editor Orage. This completed, Orage returned to England and lay life again.

*The New English Weekly*, resembling in general format other English weeklies, is the old *New Age* in not impenetrable disguise.\* The editorial introduction urges the substitution of a financial-economic system cut to fit the present age of plenty in place of one that is tailored by the banking system expressly for a machine-murdered age of want. Contributors include Hilaire Belloc and Grand Duchess Marie of Russia. Will Dyson, onetime cartoonist of the Labor Party's *Daily Herald*, prints a scathing etching; Paul Banks reviews the drama, Storm Jameson, novels. From a "Western Newspaper Man" Editor Orage has received and amazingly printed a scurrilous parody of the 23rd Psalm which has for many months circulated in the U. S. from hand to hand like a dirty joke: "Hoover is my Shepherd. I am in want."

Contributors, particularly new writers, are invited by *The New English Weekly*. Terms are the same as in the old *New Age*—"payment only by arrangement," or never. The magazine's (unpaid) U. S. representative is Critic Gorham Munson; distributors, Coward-McCann. As a supplement to the first issue are printed 55 impressive letters of congratulation from such diverse notables as AE, Michael Arlen, Jacob Epstein, Thomas Burke, the late Sir Patrick Geddes, Major C. H. Douglas, Havelock Ellis, William McFee, Richard Aldington, Thomas Sturge Moore. Their consensus is that Editor Orage has started a snowball rolling up Civilization's hill.

## Daily Color

If the Chicago *Tribune* is not demonstrably, as it boasts, the "World's Greatest Newspaper," it is at least ambitious, enterprising. Months ago it was learned that Publisher Robert Rutherford McCormick proposed to introduce color-printing in his daily editions. Lately have appeared *Tribune* advertisements with two colors at a time worked into them. Last week the colorful *Tribune* of the future was again sharply foreshadowed to its \$13,708 readers by the appearance of a colored cartoon on the *Tribune's* big bold front page.

The subject of the cartoon (Joseph Taylor Robinson of Arkansas, Democratic leader of the Senate, defying Louisiana's loud Democratic Senator Huey Pierce

\*The *New Age*, under the editorship of Arthur Brenton, still continues to be published, still propagandizes Major C. H. Douglas' Social Credit principles, the gist of which is that society's purchasing power has been outrun by its productive power (TIME, April 21, 1932).



Lazarick

BRITISH EDITOR ORAGE

He printed a scurrilous parody.

Storm Jameson—got their start in his paper.

But even more than literature, economics was Orage's editorial line. Together with S. G. Hobson, he formulated Guild Socialism in 1912. After the War he campaigned, in his magazine and in the flesh, for the Social Credit system of Major C. H. Douglas. Meanwhile he was attending the lectures of Russian Philosopher Peter D. Ouspensky, who bated his breath about a Wise Man, Georges Gurdjieff, who made learned philosophers look like chicken-soup. In the midst of his activities Editor Orage dropped everything, betook himself to the Wise Man's "Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man" at Fontainebleau.

Here England's prize editor was allotted the task of serving, unassisted, as kitchen-boy in a kitchen feeding 50 or 60 people. In 1923 he accompanied Gurdjieff, with some 40 other pupils, on a tour of the U. S. In 1924 he was assigned the task of spreading the Gurdjieff ideas in America. Known by his editorial reputation to a few people in New York, Gurdjieff Orage soon proselytized scores of the in-

THE

MAURETANIA  
WEEK-END IN MAY

## TO BERMUDA



II MAY 3 : GEMINI  
Ethereal twins, playing sonatas  
in Bermuda moonlight.

MAY 27

Back from the South . . . too early for Newport . . . and the city so boring! What does one do? Whither the course of fashion? Ah, the MAURETANIA! Ever the aristocrat . . . so unflinching doing the right thing!

The blue-blood MAURETANIA on a holiday . . . symbol of gayety bounded only by decorum . . . as replete in colorful diversion as a masked ball. Seek solitude if you will . . . or, in pleasant companionship, dance to sprightly music, swim in the outdoor pool, let merry sports create an appetite worthy of a Cunard chef!

Sail with the MAURETANIA . . . to the Isle of the Blessed. Relax in the complete luxury, the varied amusement of a week-end cruise operated and managed by Cunard. Make it a date, Friday night till Tuesday . . . May 27 to 31 . . . the MAURETANIA!

No passports required

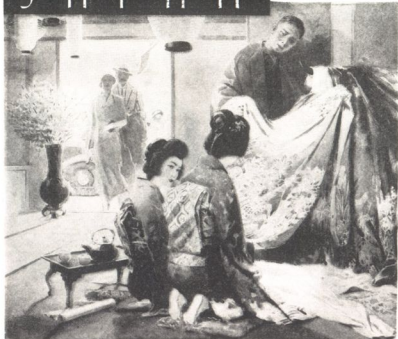
See your Local Agent  
No one can serve you better

Sailing May 27, (Fri. midnight) **\$50 UP**  
Return May 31, (Tues. morning)

NOW . . . 20% reduction in transatlantic rates . . . first, cabin and tourist class.

CUNARD

# JAPAN



*A Land of Fascinating Shops*

See backward into Oriental time . . . read legends in an embroidered shawl . . . and live the while in ultra-modern fashion amidst a friendly, hospitable people. This year the adventure is closer within your reach than you ever dreamed, with steamship fares the lowest in the world, considering service and the distance traveled.

The low cost of travel in Japan is emphasized by the series of all-inclusive tours now placed at your disposal through steamship lines and tourist agents by the Japan Tourist Bureau, a non-commercial organization. In as little as 14 days you may visit Yokohama, Tokyo, Kyoto, Kobe, with their ancient temples and modern industrial developments . . . motor to the Keŕon Waterfall . . . see the Kamakura Buddhas, the Nikko Shrines, Miyashita, Nara and Fujiyama.

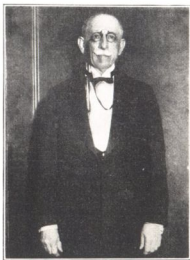
On other tours you may cover even wider regions in 21, 28, 35 days or more, with or without a Japanese courier. And always at costs made even lower for you by the favorable rate of exchange. An interesting book describing these itineraries is available—you are invited to send for one now without cost.

Japan, Korea, Manchuria and China are reached from the United States and Canada by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Osaka Shosen Kaisha, Canadian Pacific, the American Mail Line and the Dollar Steamship Line. Full information will be furnished by any of these Lines, any tourist agency, or by the Japan Tourist Bureau c/o Japanese Consulate, Railways, One Madison Ave., N. Y. C., or c/o Nippon Yusen Kaisha, 545 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

JAPAN  
TOURIST BUREAU

Long) and the caption ("The real issue in Washington . . . Patriotism vs Communism") were not very exciting. But the U. S. flag held by Senator Robinson and a Communist banner brandished by Senator Long, were in vivid, eye-smashing red. The U. S. flag's blue field was not shown; there was no other color in the picture. But the force of the cartoon was immeasurably increased by its red blotches. A patriotic eye could even imagine that the U. S. stripes were less Red than the solid emblem of Communism.

Year and a half ago in an address for the Paul Block Foundation of Journalism at Yale, Publisher McCormick pointed a finger at his audience and declared: ". . . Your faces contain brown, yellow and pink; you wear green shirts, blue neckties . . . and yet so limited is the newspaper art that it is compelled to depict you in black and white." A moment later he added: ". . . The art of journalism is



*International*

HENRY ALEXANDER WISE WOOD

"If we sportsmen here, not business men!" the adaptation of old methods to mass production."

By chance Henry Alexander Wise Wood, builder of presses, saw a copy of Publisher McCormick's address. The words seemed to him a challenge. Years of experience, from playing with a toy case of type at 5 to constructing the New York Times's giant, silent-running, sextuple Wood press, had taught him all about pressbuilding. He went to Publisher McCormick, an old friend. "I shall give you not only the color you spoke about but also the speed necessary to mass production," said he. Specifically he agreed to produce within 18 months for the Chicago Tribune an eight-roll press capable of printing 25% of its pages in three colors and black, in accurate register, at 50,000 copies per hour.

Reason was added to Publisher McCormick's enthusiasm when Pressbuilder Wood added that with no make-ready (careful, costly adjustment of color plates) he would get four-color results far superior to the finest produced at low speeds. Competitors in the color field were in no hurry to match Mr. Wood's boast. Chief competitors were Walter

*So you want*

# Statistics!

COMPLAINT has been made from time to time that The New Yorker doesn't offer enough statistics about itself. Statistics are supposed to prove something that words, impressions, implications cannot. *We will now run through a batch of statistics.*

The New Yorker started printing February 21st, 1925.

The first issue contained 27 $\frac{3}{4}$  pages of language and pictures, and 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  pages of advertisements. Since then to date The New Yorker has printed 375 issues. One a week.

In those issues were 12,776 different pages of language and pictures. Good language. Good pictures.

2,851 advertisers have used a total of 16,964 pages, or 7,277,556 lines, in those 375 issues.

Each issue averaged 34 editorial pages. Each editorial page averaged 941 words. So 375 X 34 X 941 equals 11,997,750 words printed, of sense and nonsense, about the way New Yorkers live and think and have fun. Goodness, how many words.

With them went 5,625 pictures, of which 375 were colored covers—and pretty good covers, too.

(We forgot circulation.) Circulation February 21st, 1925, stood firm at 0, but you could hear squalls from the delivery room. The circulation is now over 118,000, and over 7 years has averaged 69,275. The first issue carried 36 pages in all. The subsequent issues have run as high as 180 pages, but have averaged 79. So

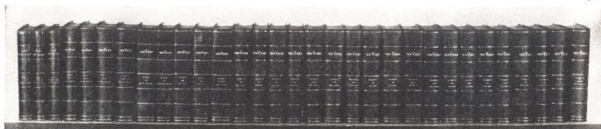
$$\begin{aligned} 69,275 \text{ copies} \times 375 \text{ issues} \times 79 \text{ pages} \\ = 2,052,271,875 \text{ pages all told.} \end{aligned}$$

My goodness gracious, how many pages.

Look at these statistics and it's no wonder that 2,851 advertisers have used 16,964 advertising pages to sell enough uncommonly good things to underwrite the U. S. A. and maybe the island of Guam; no wonder they are putting in The New Yorker the second largest amount of advertising printed in any American magazine.

Why, if you laid our 1,169,015,625 pages of advertisements (each 7 x 10 inches) side by side they would cover 20 square miles, or the Island of Manhattan.

If you even just took one each of the 375 issues and bound them up they would look like this picture. (The shelf is over 5 ft. long.)



The bluest blue water in the world

# CRATER LAKE in OREGON



Crater Lake Lodge, on the rim of the Lake here the visitor may enjoy the comforts of a hotel and back in the sunshine on a veranda that affords the world's most awe-inspiring view.

Come  
and see for yourself  
this summer

● CRATER LAKE... a multi-hued jewel of unbelievable blues... lies in the caldera of a once mighty volcano, 6,000 feet above sea level.

Globe trotters and vacationists by the thousands make pilgrimages from afar each summer to Crater Lake National Park, to see this mystic, inspiring marvel of nature. The lake is six miles in diameter and a half mile deep at the center. The color of its waters graduates from the delicate turquoise of the shallows... to the richest of midnight blues in its depths. An automobile trip around its 21-mile shore line unfolds a thrilling panorama of truly wonderful landscapes.

Wild life abounds in the park and excellent fishing may be had from June 1 to September 30.

The visitor to Crater Lake National Park may enjoy all the adventure of "getting into the open" without any sacrifice of modern comforts. An excellent hotel, housekeeping cabins, tent houses, free camping grounds with hot and cold showers—at moderate rates, provide a variety of accommodations to fit any purse. Sightseeing trips through the park are maintained on regular schedules at low fares. A \$1 government permit entitles the holder to operate his own car in the park for the entire season.

Give yourself and your family a genuine change and a most delightful vacation this year. Establish vacation headquarters in Portland... spend a few days in Crater Lake National Park and all the time you can spare in visiting many of Oregon's other beautiful resorts. Plan your trip now! If you intend to motor, we'll gladly send free road maps. By rail, for the first time you may now take in the whole Pacific Coast at no extra fare. This is Vacation's Opportunity Year!



● The American Legion National Convention will be held in Portland, September 12 to 15.

## ON-TO-OREGON, INC.

1411 Q, Public Service Bldg., Portland, Oregon

Please send me illustrated literature on Oregon.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Scott Co. which had furnished the Minneapolis *Star* and Erie *Dispatch-Herald* with three-color units capable of running at full speed; R. Hoe & Co. (*TIME*, May 2) which furnished the Seattle *Times* with two-color units; and Claybourn Co. which gave to the Pittsburgh *Press* what Mr. Wood promised the Chicago *Tribune*, only at half the speed.

"We're sportsmen here, not business men!" Pressbuilder Wood exclaimed when it was pointed out that he had lost \$250,000 on other press ventures. "All right, goddam it," we say, "we'll show them we can do it!" The solution, he believed, lay in adaptation of the design of the fastest magazine color presses.

His chief technical difficulties were: to dry four layers of ink in a fraction of a second; to find color pigments cheap enough to be practicable; to correct "register" at high speed. While Mr. Wood experimented, Col. McCormick was not idle. In an effort to make his pressmen color-conscious he had them experiment with the old fashioned make-ready color processes until they could turn out fairly presentable two- and three-color advertisements. Last week's crude red front-page cartoon was the last step in the *Tribune's* color education before graduating to the complicated four-color Wood presses.

