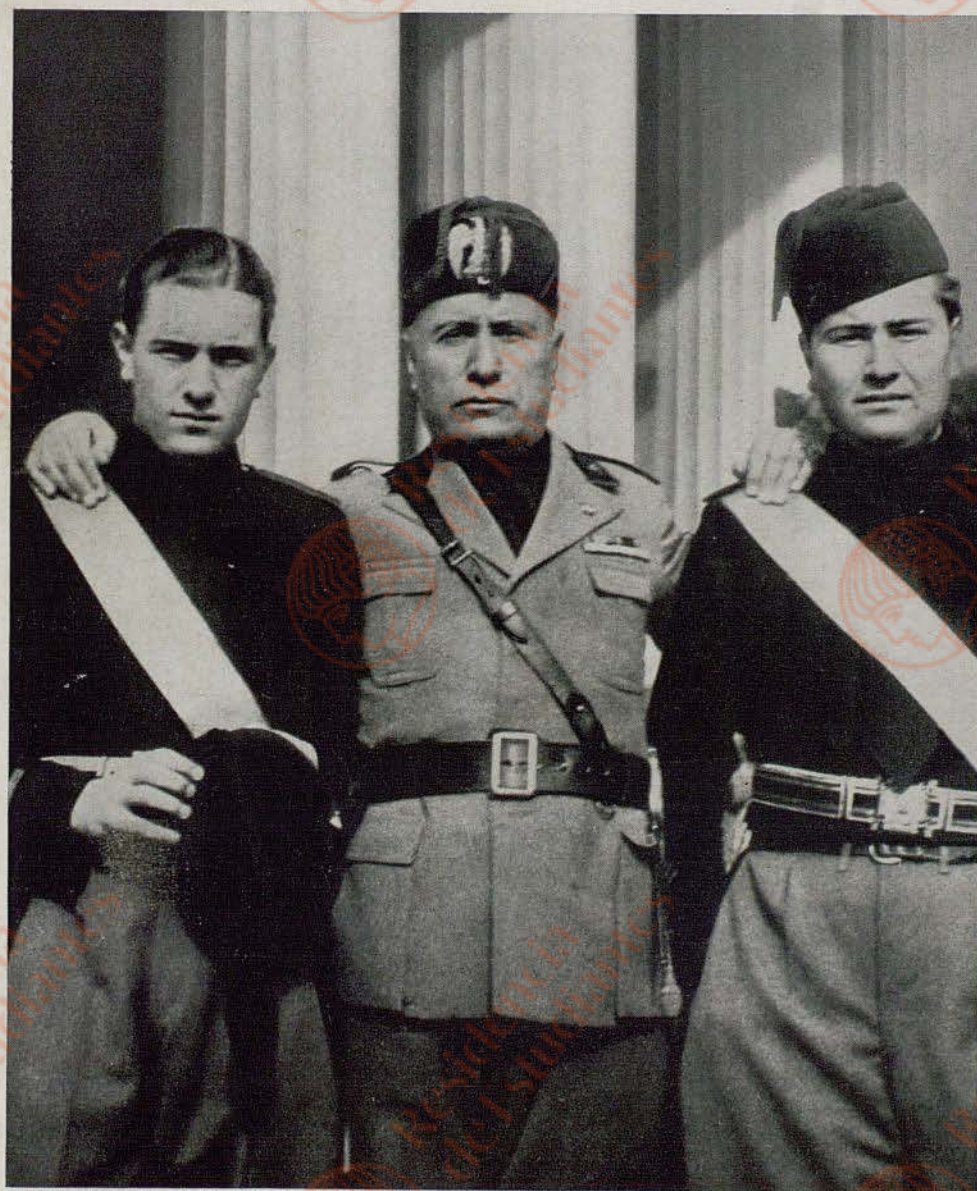


TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine



Acme

BRUNO MUSSOLINI, BENITO AMILCARE ANDREA MUSSOLINI
AND VITTORIO MUSSOLINI

Volume XXVI

Number 18

"No one can take upon himself the intolerable presumption to dictate to us!"
(See FOREIGN NEWS)

More than vegetable...it's
the Beef Stock Soup

More than half this soup is
 beef stock. Double Your Money
 Back if it isn't the best soup
 of its kind you ever bought.



HORMEL
VEGETABLE SOUP



OTHER HORMEL FINE FOODS
 As unusual in flavor as the Vegetable Soup



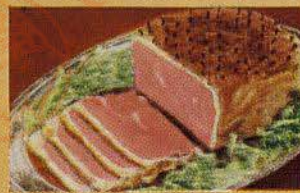
HORMEL LITTLE PORK SAUSAGES

Hormel Chili Con Carne
 Hormel Pea Soup
 Hormel Chicken Broth
 Hormel Chicken à la King



HORMEL ONION SOUP

Hormel Chicken (in tins)
 Hormel Spiced Ham
 Hormel Smoked Ham
 Hormel Smoked Bacon



HORMEL Flavor Sealed HAM

Color Photograph by Fidelis Harter

TO ACQUAINT YOU WITH
A NEW, FINER PRODUCT
LISTERINE

COUGH DROPS

This regular
10¢ size box

FREE

with each large size bottle of Listerine



This offer good in the United States only



*Strike that cold at the
source before
it gets serious!*

Gargle Listerine

to attack cold germs in mouth and throat

AFTER any long exposure to cold or wet weather, gargle Listerine when you get home. Medical records show that late-season football games, particularly, take their toll in health. Heavy chest colds often follow a day in the open. The prompt use of Listerine as a gargle when you reach home is a precautionary measure which may spare you such a serious complication.

Listerine, by killing millions of disease germs in the mouth and throat, keeps them under control at a time when they should be controlled—when resistance is low.

Careful tests made in 1931, '32 and '34 have shown Listerine's amazing power against the common cold and sore throat.

Year in, year out, those who used Listerine twice a day or oftener, caught about half as many colds and sore throats as non-users. Moreover, when Listerine users did contract colds, they were extremely mild, while non-users reported more severe developments.

At the first symptom of a cold or sore throat, gargle full strength Listerine. If no improvement is shown, repeat the gargle in two hours. While an ordinary sore throat may yield quickly, a cold calls for more frequent gargling.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy at home and in the office and use it systematically. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Eaters Digest

"The discovery of a new dish is more beneficial to humanity than the discovery of a new star."

—Brillat-Savarin

JOSEPHINE GIBSON

Do you recognize that name? Millions of women do. Josephine Gibson's radio talks on good eating are a household word. Her food idea pages appear in many magazines—are read perhaps more widely than those of any other foodviser. Sponsored by the House of Heinz, her mail includes about 20,000 requests per week for recipe books, special bulletins, menus, party ideas and other food preparation aids. Under Miss Gibson's direction a staff of college-trained food experts develop recipes and novel food service ideas. Tune in Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings. See your newspaper for CBS station and time.

\$5 REWARD If you have any smart, original recipes or interesting facts about the 57 Varieties, let Demi Tasse in on your discoveries. You'll get a check for five dollars if your contribution is printed. Mail to Demi Tasse, c/o The House of Heinz, Pittsburgh. Give your grocer's name & address.

SALMON WIGGLE

From I. V. of New York we've received news of a quick feast that, upon trying, we cannot but endorse. Drain a can of peas—flake a small can of salmon—and merge them with a can of Heinz cream of mushroom soup thickened slightly. Heat, and serve in patty shells or on toast.

EGGS BEDEVILLED

Devil hard cooked eggs quickly by blending the yolks with Heinz sandwich spread, salting it to taste.

A PRETTY PICKLE

Old-timers remember the old-fashioned pickle jar, from which, with a long wooden fork, were fished tender, crisp slices of homemade fresh spiced cucumber pickle. Now the cycle is complete. In Heinz kitchens they make Fresh Cucumber Pickle precisely as they were made in old-time home kitchens. —L. S. Chicago.

RHYTHM RECIPE

To greet a guest with *belaccoil**
Fry Heinz spaghetti in olive oil;
Then deftly circle this around
With croutons, delicately browned.

For garnishment, add crispy sheaves
Of freshly gathered lettuce leaves;
Heinz fresh cucumber pickle serve
To give this tasty luncheon verve!

*a hearty welcome

—Demi Tasse

LETTERS

Dead Hog & Roast Pork

Sirs:

I am particularly annoyed by the manner you burlesque or satirize Roosevelt's speech [TIME, Oct. 7], apparently with the purpose of trying to make him appear slightly ridiculous. . . . You can make a person stand in a favorable light or unfavorable yet remain strictly within the truth.

I may say "I ate dead hog for dinner," or I can say "I ate roast pork." In both cases I would be correct. The President could get "scattered cheers," or he could get applause. Both are correct. But "scattered cheers" shows your bias in the matter. In another place, you use the words "My friends," as though to deride the President's speech, when "My friends," would do just as well, and carry no sense of a jeer. You will say no such effect is intended, but I am the judge of the effect it produces, not you. . . .

You may as well understand that I am for Roosevelt, and I stick all the tighter to him when I discover that the Press is coloring the news against him, apparently for their own purposes. . . .

SYLVANUS K. POST

West Palm Beach, Fla.

Sirs:

On p. 14 of your Sept. 30 issue, you have the expression, "his attitude toward that piece of paper." Your article shows you are speaking of the Constitution of the U. S.

There have appeared in some recent issues of your publication things that make us suspect you of leaning toward the Communist's side in government. . . . I believe you pretend to independence and declare yourself on no side. But every once in a while there breaks out in some of your articles things that show rather too clearly that, either in heart or through control, you lean toward the New Deal side. . . .

We do not flatter ourselves that what we write you here will change your course. . . .

A. D. COOPER

The Wadsworth News
Wadsworth, Ohio

Sirs:

Anyone acquainted with the history of the Tom Mooney case, will recognize your article in the Sept. 30 issue as grossly unfair and biased. Every sentence in it was adroitly written to convey an impression erroneous to the truth. . . . If this continues I shall certainly not renew my subscription to TIME, as I am interested in the facts, and not a flippant sophomoric interpretation of them for the benefit of prejudiced readers.

Back to the Tom Mooney article:
1) . . . were convicted of bombing the local Preparedness Day parade in 1916 with a loss of ten lives.

Prejudicial inference: A true statement, but worded to convey prejudice against Mooney, playing upon the sentiment of Preparedness Day and loss of lives.

2) . . . so often has the militant U. S. Labor movement thrust his case into court.

The thrusting of his case into court was as much the work of interested individuals of non-labor affiliations, as of labor itself.

3) . . . today Tom Mooney has come to think of himself as an important public personage in his own right.

Tom Mooney is an important personage in his own right, since he has become the symbol of notorious injustice. . . .

4) . . . as always, cocked and primed to talk about his "martyrdom."

Obviously a smart alec statement, insinuating that Mooney talked for publicity's sake alone, instead of for a cause in which he sincerely believes.

5) . . . twenty pounds heavier.

Making out that Mooney after all had had an easy time in prison. . . .

6) . . . preparing to rehash all the old familiar points of the case.

By inference, untrue—as though the old points were not important and had not often been disproved by unbiased investigators. . . .

I belong to no radical political organizations, and have no ax to grind in this particular case, but the stupidity of your article prompts me to write this letter of protest.

MARTA LAMAR

Dallas, Tex.

Well aware that one reader's roast pork is another's dead hog, TIME will continue to serve news.—Ed.

Dollars on Knox

Sirs:

Overlooked, in your article on Presidential possibility Frank Knox, was the fact that a slice of his Chicago *Daily News* is owned by a public utility company. Authority for the statement—not denied to date—is George Seldes in his recently published book *Freedom of the Press*.

Dollars to doughnuts Knox will be Republican candidate in 1936. Reasons: greatest issue will be public ownership of public utilities and extension of present "Yardstick" undertakings. Public utilities throughout the nation are prepared to move heaven and earth in an effort to prevent themselves being subjected to honest competition. Result would be a complete collapse of their enterprises and forced deflation of the dishonest values placed upon their properties and services. . . .

SCHUYLER PATTERSON

New York City

Let Subscriber Patterson beware false conclusions. Author Seldes reported that International Paper & Power owned shares of the Chicago *Daily News* in 1929. But I. P. & P. disposed of its holdings on Oct. 10, 1929—two years before Publisher Knox acquired the newspaper.—Ed.

One Who Could Win?

Sirs:

While the Republican Party is trying to find a standard bearer against President Roosevelt (TIME, Oct. 14), the one man who could win is being overlooked. . . .

The man I mean is Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court Owen J. Roberts. I have known him for a trifle over 40 years and am con-

"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 _____

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TIME, Oct. 28, 1935

Volume XXVI, Number 18

Do What the Doctors Do When *They* Don't Feel Up to Par!