Pressbuilder Wood was last week prepared to say that not only had he surmounted all "insurmountable" difficulties but that he had found them easier than he anticipated. His promise that he could make the color "dead-line" (press time) as late as the black-&-white dead-line will be fulfilled. The first Wood color unit will be installed for Chicago's *Tribune* in September.

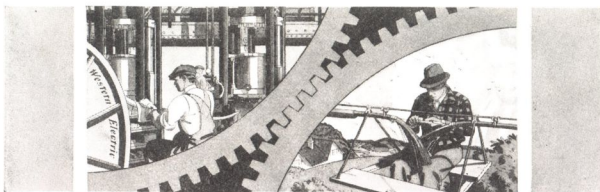
Henry Alexander Wise Wood, 66, white-haired, blue-eyed, resolute, has a versatility comparable to that of the famed men of the Renaissance. As an inventor he has over 450 patents to his name, is said to have done more mechanically for modern journalism than any other man. As a sportsman he yachts, flies, once made a canoe trip with his wife from New York to Nova Scotia. He also writes verse.

## Dispatch of the Week

"LONDON, May 8 (U. P.) Certain Americans are 'buying British babies like cloth over the counter,' the *Sunday Express* said today. 'The reason is that since the War the United States is eager to have British blood to improve her stock,' the newspaper said, quoting the price for babies at from \$175 to \$350 each. The newspaper gave few details but said wealthy Americans were making the purchases, insisting that the babies come from good families. 'One man offered \$350 for a really blue-blooded baby,' the story said."

## Advt. of the Week

To sell more copies, fun-making *Ballyhoo* last week told newsmen a story by and about a newsdealer. Excerpt: "... These imitators are LOUSY anyway and they clutter up my stand... and the hell with them..." So the WISE NEWSDEALER threw away the GOO-EYS and FOOEYS and SLAPPOS and NERTSIES... AND BUSINESS BOOMED AGAIN."



*Western Electric makes the cable and delivers it direct to the telephone companies to be used in your service*

## *With gears in close mesh*

Lost motion is reduced to a minimum by close meshing of gears. This fact, a commonplace in engineering, offers many interesting possibilities for the industrial machine.

In the Bell System, Western Electric's function of manufacture and supply is closely geared to the needs of the telephone companies. Its work is laid out in advance to conform to the System's plans for telephone development. And because Western Electric's customers—the telephone companies—are also members of the System, close cooperation and accurate scheduling are possible.

As maker of Bell Telephone apparatus since 1882, Western Electric has done much to insure the uniformly high standard of quality so necessary for efficient

### *Facts About Western Electric*

*Purchasers, Manufacturers,  
Distributors for the Bell System*

and reliable telephone service. From its three factories, Western Electric ships telephones, cable, switchboards, and telephone

equipment of many kinds.

Yet, important as this manufacturing is, it is only one phase of Western Electric's service to the Bell System. Purchasing and distributing supplies and telephone apparatus are its two other broad duties. To make telephone supplies available where and when needed, Western Electric operates a nationwide distributing organization—an industry in itself.

This makes equipment readily available, in normal times or in emergencies, to all Bell System companies; and aids them in rendering a constantly improving service to the telephone using public.

• AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY •



## WHY I STAY AT THE NEW YORKER

Actual letters from  
prominent business men



**"Quiet rooms...  
fine beds...always  
a good night's rest"**

SAYS CLEVELAND EXECUTIVE

**"W**HY do I always stay at the Hotel New Yorker?" says the president of a leading Cleveland travel bureau. "For many reasons, but especially for their quiet rooms and wonderfully comfortable beds. When you're hustling around New York all day, it's worth a lot to know you're going to rest well at night. You do when you're at the Hotel New Yorker."

2,500 rooms—over five hundred splendid ones for only \$3.50 a day. (Detailed description below.) Four separate restaurants; delicious meals; reasonable prices. See for yourself how little the best costs—at the Hotel New Yorker! Just three minutes from Pennsylvania Station by private tunnel.

**ALL THIS FOR \$3.50  
AS LITTLE AS \$3.50 A DAY**

Quiet, airy, outside single room with tub and shower bath, luxurious bed, circulating ice water, Servidor, bedside and dresser lamps, toll-length mirror, Stromberg-Carlson radio (4 programs).

Going abroad? For travelers and vacationists the Hotel New Yorker offers an unusual service. If you'd like our help, write us when you plan to take your vacation.

## HOTEL NEW YORKER

"Where the Best Costs Less"

34th St., at 8th Ave., New York City

RALPH HITZ, President

BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL • DETROIT  
Also under Ralph Hitz direction

## MILESTONES

**Married.** Adele Astaire, dancer; and Lord Charles Cavendish, younger son of the Duke of Devonshire; at Chatsworth House, Derbyshire. Said Lady Cavendish: "It is wonderful to feel that Lord Charles and I are the first ones to be married in Chatsworth Chapel."

**Married.** Jane, daughter of General Manager Kent Cooper of the Associated Press; and one Eugene F. Nixon; in New York.

**Married.** Marguerite, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Edgar Rickard (he is Herbert Hoover's close friend and business associate); and Graham Hoyt, New York socialite; in New Canaan, Conn. Mrs. Hoover attended.

**Adopted.** By Actress Miriam Hopkins, lately divorced from Playwright Austin Parker; a child, "Boy Wilson"; from an Evanston, Ill. orphanage. Said she: "I don't have to give any reasons."

**Appointed.** William Percival Crozier, assistant editor of the *Manchester Guardian*; to succeed the late Edward Taylor Scott as editor.

**Jailed.** Alphonse ("Scarface Al") Capone, 34, Chicago hoodlum, for ten years in Atlanta Penitentiary; for tax evasion.

**Released.** Albert Bacon Fall, 70, from New Mexico State Penitentiary (Santa Fe), after serving ten months for accepting a bribe while President Harding's Secretary of the Interior.

**Buried.** The ashes of Col. Robert Green Ingersoll, famed agnostic who died in 1899, and Mrs. Ingersoll; in Arlington National Cemetery; transferred after 33 years from the mantel piece of Daughter Maud R. Ingersoll Probasco's New York apartment. He served in the Civil War with the 11th Illinois Cavalry. In a funeral oration he once said: "We know not whether the grave is the end of this life or the door to another; whether if this existence is our night time there is not somewhere else a dawn. Every cradle asks us 'Whence?' And every coffin 'Whither?'" And again we are face to face with the great mystery that shrouds this world. Over the desert of death the sphinx gazes forever, but never speaks."

**Died.** Robert M. Feustel, 47, president of Midland United Co. (\$300,000,000 Insull company) and of Indiana Service Corp.; of an acute kidney infection; in Fort Wayne, Ind.

**Died.** Donald Mitchell Ryerson, 47, board chairman of Joseph T. Ryerson & Son, independent Chicago steel company, Wartime organizer of "Four-Minute Men" to sell Liberty Bonds; by his own hand (pistol); at Lake Forest, Ill. A coroner's jury of six fellow-millionaires declared his death a suicide.

**Died.** Charles Fort, 57, author, healer of Science; of acute enlargement of the heart; in New York. Year in, year



RHODES...AEGEAN ISLE

TRIPOLI...ANCIENT COLONY OF

## ITALY

**F**ought for by a thousand nameless, forgotten captains—guarded for two centuries by the unconquerable Knights of St. John—sold up by the Saracens—betrayed by adventurers and Kings... Rhodes remains unviolated despite her scars, a monument to days when the bearing of arms was a holy and consuming flame.

Come this year! And see Tripoli, too, which the same stern Knights ruled for a time. Once a nest of pirates... it is now a flowering oasis-town of minarets and flat roofs terraced up from the shore, with the desert itself encroaching on the West, and Eastward a million trees.

Let us help you plan such a trip on your visit abroad in cooperation with your tourist agent. This office is operated for that purpose by the Royal Italian Government, on a non-commercial basis—offering advice and information on travel itineraries, hotels and local attractions throughout Italy and her colonies. All services are gratis. Write today for large illustrated books on Italy, Tripoli and Rhodes.



ITALIAN TOURIST  
INFORMATION OFFICE

Scribb Building  
745 Fifth Avenue, New York City

out, he dug through newspaper files for stories of strange events contrary to scientific theory, put them in books (*Lo!, The Book of the Damned, Wild Talents*), invented supernatural theses to explain them. His "law of teleportation" explained the movement of solid objects (mud, frogs, periwinkles) through the air in magnetic paths.

**Died.** Mrs. John Garland Pollard, 58, wife of Virginia's Governor, daughter of Confederate Capt. Charles T. Phillips (distinguished at Gettysburg); of arthritis; in Richmond.

**Died.** John William Scott, 62, Chicago department store man (Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.); in Chicago.

**Died.** Major-General Enoch Herbert Crowder, 73, "father of the draft," one-time (1917-23) judge advocate general of the U. S. Army; of a general breakdown; at Washington. Small, calm, "whispering" General Crowder in wartime said, "Work or fight," had a list of 13 million men to tell it to soon after Congress passed the selective draft act in 1917. Later (1919) President Wilson sent him to Cuba to reform finances and election laws. A special act of Congress in 1923 enabled him as a retired Army officer to serve as U. S. Ambassador to Cuba under President Coolidge.

**Died.** John P. Clum, 80, Be-Tunni-Ki-Yea ("High Forehead") in the Apache country, captor of Apache Chief Geronimo (1877), editor of the famed Tombstone, Ariz., *Epitaph*; after several months' illness; in Los Angeles. He was Mayor of Tombstone in 1881 when Peace Officer Wyatt Earp and the Clanton boys met in the O K Corral shooting, rated Arizona's most spectacular gunfight (34 shots, 3 dead, in 30 sec.).

**Died.** Jo Lane Stern, 83, Confederate veteran, Richmond, Va. lawyer; in Richmond. Early in the Civil War, he became General Robert Edward Lee's telegrapher, aged 14. A socialite, he led the Richmond German, Virginia society's outstanding event, for 51 years.

**Died.** Mrs. Martha J. MacFarland Stone, 85, relict of General Manager Melville Elijah Stone of the Associated Press; after long illness; in New York.

**Died.** Rear Admiral Colby Mitchell Chester, 88, principal in the famed "Chester Concession" affair (1923); of old age; in Rye, N. Y. Appointed by President Roosevelt to work for a commercial "open door" for U. S. capital in western Asia, he obtained from Turkey a billion dollars worth of private concessions (later annulled) for oil, mines, railroads. He was one of the naval astronomers who discredited Dr. Frederick Albert Cook's North Pole claims (1908).

**Died.** Mrs. Anna Shouse, 90, mother of J. M. Shouse, Democratic National Executive Committee chairman; after a brief illness; in Omaha, Neb.

## COOL SHAVES for more than 1,000,000 Fans



### THE 2 INGRAM BARBERS • TERRY TUBE OR JERRY JAR

**L**ATHER UP! In the final standings of the Chin-Bush League, Ingram's leads its rivals by a cool, cool shave. No nicks, no burns, no terrors! For the Ingram battery sets down your whiskers in 1-2-3 order and never, never spikes your face! It's

#### cool! Cool!! COOL!!!

The famous blue jar and the blue and white tube contain the same cooling shaving cream. Hundreds of thousands hail the jar as the most economical package ever made. Just as many more think the tube is more convenient.

Deliberately we made Ingram's the coolest shaving cream that ever caressed the chin of man! Every jar—every tube—contains three special ingredients that

tone your face while you're shaving! That's the secret of Ingram's great success! It does the work of a shaving cream, a tonic, and a lotion all in one!

No scrapes, no smart, no cuts—when Ingram's is the basis of your lather!

Go straight to your druggist and ask for the tube or demand the jar—which ever you prefer. That's the quickest way to get acquainted with Ingram's.

Or, if you'd like to, try it at our expense. We'll be delighted to send you a sample and give you your first ten Ingram shaves FREE! We know you'll want more. Clip the coupon!

BUSTON-MYERS Co., Dept. D-52  
110 Washington St.  
New York, N. Y.  
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_

## INGRAM'S

### Shaving Cream

IN TUBES  
OR JARS!





## MAP YOUR TICKET Southern Pacific

See the whole  
*Pacific Coast*  
—at no  
added fare\*

**GO WEST** one Southern Pacific route, return another and see more of the West and more of the United States than on any other railroad. On May 15, from most Eastern and Mid-western points, the extra charge for including the Pacific Northwest in your roundtrip to California will be removed. Thus, when you go and return Southern Pacific you add the whole Pacific Coast at no added fare.

Only Southern Pacific's rails serve many of the West's greatest attractions. To make sure that your ticket includes the West you want to see, insist that your routing include two of Southern Pacific's 4 Great Routes that meet and run along the whole Pacific Coast. For example: **Go West** by northern lines, then by **Shasta Route** to California. San Francisco, Los Angeles and the Olympiad. Return by either **Sunset**, **Golden State** or **Overland Route** (Lake Tahoe Line). Or you can reverse the order, going West by southern or central routes and returning by northern lines. At no extra cost you can enjoy a Southern Pacific steamship voyage between New Orleans and New York.

### California roundtrips lowest in years

(thru Pacific Northwest if you wish)  
Season roundtrip examples: (good leaving May 15 to Oct. 15. Return limit Oct. 31.)  
From New York City \$135.12 to \$158.32, Chicago \$90.30, etc.  
10-day limit examples: From New York City \$119 to \$132, Philadelphia \$118.50, etc.  
\* From most Eastern and Mid-western points.

**Write for detailed itinerary**  
to O. P. Bartlett, Dept. K, 310 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, or H. H. Gray, Dept. K, 531 Fifth Ave., New York City. Name your Pacific Coast destination and the places and sidetrips you want to include in your roundtrip ticket. (See Map).