ARTIE MCGOVERN

Author of "The Secret of Keeping Fit." Was Physical Director of New York Physicians' Club. He was National Amateur Champion Bacter when he was sixteen! Learned science of training in his prize ring days, but realized, after opening his first gym, that he should know more about the workings of the human body. So he studied at Cornell University Medical Clinic, where he was also physical director for 8 years. Today, at 47, he is a model of physical perfection—stronger and more active than the average college athlete. Now the benefits of his remarkable health-building method—the very same principles of instruction for which hundreds have gladly paid \$150.00 and more!—are available to every one at a price any one can easily afford!

And it isn't only doctors who have benefited by McGovern's safe and sane methods. Among the nationally known people who have used them are: Grover Whalen, J. D. Mooney (Vice-Pres. of General Motors), Walter Lippmann, Roxy, Vincent Richards, Babe Ruth, Gene Sarazen, Commodore Joseph V. Santry, Rube Goldberg, Frank Sullivan, Paul Whiteman and many others.

America's Greatest Trainer at Last Reveals His Secret of Keeping Fit!



GENE SARAZEN SAYS:

"McGovern's Course of Health Building is the most effective, valuable exercise system I have ever experienced. In previous years I have tried various methods to keep in good trim, but none compares with yours for getting results. 'Your health-building program has been of untold value to me. I heartily recommend it to golfers, both professional and amateur, and I am also convinced that it will prove a blessing for any average man or woman.'"

WHY are many of New York's busiest physicians able to stand up under the strain of their gruelling, energy-sapping daily duties? Why are their nerves so steady? How are they able to keep their minds so clear after nights of broken sleep and days of almost endless work in hospitals and calling on patients at home? How do they build up such amazing resistance?

The answer is simple. They follow the same rules for health which are described by Artie McGovern in the new book he has published.

Many of them have not only gone to McGovern's famous gymnasium in New York but they have worked side by side with him. They asked him to become Physical Director for the New York Physicians' Club and have worked with him there.

These doctors are too wise to fall for the strenuous kind of exercise that makes the heart pound like a trip-hammer, and leaves the poor "patient" gasping, dizzy and exhausted. They know that kind of exercise does more harm than good and that often it's actually dangerous.

In his new book, which has just been published, Artie McGovern gives you the real, "de-bunked" truth about exercise, sports and gymnasium workouts. He shoots to pieces many popular fallacies. Instead of these he shows you how you are able to increase your vigor, feel better, increase your resistance, and either lose weight, or put on solid pounds of healthy flesh if you are underweight—how to get more enjoyment out of life. In this book you are not regarded as the "average type" of individual. Instead your particular problem (depending upon the type of person you are) is treated as such. While it is true that general principles apply to all, there are hundreds that apply to some and not to others. Here, for the first time, is a book that brings you the real unvarnished truth about your body, your health, your living habits. It shows you the ONE safe way to control your weight (the way doctors and athletes do). It tells how to eliminate nervousness and sleeplessness; how to correct constipation without laxatives. It explains how to tone-up your entire system; how to build reserve strength and vitality to resist sickness, with simple, easy exercises that you can do at home—without a penny's worth of apparatus.

Do You Know:

Why exercise that is JUST RIGHT for some can SERIOUSLY HARM others?

What is the best and surest way to have regular healthy elimination?

Why it's better to walk HOME from the office at night than to walk DOWN in the morning?

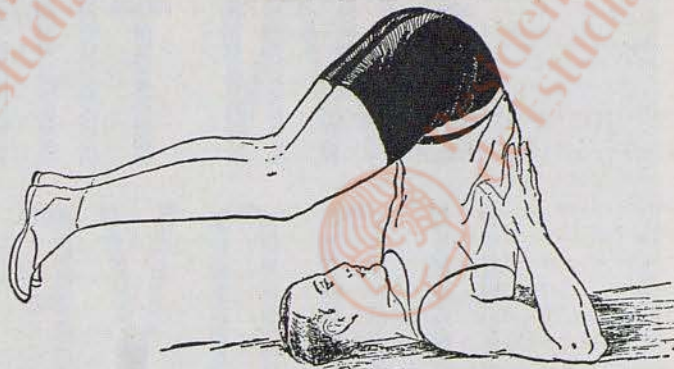
That you CAN get too much fresh air and sunshine?

That "night air" is just as healthful as air breathed in sunshine?

Why the "fresh air fiend" is a germ's best friend?

How flat feet, fallen arches can usually be corrected by SIMPLE EXERCISES AT HOME?

How little mistakes in posture can give you actual PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES?



Exercises that are Best for You—Should be Done While You're in Bed!

NOTE that the exercise shown above is just the opposite of bending over and touching the ground with your hands. This exercise, while you are lying in bed, is one of the best you can do. On the other hand, touching your feet with your hands is one of the worst exercises you can do—on a par with

taking up trick food fads and crazy diets. McGovern's book shows you how to keep fit without drudgery, monotonous drills or strenuous exercise!

Do you feel a bit run-down? Are your muscles getting flabby? Are you overweight or underweight? Do you have to take laxatives? Do you have trouble getting to sleep? Do you wake up feeling tired?

If your answer to one or more of these questions is "Yes"—then you owe it to yourself and your family to try the McGovern Method.

The Real Facts About Eating, Smoking, Drinking

With the McGovern Method you don't have to quit smoking, give up cocktails, juggle calories or worry about a whole alphabet of vitamins. Artie McGovern has nothing to sell you—no pills, trick reducing salts, tonics or apparatus. His famous Method is based upon sound, scientific principles: the result of 20 years' experience in planning physical culture programs for people from all walks of life. Thousands paid \$150.00 and more for the McGovern course—now so clearly described and illustrated in this great new book, "The Secret of Keeping Fit"—the very same method that has helped, and is helping today thousands of doctors and men important in public life who must keep fit.



What the McGovern Method Did for Babe Ruth

	Before	After
Weight	256	216
Neck	17½	15½
Chest	43	40
Expanded	45½	47
Waist	49½	38
Hips	47	41
Thigh	25	23
Calf	16½	15

WOMEN

Some of the famous women who have taken the McGovern Course are: Maureen Orcutt, Julia Hoyt, Babe Didrikson, Mrs. Morgan Belmont, Hannah Williams.

SEND NO MONEY

Try the McGovern Method on This 30-Day Double Guarantee!

The McGovern method has worked for thousands and can therefore be sold to you on the following terms:

1. Send no money with the convenient coupon here. When postman hands you your copy of Artie McGovern's new book, THE SECRET OF KEEPING FIT, deposit with him only \$2.00, plus few cents postage. If, after five days' reading, you are not convinced that the McGovern Method is just what you need and want—you may return it and your money will be refunded at once.

2. If, after applying for 30 days, the principles clearly given in Mr. McGovern's book, you don't feel like a new person, vibrant with glowing health and new-found "pep"—if you aren't thoroughly convinced by actual RESULTS that it is working wonders for YOU—you may even then return the book for a full refund.

Clip and mail this coupon—without money—NOW! SIMON AND SCHUSTER, INC., Dept. 210, 386 Fourth Ave., New York City.

SIMON and SCHUSTER, Inc., Dept. 210
386 Fourth Ave., New York City

Send me a copy of Artie McGovern's new illustrated book, "The Secret of Keeping Fit". When postman delivers it, I will pay \$2, plus few cents postage charges.

It is distinctly understood that, if I care to, I may return the book within 5 days. It is also understood that, if putting Mr. McGovern's method into practice does not, within one month, produce the actual results I want, I am to have the privilege of returning the book. In either case my \$2 is to be refunded at once.

Name

Address

City State

☐ Check here if you are enclosing \$2 herewith, thus saving postage charges. Same refund privileges apply, of course.

NOW YOU CAN OWN THE HOOVER

HOOVER PRODUCES NEW FULL-SIZE CLEANER TO SELL AT \$49.75—New low price by world's largest maker of electric cleaners paves way for 5,000,000 users of obsolete cleaners to own latest model precision-made Hoover with such features as Positive Agitation and Dirt Finder. Now on sale at leading stores everywhere through neighborhood Hoover men.

Here's the greatest news you've ever heard from Hoover. A genuine Hoover quality cleaner with latest features—for less than \$50.00! Think what it means . . . to every home . . . every woman who cleans . . . every husband who wants his wife to have the best.

If you're using a wornout cleaner—you can discard it today. If you have a Hoover that lacks the latest improvements—you can replace it now. If you've waited to buy until

exclusive patented features—inproved cleaning efficiency.

IT BEATS • AS IT SWEEPS • AS IT CLEANS

The new \$49.75 model is the lowest priced Positive Agitation Hoover ever offered. Yet it is Hoover standard in every detail—full-size, precision-made, with the convenience features, the longer life you expect only from Hoover. In addition to Positive Agitation for embedded grit—a feature no other cleaner offers—you will get a Dirt Finder, a powerful ball-bearing motor and other important Hoover quality features.

The Hoover is sold by leading retail stores everywhere, through bonded, trustworthy neighborhood representatives. Ask about the convenient terms; the low down payment; and the liberal allowance for your old electric cleaner. Note—Only a little more for the new Dusting Tools of light duralumin.



you can have The Hoover you've always wanted—your moment has come.

From now on you can do your cleaning with the cleaner that ranks first—in the number of owners—in

**ONLY
\$49⁷⁵**

OTHER MODELS FOR EVERY REQUIREMENT

versant with his distinguished career. . . . He has never been particularly active in Republican circles and he has never been associated with any political clique in that party. . . .

. . . . He is a clear thinker and a safe thinker; his feet have always been on the ground. He is a Pennsylvanian but Pennsylvania elected a Democratic Governor and a Democratic lower house and Democrats here think that they may elect a Democratic mayor. The G. O. P. needs the best man it can get and it does not have to go to Kansas or any other section to get [him]. . . .

WILLIAM H. EVANS

Philadelphia Electric Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Los Angeles Votes

Sirs:

. . . . President and Mrs. Roosevelt were here and received a great welcome from the 225,000 school children who were let out of school and most of the 400,000 who are on relief here, all of whom lined the streets from the station to the Coliseum. The Coliseum was almost filled. The Epic Socialists passed out literature at the Coliseum and Upton Sinclair was in the lime-light.

One was forced to the conclusion that Rooseveltian ideas are popular with the majority of voters. The anti-Roosevelt sentiment is universal among business and professional men in Los Angeles but they do not control the majority of votes.

RAYMOND L. CLINE

Los Angeles, Calif.

One for Hoover

Sirs:

DON'T YOU BELIEVE NOBODY WANTS NEXT PRESIDENT HOOVER.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT

Washington, D. C.

Prospect

Sirs:

A bowl of roses to your editorial staff for their fearlessness in reporting the recent crash of a United Air Liner in Crow Creek Valley near Cheyenne [TIME, Oct. 14]. Why? Because I imagine the U. A. L. is quite a large advertising account but you may tell the executives of the United Air Line I intend to make use of their fine plane service as soon as I accumulate the necessary funds. No single crash can scare me away! . . .

SAMUEL H. BERGER

Chicago, Ill.

To United Air Line's energetic traffic department, TIME presents Prospect Berger.—Ed.

Singers' Prices

Sirs:

Referring to the article under Music in TIME, Oct. 7, we, as the leading artists of the San Carlo Opera take exception to the published statement: "He pays his routine singers \$85 per week, thus can afford to keep his seat prices low. Even at such wages the singers sing often."

This statement is manifestly untrue and detri-

TIME

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

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Editor: Henry R. Luce.

Managing Editors: John S. Martin

John Shaw Billings

Associates: Noel F. Busch, Mary Fraser, Albert L. Furth, Laird S. Goldsborough, Manfred Gottfried, Daniel Longwell, Frank Norris, Francis de N. Schroeder, Myron Weiss. Weekly contributors: Elizabeth Armstrong, Carlton J. Balliett Jr., Robert Cantwell, David Cort, David W. Hulburd Jr., Paul Huserl, Hubert Kay, William A. Lydgate, Peter Mathews, Ralph D. Paine Jr., Cecilia A. Schwind, Walter Stockly, Joseph J. Thorndike Jr., S. J. Woolf.

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GEM's "little barber-in-a-box"

hands you the perfect shave

First, Gem invented the Micromatic Razor, which introduced the barber-shop stroke to self-shaving and made it *safe* for you to use *keener* blades. Now, Gem protects your skin from soiled fabric and metal with its stainless Marbelite case—as washable as glass.

And further to guard you from *mischance*, Gem has been plated with the *purest* chromium which never tarnishes, corrodes or rusts.

These latest and handsomest outfits are the *finest* razor kits ever manufactured. But stores *everywhere* retail the *new* Gem at the *old* price—one dollar.