**OVERLAND ROUTE**  
CHICAGO OR ST. LOUIS  
VIA OMAHA, OGDEN  
AND RENO. (FREE SALT  
LAKE CITY SIDETRIP)

CHICAGO OR ST. LOUIS  
VIA KANSAS CITY, EL  
PASO, TUCSON AND  
PHOENIX.



**The Alamo**  
NEW YORK OR CHICA-  
GO VIA NEW ORLEANS,  
SAN ANTONIO, EL PASO,  
TUCSON AND PHOENIX.

**SUNSET ROUTE**  
NEW ORLEANS

## CINEMA

### The New Pictures

**The Cry of the World** (International Film Foundation) is an intelligent and heterogeneous compilation of newsreel shots on such matters as the War, Prohibition, U. S. Crime, Disarmament Conferences, Gandhi, Mussolini, Hoover, Hitler, the Japanese at Shanghai. Its grandiose title is meaningless and misleading. The picture is improved by its lack of a theme; the pleasure of watching it is analogous to that of reading the headlines of old newspapers. Good shots: Charles Augustus Lindbergh Jr. looking out of his window; Mahatma Gandhi with one finger on his nose; Mrs. Charles H. Sabin denouncing Prohibition; Manhattan police riding their horses into a crowd of Communists; an old scared Chinaman stooping to retrieve his bundle from a Shanghai gutter; Congressman La Guardia delivering an oration on a bunch of grapes.

Formation of the International Film Foundation—non-profit-making producer and distributor of educational films—was announced last fortnight in Manhattan. President of I. F. F. is President Wallace Walter Atwood of Clark University. Purpose of I. F. F. is to centralize production and distribution of educational films. It will manufacture three types: classroom films, non-curriculum films for auditorium use, a few special films, like *The Cry of the World*, for general distribution. Most of the personnel of I. F. F., including President Atwood, were previously connected with the visual education department of Fox which, after spending \$300,000 on educational films in the last two years, has ceased to function.

**The World and the Flesh** (Paramount) is a melodrama of the Russian revolution, replete with sardonic guttaws by George Bancroft and disdainful cigaret puffs by Alan Mowbray. Bancroft is a Bolshevik sea-captain named Kilenko. Mowbray is a calm patrician. His name is Dmitri and he uses his monocle in such debonaire fashion that you are sure he will be executed before the picture ends. There is also a dancing girl (Miriam Hopkins) who is Dmitri's mistress. With her he runs away from the Bolsheviks. When they reach the seaport of Theodosia, Dmitri thinks that he is safe. He and some of his aristocratic companions are giving a soiree when the town is captured by Kilenko.

Now things really begin to happen. The town is recaptured by the Tsar's army. Kilenko and his underlings are put aboard ship for Sebastopol. To be executed. They capture the ship and head it back for Theodosia which has been recaptured by Reds. The aristocrats on board, aided by the dancing girl, try to magnetize the ship's compass so that they can steer for Sebastopol without letting Kilenko find out about it. For a time the boat is practically spinning in the Black Sea; but when it docks its passengers find themselves at Theodosia. Dmitri is taken off, still smoking, to face a firing squad. The dancing girl, a peasant at heart, attaches herself to Kilenko.

# Ostrich-like ...afraid of NEW IDEAS



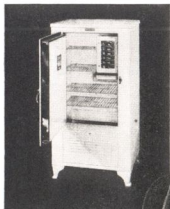
**I**N one way Electrolux is distinctly a new idea. It is the latest, most advanced thing of its kind.

But in another sense this refrigerator is a veteran. For it has proved itself in actual service for over four years. You will find Electrolux in hundreds of thousands of homes today—all of them enthusiastic about its wonderful exclusive advantages.

All machinery and moving parts are done away with in Electrolux.

That's why it is absolutely silent; entirely dependable. That's why the cold is constant, steady—no intermittent stopping and starting. And that's why the operating cost is so low, only about half the cost of buying ice.

Your gas company or local dealer stands back of Electrolux and has it on display. See it there, or write us for complete information. Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 East 42d St., New York City.

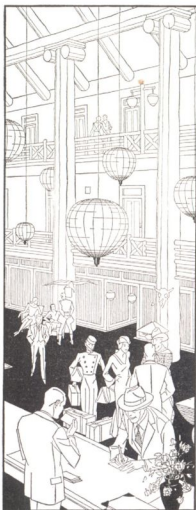


**THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH**  
...a tiny gas flame makes constant steady cold. No intermittent stopping and starting



## ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR



Lounge of the Glacier Park Hotel

## Sport has a dozen names in Glacier Park!

Name your sport—you'll find it this summer out here where the primitive and the modern have merged! Ride back to frontier days on horseback or play golf, cruise glacial lakes or climb the glaciers, fish, hike, camera-hunt. It's the carefree, good-for-you life! Summer fares from the East are lowest ever. Write Great Northern Vacations, Department C-5-2, St. Paul, Minnesota.



**EMPIRE NORTHERN BUILDER**  
to Glacier Park, the Northwest and California

*The World and the Flesh* treats the Russian revolution in a new manner for the cinema, using it as the material for blood & thunder romance in the style of Rafael Sabatini. It is a well directed and adequately authentic picture, damaged mainly by prolixity of plot and by reverberations of George Bancroft's guffaw. His laughter is of a sort to suggest that he has just heard a joke which he does not understand.

**The Woman in Room 13** (Fox). While Elissa Landi was finishing a novel and making *Devil's Lottery* (TIME, April 11), Ralph Bellamy made two unimportant pictures in which he took the parts of a police captain (*Disorderly Conduct*) and a juvenile court judge (*Young America*). In *The Woman in Room 13* Bellamy almost becomes mayor. He never does because his wife (Miss Landi) selects campaign time to divorce him. That much is plausible—Miss Landi had good cause to divorce her husband. But then the picture turns into a dictaphone drama, with no trappings omitted. In a spirit of revenge Bellamy, now head of a detective agency, sets out to prove that Miss Landi, after a happy second marriage, is carrying on an affair with a concert singer. He thinks he has accomplished his end when he has Husband No. 2 (Neil Hamilton) jailed, falsely accused of murdering the singer. But the *Woman in Room 13* spoils his fun. Garnished with a courtroom scene and many a salty tear, Miss Landi's latest cinema venture makes you think her time on location would have been spent to better advantage had she used it to start another novel.

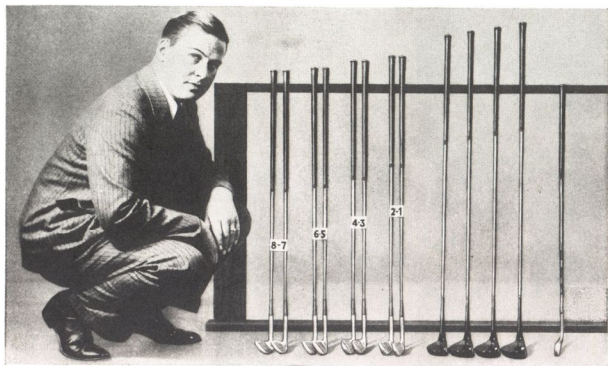
**The Strange Love of Molly Louvain** (First National). Lee Tracy is an actor who can always seem chipper and spontaneous. He does so in this picture despite the handicap of having to recite eggs as old as the one about putting all his bills in the waste-basket and paying the first one he draws out. Aside from his performance, there is very little that is strange about *The Strange Love of Molly Louvain* except that it is written with a relish for cliché which makes the few episodes which are genuine seem absurd. Thus Molly Louvain (Ann Dvorak), a cigar counter girl in a small town hotel, is deserted by a rich seducer before the picture is five minutes old. Admired by an ingenious bellhop (Richard Cromwell), she takes up with a slick stocking salesman (Leslie Fenton) who turns out to be a crook. After an interval in which she gives birth to her seducer's child, she re-encounters the bellhop. Together they are involved in a crime committed by the crook. By this time, you are likely to be confused by Lee Tracy's entrance into the proceedings. He is a chatty reporter with casual mannerisms. At first he uses unscrupulous means to learn the whereabouts of Molly Louvain, since she is wanted for murder. He does not know that she is a next door neighbor in his rooming house. When he finds it out, he regrets his activities and plans to marry her. Typical shot: Molly, disappointed by the disappearance of her first lover, making merry with the stocking salesman who replies "Atta Baby!" when she cries "Boop boop!"

## France



**W**HY open the country house and sermp? Try France, where a dollar goes as far as two over here...never as charming as now...tariffs down at the leading hotels ▲ Discover the chic little places where the French have always stayed...relax and invite your soul not only for joy in a world of care, but with an eye to efficiency when you get back home ▲ Go back a thousand years with the Basques in the Pyrenees ...or forward a season at Biarritz ...idle through Normandy and Brittany...the Alps and Vosges with their tucked away villages and spas...the Riviera, land of sun worshippers whose God is "keeping fit"...the Chateau Country with inns built round their cook-stoves ▲ Come back to Paris as you like it best...culture, cuisine, couture, or one continuous party...Le Touquet, La Baule and Deauville for weekends ▲ The finest of trains and motor busses through scented country, past story-book towns, across historic passes ▲ Your travel agency can plan a trip to cost less than living at home.

**RAILWAYS OF FRANCE**  
1 East 57th Street, New York



## Reading from left to right: BOBBY JONES and the Spalding Clubs he designed

HERE is Bobby Jones examining the first set of golf clubs ever made which offer his idea of what perfect golf clubs should be!

From 8 to 1, is a set of the grandest Irons that the game has ever seen. Jones, now a Spalding Director, and the Spalding experts have, by redistributing weight, succeeded in designing an iron whose head tends to follow through naturally. As Jones himself expressed it, "the blade seems to flow through the ball."

This redistribution of weight—the heavier blade and lighter hosel—gives better control, too. The center of percussion is two inches lower than it is on hickory-shafted irons, and an inch lower than it is on other steel-shafted irons. This makes the clubhead easier to direct, and gives a more perfect instrument for shot control.

Another factor which contributes to control is the flange sole, which seats itself in back of the ball with the accuracy of a putter. This feature relieves the player of the distracting business of fussing with the lie of the blade, and lets him concentrate on the stroke itself.

In these clubs, Jones also cuts the number of stances right in half, by introducing the brand new idea of matching in pairs as to length and lie! This means that you need

master only *one* stance for every *two* clubs. And, every club is matched with every other club in swinging weight—so that one swing and one timing are correct for every club in the set!

### "Poems in Wood"

Bobby Jones is recognized as one of the greatest wood players of all time. And his uncanny skill is reflected in the new woods which he designed. One famous expert, when first examining them, said—"They're poems in wood." When perfectly sane golfers get to talking like that about these clubs, they *must* be magnificent!

In addition to the customary woods, Jones contributes a new Senior Set of *Five* Graduated Woods—introducing two completely new woods to take the place of the Numbers 1 and 2 irons. Senior golfers will find, in this Set, a solution of the difficul-

ties they now have with their long iron shots.

### Look! It's Calamity Jane!

That interesting looking club on the end is none other than Calamity Jane—an exact duplicate of the famous lady herself. Legend has it that Bobby Jones clings to this great putter because he considers it "lucky." In a way, that's true. Calamity Jane's magnificent balance and deadliness make it a lucky club in any golfer's bag.

### Lower prices for all

The new Jones Clubs have the famous Spalding Cushion-neck. The sets are Registered, so that you can always get an exact duplicate of every club. And the prices are the lowest ever asked for Spalding fine clubs.

**CUSTOM-BUILT REGISTERED IRONS**  
Set of 9 \$75    Set of 8 \$67    Set of 6 \$50  
(Cushion Shaft Irons, \$5 each)  
**CUSTOM-BUILT DE LUXE REGISTERED WOODS**  
Set of 4 \$48    Set of 3 \$36    Pair \$24  
**CUSTOM-BUILT STANDARD REGISTERED WOODS**  
Set of 4 \$40    Set of 3 \$30    Pair \$20  
(Autograph Woods, separately, \$8 and \$10 each)  
Custom-Built De Luxe Senior Graduated Registered Woods, \$60 for set of 5. Senior Graduated Matched Woods, \$40 for set of 5. Calamity Jane Putter, \$6.

© 1932, A. G. S. & BROS.

*Spalding*

ROBERT T. JONES, JR.  
GOLF CLUBS



On Banff Springs  
18-hole Course

# Take it on HIGH!



Swimming pool, Lake Louise

## IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES



# Banff

SPRINGS

A CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTEL

IT'S high time you took a high line... Step aboard a fast, transcontinental train... Get off a mile up, live in a baronial hotel, play on a mile-high golf course, enter for the Willingdon Cup (July 18-25) or the Prince of Wales Trophy (August 15-20)... Ride with the cowboy guides along the mountain trails. Climb with Swiss guides. Play fast tennis. Swim in a warm sulphur pool, take a header in the glacial plunge, have a dinner that ought to earn the chef a kingdom—dance—stroll on the romantic Terrace under a moon no more silvery than the frosted peaks. And at Banff all costs scale down this year—At Chateau Lake Louise too, forty smooth motor miles away... and at the cosy Chalet-Bungalow Camps.

Special Rates—Weekly and Monthly. *European Plan*—throughout season. Also *American Plan*—May 28 to June 30 and Sept. 1 to Sept. 26. Hotel opens on May 28.

**Golf Fees:** Special low family rates. Low Summer Rail Fares from all central points. *Special Reduced Round Trip* (30-day limit); *Reduced Round Trip Fares for Season*, (return limit Oct. 31).