The "Little-Barber-in-a-Box"

urges you to get one *today*—no other razor reproduces his professional skill. No other razor is *unconditionally* guaranteed forever. No other razor permits such *close* shaving that a *once-over* holds the *heaviest* stubble in 24-hour check.

Dual-Alignment (Gem patent) locks the blade at *five* points,

eliminates all wobble, and enables *beginners* to shave like *veterans*.

Gem's 50% thicker, *surgical* steel blades are so *toughly* textured and sharply edged that they wade through the wiriest bristle without a wince or tug. They cost so *little* because they *last* so long and make all substitutes too expensive for *economical* men.

5 Gem Micromatic Blades, the chrome plated frame and the washable case, *all* for \$1—*everywhere*. Or a test set consisting of a standard gold plated Gem Razor and 2 blades for 25c and this coupon.



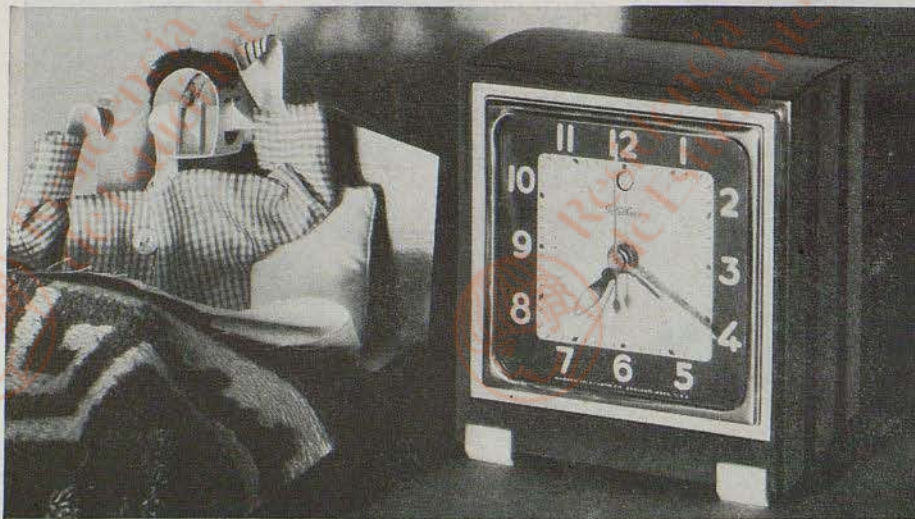
GEM

MICROMATIC
Razor and Blades

ALL ONE PIECE — Twist — it opens! Twist — it closes!

FOR TEST SET ONLY!
 Gem Safety Razor Corp.,
 Dept. T29, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Enclosed find 25c for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edged blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular \$1 outfits.
 PRINT NAME _____
 STREET _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____

Dream AND wake up



DEPUTY, \$4.95 (ivory case, \$5.50)

ALADDIN (luminous dial), \$5.95 (ivory case, \$6.50)

WITH THIS NEW *Telechron* ALARM PRICED AT ONLY \$4.95

How many nights have you lain awake and tossed to the tinny ticking of an old-fashioned alarm clock? Telechron offers a remedy for that.

Deputy, the new Telechron alarm, is a joy to behold and a boon to your slumber. (The self-starting motor is sealed in oil for silence.) Quiet as can be through the night, it rouses you gently in the morning with plenty of time for your eggs and coffee. And, like all Telechrons, Deputy is accurate. If 7:20 is your rising time, this dependable alarm will remind you at 7:20.

This smart new electric alarm clock is grand for giving-away. To Uncle Oscar, for instance, who put the old alarm in the

guest-room waste-basket so he could snore in peace. Deputy's attractive case will brighten any bedroom. And its low price will not burden your pocketbook.

Telechrons are the largest-selling, most popular electric clocks in the world. There are many models, designed for every room in your house. Good jewelry, electric, gift and department stores can show them to you—at reasonable prices ranging from \$3.50.

WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY
ASHLAND • MASSACHUSETTS

• Schools, hotels, hospitals and office buildings are synchronizing their time with efficient Telechron commercial systems.



MINITMASTER — A novel clock that tells time as a speedometer measures miles. Molded plastic case in ivory or black colors. Dials can be illuminated with a miniature Mazda lamp if desired. The modest price is . . . \$9.95



ANNOUNCER — The last word in a really modern 24-hour alarm. Set it and forget it. Black molded plastic material with ivory colored front. The dial is illuminated with a miniature Mazda lamp. Priced at . . . \$8.50

Telechron

SELF-STARTING
ELECTRIC CLOCKS

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Warren Telechron Co.)

mental to our career as we principal artists never have, do not now and never will sing for a price as low as \$85 a week, nor do we sing more often than three times a week unless paid pro rata extra. This is a normal number of performances in any opera company regardless of seat price. Regarding the statement "The singing was sure but rarely exciting," we submit for your consideration our past records as shown by audience and press enthusiasm of such large cities as Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Detroit, etc. You always seem desirous of correcting erroneous statements, therefore will you kindly publish our side of the question?

BIANCA SAROYA
DREDA AVES
HIZI KOYKE
AROLD LINDI
DIMITRI ONOFREI
MOSTYN THOMAS
MARIO VALLE

Detroit, Mich.

Let no reader misunderstand TIME's reference to "routine singers," by which was meant members of the ensemble, who are paid \$85 a week minimum. Leading performers in San Carlo receive \$250 to \$500 a week, while guest stars have been paid as high as \$1,200 a performance (Maria Jeritza).—Ed.

Craig's Standing

Sirs:

TIME, Oct. 14, advances the thought that General Craig's "progress after he left the Academy should give hope to West Point's dullards." This is based on the premise that General Craig graduated at the bottom of his class.

Reference to General Cullum's *Biographical Register of the Officers and Graduates of the United States Military Academy* will establish the fact that at graduation in April 1898, General Craig stood 33 in a class of 59.

J. B. CRAWFORD
West Point, 1911

Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

Sirs:

Anent your story on the Army's new Chief-of-Staff: That No. 1 man, U. S. Military Academy, Class of '98—how did he come out?

ROBERT B. SEARS

Hendersonville, N. C.

No. 1 man in Major-General Craig's class was Frank Cranstoun Boggs, Jr. He served in the Engineer Corps for 30 years, retired as a colonel in 1928, became assistant to the Manager of the Chicago World's Fair. In a Fair pamphlet entitled *Centurions of Progress* he was described thus: "An unimposing little man in a succession of grey suits, but behind his gentle, systematic manner lies a large achievement: he was purchasing agent of the Panama Canal, a job in which there might have been a magnificent scandal but in which there was none."—Ed.

Beard or Brush

Sirs:

In your issue of Oct. 7 I noticed that it was said regarding H.R.H. the Prince of Wales that he "shot a chamois . . . stuffed the beard in his pocket." The statement is incorrect in that the trophy of the Austrian chamois is the brush, consisting of the hair or fur, not of the head, but of the base of the spine above the small tail. Not only that, but in the summer when the animal's coat is short, it is not worthwhile to make a trophy out of it, the thin curved horns being the sole memento of the kill.

ANGIER BIDDLE DUKE

Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Wrong is Socialite Sportsman Duke, according to such authorities as the Austrian National Tourist Office and Abercrombie & Fitch (de luxe hunting outfitters). Besides the horns, a coveted (Continued on p. 70)

Silent Partners

WHEREVER men meet, and mingle, for business or pleasure, their clothes meet too—and either agree or disagree. It is not extravagant to call a man's clothes his *silent partners*, constantly helping or hindering his congenial contacts.

This thinking you will accept—but you may not have time and interest to investigate your silent partners sufficiently before signing up. You want good style in a business suit, but do you know how

good style is built in there to stay? You want ease and freedom, you may want to look expensively dressed—but do you know how those aims are achieved?

Stein Bloch knows! . . . And, first, selects proper fabrics for your purposes—studies the wools of all the world in your interests. Some one had to find and approve this exclusive cheviot, or shetland or saxony (or whatever)—for you. Some one had to decide that this special

finished worsted will give worth and character to your "silent partners."

Stein Bloch goes all the way, to provide clothes that will work with you and for you. All the way—from proper design to the last inner detail of hand needling. All the way—to high quality at low cost.

Stop in at the nearest Stein Bloch dealer's and study the results. Ask for inside information, on fabrics and fashions. Get the facts. . . . Stein Bloch Tailors, Rochester and New York City.

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• "Superior," an entirely new suit in fine and exclusive full-weight worsteds. Smartest in this fall's feature shade, Oxford Blue. Also in the good grays and browns, some with hairline stripes . . . \$40

• "Alpine Downs," the overcoat that has everything. Soft, rich, lustrous fabrics—of Angora and Guanaco yarns. Warm but not overweight. Wear-proof and weather-proof . . . \$50

• For the London-looker. "Warwick Worsteds" are exclusive finished weaves in clear, definite British patterns. Good style—good business! . . . \$40

• "Beaumont" says custom quality. Particular clothes in imported cheviots, plain mixtures and special wide-wale British weaves. Top of the top . . . \$65



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STEIN BLOCH

ALWAYS WORN

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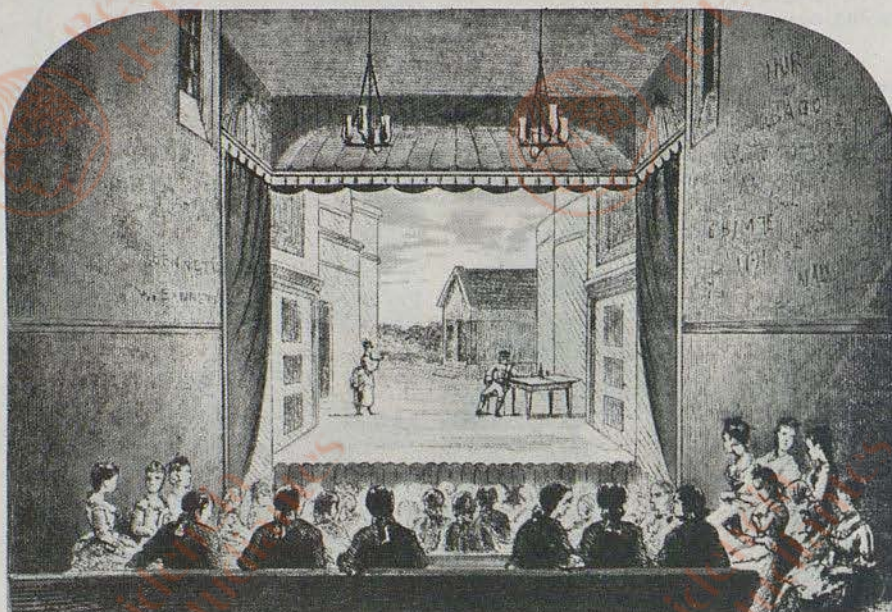
Radio makes every home a theatre today!

OPPORTUNITIES to enjoy dramatic productions were few when the newly elected President, George Washington, attended the celebrated John Street Theatre in Old New York.

Today, when a famous actor appears before the microphone, his voice is heard by millions. Hear his performance with a 1936 Philco 116X . . . and every vibrant tone . . . every softly whispered syllable . . . reaches you with a realism only possible because Philco High-Fidelity brings the overtones no radio ever gave you before.

When you feel musically inclined . . . Philco High-Fidelity reproduces the music of great orchestras so faithfully you distinguish characteristic overtones of individual instruments even among the strings and woodwinds.

Are you in a mood for adventure? On the short-wave bands . . . London . . . Paris . . . Madrid . . . and other foreign stations are rivals for your attention . . . presenting the great personalities and celebrated musical organizations of their respective countries. Prop-



Interior of the John Street Theatre . . . opened in 1767 and New York's leading playhouse for thirty years. George Washington was a frequent patron, and the manager, Thomas Wignall, bearing silver candlesticks, lighted His Excellency to his seat. [Illustration from Arthur Hornblow's "History of the Theatre in America", J. B. Lippincott.]

erly installed with a Philco All-wave Aerial, the 116X brings broadcasts from stations overseas with surprising regularity and volume.

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TIME

Vol. XXVI, No. 18

The Weekly Newsmagazine

October 28, 1935

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Cigaretts for Sharks' Teeth

Piped ashore from the *Houston* at Balboa last week, Franklin Roosevelt for the second time in his Administration set foot in the Panama Canal Zone. Refreshed by a fortnight at sea, the President proceeded to turn on his most charming smile. Taken out twelve miles through the jungle to see the new \$13,000,000 Madden Dam on the Chagres River, completed since Mr. Roosevelt's westward passage across the Isthmus last year and calculated to supplement the Canal's water supply by 22 billion cubic feet, he graciously remarked: "When you compare the two, you wouldn't believe that Boulder is so much bigger than this. It is about three times as high, but it doesn't look it." And when President Harmodio Arias, whom President Roosevelt had just dubbed "the Canal Zone's best neighbor," lit the cigarettes of Mr. Roosevelt and Canal Zone Governor Schley, then his own on the same match, the U. S. President chuckled: "It's obvious that you're not an Irishman."

Next in order was a review of five regiments at Fort Clayton, recently branded a "suicide post" by rambunctious Publisher Nelson Rounsevell of the *Panama American* (TIME, Sept. 30). Following the review, the President pointedly wirelessly Major General Harold B. Fiske, commander of the Panama Canal Department who had sued Publisher Rounsevell for criminal libel and won: "Will you publish to your command my recognition and appreciation of the fine soldierly bearing and appearance of the troops at Fort Clayton?"

Clearing the Canal, the *Houston's* party went sightseeing around the old harbor of Porto Bello, visited the Panamanian San Blas Islands.

Native Indians welcomed ashore WPA Administrator Harry Hopkins and PW Administrator Harold Ickes, who peeped over his spectacles at the surrounding thatched huts, drew a laugh from the party by remarking: "Low-cost housing!"

Meantime an Indian with his shirt tail out, smoked glasses over his eyes and a battered Army campaign hat on his head climbed aboard the *Houston*. This was Chief Olo-Benanya of the San Blas come to call on Chief Franklin Roosevelt of the U. S. Chief Olo-Benanya spoke no English and Chief Roosevelt spoke no Chibchan. Nevertheless, the Indian managed to barter some spears and a handful of sharks' teeth for several cartons of cigarettes from Mr. Roosevelt. This deal accomplished, the Presidential party sailed up the squally Caribbean, planning to land at Charleston, S. C. and be back in Washington by the middle of this week.

Sensational Shift

President Roosevelt and the New Deal are now disapproved by 62% of the nation-at-large, have lost ground in every section of the country—including AAA land—since last year and are favored in the Solid South only by a bare 2% margin.

Such were the results of a poll of some 50,000 ballots conducted by the *Literary Digest* and tabulated last week. Indicated was a sensational shift in public opinion since the *Digest's* poll last Autumn, when 51% of the votes were pro-New Deal. The *Digest* did not publish these results last week because it will presently conduct a much larger poll of millions of ballots. But the preliminary returns were shown to many a businessman who grinned contentedly.

Clouts from Clergymen

In Washington one day last week New Jersey's Representative Charles Aubrey Eaton sat down at his House desk, began ruffling through the mail piled up during his vacation. Opening a letter from the White House, he stared for a moment, then crowed with delight. White-thatched Representative Eaton, a Baptist minister from 1893 to 1919, has since 1925 been an ardently Republican member of the House, distinguished of late for his persistent heckling of New Dealers. The White House letter, addressed to "the Rev. Charles A. Eaton," was a copy of President Roosevelt's famed appeal to the nation's clergymen, asking their "counsel and advice," inviting them to "tell me where you feel our Government can better serve our people" (TIME, Oct. 7).

In high glee Representative Eaton summoned reporters, prepared to whisk off to the White House as his "counsel and ad-

vice" a copy of the resolution which he introduced in the House last session. This resolution invited the President to address a joint Congressional session and "explain why the solemn covenants and pledges made with the people in the Democratic national platform of 1932 and by himself as the Democratic nominee . . . have been broken."

That the White House had blundered in composing President Roosevelt's letter to the clergy became painfully plain when it was discovered that his secretariat had plagiarized almost word-for-word from an appeal sent to Wisconsin pastors last March by Governor Philip Fox La Follette. That the secretariat had muffed the preparation of a mailing list of "representative clergymen" was revealed not only by the Eaton incident but by a Kansas City preacher who announced that twelve copies of the letter had reached his church, one for every pastor who had ever tended the flock. That President Roosevelt himself had made a serious political mistake in ever having the invitation for "counsel and advice" sent out seemed pretty much of a fact last week. Instead of the mild, private benisons which he might reasonably have expected, the President has publicly received during the month an astonishing series of personal and official clouts as peppery clergymen leaped into print with their replies. Excerpts:

¶ *The Rev. William E. Lampe of Philadelphia:* When a man spends so much time bringing back the saloon, pays so little attention to divorce and domestic disorder in his own family and attends worship so seldom, has he a right to expect the wholehearted support of the church?

¶ *The Rev. Ira M. Hargett of Kansas City:* I suggest that you cease having political powwows on the Sabbath Day, such as you have had recently; that you cease making the Sabbath a holiday for boating and fishing and that you attend church regularly as an example to the young men of our nation. . . .

¶ *The Rev. Howard Fulton of Chicago:* Why should the clergy waste time in seeking to advise a man on social security legislation who has ruthlessly broken his campaign promises, discarded his platform and repudiated the Constitution which he swore to protect, uphold and defend? . . .

¶ *The Rev. John Thompson of Chicago:* I feel that the killing of pigs and the burning of cotton was a sin before God and a crime against civilization.

¶ *Rabbi Samuel Schulman of Manhattan:* The common sense of the people is bewildered by the tremendous increase of the expense of government. . . . The business sense of the people is timid. . . . The sense of the American people for the spir-

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National Affairs—(Continued)

itual values of the American heritage is disquieted. There is a feeling that we are drifting from the spirit of American institutions. . . .

¶ *The Rev. Ethelbert D. Warfield of Chambersburg, Pa.:* This community . . . now labors under a misgovernment not very much less than that which drove the ancestors of this population from their native lands.

¶ *The Rev. Robert I. Wilson of Kansas City:* The Administration's seeming intent to act on the principle that all successful business is crooked, we object to. . . . Your administration has . . . contributed to the decay of self-reliance and self-respect. . . . It has undermined confidence with its failure to keep a single campaign promise.

¶ *The Rev. David M. Steele of Philadelphia:* If you had half the understanding I have of the people, you would hang your head in shame at what you have done to them. You and your Administration have utterly ruined them. . . .

¶ *The Rev. Joseph M. Dawson of Waco, Tex.:* I object to the President's lead in moral liberalism which has inundated the country in debauching liquor and brought on a high wave of gambling and laxity in home life.

¶ *The Rev. Edgar C. Lucas of Augusta, Ga.:* In reply to your inquiry relative to recently enacted legislation. . . . Those who favor it . . . are those who profit by it. Those who are indifferent are so in ratio to their ignorance of what is happening. Those who oppose it do so because they . . . are cognizant of what is going on. . . . I wonder about the social security of any or all of us when the Government penalizes thrift, ability and industry; and seems to place a premium on extravagance, the shiftless, the mentally, physically and morally unfit. . . . I wonder concerning your place in history, Mr. President. Will your place in history be that of the first President . . . to raid the public Treasury for campaign funds with which to overthrow the very form of government by which you were raised to power?

Along with many another divine, President John Timothy Stone of Chicago's Presbyterian Theological Seminary publicly disdained even to reply to the President's appeal. Snorted he: "What I am going to do for the President is to pray for him, because he needs it. It is the President's business to know how to run the nation and not the clergy's."

VICE PRESIDENCY

Happy Jay Birds

An eight-week trip to the Orient with first-class accommodations for a man and his wife costs some \$2,000, is about as pleasant a vacation as there is. It is even more pleasant if someone else is paying for it. Consequently, when Vice President & Mrs. John Nance Garner, with a party of 46 Senators and Representatives, their ladies, sailed away from Seattle last week aboard the American Mail Liner *President Grant* as the official guests of the Philippine Commonwealth to the inauguration of President Manuel Quezon next

month, everyone was as happy as a jay bird with a worm.

Senators Barkley of Kentucky, Clark of Missouri and Robinson of Arkansas, being fat men, seem fairly jolly most of



Wide World

JUNKETEER GARNER

"Just call me Jack."

the time. But the crowd which went down to the dock to bid farewell to the highest ranking U. S. officer ever to visit the Philippines and his fellow-travelers found the gaunt face of Speaker of the House Byrns one vast crinkly mass of smiles; Representative Bertrand Snell, the dour New Yorker who leads what is left of the House Republicans, seemed positively cheerful. The fact that his mission had its serious diplomatic side, to show the Orient that the U. S. eagle still has a protective wing over the Philippines,* was not evident in irrepressibly democratic Mr. Garner's farewell remarks.

After a sail up Puget Sound, the *President Grant's* distinguished junketeers were entertained at dinner at Victoria, B. C. by the Province's Premier. There the Mayor of Victoria confessed he did not know whether to call Mr. Garner "Mr. Vice President" or "Your Excellency." Chuckled Mr. Garner: "Just call me Jack."

Asked what he was going to do during the 23-day free ride which would take him to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai and Hongkong before reaching Manila, Vice President Garner observed: "We'll play a little draw poker, I suppose, and talk about each other. They say we may meet the Emperor of Japan. I've brought along a couple of pairs of new cotton socks so I won't be embarrassed like William Jennings Bryan. He had a hole in his sock when he took his shoes off to meet the Emperor."

*Significantly, the State Department has announced that there will be no official foreign delegations at President Quezon's inaugural, since for the next ten years of Commonwealth status, Washington will still remain the diplomatic contact between the Philippines and the rest of the world.

THE CABINET

Hull's Week

For the first time in history the President and Vice President were last week both outside the territorial U. S. (see p. 9). In fact, if not in theory, Secretary of State Cordell Hull became the Acting President of the U. S. under the Act of Succession of 1886.* If solemn Secretary Hull had not already realized the gravity of his trust, he must have done so upon receiving a telegram from Senator Gerald Prentice Nye, as that North Dakotan sailed away with other Congressional junketeers to the Philippines (see col. 1), concluding: "I wish you every success and great strength in these trying hours upon your office."

Trying was a mild description of Mr. Hull's hours. The custodian of an arms embargo against Italy and Ethiopia and a brace of general neutrality proclamations had, as yet, no record of actual munitions being bootlegged to either belligerent. But U. S. motormakers, it was revealed, had already shipped 2,200 trucks and busses to the Italians in Africa. Thumbing his nose at the State Department, President Walter Teagle of Standard Oil of New Jersey announced that his firm had been doing business with Italy for more than 40 years and was not ready to quit now. The American Export Liner *Exochorda*, one of the biggest U. S. freighters in the Mediterranean service,



Thos. D. McAvoy

ACTING PRESIDENT HULL

Senator Nye wished him every success.

steamed out of Jersey City with the greatest cargo in her career, consisting chiefly of such near-war materials as lubricating oil, copper, motors, apparently consigned to Italy.

Against this sort of business, the Secre-

*A point on which constitutional lawyers sharpen their wits is whether a U. S. official is outside his country when he is aboard a U. S. vessel.

National Affairs—(Continued)

tary of State could only use his tongue, which he did twice during the week. To the Pan American Institute of Geography & History, meeting in Washington, he declared: "Knowing the sincere devotion to the cause of peace of the governments and peoples of the Americas, I am confident that I speak for all when, in the name of our 21 nations, I say that we are determined to keep the peace and that we call upon the rest of the world to do likewise."

"While in Africa the cannon throw their projectiles and airplanes drop their bombs," the Acting President told the New York *Herald Tribune's* Forum on Current Affairs, "... we are determined not to enter into armed conflicts that may arise between other countries, and to enforce such policies as may be required to avoid that risk."

Morgenthau's Week

If Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau had been in Washington last week he would have found himself, as the No. 2 member of the Cabinet, in the peculiar position of Acting Vice President of the U. S. (see above). Instead Mr. Morgenthau was leaving France on his way home from a European vacation.

To shut off gossip about currency stabilization, Secretary Morgenthau picked Spain for his holiday, planned to keep out of France, booked his passage back on the Italian liner *Rex*. In his absence President Roosevelt warned all U. S. citizens to stay off Italian ships. Hence the obedient Mr. Morgenthau changed his itinerary, headed for Paris to take the *Normandie's* boat train. Only "accidentally" in the French capital, the Secretary of the Treasury nevertheless improved his time by twice chatting with Finance Minister R  g  nier. As a result, the Bourse hummed with rumors that the two men were talking stabilization of currency.

"Just shop talk," Secretary Morgenthau assured newshawks. "All I can say is that there are no obstacles on the American side."

Asked if further devaluation of the dollar was likely, Mr. Morgenthau shook his head, declared: "It is a weapon for use if needed. We are not looking for trouble, but, if anybody starts anything, it is there."

Dern's Week

Also outside the U. S. last week was the third ranking member of the Cabinet, Secretary of War George Henry Dern (see above). In a high and exclusive mood he had chosen to attend the Quezon inaugural in Manila, not as a member of Vice President Garner's democratic party aboard an ordinary merchantman but as the solitary official passenger aboard the U. S. cruiser *Chester*. On his own, he was having the time of his life in Tokyo.