Canadian Pacific Offices in all Large Cities including—  
541 Madison Ave., NEW YORK  
100 & N.Y. Ave., N.W., WASHINGTON, D. C.  
3101 Chester Ave., CLEVELAND  
417 Leonard St., ST. LOUIS  
400 Boylston St., BOSTON  
160 Pearl St., BUFFALO  
1010 Lexington St., PHILADELPHIA  
328 North Ave., PITTSBURGH  
1110 Jackson Blvd., CHICAGO  
425 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO  
2220 Fourth Ave., SEATTLE

All-Expense Conducted Tours *Going* Grand Canyon—California; Yellowstone—Columbia Highway; Glacier National—Mt. Rainier; Alaska, *Returning* Banff—Lake Louise. Also 6½ Day Tour Canadian Rockies, from Banff or Field—\$60.

The Strange Case of Clara Deane (Paramount) would seem more strange if it were less similar to the strange cases of *Madelon Claudet* and *Madame X*. This time it is Wynne Gibson—a versatile actress hitherto given to gay or dipsomaniac impersonations—who marries a rogue (Pat O'Brien), goes to jail for his knaveries and emerges after 15 years hoping to find out what has become of her small daughter. She secures a job with a modiste and is assigned to alter a wedding dress. Cinemadicts will not be surprised to learn that the dress is for the daughter (Frances Dee). The wages of



DEE & GIBSON

The wages of virtue touch a new low.

virtue in the cinema are seldom high. In this case they touch a new low. The woman's husband reappears, tries to blackmail the daughter. Wynne Gibson is therefore compelled to shoot him. Having done so she faces the prospect of a lonely and miserable senescence. The best quality in *The Strange Case of Clara Deane* is a disarming unpretentiousness of writing and direction. Actresses who play unhappy mothers usually do it well. Wynne Gibson is inferior to Helen Hayes (*Madelon Claudet*) but better than Ruth Chatterton (*Madame X*). She is ably badgered by Mr. O'Brien and Dudley Digges, as a detective who adopts her child. Typical shot: Wynne Gibson being separated from her child by prison matrons.

**Thunder Below** (Paramount). As the wife of a Central American geologist (Charles Bickford) who learns that he is going blind, Tallulah Bankhead has very little to do in this picture except sit around and talk. But her talk is supposed to register emotional starvation and it does so. She makes you feel why she would like to run off with the geologist's best friend (Paul Lukas) and why, instead, she goes away with a young engineer. When Lukas brings her back to her husband, Miss Bankhead has to put life into a melodramatic conclusion. She throws herself off a balcony into the rocky surf, leaving her husband and his friend to make what they can of their relationship. *Thunder Below* is indubitably Tallulah Bankhead's best picture. She helped adapt it, from Thomas Rourke's novel, and she gives a performance in it which justifies her own contempt for her earlier and inferior productions.



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## AERONAUTICS

### Young Giant's Bills

Like a friendly young giant peering from his tower, aviation has long had an eye upon the rich caravan of men & goods which moves unendingly across the North Atlantic. Though it has occasionally sallied forth offering to carry a share of the load, aviation has thus far failed. But last week new carrying credentials were being written for the young giant when the House Interstate & Foreign Commerce Committee reported favorably the Crosser Airship Bill authorizing the Postmaster General to let transoceanic mail contracts, and the Senate's Committee reported the McNary Bill to promote dirigible airlines.

Though no appropriations are provided, President Paul Weeks Litchfield of Good-year-Zeppelin Corp. announced that passage of the two bills this session would be accepted as authority to begin construction of the first of four 7,500,000 cu.-ft. ships, two for the North Atlantic service, two for a projected Pacific route. Even larger than the *LZ-129* now a-building in Germany, each ship will carry 80 passengers, 25,000 lb. of mail and express, will make the eastward passage in two and a half days, the westward in three. To expedite the mails, the Federal Government will pay about \$20 a mile for an average load of 10,000 lb., \$8 more than it spends at present for shipment on crack liners. Individual passenger fares will be about one and one-half times the de luxe boat rate.\*

To International Zeppelin Transport Corp. (backed by National City Co.) will probably go the first of President Litchfield's giant gas bags if built. Using weather reports from ships at sea, Vice President Jerome Clarke Hunsaker has made hundreds of theoretical crossings, has gathered an abundance of lore to swell the experience of previous actual crossings. He estimates that schedules can be maintained 80% of the time, that his company can wax rich on a diversion of but 4% of the present de luxe steamship traffic.

✪ Pilot Arthur Bussey of Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn, advertised last week for four passengers to Europe in his trimotored Ford. The plane will hop via Harbor Grace, Newfoundland as soon as the four fares are booked. No publicity hunter himself, Pilot Bussey announced that he had received 49 inquiries from curioseekers, few genuine prospects.

### Second Shakedown

Droning off into the murky clouds above Lakeside one morning last week, U. S. S. *Akron* left for a long, half-moon swing down through the Deep South and out to join the Fleet in the Pacific. As sound and airworthy as before her mishap last February, the *Akron* carried 81 persons on her second shakedown cruise, her first continental crossing. Lieut. Commander Rosendahl, covering the trip for the Press, reported the off watches "in their bunks, passing Mother's Day quietly indeed."

\*Passage on the *Graf von Friedrichshafen* to Pernambuco, Brazil is \$450 with a 10% reduction for round-trip.



"The supreme craft of the air—Bellanca—is the last word in airplane construction—please accept my best wishes—from a more than satisfied Bellanca owner."  
... WALLACE BEERY.

## "MORE THAN SATISFIED"

Wallace Beery has expressed the true feelings of many other Bellanca owners. Whether in the transport field, industrial organizations or among people who, like Mr. Beery, simply want to get about quickly and safely, the Bellanca owner is usually a man or woman who has had considerable experience with other types and has gravitated toward the peak of quality and performance. For the Bellanca—"America's Finest Airplane"—is known first for its quality, and then for its performance. Flight stability, structural completeness, and an all-round reliability proved by many of the greatest flights of history—this is what it means to say "Built as Only Bellanca Can Build."

*Seldom does a manufacturer receive comment so spontaneous as Mr. Beery's, regarding his new Bellanca Skyrocket. Wallace Beery, one of the most popular actors in America, is a pilot in his own right. He was starred in "Hell Divers," "Grand Hotel" and many other Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures.*

✪ THE GENTLEMAN-SPORTSMAN has a choice between the Bellanca Pacemaker and Skyrocket, 6-place cabin planes, or the Bellanca Air Cruiser, a beautifully-appointed 9-place cabin plane with lavatory and buffet. Full particulars on request.

## BELLANCA

BELLANCA AIRCRAFT CORPORATION  
New Castle, Delaware

Bellanca Aircraft of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

## H E A R D



.. on the first tee

HERB: "Well, same old stuff! How many strokes do I have to give you?"

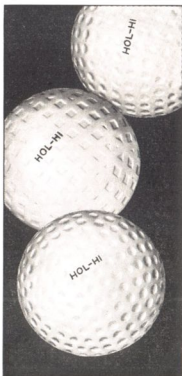
BILL: "None, you big stiff! I've switched to HOL-HI."

The secret leaks out. Bill has discovered the new Super-Compression Wilson HOL-HI . . . the ball that's cutting down scores this year from coast to coast. Now he takes a nice easy swing and thinks only of DIRECTION. With only half as much to think about, he's developed into a shark. One of those provoking down-the-middle boys. Who'd have ever thought that Bill would get so sticky?

Hit a HOL-HI easy and watch it ride! No more grunting and straining for distance. Concentrate on just one thing—DIRECTION, and let HOL-HI do the rest. Your distance is built into the ball.

Super-compression is the secret . . . a new development in golf ball construction discovered and perfected by Wilson engineers, and available only in HOL-HI.

The easy hitter can now more than hold his own with the slugger—and drive him crazy with uncanny direction. Whether you're a sticky money player or just a business-man golfer, you'll like this new and better golf ball. Price 75c each—\$8.00 a dozen—obtainable either in Dimple or Mesh.



*Play* **HOL-HI** *by* **Wilson**  
*"the Ball that takes the Grunt out of Golf."*

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS COMPANY  
 Chicago New York Boston Denver Los Angeles San Francisco Portland

## Seats Fill Up

Air transport operators scowled last spring when they saw the upward march of passenger traffic falter and temporarily retreat. They were heartened by a 26% increase for the full year 1931. Last week they beamed when it was announced that traffic for the first quarter of 1932 was 31% up. Even the fact that Depression had nibbled away 4% of their air mail poundage failed to quench their delight.

Some first quarter results were:

Lines	Passengers		Change
	1931	1932	
American Airways.....	6,580	11,405	+74%
Eastern Air Transport.....	4,045	7,037	+60%
Ladington Air Lines.....	11,051	9,310	-18%
Northwest Airways.....	1,860	3,281	+76%
Pan American Airways.....	12,803	14,012	+9%
Transcontinental & Western Air.....	8,170	4,214	-48%
United Air Lines.....	2,902	11,310	+120%

All U. S. lines carried 86,763 passengers, compared with 66,399 in the first three months of last year. Though flying weather is generally at its worst from January through March, nearly 90% of schedules were flown. Transport officials view the increase as the first fruit of two major policies which came into full play last year: fare reductions and systematic effort to sell through tickets.

As every one knows, air travel throughout the land is but little more expensive (in some cases less) than train-plus-Pullman fare. But few realize that airline tickets can be obtained as easily as any other transportation tickets. All large transport companies have coast-to-coast arrangements with hotels, travel agencies, telegraph companies where schedules can be obtained, tickets purchased. American Airways has more than 9,000 such outlets.

To kill the notion that flying is still an erratic member of the transportation family, airway operators have turned from merely peddling tickets to selling fast, complete transportation facilities combining air, rail & bus. Slogans have been softened from "Fly" to "Travel By Air." Having learned that over two-thirds of their passengers are executives or salesmen, traffic departments are out to educate U. S. business to save time & money through the use of co-ordinated air transport. *Skylines*, one of the industry's useful timetable monthlies, quoted last month from the experience of a roving executive who cut a trip from 17 to eleven days, lopped 25% from his expense account.

Airline passenger traffic rises to a peak around Labor Day. To capitalize this bulge most companies inaugurate new schedules, speed up old with the coming of warm weather. Last month American Airways by a one-hour shift in a plane departure at Cleveland so bettered connections with Pan American that the New York-Mexico City run was cut from 62 to 44 hr. United Airlines last fortnight put on a new plane to San Francisco which entails the loss of only one business day, announced that before the year ended it would cut the coast-to-coast run to 22 hr. That worried Pittsburgh steelmasters may seek solace in Manhattan playhouses, Transcontinental & Western has put on a 3½-hr. "Theatregror."

\*A consolidation of old T. A. T. and Western Air Express. T. & W. A. has 61 minutes duplicate schedules, unprofitable services.

## SCIENCE

### "Moonless" Jupiter

None of Planet Jupiter's four bright moons, which ordinarily may be scanned by a \$5 or \$10 telescope, was visible from the U. S. one evening last week. That was a rare coincidence which had not happened since May 10, 1914 and will not happen again until July 16, 1939.

Jupiter, largest of the Sun's nine planets and heavier than all the other eight planets combined, has nine satellites. Large astronomical telescopes have difficulty in discerning five of them. Two others are each as big as Earth's Moon. The two remaining are each half as large again. They surpass Planet Mercury in size. Names given these four are Callisto, Io, Europa, Ganymede. During last week's performance they rapidly displayed all the relations of satellite to planet.

Ganymede was in occultation, hidden from U. S. view behind Jupiter. Visible were Callisto, Io and Europa. Europa revolved into occultation. Callisto then proceeded into the planetary shadow where it was eclipsed. Only Io then was visible until Ganymede came out from behind Jupiter. Then Io began its transit across the face of Jupiter whose brightness made the duller satellite invisible, and Ganymede passed into the eclipsing shadow. Then all moonless looked nine-mooned Planet Jupiter.

### Matter to Matter

From a fortnight's press flurry of hazy ideas and inaccurate terms concerning something that had happened to the atom at Cambridge, England, this much could be clarified last week:

Dr. J. D. Cockroft, 34, and Dr. E. T. S. Walton, who is still in his 20's, workers under Ernest Lord Rutherford at the Cavendish Laboratories, were firing protons down a long vacuum tube at a target of lithium, a metal belonging to the sodium-potassium family of elements. A proton is a particle of positive electricity. Drs. Cockroft & Walton were aiming at the rapidly moving atoms in the piece of lithium. The protons traveled nearly 4,000 mi. per sec. with forces varying from 120,000 to 600,000 volts.

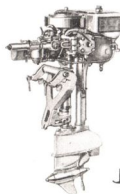
One proton in ten million struck a lithium atom and adhered to it. Then something logical, but nonetheless remarkable, happened. The lithium atom has a nucleus which contains seven protons and four electrons which bind the protons together. Around the nucleus pulsate three more orbital electrons. When a proton adhered to a lithium nucleus for Drs. Cockroft and Walton, there were eight protons in the nucleus. The overloaded nucleus split in half. Each half contained four protons and two electrons. Such a packet of energy is the alpha particle which radium emits. It is also the nucleus of the helium atom.

Other investigators, including Lord Rutherford, have apparently made one element out of another—carbon from nitrogen, gold from mercury—by chipping particles from heavy elements and reducing them to lighter elements. Drs. Cockroft & Walton are the first apparently

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Johnson has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in the development of motors that insure happy and carefree hours on the water. Twin Cylinder Alternate Firing gives you a smoother flow of power; Full Pivot Steering permits 100% maneuverability; the famous Release Charger makes starting easy; Rotary Valve contributes to high power; Shock Absorber Cone Clutch protects the motor from damage; and the Johnson water cooled Underwater Exhaust insures peaceful quiet.