The Secretary of War was received by the Son of Heaven, lunched sumptuously with the America-Japan Society, was received by the Japanese War Ministry, War Council and War Office at a fete declared

to have been "the most impressive military assemblage seen at a Tokyo social function in years." Throughout it all Mr. Dern created what U. S. correspondents called "an excellent impression" with his



International

SECRETARY OF WAR

His impression was excellent.

"informal but non-committal eloquence."

Last week the Secretary re-boarded the *Chester*, headed for Manila as the personal representative of President Roosevelt.

TERRITORIES

Howland, Baker & Jarvis

Perhaps because President Roosevelt did not endow Hawaii this year with the publicity of a visit, the Pan-Pacific Press Bureau, whose business it is to call that part of the world to public attention, uncorked a story which made news so hot that it caused the U. S. Departments of State and of Commerce to burn with embarrassment last week.

Story began with a tantalizing little dispatch from Honolulu fortnight ago to the effect that J. Walter Doyle, Collector of Customs of that port, had returned from a trip to Howland, Baker and Jarvis Islands in mid-Pacific, had refused to allow his subordinates to inspect his luggage on the ground that he had not been outside the U. S. This gesture was supposed to clinch U. S. title to three tiny specks of land spang on the equator and almost midway between the Hawaiian Islands, Australia and New Zealand.

Washington newshawks flipped open their atlases, found that Howland, Baker and Jarvis were frequently credited to Great Britain. When inquiries both at the State Department and the British Embassy drew blanks, newshawks began to do their own research. They discovered that the three bits of land had been claimed for the U. S. in 1860 under the terms of the Guano Islands Act. Jarvis, a treeless, scrubless coral patch less than two sq. mi. in area, was originally discovered by the U. S.

sailing ship *Eliza Thomas* in 1821. In the days when the nitrates from bird-droppings were worth big money, Jarvis was an important place for guano hunters.

Howland and Baker, 25 mi. apart, are some 1,100 mi. due west of Jarvis. Howland was first sighted by Captain George E. Netcher out of New Bedford in 1842. Fifteen years later the U. S. S. *St. Mary's* formally took the islands for the U. S. What, then, was all the official secrecy about in reclaiming this land? The answer seemed to lie in a brand new factor in Pacific diplomacy: transoceanic airlines.

After Pan American Airways began practical preparations for its line between San Francisco and Canton, William T. Miller of the Department of Commerce's Air Commerce Bureau quietly sailed out to Hawaii to survey the possibility of establishing depots for U. S. airlines to the Antipodes. With similar lack of fanfare, twelve youngsters from Honolulu's Kamehameha School were thereafter packed aboard the Coast Guard Cutter *Itasca*, taken out to Jarvis, Howland and Baker Islands, established in crews of four as weather observers. Along with their instruments for noting wind velocity, rainfall and cloud formations, the boys had to be supplied with everything else to support life. None of the islands is more than 20 ft. above sea-level; none is forested; none has fresh water. Accordingly, camping equipment was landed as well as food supplies and drums of drinking water sufficient to last the colonists until the *Itasca* returned. And on the theory that the islands' designation as British on some world maps might be construed as a precedent for British possession, a U. S. flag was raised on each island, and mounted on a cairn of stones were legends like this graven in lead plates:

HOWLAND ISLAND
LATITUDE 0° 49' NORTH
LONGITUDE 176° 43' WEST
THIS ISLAND IS COLONIZED
THIS 30TH DAY OF MARCH
1935 BY AMERICAN CITIZENS
IN THE NAME OF THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA
NO TRESPASSING ALLOWED.

MONTANA

Shocked Helena

As though it felt the chill of approaching winter, the earth shivered last week from Yellowstone Park to Spokane. At Helena, Mont., snuggled under the eastern wall of the Rockies and at the foot of the Continental Divide, the ground trembled as with palsy. In ten days, 327 shocks of varying potency burst store windows, extinguished lights, crumpled a wall of Intermountain Union College's gymnasium, destroyed a National Biscuit warehouse, put to flight 150 bedridden patients in the Government's hospital at nearby Fort Harrison. When two people were killed, more than 40 injured, the population fled in a panic from Montana's capital, tented outside of town or slept in automobiles along open highways. To add to their fright and misery, snow came down.

National Affairs—(Continued)

LABOR

Five Rounds

Just as the 55th annual convention of the American Federation of Labor was drawing to a close in Atlantic City last week, Vice President John Llewellyn Lewis rose to press the rubber workers' plea for an industrial union charter. Also to his feet sprang William L. Hutcheson, A. F. of L. vice president and head of the carpenters' union, to raise a point of order on the ground that the convention had already agreed to deny such charters. "Is the delegate impugning my motives?" thundered the beefy, bull-necked leader of 400,000 United Mine Workers. Belligerently Mr. Lewis stomped down the aisle to Mr. Hutcheson, tapped him menacingly on the shoulder, shouted something about "mighty small potatoes." Bystanders heard Mr. Hutcheson call Mr. Lewis a fighting phrase. Miner Lewis smacked his fist into the Hutcheson face. Carpenter Hutcheson countered with an ineffective right. Thereupon, Miner Lewis sent him sprawling to the floor amid the wreckage of a table.

Such was the climax of the most exciting convention battle the A. F. of L. ever saw. Year after year a stand-up match had been predicted between progressive John L. Lewis and the conservative boss rule of placid President William Green and his omnipotent majority on the executive council. This year at last both factions stepped openly into the ring for the first time. Of the five rounds fought, John L. Lewis won two, lost two, tied one. This record, however, did not indicate the full extent to which the contest had increased Miner Lewis' stature in the eyes of many a liberal U. S. Laborite.

Won. To U. S. Communists, John Lewis is no more than a slick labor politician. But Miner Lewis has worked in Illinois coal pits, has his own ideas about the Labor Front. Disgusted was he, therefore, when the executive council, controlled by Green & Co., gobbled at the bait offered by the American Legion, proposed to alter A. F. of L.'s constitution, outlaw Communist members (TIME, Oct. 21). At a Federation convention the 525 delegates cast some 30,000 votes. Of these the miners control some 4,000. Leader Lewis picked up another 7,000 from unions like David Dubinsky's International Ladies' Garment Workers, demonstrated so thoroughly that the Red hunt amendment could not get the two-thirds majority needed for passage that when it was brought out on the convention floor most of the sting had been removed. As passed, it provided that Communists might be members and fulfill all functions of the A. F. of L. except as delegates to state and city tribunals.

Miner Lewis' second victory was also one for liberalism. Because he comes about as close to Toryism as a trade unionist can, Matthew Woll, A. F. of L.'s dapper, dressy third vice president, has seemed to Miner Lewis to be the weakest link in the executive committee's conservative chain. Accordingly, Miner Lewis last

week set out to embarrass this native of tiny Luxemburg, law graduate of tiny Lake Forest University, president of the tiny photo-engravers' union, by introducing a resolution prohibiting an A. F. of L. officer from belonging to the National Civic Federation. The N. C. F. is a cabal of windy reactionaries who see the world



Keystone

MINER LEWIS

Bystanders heard a fighting phrase.

through Red glasses. Mr. Woll is its acting president, and, said Mr. Lewis, "I am sick of looking at newspapers on Monday morning and trying to figure out whether Mr. Woll's statements were made in behalf of the National Civic Federation or the American Federation of Labor." Mr. Lewis' resolution was sent to committee, but a few hours after its introduction Mr. Woll withdrew from N. C. F.

Lost. If the A. F. of L. were to reorganize its hundreds of jealous craft unions into comprehensive associations of workers within single industries, most economists agree that Labor would be enormously benefited. Another result would be to throw a horde of petty A. F. of L. bosses out of work. That does not bother Miner Lewis, since his U. M. W. embraces all workers in the coal industry. For several years forward-looking A. F. of L. convention delegates have been trying to get the craft v. industrial union issue on the floor, but not until Miner Lewis added it to his assorted causes last week was a show-down made possible.

The resolutions committee had sent out a majority report again favoring the safe-&-sane proposal adopted by the convention last year in San Francisco. This permitted chartering industrial unions of "mass-production employees," but in the same breath practically nullified that permission by pledging zealous protection of the jurisdictional claims of craft unions within those industries. The Lewis faction came forth with a minority resolution flatly demanding unrestricted industrial union charters. For this Miner Lewis

shouted himself hoarse during a seven-hour debate, did not conceal his disappointment when voted down 18,025-to-10,924.

Revising his tactics, Miner Lewis next day set out to get an industrial unionist elected to the vice-presidency vacated by Major George L. Berry, oldtime typographer recently appointed to rule what is left of the Blue Eagle's roost. Again Mr. Lewis tasted defeat when a craft unionist won the place 17,370-to-11,693.

Tie. Still out of step with Green & Co., Mr. Lewis had also taken on the fight of Plasterer Michael John McDonough to regain the presidency of the Federation's Building Trades Department, which Green & Co. had awarded to Carpenter James William Williams. Again Mr. Lewis found himself opposing the man he finally floored, for Carpenter Williams is the stooge of Carpenter Hutcheson. The matter was temporarily adjusted, under the tactful guidance of Vice President George M. Harrison, big, youngish head of the railway clerks union, by awarding the presidency to neither man, putting the disagreement to committee arbitration.

Other Business of the convention included adoption of resolutions to:

- ❑ Boycott the 1936 Olympic Games at Berlin because "upon the crooked cross of Nazism the very teachings of Jesus Christ are being crucified."
- ❑ Brand Italy as an "outlaw nation."
- ❑ Deplore the use of national guardsmen following the Terre Haute, Ind. general strike.
- ❑ Meet next year at Tampa, Fla.

RELIEF

"I Don't Know"

Skewered on Political Columnist Frank Kent's agile pen, a WPA pressagent named Hugh Amick and his New Deal employers were roasted for three days last week in the Baltimore *Sun*. Into the hands of Pundit Kent, who mortally hates & fears the New Deal's spending policies, had fallen releases by Pressagent Amick describing three camps for girls established in Kansas with some of the 50,000,000 Work Relief dollars set aside by President Roosevelt "to do something for the nation's unemployed Youth" (TIME, July 8). Largely by quotation, Pundit Kent drew the following picture of National Youth Administration activities:

Camp Wood, for white girls, has a big recreation & dining room, electrically-lighted cabins, tennis courts, ping-pong tables, riding horses, a lake for swimming and boating. At Camp Washita girls live in a dormitory, have a piano, phonograph, radio and cement swimming pool. Camp Bide-a-Wee "is a cool, green spot shaded by huge trees situated beside a clear creek" where "colored women live in screened-in cabins, possess a beautifully furnished main room for recreation and study and have tennis courts, swings and a croquet ground for sports."

Arriving girls, all from families on relief, "gathered around a campfire while Mr. Hoiberg talked to them of the purpose of their camps. He stressed the fact

National Affairs—(Continued)

that every person should study social and economic problems in these days; should attempt to discover the causes of our present plight, and then should help to combat the evils. An attempt will be made, Mr. Hoiberg said, to teach personal enrichment in leisure time."

Along this line, Alden Krider & wife, professional puppeteers, "plan to teach the women to do this kind of work and to have each camp write its own plays and make ten puppets." Miss Helen Olson offers expert vocational guidance. Miss Davida Olinger, just back from three years' teaching in Persia, "will give lectures on her experiences and knowledge of the Oriental world."

"Three girls left to go home after a day and a half in camp. The director said nothing—just let them go. That noon a delicious Sunday dinner was served, consisting of chicken and dumplings, potatoes, salad, hot rolls, green beans and ice cream and cake for dessert. About half an hour after dinner the three slipped back into the camp and came up to the director. 'Please, we want to come back. We think it's pretty swell here.'"

Concluded Pundit Kent: "No one can read Mr. Amick's account without wondering what is to happen when the \$50,000,000 gives out; how, once started, the Government is ever to get out of this business of being the national nurse maid. . . ."

Columnist Kent offered no answers to his questions.

Looking at another side of the picture in Manhattan last week, the man in charge of spending the \$50,000,000 for Youth, earnest Assistant Federal Relief Administrator Aubrey Williams, also left these questions unanswered. Between 5,000,000 and 8,000,000 U. S. boys & girls aged 16 to 25, he told an assembly of welfare workers, have absolutely nothing to do. Nearly 3,000,000 of them are on relief. They cannot afford school, cannot find jobs. Aubrey Williams knows that simple poverty can be overcome. He went to work at 6 in a torpedo factory, earned his own way to success. But for today's luckless youngsters grit and ambition are not enough. Fifty million dollars cannot begin to give all of them a chance to make something of their lives. What to do? In honest despair Aubrey Williams cried again & again to his sympathetic audience last week: "I don't know!"

CRIME

Representative

The normalcy backwash which put Warren G. Harding in the White House also deposited a Republican named Michael J. Hogan in Congress as Representative from Brooklyn. Distinguished only by his enormous obesity and his shag of white hair, Representative Hogan lasted the minimum two years in Washington, then drifted back to resume rooting for the political potatoes which are left for small-bore Republicans in Democratic Brooklyn. After a series of public jobs, he set up a private office where persons

who wished could avail themselves of his experience in government.

Last year onetime Representative Hogan was indicted on a charge of extorting \$725 from two would-be plumbers after promising to fix them up with city licenses. Last April Federal authorities turned him up for another piece of business. As confidential clerk to the Collector of the Port of New York, they charged, he had taken \$100 apiece from three Italians who had entered the U. S. illegally, needed some political fixing to get their first citizenship papers. . . .

In Federal Court last week Fixer Hogan was convicted, sentenced to a year & a day in prison, fined \$500.

POLITICAL NOTES

Grandson into Club?

"For some time Republican friends of mine . . . have suggested that I become a candidate for the United States Senate. . . . I have given the suggestion deep thought. I have concluded that my work as a newspaperman in Washington and my experience as a member of the legislature would enable me to be of service to the people of Massachusetts. I desire, therefore, to submit my candidacy to the people."

With this hoary political formula, handsome young Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., grandson and namesake of Massachusetts' late great Senator, put in his bid last week for the Senate seat of Democrat Marcus Allen Coolidge. Barely 33, Grandson Lodge realized that a picket fence of "ifs"

writer on the New York *Herald Tribune* before getting himself elected to the Massachusetts Legislature in 1932. Though that arch-Republican paper swings few votes in Massachusetts, it came out strongly last week for its onetime employee:

"It is not the nature of the American Democracy to harbor a governing class . . . and yet most of us could wish that politics in this country attracted more of those men and women whose upbringing and education best fit them for public office. . . . It is . . . in order to applaud a young man like Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. . . . and to see in his ambition to emulate the example of his illustrious grandfather a portent of brighter days. For Mr. Lodge, we believe, is of the kind of stuff to leaven the lump of mediocrity that burdens our national councils. . . ."

Before the week was out, Massachusetts had produced another descendant of a proud forebear to challenge young Mr. Lodge's candidacy. Republican friends of Mayor Sinclair ("Sinny") Weeks of Newton, son of the late John Wingate Weeks, onetime (1913-19) U. S. Senator, onetime (1921-25) Secretary of War, reported that they had likewise prevailed upon him to go after the Senate job.

Scratched

No political bookmaker has yet failed to enter on his list of dark horses for the GOP Presidential nomination race in 1936 the name of that bookish Hamiltonian, Senator Arthur Hendrick Vandenberg of Michigan. Since the Senator sailed for



International

HENRY CABOT LODGE JR.

Suggestion; thought; desire.

still separated him from the most distinguished gentlemen's club in the land. He must first win the Republican nomination next summer and then the regular election the autumn after.

This *cum laude* graduate of Harvard (1924) served as a junior Washington correspondent and later as an editorial



Wide World

MICHIGAN'S VANDENBERG

"No!"

Europe last month, stable gossip has been to the effect that he would fill out his entry blank as soon as he returned. Last week in New York harbor newshawks cornered him when his ship reached Quarantine, stood with pencils ready.

"No!" cried Senator Vandenberg. "I am not a candidate for anything on earth!"

THE WAR

THE FRONT

Negatives

Stretched over a 40-mile front from Aksum to Aduwa to Adigrat, Italy's Northern Army did not advance last week on its long expected drive into Ethiopia.

Though Marshal Pietro Badoglio made an 800-mile flight from G. H. Q. at Asmara straight across Ethiopia to the headquarters of the Southern Army, the expected simultaneous advance did not take place, nor was there any general shake-up in the Italian command.

Italian planes last week neither bombed the railroad, nor any important Ethiopian town, apparently under orders to save money. Many of the light bombs dropped previously failed to explode. In one village several noney Ethiopians were blown to bits by banging a dud against a rock.

And up to this week neither Italy nor Ethiopia had officially declared war.

Positives

Of the three Italian armies fronting Ethiopia on the North, South and East the first two have been well-publicized but Il Duce masked his Eastern Army in such reticence that last week even the name of its General was still unknown to the world.

Reason: the Eastern Army, striving to bite its way in from Assab on the Red Sea to cut Ethiopia's only railway near Dire Dawa, (see p. 17), faces obstacles of terrain all but insurmountable. It must skirt the blazing, uninhabitable Danakil Desert, worm its way up jagged mountain gorges, cross fever-ridden swamps. Only chance for quick success depended on bribing the local Ethiopian satrap, Ras Yayou, who styles himself "Sultan of Aussa."

Emphatically last week the Sultan had yet to be bought. With dusky guile his tribesmen pretended to welcome the Italian advance until the unknown General's column was well past Mount Mussa Ali. Then from all sides they struck. Two Italian mule caravans freighted with food and munitions were captured, according to bug-eyed native runners who reached Dessye. They said that the main Italian column, fighting in the classic hollow square formation Queen Victoria's troops used in the Sudan, managed to stand off the tribesmen with a loss of 200 native and white Italian troops. Dejected, bedraggled and burning with thirst, they made their way back to Italian Eritrea.

The Dictator, having resolved that his Eastern forces shall remain the Army Nobody Knows until they are victorious, permitted no confirmation or denial of its tribulations. Meanwhile, the Southern Army of properly-publicized General Rodolfo Graziani slogged up the banks of the Webbe Shibeli River in an unseasonable downpour until they came on a fortified Ethiopian post on a little mountain at Dagneri, 60 mi. into Ethiopia. Italian native troops delivered an old-fashioned charge, 14 of them to the death, took the hill, and back in Italy, newspapers blossomed with VITTORIA headlines.

INTERNATIONAL

Evidence

Definitely not fit for public print, but locked up with the Geneva souvenirs of League Statesmen, is the Italian Government's official white paper on Ethiopian customs (TIME, Sept. 16). Copies reaching the U. S. last week satisfied curiosity as to what strong-stomached, peasant-born French Premier Pierre Laval was looking at when he remarked to Captain Eden, with a shrug, "Nice, aren't they?"

In addition to the sexual trophies of Ethiopian warriors who had castrated their enemy, lepers in advanced stages of physical decay were depicted mingling with the populace of Ethiopian towns. Snapped in Ethiopian jails were prisoners chained amid human excrement. Among

speokable barbarity. This country cannot be overcome by mechanized armies. It is remarkable to see thousands of warriors spring from the grass and come from behind rocky hills when a bugle is blown."

THE LEAGUE

Sanctions

Up stood Poland's Delegation at Geneva last week. In the name of their Government they endorsed all League sanctions against Italy, including the drastic buy-nothing-from-Italy sanction known as "Proposal No. 3." But, announced the Poles, until Italians complete and deliver to Poland the warships they are now building for her near Trieste, the Polish Government reserves the right not to be bound



International

ETHIOPIAN PUNISHMENT

France's Laval: "Nice, aren't they?"

printable pictures in the white book, one shows a normal Ethiopian flogging, administered daily to culprits throughout the Empire (see cut).

Significance. Ethiopians charge credibly that some of Italy's photographic evidence is faked or miscaptioned. Yet it confronts the eye with nothing not attested by the consensus of all reports by historians and recent explorers of Ethiopia. In nearly all parts of Africa the lash remains a usual punishment for natives but proud obscenity and ignorant insanitation are on the wane wherever whites have colonized.

Dumdums

Italians charged that Ethiopians were firing dumdum bullets from rifles and machine guns made in England, Belgium and the U. S. last week. The complaint was returned by U. S. Presbyterian Missionary Doctor Robert W. Hockman of Jijiga. Said he: "Even the use of dumdum bullets—and I am certain they are being used—does not affect the Ethiopian warriors, who by tradition are accustomed to all sorts of the most un-

by any interpretation of sanctions which would prevent her from buying warships from Italy.

With British Minister for League of Nations Affairs Captain Anthony Eden cracking the whip, Geneva statesmen rushed onto paper a veritable literature of proposed sanctions and a wealth of erudite interpretations of the Covenant. These boiled down to the unprecedented conclusion, solemnly voiced in various ways, that no treaty the terms of which are in conflict with the Covenant can be regarded by League States as valid against it.

The sanctions sequence which began with "Proposal No. 1" was extended last week through "Proposal No. 5." Under this body of Geneva proposals, League States would not only sell Italy no implements of war and extend her no credit but also would buy nothing from Italy and would mutually assist League States whose trade suffers from such self-denial. Blocked was a British move to have the League propose that its States sell nothing to Italy. On French initiative Geneva proposed instead that "key products" required as war materials be not sold to Italy

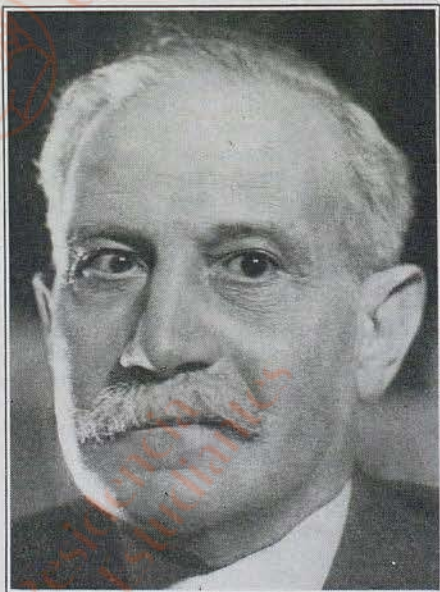
THE WAR

and the list of these adopted as "Proposal No. 4" was surprisingly short. One "key product": mules.

Great stir greeted word that Belgium had actually adopted the no-credit-to-Italy sanction, but this exciting news proved false. At week's end only Communist Russia had officially shut off extension of credits to Fascist Italy. Bursting with suspicion, Russia's Foreign Commissar Litvinoff glared at Geneva's assembled Capitalist statesmen, told them tartly that the Soviet Union will keep vigilant watch and at the first sign that they are chiseling on sanctions will herself resume trade with Italy.

Personal animosity toward Dictator Mussolini appeared to spring at Geneva last week so clearly from Captain Eden that he began to get daily threats in impassioned Latin scrawls. (Sample: "Pig! Somebody ought to stick you!") Ultimately Scotland Yard operatives and Swiss detectives flung a veritable phalanx around the British Minister. He got safely away to London when Geneva finally shut up shop last week, League statesmen dispersing to the capitals in which their proposed sanctions are being considered.

Various dates were mentioned as the "deadline" which all proper League States must make in applying sanctions, but the great non-League trilogy, Japan, Germany and the U. S., held the really decisive position. British hopes were high of drawing the U. S. into sanctions but Japan remained inscrutable and Germany appeared hostile. Nazi leaders saw clearly that



Keystone

VENEZUELA'S ZUMETA

He wants peace without force.

Italian success in Ethiopia will speed Germany in regaining her lost colonies. Their attitude toward the League was sufficiently revealed by the Propaganda & Public Enlightenment Ministry's newsorgan which fulminated that "it will become rather dangerous if the League is to be converted into an institute of morals."

After virtually saying in so many words

that oil-rich Venezuelan Dictator Juan Vicente Gomez will continue to sell Italy all the oil she wants, Venezuelan Delegate Cesar Zumeta announced for the record that his country is co-operating with the League. Said Venezuela's oily Cesar: "My country regards it as essential that the League should take steps to settle disputes by other means than force, and it is in this sense that Venezuela is co-operating."

GERMANY

Fruit, Fruit, Fruit

Rome correspondents reported that Realmleader Adolf Hitler last week approved agreements under which Italy can purchase many of her war needs from Germany, paying 25% in oranges and other Mediterranean fruit of which Germans are notably fond, 25% in cash and the rest in credits.

GREAT BRITAIN

Presidential Death

A great Scotsman lay dying in London Clinic Nursing Home last week while his doctors kept from him the fact that Britain has filled the Mediterranean with war boats. The shock of knowing that, they said, would surely kill Arthur Henderson. Wracked by jaundice and gallstones at 72, he was still president of the General Disarmament Conference for the Reduction and Limitation of Armaments.

As Death drew nearer, the permanent civil servants of Britain's Foreign Office spoke of "Uncle Arthur" last week as destined to rank in history with Lord Salisbury, Grey of Fallodon and Curzon. To these civil servants, who have seen his League policies of Peace and Disarmament broken one by one and Mr. Henderson himself treated as an interloper at Geneva by his British successors, he was a great Foreign Secretary. When Death came at 8 p. m. on the Sabbath, London's *Times* said on Monday: "He was the embodiment of the qualities and aspirations of the Labor Party."

In 1917 Prime Minister David Lloyd George thought highly enough of Arthur Henderson, onetime iron-molder, onetime Salvation Army soldier, to send him to Russia with amazing credentials which superseded for the duration of his stay the authority of King George's Ambassador. On the afternoon of "Uncle Arthur's" death last week, Mr. Lloyd George chanced to be making an election speech which might well serve as Mr. Henderson's ironic epitaph.