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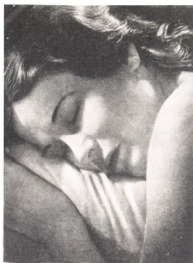
Canadian Johnson Motor Co. Ltd., Peterboro, Canada

## JOHNSON SEA-HORSES

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drink it black-  
drink it late-  
**AND SLEEP—  
SLEEP—SLEEP!**



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*drink it and sleep!*



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to obtain one element from another by adding to the nucleus of the second.

Dr. Robert Andrews Millikan of California Institute of Technology predicated his entire theory of cosmic ray origin on the mathematics of element creation. A hydrogen atom consists of one proton and one electron. The atom has a certain weight. A helium atom contains four protons and two electrons (an alpha particle) in its nucleus, and two more electrons in its shell. A helium atom thus has four times as many protons and four times as many electrons as has a hydrogen atom. But a helium atom weighs slightly less than four hydrogen atoms. The difference escapes as cosmic rays when four hydrogens assemble to form a helium, reasons Dr. Millikan.

Similarly the brace of helium nuclei which Drs. Cockcroft & Walton obtained by plugging one proton into one lithium nucleus weighed less than the source material. The loss of mass is represented by a gain in energy which drives the two helium nuclei of the Cambridge experiments at 8,000,000 volts of energy each, a tremendous gain from the 120,000 to 600,000 volts which the men initially put into their vacuum tube. But this energy is released only once in ten million times by the shooting protons. As a source of energy the experiment is thus only between 0.00026% and 0.00133% efficient. Nevertheless, the feat of having added matter to matter remains historic.

## ANIMALS

### Muskrat Menace

A valuable little beast to the U. S. is the muskrat, which yields \$25,000,000 worth of pelts per year. But in Great Britain the muskrat is a trial & tribulation. Last month Parliament passed a law condemning to death every British muskrat-at-large. Last week with trap, gun, gas and spade England's Minister of Agriculture Sir John Gilmour and Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary of State for Scotland, set forth to destroy all the muskrats in the United Kingdom.

In Great Britain a musquash pelt is worth only about a shilling. Britons can get their furs more cheaply from the Continent. The British muskrat-fur industry, started after the War to employ ex-servicemen, has so languished that the animals have been turned loose upon the countryside. Though vegetarians, muskrats have been accused in Britain of devouring poultry and swine, of damming small streams and destroying the banks of the larger ones, of obstructing drainage and causing floods.

Few animals are as prolific as the musquash. They breed three or four times a year; spring litters are frequently propagating by autumn. Before Great Britain was the sad example of the late Austro-Hungarian Empire. In 1905 five muskrats were taken from the U. S. to Prague. By 1914 their descendants had spread 90 mi. in every direction. In 1927 they covered half of Austria, had invaded Germany, were estimated to number 100 millions.



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A genuine travel bargain... low rate covers all expenses on ship and shore, hotels, guides, etc.  
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Visiting Madeira, Spain, Algeria, Italy, Monaco, Holland, Scotland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, France.  
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## MAKE IT SNAPPY



Cheese, especially in a sandwich, has no right to be mild and gentle. It should bite the tongue that tastes it just a bit. Any sort of cheese spread gets plenty snappy if you add some lively A. 1. Sauce. Just try it. Ask for A. 1. when you eat in hotels or restaurants.

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## MISCELLANY

"Time brings all things."

### Scouts

In Washington, D. C., the police radio commanded: "Scout car No. 10 go to Georgia Ave. & Taylor St. Police being attacked." The message came over Scout car No. 10's receiving set but Policemen Smooh and Renner were too busy to respond. They were the police being attacked at Georgia Ave. & Taylor St.

### Unclaimed

In Prairie du Chien, Wis. on the railway station platform stands a great box. On its side is painted the address: "Prairie du Chien, Wis."—nothing else, no sender, no addressee. None of Prairie du Chien's 3,943 inhabitants has claimed it, all have come to look at it. The box contains an electric chair, designed for human executions.

### Pupil

In Lansing, Ill. two men entered the Oak Glen Trust & Savings Bank. One was calm, swart, carried a machinegun. The other, nervous, blond, dapper, carried a pistol. The nervous blond was too embarrassed to take money from the cashier's drawer. Said his colleague: "Open the drawer, you lug." Later the blond's gun-hand shook so violently the gun discharged, the bullet going into the floor. Shouted his colleague, no longer calm: "You heat head, put that gun away before you shoot yourself." Said the blond, calmer now: "Quit picking on me. I'm doing the best I can." Pupil and teacher left arguing, taking \$5,000 in a briefcase.

### Solitaire

In New York, on trial for his life for murder, William J. Turner, 21, pulled out a deck of cards, began playing solitaire. The judge stared, sent the jury out of the courtroom, protested. Attendants confiscated the cards. The judge spoke briefly on courtroom conventions. Said Defendant Turner: "What do you think I am going to do—sit here all day and cry?"

### Father

In Camden, N. J., one George F. Berstler pinched and poked his son George Jr., 3, making him cry. Criticized by his sister, George F. Berstler snatched up his son, ran to a bridge-rail, suspended the child over the river. Said he: "You can't tell me what to do with my own child."

### Design

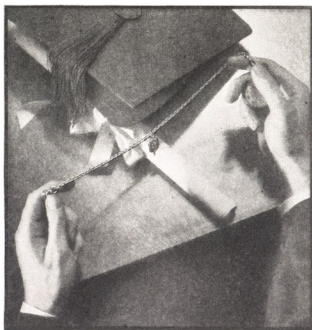
In Manhattan, Lieut.-Colonel Ralph A. Kluge was lunching with a friend when he heard that the city's supposedly fire-proof Pier No. 54, main wharf of the Cunard Line, was burning down. Said he: "You know, I designed the steel construction for that pier years ago. I'd like to see how the old job is standing up. Let's go over."

At the fire, Col. Kluge pressed forward to get a good look. A fire hose burst loose from its hydrant, whipped around, caught Col. Kluge in the back of the skull with its metal coupling, killed him.

30005



"THE  
BIG CHAIN  
IS BACK!"



"FIRST-PERSON" Photograph by ROYER-SHANNON

## Key Men In College Say So!

The key men in our great colleges and universities, the up-and-coming fellows who lead the way and set the pace, have been among the first to put their stamp of approval on "the big chain". And that goes for their older brothers—the live wires in the business and professional world, too.

In fact, "dainty" watch chains just don't "click" with men of action these days. Instead, they're wearing man-size chains again—and that's not only because "the big chain" is safer and stronger, but because it's *smarter*—sets off clothes to better advantage!

Remember, there's no better graduation or "coming-of-age" present for a man than a good watch and chain. And if you want to show him that you're "in the know", make sure it's one of the smart, new, *big-chain* Simmons Chains.

Simmons quality is the result of old-school methods of craftsmanship. This company was making fine watch chains back in the days when Phi Beta Kappa keys were actually used for winding watches!

All the world admires Simmons Watch Chains—and they're sold by the better jewelers everywhere!

R. F. SIMMONS CO. Attleboro, Mass.

*Jewelers for over 60 years*

30005—Yellow Gold  
Filled Waldemar \$9.50

34371—Yellow Gold  
Filled Waldemar \$7.50

# SIMMONS

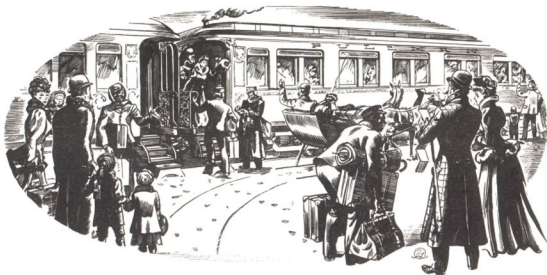
*watch chains*



"The swivel says  
it's a Simmons"

31571

# When \$1<sup>00</sup> paid your fare to California



**I**n the boom days of the '80's the new trans-continental railroads waged a rate war that brought fares down to \$5.00 and less—one ticket was sold for fifty cents!

The history of Pacific Lighting goes back to those interesting times, when there were only 40,000 people in Los Angeles. The telephone and the electric light were just beginning to come into use, and in 1899 after 20 years the local gas company had secured only 2,000 customers.

Pacific Lighting purchased the little gas company; then the electric light company. From that time on, its progress has paralleled the amazing growth of Southern California.

Oil was discovered in many parts of Southern California and eventually natural gas, piped from the fields to nearby cities, became the universal fuel for cooking and heating houses and buildings. Its high heat value, convenience, economy and unique suitability to the local climate have combined to make natural gas preeminent for heating and general household purposes.

Today nearly one million homes, industries and commercial establishments of every kind in 252 communities in Southern California, including Los Angeles, are served by the Pacific Lighting system.

Gas systems of four companies covering eleven Southern California counties have been joined in one completely interconnected system, insuring economical operation, low rates and dependable service.

The Pacific Lighting plan of operation is noteworthy for confining all properties and interests to the gas and electric branch of the utility business, in one section of one state which has turned out to be the most rapidly growing section in America.

This policy of compact, economically-justified operation has never varied throughout nearly half a century of unchanging management, and it is partly responsible for the record of dividends that have been interrupted only once, in the early days of the company's history.

*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:

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LOS ANGELES GAS AND ELECTRIC CORP.  
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*An illustrated descriptive booklet may be obtained by addressing Pacific Lighting Corporation, 700 Insurance Exchange Building, San Francisco.*

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# BUSINESS & FINANCE

## Brotherly Merger

Herbert is the more conspicuous of San Francisco's two famed Fleishacker brothers and is generally thought to take the lead when they confer on mighty matters. People know him better because he is always doing things that command attention, because he is the one apt to be found at teas or dances when his brother Mortimer is at home reading.

Herbert is heavily built, a noisy dynamo even at play. Mortimer is lean, quiet, takes his fun and work quietly. On the golf course Herbert shatters opponents' nerves by the way he chatters, exults, boasts, bets. His directors are fearful of accepting cigars from him lest they explode in mid-meeting. His cigaret cases have been known to contain alarming jack-in-the-boxes.

In banking each brother has shown natural talents. Herbert is president of Anglo & London Paris National Bank, with \$166,000,000 in resources and \$113,000,000 in deposits. Mortimer is president of Anglo-California Trust Co., diagonally across the street, with \$81,000,000 in resources and \$76,000,000 in deposits. Each is a vice president of his brother's bank. Both banks have prospered; their solidity has never been questioned. Hence when last week San Francisco heard that the two banks will soon be merged there were no whispers of "taking over" or "just in time." It was accepted as a move towards economy and perhaps preparation for state-wide branch banking under the provisions of the Glass Banking Bill. Friends recalled that for a dozen years the Fleishackers have contemplated in leisurely fashion the day when they would bank not as neighborly brothers but in one institution.

As the two directorates prepared for a long joint meeting, San Franciscans guessed that the merged bank would probably be called Anglo California National Bank, that it would be housed in Anglo & London's big building at Market & Sansome Streets rather than in Anglo-California's building. It was taken for granted that lean, polite Brother Mortimer would be chairman, loud Brother Herbert president. For Brother Herbert has shown ability not only in the mechanics of banking and investment but also in the delicate matter of contact with customers. He has often so genially laughed off his "inability" to lend money that the would-be borrower has gone off chuckling, convinced. Willing to see anybody, with a laugh and a back-slap for almost all, he has never wavered when approached by such stern banking problems as foreclosing on a friend.

Anglo & London Paris National dates back to 1909 when it was formed as a merger of two powerful banks. One of these was Anglo-California Bank, Ltd., founded in 1873 by J. & W. Seligman & Co., a year after Ogden Livingston Mills's grandfather had converted his private bank in Sacramento to proudly-named "National Gold Bank of D. O. Mills & Co." The other was London, Paris & American Bank, Ltd., formed in 1884 by Lazard Frères to take over their private

banking business in San Francisco. The year when these two banks merged the new Anglo-California Trust Co., Mortimer Fleishacker's bank, was formed. It is believed that Herbert Fleishacker bought out the London interests in his bank and has complete control although Lazard Frères retains an interest.

Herbert Fleishacker's entrance to banking was in 1907, aged 33. In 1905 he had married May Belle Greenbaum whose father, Sigmund Greenbaum, was president of London, Paris & American Bank. Deposits were then about \$4,000,000. Many San Franciscans, especially bankers, suspected the ease with which Herbert Fleishacker was rising in his father-in-law's bank but they soon realized that



Wide World

HERBERT FLEISHACKER  
*Getting ready to branch?*

Banker Greenbaum had been shrewder than they.

Previous to banking, the Fleishacker experiences had been in wood, paper and power. At 15 Herbert left school to enter his father's paper box firm as a bookkeeper. Two years later his father died and he and his brother, who was then 23, had to take over the business. Herbert went out on the road selling. He became interested in the mills which supplied the paper for his boxes, found that one was for sale. He and Mortimer raised money from friends and a quick turnover left them with a \$300,000 profit. This was invested in power and other mills.

The Fleishacker interests are now so varied that to present them would be to depict a cross-section of northern California's wealth. In addition to his San Francisco banking, Brother Herbert's affiliate, Anglo National Corp. has impor-

tant bank holdings in other parts of the State. Shipping has always fascinated him and he has been close to Capt. Robert Dollar\* (formerly one of his directors) as well as being considered an important factor in Pacific Steamship Co. (Admiral Line) and, lately, in United States Lines. Agriculture has felt his touch; he did a lot to develop the Sacramento Valley's rice industry. He was a leading figure in Columbia Steel before it was sold to United States Steel. He has close connections with the oil industry, especially Standard Oil of California. Paper, mining, hotels, cement and retail stores round out his sphere. Both brothers have gained the reputation of being terrific plungers. In all of Brother Herbert's gambling, whether it be golf, backgammon, bridge or poker-dice, there is a great deal of shouting that at first would indicate wild excitement, but his opponents soon learn that it only camouflages a cold, keen brain that becomes keener as the stakes and risk increase. The Brothers Fleishacker could well describe their success in the words of the late Charles Francis Adams II. "Running at times great risks, I emerged not ruined."