"Mussolini today is the God of War, breathing fire, slaughter and defiance," cried Orator Lloyd George, "but only a few years ago Mussolini issued a great State paper, one of the greatest ever penned by any nation's leader, in which he urged Disarmament." Instead of seizing upon this and other peaceful initiatives then current, Britain and other Great Powers made a mockery of President Henderson's Disarmament Conference.

Concluded the unconscious epitaph: "It

is a sorry and a miserable tale, a tale of weakness, hesitation, indecision, delay, procrastination and of acting months too late. Economic sanctions if applied in time are effective, but if applied too late are worse than useless. They are a sham. They are a mockery."

Crowning mockery, as the sorrowing friends of Arthur Henderson pass his bier



THE LATE ARTHUR HENDERSON (1933)
Civil servants mentioned Salisbury, Grey, Curzon.

this week, is that Britain's National Government are confident that they can win a general election by acting belatedly at Geneva as he would have wished, and by simultaneously going to the country with a \$1,000,000,000 British re-armament program. This week the World's hopes of Disarmament and the Disarmament Conference can be said to have died with President Henderson.

FRANCE

High Diplomacy, with Trumpets

Europe's "honest broker," French Premier Pierre Laval, achieved one of the outstanding triumphs of post-War diplomacy last week, and a Gallic jest. After enjoying a repast in one of Paris' best restaurants and paying like the very devil for it, with 10% "for service" on top, M. Laval was approached by the fawning *Patron* who murmured, "Perhaps M. le Président would pen a precious thought in our Golden Book?"

Taking the pen without a flicker, sardonic Premier Laval wrote as his precious thought of the moment, "10%." Then, scribbling his autograph beneath, he strolled out as pleased with himself as only a French statesman can be when he knows that France is not only acclaiming his heavy statecraft but will soon be chuckling at his light wit.

Terrible Cost. What M. Laval had accomplished was well measured by the lead sentences on two successive days last week of the chief war stories in the *New York Times*.

THE WAR

First lead: "The bitterness against France for its pro-Italian leanings threatened to burst all bounds in London today, while tension in the Mediterranean grew worse every hour."

Next lead, 24 hours later: "The black war clouds which have hung over the Mediterranean all week were blown apart today. . . . Millions . . . do not yet realize how dangerous it was. . . . Today's solution has the merit of giving all three countries [Britain, France, Italy] something they can call a victory."

Out to drum up every ounce of prestige they can in the eyes of British voters, His Majesty's Government were booming along early last week with nearly 500,000 tons of war boats in the Mediterranean and with the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill making a banquet speech in such elated Rule-Britannia vein that he woke up the next morning to say: "I do not think we should go about striking these attitudes. There might be a terrible cost for these fine gestures."

French public opinion had already held for some time this British morning-after view. Early last week Premier Laval had at last intimated strongly to London that some of Britain's 147 war boats should be withdrawn from the zone of tension, leaving only some 80 fighting craft, the usual British Mediterranean Fleet. This fleet has secured to Britain command of the Mediterranean since the War of the Spanish Succession 230 years ago, according to Mr. Churchill, who is slated to be the next First Lord of the British Admiralty. The French position was that Britain should not now have more than her usual "control of the Mediterranean."

Knuckle Down? Having raised this issue, honest Broker Laval was visited daily thereafter by cultivated but crusty Sir George Clerk. This be-monocled British Ambassador looks and acts very much like the sort of diplomat Gilbert & Sullivan set to the bray of trumpets. So frequent and so overbearing were Sir George's calls that tempers were progressively lost until extreme London news-organs like the *Star* began to report that, unless M. Laval knuckled down completely to His Majesty's Government, he would soon find himself forced to resign as Premier of France because all Frenchmen would see that he had driven Britain into the arms of Germany.

The knuckle-down demanded by Sir George was that France should "answer yes or no" without reservations to the question of whether she would place her naval bases at British disposal if Italian war boats should attack the British in the Mediterranean. At the same time the British Cabinet announced that they would "not withdraw one ship" and British voters were stirred by the headline **BRITAIN WILL NOT WITHDRAW.**

Steady M. Laval finally flew into what Sir George's aides called a "passion" and accused His Majesty's Government of adopting wantonly an attitude making conciliation in the Italo-Ethiopian dispute impossible. It was at this point that Dictator Mussolini blazed out in Rome to the local British Ambassador that the game of

British prestige had gone far enough (see p. 19).

Three Wins. As broker, M. Laval took prompt advantage of the impact with which Il Duce's warning smote London. Within 24 hours he and Sir George were seeing reason and the triple victory of Italy, France and Britain was secretly negotiated and partially divulged, in effect, thus:

- 1) Italy won, according to the British Reuters Agency, the paramount concession that individual British "military sanctions and blockade of the



Keystone

BRITAIN'S CLERK

. . . got a "yes" and 2,999 other words.

Suez Canal are ruled out." There was an understanding, mutually conditional, that at least the British super-war-boats *Hood* and *Renown* would be withdrawn from the Mediterranean, and that Il Duce would withdraw several thousand troops from Libya, facing the British in Egypt.

- 2) France won silent acceptance by Britain of an undisclosed French answer to Sir George's imperious "yes or no" question. This answer by Pierre Laval was "yes" in 3,000 words, of which 2,999 were reservations so elaborate that French naval aid to Britain in the present crisis becomes a matter of interpreting the League Covenant. Said one of M. Laval's aides: "Our interpretation will be as good as theirs until the matter is carried to some legal tribunal such as The Hague."
- 3) Britain won the "yes" her prestige demanded and the entire British Press gave everyone to understand that His Majesty's Government had arrived at no Mediterranean bargain with Italy, although it was Il Duce who originally proposed exactly last week's naval-military bargain. According to London news-organs, whatever His Majesty's Government promised M. Laval to do last week

was in return for the acceptance by France of her obligations to Peace under the League Covenant. Wavering France, in the British view, was recalled to these sacred obligations by Sir George Clerk, and consequently British moral pre-eminence this week was something inexpressible.

Significance. After all this strife and histrionics, the solution reached was almost without significance. The enormous tactical skill of French Diplomacy made a situation that was becoming unendurable last week endurable, but no man could say for how long. On Sunday the Premier was simultaneously elected Senator in two departments (see p. 19). On Monday the newspapers of all France were so full of congratulations that the Peasant-Statesman snorted: "All very well, but they don't help me in the least to make Peace."

ETHIOPIA

Shammas into Dirt

During the past weeks thousands upon thousands of Ethiopian warriors have marched past their Emperor in Addis Ababa before going off to the front and thousands upon thousands more will probably do so in the weeks to come. What made last week's march-by notable were the facts that the Minister of War, grizzled Ras Mulu Getta, was personally leading 100,000 troops to war, and that those near the reviewing stand heard their sad-eyed little Emperor deliver his most moving campaign speech to date.

One chief, followed by his own band of delirious drummers, was bitterly disgraced when his mule suddenly shied in front of the royal stand and sent the rocketing Ras sprawling on the ground. Proudest of the warriors was General Machacha's chief adjutant who went cantering by on a donkey, magnificently arrayed in stiff shirt, dinner jacket, crossed cartridge belt.

To these and their followers bushy-whiskered little Power of Trinity cried:

"It is not the Emperor who wants war but the Italians who are pushing the fight. We will all die one day, either by typhus or pneumonia, but it is much better to die for your country."

"The Italians will try to repulse you with machine guns. They have machine guns but we have God on our side."

"We urge you not to fight in the traditional old way of massing against the enemy. Guard against hot-headedness, because if the enemy discovers you in angry groups he will burn you as wood in a blaze. . . . If you see an airplane, leave the open spaces and hide in the forest. All soldiers with good guns should then shoot at the plane. When fighting begins you will be within range of the Italian guns. Divest yourselves of shields and spears, because they will form a brilliant target."

"Do not wash your shammas.* Allow them to become dirty and therefore less visible. When we have defeated the in-

*The white cotton wrap-around worn by all Ethiopian men.

THE WAR

vader you may again take up your shields and don clean clothes.

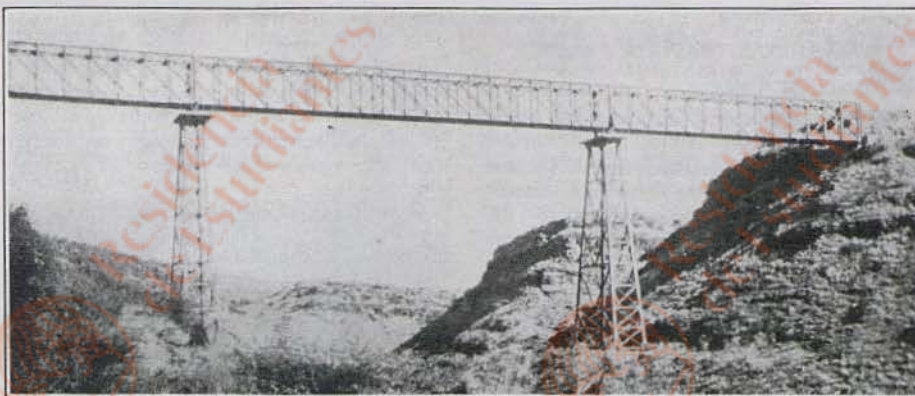
"Comrades I shall be with you on the battlefield to shed my blood freely with yours in defense of our common fatherland. We shall accept no such peace terms as those France proposes. I shall die with you if necessary rather than submit to such humiliation."

Railway Bargain

At Awash last week, at the edge of the spidery railroad bridge crossing the Awash River (see cut), a Swiss machine gun expert named Whittley was working like mad to protect the only railway in Ethiopia at its most vulnerable point. For this purpose he had at his disposal a carload of Swiss anti-aircraft machine guns of the latest model, all the ammunition he required, and a thousand black soldiers who were the worst shots Expert Whittley had ever seen. Finally he figured out a system to offset his gun crews' miserable marksmanship.

Because of the steep slopes on either side of the railway line any Italian plane attempting to bomb the bridge must fly low directly overhead. Whittley arranged his guns in star-shaped formation with sights screwed tight and set for an imaginary point just above the centre of the bridge. Providing the Ethiopian soldiers remembered where the triggers were at the right moment, they were sure to pink any plane that entered the field of fire.

The official name of the only railway in Ethiopia is Compagnie du Chemin de Fer Franco-Ethiopien de Djibouti à Addis Ababa. Between magnificent modern stations at either end of the line stretch 494 miles of rough, single-track narrow-gauge roadbed over which a collection of ramshackle second-hand French rolling stock normally makes bi-weekly trips. One of the few pieces of equipment which can compare in splendor with the two ter-



Wide World

AWASH RAILROAD BRIDGE

Swiss machine guns hung a deadly star over it.

minals is Emperor Haile Selassie's white private car. Because natives along the barren right-of-way are in the habit of prying up steel rails to beat into swords and spearheads, ordinary trains travel only about 10 m.p.h., take three full days to make the trip. Pride of the line is the Addis Ababa flyer, a weekly express that in the dry season covers the 494 miles in 36 hours. Nothing moves at night.

In 1894 France persuaded suspicious Emperor Menelik to let her build an Ethiopian railroad. Not till 1917 was the last spike driven. Since then the road has carried 75% of Ethiopia's foreign trade, and in 1933 returned a profit of 200 francs per transported ton to its French investors, who then owned 20,000 out of 34,000 shares. Part of Pierre Laval's deal with Benito Mussolini last January was the sale of 2,500 French shares of railroad stock to the Italian Government (TIME, Jan. 21).

Early this month France quietly did her best to make sure that there would be no bombing of her road by moving 200 white and colonial troops into Dire Dawa,

biggest town along the line, as a railway guard. Britain, which already had a heavily armed force at the British legation at Addis Ababa, warned Rome that because of the number of foreigners at Dire Dawa and Addis Ababa, any attempt to cut the railroad to Djibouti and the outside world would be considered an unfriendly act. Heeding all this, Italy last week was reported to have offered to spare the railroad if Emperor Haile Selassie would remove all troops and munitions from Addis Ababa and Dire Dawa. The King of Kings was supposed to have turned down this proposal on the ground that he needed his troops in those two towns to protect foreigners from his civilian subjects. Next offer was to spare the road if Ethiopia promised to transport no munitions on it. Haile Selassie appeared to leap at this idea. Since the League lifted its arms embargo against Ethiopia, guns and ammunition have been coming into the black empire, not by way of the railroad from Djibouti but by motor truck to Harar, 125 miles from the British Somaliland border.



PASSENGERS & TRAIN OF CHEMIN DE FER FRANCO-ETHIOPIEN DE DJIBOUTI À ADDIS ABABA

Nothing moves at night.