While many another California bank and banker is known throughout the country, Herbert Fleishacker sparkles against a fairly dull background. His personality is rivaled in its effulgence only by that of triumphant Amadeo Peter Giannini of Bank of America. In San Francisco there is, for example, William Henry Crocker, a conservative gentleman who smokes \$1 cigars and is met at the station by a groom and horse so he may have his evening ride without loss of time. There are the old (1852) Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust Co., the Bank of California N. A., the American Trust Co., control of which was bought by Goldman Sachs Trading Corp. in 1929. In Los Angeles a tower of banking prestige is Securities First National Bank with \$542,000,000 in resources and headed by Henry Mauris Robinson, good friend of Herbert Hoover.

While some Californians have resented Herbert Fleishacker's close friendship with Governor James ("Sunny Jim") Rolph Jr., longtime Mayor of San Francisco, the connection enabled Mr. Fleishacker to be appointed to the Board of Park Commissioners in 1920. He gave Golden Gate Park its famed open-air Fleishacker Pool and donated a large zoo to the city. Favorite of his beasts there is a lion called "Herb," not for him but his powerfully-built son Herbert Jr., onetime Stanford football hero, formerly an employee of J. P. Morgan & Co. and now with Guaranty Trust. San Franciscans know that Mr. Fleishacker was responsible for the pulling-up of "Keep Off the Grass" signs. He thought the city's gardeners should know how to grow grass tough enough to be walked upon, instructed the Park Police to do everything in their power to let all people have fun.

Mr. Fleishacker's conception of fun is incongruous for a banker in so high a post. It is not limited to loaded cigars. Commonplace are such incidents as the time when Banker Fleishacker encouraged two of his vice presidents to en-

\*Critically ill for a fortnight, Capt. Robert Dollar, 88, was last week reported by his physicians to have "weathered another storm."

# "I AM A HOARDED DOLLAR"

"I am part of that One Billion, Three Hundred Millions of Hoarded Money about which President Hoover has been speaking.

"My owner has put me away in a dark Safe Deposit Box. I am not doing a thing. Having always been accustomed to an active life, this enforced idleness is really killing me. I'm as good as dead.

"Formerly I was circulating around helping to make the wheels of industry turn. I gladdened the heart of many a merchant. Every Saturday night some family was happier and better because I came into their midst.

"I used to travel all over the country, in and out of stores, helping to build homes and factories, paying freight bills, buying crops from farmers, constructing roads and bridges and power plants. I have helped mine coal, run steel mills, buy automobiles and enabled people to travel.

"One of the ways I was employed again and again was to pay life insurance premiums, and I was never happier than when used to protect some family or to provide for some one's old age through a life insurance or annuity policy. I have been in every life insurance office of the country, but was never permitted to stay there long. In a day or two I'd be invested in some mortgage, or some high grade corporate or government security, or used to help some widow.

"I wish my present owner would put me back in circulation right now. I can assure him that there is no safer or more useful place for idle dollars like me than with a great life insurance company. Maybe my present owner will happen to think of Equitable life insurance or an Equitable annuity as a good thing to buy for his family or for himself. Then I would again see the sunshine and get out of this deadly dungeon where I'm not a bit of good to anyone."

## THE EQUITABLE

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES  
THOMAS L. PARKINSON, PRESIDENT 393 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

gag in a wrestling match, let all business stop, cheered first one and then the other until he was as exhausted as they.

Fleishhacker foolery reaches its summit in endless pranks with Kenneth Raligh Kingsbury, head of Standard Oil of California. Once when Mr. Kingsbury was bound East, Banker Fleishhacker had great bunches of onions delivered to him at every station. Oilman Kingsbury retaliated by sending a truck filled with water buffaloes, elks, and lesser animals C. O. D. to the bank, its arrival being announced by a lusty, liveried bugler. Mr. Fleishhacker was once grieved to learn that his good friend had been bitten on the lip by a pet dog. Promptly he entered the Kingsbury sanctum on all fours, barking and growling. Another time he set a trap in Mr. Kingsbury's office so that when the oilman opened the door 100 pigeons flew into his face. Hilarious was the scene when Mr. Kingsbury entered the bank one day asking, "What about some golf, Herb?"

"Too much work," muttered Banker Fleishhacker.

"That for your work," said Mr. Kingsbury, sweeping all of Mr. Fleishhacker's papers to the floor. Whereupon the burly banker arose with a yell, grabbed a cane and, hatless, chased the President of Standard Oil out of the bank and down the street.

Loud, colorful Banker Fleishhacker has been far from alone in resisting Depression on the Pacific Coast. Bankers generally agree that the California banking situation has remained about the best in the land, a remarkable feat considering the State's large investments in agriculture. In Northern California there has been only one bank failure since Jan. 1 and that was in a small town after the principal industry had moved away. In Southern California there have been 15 failures in 1932. Bankers in Northern California agree that in the past three months the banking scare has cleared up. Deposits have been increasing. Although some of the banks are heavily committed in land they feel no worse off than some eastern banks holding bonds of doubtful value, industrial loans not now collectible. Because rains were bountiful during the winter California's farmers were hopeful of good crops last week although the prices were discouraging.

The slowness of business is felt in California as much as in other parts. Bank debits in Los Angeles for March ran 30% below last year and in San Francisco 39% lower against a nationwide average decline of 38%.<sup>\*</sup> Leading West Coast stocks have dropped about in proportion to those in the East.

### Mortgaged Montauk

Four miles from Miami there used to be a tidal bog. A promoter with imagination bought the semi-swamp, surrounded it with bulkheads. Miami was dredging its harbor and was glad when the promoter said they could dump the silt on his land. As the tidal bog grew into a fertile island the promoter built roads, hotels, trolley lines. The island became known as Miami Beach and one of Florida's most popular resorts. When the great

<sup>\*</sup>Compiled from 141 City reports by the Federal Reserve.

# Sales Climb Steadily

**MORE SALES** per customer, from more customers, are increasing Mr. Schwartz's business every day. He has had to enlarge his store to accommodate greater patronage. Part of his store is shown at the right.



ASKING FOR BUSINESS, and getting it, in a highly competitive community market, are made possible by Mr. Schwartz's low-cost Multigraph and Addressograph, shown above.

## for Neighborhood Merchant

**TWO MORE VICTORIES** for the profit-producing abilities of Addressograph and Multigraph equipment, in the battle against increased buying resistance and lowered sales volume! Mr. Herbert F. Schwartz, proprietor of the Schwartz Drug Store, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes this interesting account of his sales-building record during the past six months:



Herbert F. Schwartz

"Competition is keen in my neighborhood. Last year I found I had to get more new customers, and keep the old ones, if I wanted to make money. I bought an Addressograph and Multigraph, using them to print and address mailing cards, quoting attractive prices and bargains to customers and prospects in my community. The result is that my business today is over 30% greater than a year ago. This enviable record has been made possible only by the Addressograph-Multigraph system of producing and mailing timely advertising at such extremely low-cost. I am now enlarging my store in anticipation of a greater business increase. Addressograph and Multigraph certainly bring in the profits for me."

**CORDUROY TIRES** are seen on the highways of the nation. At the right, a train of tires is being loaded at the Corduroy factory for national distribution, secured through Addressographed and Multigraphed advertising.

**DIRECT MAIL** has played a very important part in Corduroy progress during the past twelve years, especially during 1931-32.



**APPROXIMATELY 85%** of Corduroy Rubber Company business is conducted by mail and Direct Mail solicitation. During all the years of their business they have used Addressograph equipment, shown above. They find it very efficient and economical. It personalizes letters, addresses cards and envelopes, heads statements, etc., 10 to 50 times faster than other methods.



**SAVING 40%** and more on advertising material produced by Multigraph, enables Corduroy to conduct intensive large-scale, successful selling campaigns.

Write for "Experience," a collection of business stories giving details on how you can increase your sales and profit volume.

## and National Merchandiser

**MR. L. B. McCOURT**, Director of Sales, Corduroy Rubber Company, Grand Rapids, Mich., describes the important part Multigraph and Addressograph have played in the recent progress of the company:



L. B. McCourt

"Last year, we added 25% more new accounts than in any previous year. During the past six months, our business has shown a substantial

increase over the same period a year ago. This means more tires and tubes sold—more orders—greater dollars and cents volume—all the result of Multigraphed and Addressographed direct mail selling. We expect an even more satisfactory record by the end of 1932."

In every kind and size of business, Addressograph and Multigraph are cutting costs and building sales. There are models to meet your needs, at prices and terms you can easily afford. Ask for proof, without obligation, that you can increase profits now!

Addressograph Company • Multigraph Company  
Divisions of ADDRESSOGRAPH-MULTIGRAPH CORP., Cleveland, O.  
Sales Agents in Principal Cities of the World

**FREE**  
... this  
new book  
just off  
the press!



## Addressograph

## Multigraph

## 23,800 New Votes of Confidence

**R**EGISTERED holders of Associated securities now total 237,115, a gain of 23,837 during 1931. Growth has been continuous:

1924.. 6,000	1928.. 66,263
1925.. 38,000	1929.. 190,139
1926.. 41,000	1930.. 213,278
1927.. 56,537	1931.. 237,115

• Of these, 105,035 are customers who use Associated services to cook their meals, light their homes, run their radios. Their approval of the System's operations is expressed by their investment in Associated securities.

*For information about facilities, rates, service, write*

### Associated Gas & Electric System

61 Broadway



New York City

*—John Hancock Series—*

### How to Solve Your Financial Problems



This booklet illustrates the many ways in which Life Insurance can provide the simple and direct answer to many financial problems.

**I**t suggests workable solutions for the problem of guaranteeing your home, securing an income for old age, providing for the children's education—and the many other money questions which must be answered, if one is to get the most out of life.

A copy awaits your request.

*John Hancock*  
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY  
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

JOHN HANCOCK INQUIRY BUREAU  
197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.  
Please send me your booklet,  
"My Financial Problems"

Name.....

Street and No.....

City..... State.....

7.....

—Over Sixty-Nine Years in Business—

### NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF

## CORPORATE TRUST SHARES

(Original Series)

**BEARER EXCHANGE WARRANTS**, which evidence the right of holders to exchange for Corporate Trust Shares, Accumulative Series or Series AA, on a preferential basis, are now available through Authorized Distributors.

**American Depositor Corporation**  
120 WALL STREET  
NEW YORK

boom of 1923-26 began, the promoter, Carl Graham Fisher, came zooming out of a deep hole with fat profits from his one-time bog.

Promoter Fisher was by no means a product of the Florida boom. In 1912 when he bought his bog he was already a man of wealth, having made his first money in a bicycle shop, then in Prest-O-Lite which he sold to Union Carbide, then in the Indianapolis Speedway which he sold to Capt. Edward Rickenbacker & friends.

Last week Promoter Fisher's bright star of fortune was not burning so high. Since 1925 his chief interest has been Montauk Beach Development Corp., a concern which has sunk many millions into a 10,000-acre real estate project on the heathery tip of Long Island, 118 mi. east of Manhattan.

Although Montauk Beach Development Corp. has its hotel (Montauk Manor), its golf and yacht clubs, it has not prospered.



CARL GRAHAM FISHER

*"The satisfaction . . . will always remain with me."*

It received wide publicity last summer when the Navy's scouting force maneuvered off its shores (TIME, Aug. 24) but few home-sites have been sold. Plans to establish a transatlantic ship terminus there to save nearly a day have come so far to nothing.

Last week, after defaulting principal and interest on a \$3,724,000 mortgage, Montauk Beach Development Corp. was placed in friendly receivership. Chairman Fisher, still enthusiastic, said this was "the best step that could be taken," insisted that the company's \$12,000,000 worth of investments are now worth at least \$15,000,000 against liabilities of \$5,614,000. Smiling as always, Promoter Fisher added: "I am convinced that this seashore property will be the greatest seashore development in the world. . . . The control of it passes to bondholders for the ultimate certain payment of their debts, but the satisfaction of having made it and of seeing it continue as a great property will always remain with me." He said he thought that because of the Depression

many people, especially Mid-westerners, who used to want to be in the East for the summer but thought it would take an investment of \$50,000 to \$75,000, may now want to own a Montauk home for \$6,000 to \$12,000.

Co-operating with the new management last week was Long Island Railroad, part of the Pennsylvania system. Although the road has no direct interest in the development it stands to prosper with it, especially if the plans for a big harbor ever mature.

## Deals & Developments

**Wages of Steel.** The 200,000 employees of United States Steel Corp., from president down to puddler, last week heard what they had expected for some time. Another reduction of wages and salaries was ordered. In October wages were cut 10% after a 10-15% salary reduction in August, when Big Steel finally decided overhead must come down. The new cut was 15%, making a total reduction of 23.5% in the pay of 44¢ an hour which was considered basic in 1929. In addition most men are now working on short shifts.

Last year U. S. Steel paid out \$260,000,000 in wages and salaries. Taking reduced operations into account, statisticians last week estimated that the new 15% reduction will save the corporation about \$30,000,000 in operating expenses for the remainder of 1932. Theoretically, \$30,000,000 would about equal depreciation and depletion charges for the rest of the year should U. S. Steel cover its running expenses. Or it would be sufficient to pay bond interest and preferred dividends should earnings cover depreciation. On news of the wage cut, Steel preferred shares rose 10 points and the common 4.

Quick to follow-the-leader was Bethlehem Steel with 50,000 employees. Republic and other independent companies were sure to join the procession. Steelmen last week were inclined to point out that wages have not come down as much as in 1921, that unless business picks up there may be more cuts.

**Tin Shutdown.** The International Tin Cartel (Malay States, Nigeria, Bolivia, Dutch East Indies) last week decided on drastic measures to cut the huge surplus supply. Production will be stopped entirely during June and July, resumed in August at 40% of capacity. Or, as an alternative, members may reduce their output 13½% for June, July and August.

**Two Against Coca-Cola.** Last week Lawyers Edward Sidney Rogers and James Fulton Hoge prepared to defend their big client, Coca-Cola Co., in two damage suits. More important of the two was an action of \$5,000,000 brought by Loft, Inc., candy-maker and seller. Loft charged that Coca-Cola attempted to interfere with a Loft contract to sell *Pepsi-Cola* in its stores, threatened to attack the value of Loft stock (\$2.50 last week) if the company would not sell *Coca-Cola*. Loft agents to Loft soda fountains to hurt *Pepsi-Cola*'s business by slander and intimidations. Filing a \$2,000,000 suit at the same time, making the same charges, was *Pepsi-Cola* Co.

**Nevada Absorbed.** Kennecott Copper owns 98½% of Utah Copper, which in turn owns 45½% of Nevada Consolidated Copper (mines in Nevada, Arizona, New

*You* DON'T EVEN NEED TO *wind it!*

*The engineers who bring comfort and deflated heating costs to every kind of building now present the All-Electric Clock Thermostat*

It's the latest triumph in Minneapolis-Honeywell's half century history of automatic heat control engineering. It is the most completely automatic heat control yet devised for home heating, apartments, large buildings, and industry.

The All-Electric Clock Thermostat requires no winding. Its electric clock keeps perfect time. Consequently it qualifies as the ideal master thermostat in automatic heat control systems for many factories, office buildings

and apartment buildings where time control of variations in temperature and zone regulation of heat is required. It qualifies particularly for master heat control of buildings where heat is not needed during certain hours of the night, and over weekends and holidays. And it qualifies perfectly for the automatic control of home heating. Set it and forget it. The temperature stays always precisely where you want it.

The Minneapolis-Honeywell engineers, who have pioneered most of the important developments in automatic heat control, offer you their experience to help you harness heat and cold, and deflate your heating costs. Call them, at the factory branch or distributor's office in your city.

## MINNEAPOLIS HONEYWELL HEAT CONTROL *Engineering*

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR CO. Executive Office: 2955 Fourth Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn. Factories: Minneapolis; Wabash, and Elkhart, Ind. Branch Offices: Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Hartford, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, New York City, Philadelphia, Providence, St. Louis, San Francisco. Distributors in all principal cities. In Canada: Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company Ltd., Toronto and Montreal. Export: 801 Second Ave., New York City.

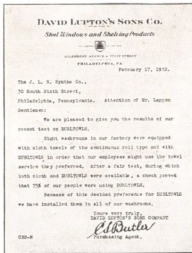
# In Philadelphia



## Miss Gertrude M. Allen prefers DUBLTOWLS to cloth towels

She is one of the 75% of the people of the David Lupton's Sons Company who chose DUBLTOWLS when they were placed side by side with cloths in a comparison test in the washrooms.

And the following letter expresses the opinion of the David Lupton's Sons Company:



DUBLTOWLS are soft and soothing to the skin. They are so unusually absorbent that one DUBLTOWLS dries the hands quickly, thoroughly, and pleasantly. Write for details of a comparison test we will gladly arrange for your washrooms.

BAY WEST PAPER CO., Green Bay, Wisc.  
—a division of Moines Paper Mills Co.



"If it's a brown double towel,  
It's a BAY WEST DUBLTOWLS"

Each DUBLTOWLS is two sheets of pure soft pulp kraft—73 times as absorbent, 4½ times as strong as the average of ordinary paper towels.

© 1932, B. W. P. Co.

Mexico). Last week Kennecott offered one share of its stock for two of Nevada's, is expected to acquire practically full control. Coppermen expect that Nevada's mines will then be closed down, pointed out last week that if they were closed now Nevada's stockholders might cause trouble for Kennecott.

**Kurzman to Constable.** Since 1905 the 73-year-old specialty shop of Kurzman has been on Fifth Avenue, Manhattan. From it have gone many notable trousseaus. The White House bridal gear of Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Mrs. Eleanor Wilson McAdoo, Mrs. Jessie Wilson Sayre and the second Mrs. Woodrow Wilson were from Kurzman.

Last week Kurzman was bought (terms not made public) by 105-year-old Arnold Constable & Co. Also on Fifth Avenue, Arnold Constable & Co. has not lacked famed shoppers. Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, Mrs. Ulysses Grant, Mrs. Grover Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt's mother were among its clientele.

**Divco to Continental.** Continental Motors Corp., maker of engines for many automobiles, last week bought Divco Detroit Corp., manufacturer of milk delivery trucks. Continental lately entered the passenger car field by purchasing De Vaux-Hall Motors Corp. (TIME, Feb. 29).

### Personnel

Last week the following were news:

**Martin John Insull**, 62, brother of **Samuel Insull**, 72, resigned as president of **Middle West Utilities**, notified the receivers that he would be subject to their call for assistance at any time. **Charles Alexander McCulloch**, co-receiver, resigned as chairman of **John R. Thompson Co.** (chain cafeterias) to devote more time to Middle West.

**Arthur Reynolds**, 64, resigned as chairman & director of **Chicago's Continental Illinois Bank & Trust Co.** ("biggest bank under one roof"), also as chairman of the bank's securities affiliate and of **Continental Chicago Corp.**, investment trust. As bank chairman he was succeeded by his elder brother **George McClelland Reynolds**, 67, who lately retired into the position of chairman of the executive committee. La Salle Street recalled old rumors that Arthur Reynolds had quarreled with the directors but he insisted: "There is nothing to be read between the lines about my resignation. . . I resigned in spite of the fact that the directors urged me to stay. . . I am leaving the bank because of impaired hearing. . . The dampness of the climate here affects my ears."

Still La Salle Street said to itself: "Might as well say Martin Insull resigned because of dandruff."

**Arthur Reynolds** followed the footsteps of his large brother George in banking for many years. He became president of **Des Moines National Bank** in 1897 after his brother left that position to enter **Chicago's Continental National**. When George Reynolds left Continental's presidency in 1920 to become chairman, Arthur succeeded him. Chicagoans now waited to see how long it would be before aging Brother George followed Brother Arthur's footsteps, leaving Continental Illinois Reynoldsless.

**HIGGINS' Eternal**  
FOREVER Legible & Beautiful  
Black Writing Ink  
At all Dealers  
CHAS. H. HIGGINS & Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.

### BOUND COPIES

Of TIME Now Ready

Volume XIX—Part I—

(January 4—March 28)

\$2.50 Postpaid

TIME, Inc. 350 E. 22nd St. Chicago

**EUROPE 29 DAYS ALL EXPENSES \$195**  
Weekly sailings via Canadian Pacific, June 3 to August 19. Ask for details; also our free book of 200 House Party and Collegiate Tours.  
**THE TRAVEL GUILD, INC.**  
180 N. Michigan 321 Fifth Ave. 308 Bowline St.  
CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON

**BATTLE CREEK HEALTH FOODS**  
LACTO-DEXTRIN  
"More power to you!" . . . Power in the normal, balanced use of brain and brawn, nerve and muscle.

## Multiplying Man Power with Health

"More power to you!" . . . Power in the normal, balanced use of brain and brawn, nerve and muscle.

As an aid to the robust health that makes you fine and fit as a fiddle, nothing used and endorsed by the famous **Battle Creek Sanitarium** is of more value than **Lacto-Dextrin**. Not a laxative but a remarkable colon food—providing a medium in which the normal, friendly organisms of the colon thrive in such profusion that they smother out the putrefactive bacteria which so often are the cause of headaches, lassitude, nervousness, colitis and kindred complaints. Ask your Druggist, Department Store or local Authorized **Battle Creek Dealer**.

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

**FREE DIET ADVICE**  
Mail Coupon Today

I suffer from . . . The Battle Creek Food Co., Battle Creek, Mich. has been to read myself of your Free Diet Service. My diet problem is described below.

☐ Constipation ☐ Fatigue ☐ Acid Stomach ☐ Indigestion ☐ Nervousness (only check those most important) ☐ Overweight

Name . . . . .  
Address . . . . .  
City . . . . . State . . . . .

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

## EDUCATION

### New Head for Spence

In the cloistered little world of girls' private schools in Manhattan, recent years have brought marked changes. Two of the most exclusive, Miss Chapin's and Brearley, have expanded into large plants uptown on the far East Side. Oldest (40 years) and most aristocratic Miss Spence's School has been endowed, incorporated, dropped the Miss. It too has acquired a big new uptown plant at 91st Street near Fifth Avenue. Founder Clara B. Spence has been dead nine years. Her successors, Miss Charlotte S. Baker (1923-29) and Miss Helen Clarkson Miller (1929-32) resigned before attaining comparable fame as great educators of New York's best daughters. Last week the Spence trustees announced their next move. To run the new Spence plant and continue the proud Spence tradition they



Acme

VALENTINE LAURA CHANDOR

*Her flock of 100 was nearly tripled.*

had called upon Miss Valentine Laura Chandor, able proprietress of the foremost remaining small school for New York fashionables.

Spence parents learned what Chandor parents have known for 15 years, that Miss Chandor used to assist at the oldtime Charlton School, which the Rockefeller Foundation bought 15 years ago and turned into Lincoln School, the experimental adjunct of Teachers College, Columbia. Charlton parents persuaded Miss Chandor to start up on her own, which she did with 40 girls in East 62nd Street. Quietly, carefully, successfully ever since she has run her Chandor School, choosing 100 girls for character and breeding sooner than wealth, keeping classes small, teaching always herself, emphasizing scholarship, urging college afterwards but making sure her girls get an "education to live in the world." Spence's 176 pupils plus her own 100 would make her shift to the bigger stage of New York's other schools, but she had no change of method to announce. "It all happened so suddenly," said she, "I haven't had time to think about those things yet."

## He Thought Insurance Had to be "Carried"



...but he found a policy that  
**Carried Him**  
thanks to

# United Mutual

## LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

© U. M. L. I. CO., 1932

HE was one of the army of uninsured who think that all insurance is a financial burden. Then, like thousands of others, he discovered that United Mutual had plans by which he could, *easily and without sacrifice*, have ample protection for himself and his family—plans that would give him a splendid income after retirement—or keep his family in comfort if he should pass away.

This fine old company has solved the insurance problem for men and women throughout the

land. It has provided simple understandable, *safeguarded* policies to meet every life insurance need.

When you ask United Mutual to insure the future financial welfare of yourself and your family, you are availing yourself of security as safe as America itself—for United Mutual's assets are almost entirely in Government and Municipal Bonds.

Write for the interesting facts about United Mutual's safeguarded insurance policies. Your inquiry will not obligate you.



**United Mutual Life Insurance Company • Harry Wade, President**

*Chartered under a Special Act of the United States Congress*

Indianapolis, Indiana

★ UNITED MUTUAL HAS GOOD OPEN TERRITORY FOR CAPABLE MEN ★

## Self-Help

Last year nearly half the male students in U. S. colleges earned part of their expenses. From 15% to 25% were entirely self-supporting. At the same time that more students needed jobs, work grew harder to find. Chores that college boys used to do now gave employment to heads of families. Last week, with college employment bureaus everywhere worried about positions for their charges, the Harvard *Crimson* made a drastic suggestion: Bar from college all students who must earn their whole way through.

Said the *Crimson*: "The myth that any able-bodied man can support himself and

at the same time realize the full advantages of a college education must be destroyed, and there is no better way to do it than by refusing admission to men who are compelled to spend so much time and go to such ends to earn money for themselves that they lose many of the most essential benefits of a college education."

The *Crimson's* outburst was not taken very seriously beyond Cambridge. At Princeton the *Daily Princetonian* politely opined that "the man who can show himself capable of carrying through the double task ought to be given every feasible encouragement and opportunity to undertake it." The New York *World-Telegram*, citing Herbert Hoover as a stu-

dent who worked his way through college, exclaimed: "There would be more sense in barring those who earn none of their expenses than those who earn all."

Vetoing the *Crimson's* suggestion did not, however, better the student employment situation, admittedly critical everywhere.

At Yale University last year 40% of the students earned more than \$600.00 to pay for their education. Depression reduced the amount by 25% this year.

At the University of Chicago, where 65% of the students are totally or partially self-supporting, 1,500 were granted college loans this year, twice as many as in previous years. The university has hunted student jobs by telephone and a house-to-house canvass, has instituted training courses to fit the students for the work obtained for them. More prosperous students have raised a fund for use in cases of extreme need.

At Stanford University, where 60% of the men and 20% of the women work, Depression this year decreased student earnings by one-third. Fifteen percent of the Stanford student body paid tuition this year with notes instead of cash. Recently the university community raised \$1,200 to provide employment for students, chiefly on improvements to the grounds.

At University of North Carolina, of the 2,500 students registered, some 550 work while in college. This year they earned \$16,000. Bank failures have increased the number of college and vacation workers to 80% of the student body. The university employs 182 students, loaned money to 542 this year. The university loan fund is more than \$60,000. In January, students and alumni launched a drive for a \$200,000 emergency loan fund, of which \$56,000 had been raised last week. The Y. M. C. A. self-help bureau finds endorers for notes of worthy students. The university dining hall has reduced the price of board to \$20 per month. Next year Carolina expects an increased enrollment, has many applications for transfer from more expensive institutions.

Princeton University this year aided 527 of its 2,200 students with \$175,000 in loans and scholarships. Some 26% of the students are full or part-time workers. The trustees have decreed that a ruling previously affecting applicants for tuition loans, shall also apply to those seeking scholarships: "An applicant's style of living must be such as to justify his request for financial aid. . . ." This may deter many from joining upperclass eating clubs.

At the Universities of Virginia, Georgia and Alabama self-help students constitute about 40% of the total. The universities so far have been able to furnish jobs or loans, expect no decrease in enrollment.

Cornell University's working students (40% of the total) earn \$225,000 per year. More students are seeking work than ever before and jobs are so limited that the university is faced with the prospect of losing many bankrupt upper classmen.

At Barnard College last week Dean Virginia Crocheron Gildersleeve appealed for a million dollars in scholarships. Said she: "If students are obliged to drop out of college now, that will mean a shortage of educated citizens in future years."

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## B O O K S

## Prize Package.

Now that the Pulitzer Poetry Prize has been conferred on curly-headed youngster George Dillon (TIME, May 9), poetry-addicts will reach off their shelves two volumes not yet dog-eared from fervent use. These volumes will be *Boy in the Wind* (1929) and *The Flowering Stone* (1931), which later won its author, besides the Pulitzer Prize, a Guggenheim award.

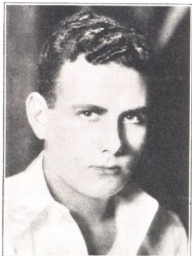
Scion of "an interminable line" of not interminable Georgia preachers and physicians, Poet Dillon, since he entered the University of Chicago in 1923, has been a chronic prize-winner. At the University he won the John Billings Fisk Prize for the best poetry written by a student. *Poetry*, The Magazine of Verse, gave him its Young Poet's Prize, invited him to become associate editor. *Boy in the Wind* was the first selection of the Poetry Book Club, won the Chicago Foundation for Literature Prize. Among more personal prizes he counts the friendship of Edna St. Vincent Millay.

His first volume's title poem outlines Poet Dillon's general technique, general theme:

*He wanders east. He wanders west.*

*Where will he ever come to rest,  
With that fire blowing in his brain,  
And that bird grieving in his breast?*

Characteristic of his inspiration is that his fire blows rather than burns. Later



GEORGE DILLON

*... fire in brain, bird in breast.*

poems reveal a more philosophical resignation:

*Alive in space against his will,  
A man may find along his way  
Some loveliness to live for still.*

To live for some such loveliness Poet Dillon a year ago gave up his job as a Chicago advertising man, turned to poetry and a Guggenheim Fellowship. On April 30 he was already Europe-bound, off just too soon to receive news of his prize first-hand.

## Hehonee Hero

AMBER SATYR—Roy Flannagan—*Doubleday, Doran* (\$2).

Once past its rental-library title, which fits its subject like somebody else's glove, readers of New Author Flannagan's book will pull up only at its end papers, with a sigh. Though dealing with the fairly thoroughly canvassed tragic situation, or lack of situation, of half-breed Negroes in the South, the book tells its story with a ruthless, rare good humor. It is a highly un-saccharine good humor which will remind readers more of Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* than of the Peterkin school of writers on Negro themes. And Author Flannagan, without the usual studied accoutrements of a simple style, can write simple conversational English to a turn.

Near Ball's Wharf, among the scattering of poor white farmers, lives Luther Harris, a great six-foot yellow giant whom all, even mules and bulls, respect. It is rumored that he and his relatives the Batkins, who live up river in the Hehonee swamps, are of Indian descent. It is an Indian that Luther would like to be so that his daughter Sis could break the color line, go off to government school at the Tohannock Indian reservation. Semmes Maiden, a young lawyer from Battleburg, the State capital, capitalizes on this desire of Luther's, persuades him and his relatives to put in their claims as Hehonee Indians, along with the Tohannocks, who are agitating for an equal footing with the whites.

Pending the hearing of this burlesque claim Luther lives happily at home with Sis, works out for a poor white farmer, John Sprouse. John has chronic rheumatism which does not endear him to Sarah, his lusty-bodied wife. Her eyes roam to Luther's agile body in the fields, and there they stay. She tries to snare him, but he has the wit to stay away. Meanwhile John Sprouse's worthless brother Bengo debauches Sis, and, to forestall Luther's possible revenge, attacks him. Luther, broken-hearted about Sis, who can never pass for an Indian girl now, knows it is time for him to clear out of Ball's Wharf. He sends Sis off to the Batkins' to bear her child, while he goes off to Battleburg to work, and to await, with the Tohannock Indians, the Government's decision on their claim.

Luther gets a girl for himself in Battleburg, makes himself there a homesick kind of home. All day and every day for weeks the Tohannocks and the Hehonees stand in full Indian regalia in the capitol lobby for the assemblymen to see. All day, back home at Ball's Wharf, Sarah Sprouse, whose husband John has died, dreams of Luther. Finally she begins to write him love letters on the sly. But Bengo Sprouse finds out, tells his brother Willis, who is a deputy sheriff, and who has been making up to Sarah himself. When, after the Legislature has turned down the Indian claim, Luther takes the train home, Bengo and Willis waylay him at a lonely station, handcuff him, search him for Sarah's letters. A minute later

Luther's bullet-riddled body is in the ditch.

**The Author.** Born in Charlottesville, Va. in 1897, Author Flannagan attended the University of Virginia until the War lifted him from his books into the Air Corps, though he did not fly overseas. He started newspaper work with the *Atlanta Journal* in 1919, has worked with the



ROY FLANNAGAN

*... more Mark Twainish than Peterkinetic.*

Richmond *News Leader* since 1923. Though married to an Indiana girl, he has never lived outside the South. His familiarity with Southern rustics, lawyers and politicians is brilliantly attested in his book. Other (first) book, *The Whipping*, is a grim comedy of Ku Kluxery.

## Man Hole

MINER—F. C. Boden—*Dutton* (\$2.50).

Like frogs in praise of Spring, British Literati Gould, Walpole, Bullett, Strong, Priestley, Straus periodically raise such a chorus in praise of some new Britisher's new book that U. S. publishers pick up their ears, try to reproduce the music on their side of the waves. Recent recording importations are James Hanley's *Men In Darkness* and *Boy*, now supplemented by a first novel by Derbyshire Coalminer Boden. Though less savage than Hanley's books, Author Boden's novel treats the same general theme—the brutalizing misery of those on or below the economic ladder's lowest rung.

When young Danny Handby refuses with tears to take another bundle of household goods to the pawnbroker, to piece out his father's wages from the mines, his mother sorrowfully tells him what must be his life's philosophy: "It's not what tha wants, lad, it's what tha's got to do." At 14 he wants to earn some money for his family, but he has got to become a coal miner to do that. Down into the pit-head goes Danny among the sooty veterans who, when they stop to think, curse the darkness into which they have been born. There is a certain amount of camaraderie below the ground, but these undergroundhogs are mostly swine above.

With careful factual detail Author Boden tells of a Derbyshire miner's life, with all its withering working details. The narrow tunnels, the coal seams in which men pick lying sideways all day, the half-blind ponies, the constant fear make up a pretty picture of hell. Above ground things are complicated by lockouts, strikes, broken-spirited drunkenness, and filth. Danny is luckier than most; he has a good though poverty-stricken home, and he has a love affair with a coal-country girl that Author Boden sketches with extraordinary tenderness. But shades of the prison-house begin to close. First there are accidents, then an explosion in the mine. Danny helps to haul the cooked bodies out. Horrified, he wanders about the streets in a daze, realizing what a life it is to which, for hunger's sake, he is doomed. Above his boy's head, above the sooty fog, shine out the stars; but these he cannot eat, and barely see.

### Maid

MAIDS AND MISTRESSES—Beatrice Kean Seymour—*Knopf* (\$2.50).

Making several novels out of what is rightly one is a common enough literary device, but giving readers several novels in the dress of one is good measure, tramped down and running over. Such generosity Authoress Seymour here accords her readers. By the simple expedient of making her central character sympathetic and true she keeps the story from splinting wide apart. Her education in life (particularly sex) constitutes the story, in lots of episodes.

The sex motif makes its appearance at the beginning of Sally Dunn's life. She

is an illegitimate child born into a plain English family who cannot understand how such things can rightly be. Innocent as the day herself, Sally is farmed out as a maid-of-all-work in the Yorke family. Sally loves her employers, thinks them perfection until gossip below stairs and her own observations make it clear that they have troubles undreamed of by her. Mrs. Yorke lets her husband love her only for babies' sake; Mr. Yorke wants to love her for her own. The trouble thickens. Mr. Yorke takes to drink, then to infidelity, then to his heels. Sally, an innocent amazed spectator, finds herself looking for another place.

At the home of Sanchia Hanson, who had once been Mr. Yorke's mistress, the sexual situation is reversed. Sanchia's husband had been unmanned in the War. Though she loves him, she is physically infatuated with Adrian Lorimer. When her husband finds out, he commits suicide. Sally, more learned if no wiser, passes on.

At last she gets almost bogged down in love herself. At the wealthy Stawell's her prettiness and simplicity catch Colin's eye. But for a snooping butler Colin would have made her his. Sally, very much in love, is promptly dismissed. Colin just as promptly forgets. But in her next position Sally, after a mourning while, forgets too; because in John Saril's household she finally graduates from maid to mistress. Middle-aged, morose John Saril gives Sally real love, intends to marry her, make her his heir. But Death suddenly intervenes, and Sally must wander on again. In love, as in her maid's life, there is no resting place.

**The Author.** Authoress Seymour spent her British childhood in a strict Non-conformist atmosphere in which theatres and dancing were taboo. Unrestricted reading, however, left a loophole for Satan. After three years of co-educational schooling she made a living doing secretarial work, studying literature meanwhile under Sir Israel Gollancz at King's College. Married to a poet, poetically inclined herself, she started novel writing when her husband was off in the Air Force during the War. Almost a dozen novels followed, of which four have already been published in the U. S.: *Three Wives*, *Youth Rides Out*, *False Spring*, *But Not For Love*.

### Itches Without Scratches

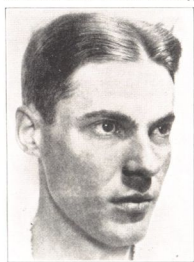
FEAR & TREMBLING—Glenway Wescott—*Harper* (\$3.50).

"In search of music, . . . a certain warmth of welcome, and museums with clean pictures, in all of which France is poor," four intelligentsiacs last summer deserted Paris to tour central Europe in an automobile. Novelist Wescott was along and, like a good intelligentsiac, kept his head rambling with the car. As the landscape from Paris to Bamberg flits before his eyes, thoughts on literature, religion, mankind-in-general flit behind. These he sets down deferentially "in fear and trembling" at generalizing on such knotty themes.

Considering the modern scene Author Wescott, like the late Gossamer David Herbert Lawrence, finds little to say in favor of contemporary men or their pursuits. "We modern private persons have

got out of the habit of being absorbed in what we are, . . . and for that matter in what we really want. We have to make an effort to feel ourselves and to know ourselves by envying and competing with others. We use our imaginations, [not] to penetrate what is real and there before our eyes . . . but to evolve fictive compensations for pseudo-desires in excess of our faculties . . . by which to be disappointed, inevitably." Among men's fictive compensations Author Wescott considers most notorious Literature, whose contemporaneous practitioners contend to be social mouthpieces, rather than rulers and revealers as of old; old-fashioned ideas about sex ("Childlessness is a virtue now, though probably the humblest"); the idealist religion of "God-beside-the-point."

Beyond the veils of psychological difficulties, of men less seeking to satisfy desire than in search of desire to satisfy,



GLENWAY WESCOTT

. . . wants to keep on plowing.

Author Wescott catches glimpses of economic difficulties now & then. With so much trouble dead ahead, one looks for less complaint, more cure. But the only cure offered is the one proposed by Tolstoy's peasant, who, when Tolstoy interrupted his plowing to ask him what he would do if he knew that the world was next day coming to an end, scratched his head and answered, "I would plow."

**The Author.** Though born of farmer stock (Kewaskum, Wis., 1901) Author Wescott's family "has aristocratic rather than middleclass prejudices; it does not hoard up its sons for the sake of the family fortune, but regards it as a duty to make gifts of them to the State." . . . Intended by them to be an ecclesiastical offering, though his own ambition was to be a musician, Glenway has turned out to be a Literary Gift. His books, *The Apple of the Eye*, *The Grandmothers*, *Goodbye Wisconsin*, *The Babe's Bed*, picture his native Middle West of which he says: "How much sweeter to come and go than to stay." He now lives mostly in France, where he is working on a two-volume novel, to which he feels he can return now that he has contributed *Fear & Trembling* to his fellow men.

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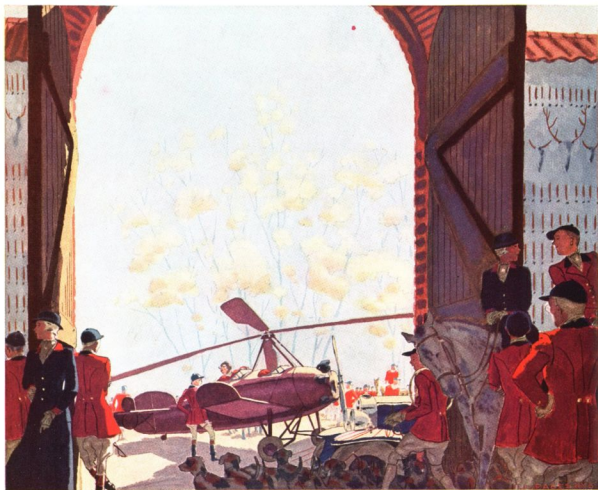


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