International

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Sulphurous Ghost

Rip-snorting out of retirement last week went wizened Philip Snowden, sulphurous First Viscount Snowden of Ickornshaw and in his day the Labor Party's great Chancellor of the Exchequer (1924 & 1929-31). As a campaign orator, the noble Viscount has no peer in scathing invective and corrosive scorn. He quit the Labor Party four years ago to campaign for his old friend James Ramsay MacDonald so that the National Government formed at the behest of King George (TIME, Aug. 31, 1931) could triumph at the polls. Last week Viscount Snowden proved that his heart in Britain's next general election is with Labor.

Lashing out at Conservative Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin and the present National Government, Lord Snowden railed: "If they had been firmer before this year, Italy never would have started her Ethiopian conquest. . . . Their policy was lukewarm and wavering. . . . If Sir John Simon had any sense of the pitiable failure he made of the office he held [Foreign Secretary] . . . he would, instead of appearing so much on public platforms nowadays, hide his head in some place of suitable obscurity in the hope that his miserable record would be forgotten."

According to Viscount Snowden, the National Government's present alarums & excursions in Geneva diplomacy are a belated effort to distract the British public from their miserable record. To advise His Majesty to dissolve the House of Commons and order a general election at this time, Viscount Snowden called a "spurious appeal to patriotism, a mean and partisan act." Stoutly he predicted that Britons will not be fooled, that the Conservative majority of the so-called National Government will lose 200 seats.

In one word, this Snowden outburst was pathetic. Labor's leaders in Britain are such colorless characters today that for the Party even to flash in the pan last week ghostly Philip Snowden had to rise from his political grave. Reporting on his prophecy, London correspondents canvassed political wiseacres, cabled that the National Government are expected to lose not 200 seats but perhaps 100, which would renew their lease on Power for another five years with an ample majority.

Flim-Flam? Indications were that Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin may advise His Majesty to spring the election even sooner than has been expected, perhaps on Nov. 14. In this connection astute "Augur" (Vladimir Poliakov), a correspondent close to Mr. Baldwin, cabled with remarkable candor:

"Experts in domestic politics have for some time been anxious to have the [election] safely over before public opinion understands the extent of the failure of the policy pursued at Geneva. . . . The spectacular activities of Anthony Eden, Minister for League Affairs, may impress public opinion for a time, yet the Government know that the impression is unstable unless it is borne out by facts, which are not forthcoming. Therefore haste is impera-

tive before the partial failure of the plan for collective security through Geneva stands revealed."

For a reputable correspondent to cable openly from London that His Majesty's Government are engaged in flim-flamming the British public with a Geneva sideshow which the Government already consider a failure, was enough to make all right-thinking Anglo-Saxons hope fervently that "Augur" may be wrong.

Jeers at Seaham. A piquant interlude last week was James Ramsay MacDonald's expression of a will to fight again for his seat in Seaham. This coal-mining constituency four years ago returned him to Parliament after he deserted the Labor Party and formed the National Government only because he was unopposed in Seaham by a



Wide World

VISCOUNT SNOWDEN

... advised a "pitiable failure . . . to hide his head."

Conservative candidate and because the Laborite coal miners' wives voted for silver-haired, throbbing-voiced Ramsay while their husbands called him a traitor black-leg, and worse.

Roared a Seaham miner at Lord Privy Seal MacDonald last week: "After 40 years of public life telling funny stories, aren't you sick and tired of it?"

"I shall not be tired," came the indomitable old spellbinder's retort, "I shall not be tired, my friends, until I have redeemed such a person as the one who put that question."

Anyone of less character than Scot MacDonald would never have fought Seaham four years ago, and last week his friends said they hoped his present visit was merely an exploring expedition.

No longer the Pacifist or Socialist he once was, Mr. MacDonald is honestly Conservative in mind today. When he told Seaham last week that the Government must win in order to pursue their welfare work and social services, there were jeers, shouts of "The Government wants to be returned so as to build battleships!"

CANADA

"Sweet Content"

ONE OF THE TEN BEST PICTURES OF THE YEAR *THE 39 STEPS* with Robert Donat, the *Monte Cristo* hero . . . The MAN who put the MAN in RoMANce. . . .

From the famous novel by

JOHN BUCHAN

—Canada's New—

—Governor General—

With Canadian bookstores and cinema houses plugging his royalties furiously last week, canny John Buchan, First Baron Tweedsmuir, prolonged the money-making suspense of his arrival as Governor General by postponing it to Nov. 2. The given reason for this delay was to allow time for William Lyon Mackenzie King, the Liberal victor in Canada's general election (TIME, Oct. 21), to be sworn in as Premier before the distinguished author arrives to occupy viceregal Rideau Hall.

In the aftermath of their election Canadians scanned closely the first pronouncement of hearty, barrel-chested Mr. King. "Today's victory is a victory for Democracy," announced the forthcoming Premier. "The results make clear that the people of Canada are opposed to planning for scarcity by the restriction of production, of trade and of employment, and that they are not satisfied with the Ottawa trade agreements [TIME, Aug. 29, 1932] and welcome the prospect of their early revision. . . . The election is an unmistakable verdict in favor of the liberation of external and internal trade; of reciprocal agreements with the United States, and the restoration of trade with Japan upon a basis mutually beneficial in the case of each of these countries. . . . It is an overwhelming condemnation of the policies of economic nationalism. . . . The election is an overwhelming verdict against amalgamation of the railways of Canada, and the creation of other monopolies, whether related to the agencies of transportation and communication, production, industry or banking.

"In the new era which dawns today," concluded Mr. King, a politician of the grand old school, "we take up at once, as our supreme task, the endeavor to end poverty in the midst of plenty; starvation and unnecessary suffering in a land of abundance; discontent and distress in a country more blessed by Providence than any other on the face of the globe, and to gain for individual lives, and for the nation as a whole, that 'health and peace and sweet content' which is the rightful heritage of all."

In Washington William Duncan Herdridge, the Canadian Minister to the U. S., resigned last week because he is the brother-in-law of Canada's defeated Premier, rich and pious Richard Bedford Bennett, long ailing in health. Said Mr. Bennett with entire sincerity and good humor, "I go out with a sense of relief, for reasons I need not define."

Foreign News—(Continued)

FRANCE

Red No. 1

Frenchmen elected their first 100% Communist Senator last week in the droop-mustached, doctrinaire person of M. Marcel Cachin, editor of *L'Humanité*. Another freak feature of the poll, which left the Senate still an assembly of oldster moderates: Premier Laval was elected Senator twice over, has until Jan. 14 to decide which of two constituencies he will represent for the next nine years (see p. 15).

GERMANY

Great General Staff

The Great German General Staff and all similar organizations shall be dissolved and may not be reconstituted in any form.
—Treaty of Versailles, Article 160.

When Napoleon Bonaparte planned a move in the midst of a campaign, he conferred with overworked generals who were simultaneously commanding troops in the field. First to realize that the complexity of modern warfare rendered a good commander at the front a poor adviser at headquarters was Napoleon's old adversary, Prussian General Gerhard Johann David von Scharnhorst. To him goes historic credit for establishing the first general staff and setting up a War Academy to train its members.

All armies have since adopted the General Staff system, and only the most optimistic pacifists believed that Germany would not dodge Article 160 of the 1919 Peace Treaty at the first opportunity. Not till last week, however, did the world learn exactly how she had done so.

With brass bands blaring and flags fluttering, Reichsmelder Hitler, Air Minister Göring and other Nazi bigwigs last week attended the 125th anniversary of General von Scharnhorst's War Academy. With them stood a hard-working officer who for years has been known to the Press as "Chief of the Troop Office." His name was General Ludwig Beck. In the first brief account of the ceremonies an official press release casually gave him his real title—"Chief of the General Staff." Stepping to the rostrum, Chief of Staff Beck told how it had been done:

"As early as November 1919 General Hans von Seeckt gave initiative to the training of officers in the manner given in the former War Academy. It was to take place at the army district commands, which were furnished with special teachers for that purpose.

"In the summer of 1920 an examination was held for the first pupils, who were to act as assistants to the higher troop command. On Oct. 1, training began, fixed at two years. On Oct. 1, 1923 a third year at the Reichswehr Ministry was added. From Oct. 1, 1932 courses for leadership assistants were combined in 'officers' courses in Berlin.' Since May 1, 1935 these courses again have borne the name 'War Academy.' With them, even in externals, the old example has been reincarnated, and the new army possesses that important

training ground for leadership to which the old German Army owed so much."

Not only did Germany thus admit the existence of a General Staff but the German Navy announced no less frankly that the two new pocket battleships now under construction will not be "pocket" (10,000



International

GENERAL LUDWIG BECK

"The old example has been reincarnated."

tons or under) at all, as provided by the Versailles Treaty, but thoroughgoing capital ships of 26,000 tons each. Also forbidden to have submarines, Germany has already launched a dozen of 250 tons each, has sent them out with its Baltic Fleet.

ITALY

Dux

(See front cover)

On Oct. 30, 1922 one Benito Mussolini, journalist, became Premier of one Italy.

Today other second-rate Powers still remain what they were then. But in 13 swift years the once obscure Italian editor has carried his once negligible country up & up to the ultimate fulcrum on which Europe's future turns. This may be Il Duce's unlucky 13th year, but with the hammer blows of 52 nations ringing out in an anvil chorus of sanctions last week, it was significant to the point of paradox that not Italy but Ethiopia was still being called "the underdog."

1935 Victorians. The most fateful fact about Benito Mussolini has always been, in crises, the conviction of his foes that he must be bluffing and therefore that his bluff can be called. All his life Il Duce Mussolini has rattled and rattled before he struck. The Italian Cabinet against which he launched his March on Rome was sure he was bluffing. After ignoring the bluffer until too late, it failed utterly to buy off Editor Mussolini by offering him the prize of a Ministry without portfolio.

Though the lira is a managed currency, Il Duce has kept it on his technical gold standard through eight long years of rumors that he was bluffing and might be expected to devalue any day. To frosty bankers it must eternally seem like bluffing when a fire-eating politician shouts at the top of his lungs, screams in headlines and has cut into a monument at Pesaro: "We will defend the lira to the last breath, to the last drop of blood!"

To the British Government the present shedding of Italian blood to secure space and raw materials for an overcrowded nation has looked like the Dictator's latest bluff. And a bluff is something that can be called. To Italians, who by this time know Il Duce thoroughly, the hypothesis that he might be bluffing about Ethiopia has not to this day occurred. They can go as far back as 1919 and trace through his whole subsequent career as Dictator the same keynote of Empire-building he struck then:

Imperialism is the eternal and immutable law of life. It is, at bottom, nothing other than the need, the desire and the will to expansion which every individual, and every live and vital people, possesses.

In essence, this was the keynote of Britain's Victoria more than half a century ago. The great Queen, with her pride in British valor and her joy that backward peoples should have the benefit of British rule, has a superficially different but basically similar counterpart in the Dictator of 1935, with his rousing trumps to Fascist valor and his real conviction that Ethiopians are savages who can properly be brought under Italian rule.*

Mistakes & Sins. In Rome last week, aside from the cares of war (see p. 14), the Dictator busied himself daily grappling with the awful risks he runs by steering a Victorian course in 1935. At his very elbow last week was the League of Nations in the person of grey-haired, ruddy-cheeked Sir Eric Drummond. As Secretary General of the League from its founding until he resigned amid widespread regret two years ago, this British Ambassador to Rome is ripe with "The Spirit of Geneva," "The Spirit of Locarno" *et al.*

As they faced each other across the great oak table in Palazzo Venezia last week neither Sir Eric nor the Dictator harbored illusion. The sins and the mistakes of Italy's Victorianism were transparent.

Mistake No. 1: In 1923 when Mussolini had been Premier but a few months, Italy joined France in sponsoring Ethiopia for membership in the League. This piece of flattery to a savage Empire was the opening move in long years of attempted peaceful, economic penetration of Ethiopia. Felicity touched its high when the present Emperor Haile Selassie visited King Vittorio Emanuele III in Rome and was showered with lavish gifts, including

*Mussolini, like Victoria, is also a prude. He abolishes brothels, puts Italian showgirls into modest garments, extinguishes Rome's once brilliant night life, does not drink, smoke or eat meat.

Foreign News—(Continued)

some small dogs which still yap at Addis Ababa. Forgotten today is the French reason for having initiated Ethiopia's blossoming into "nationhood" by joining the League: France thought Britain intended to seize Ethiopia and hoped by this means to block the seizure.

Mistake No. 2: Although the history of Ethiopia teems with instances in which peaceful white penetrators have been duped, swindled, robbed of concessions and even murdered, Il Duce made the mistake of attempting to do 20th Century business with Ethiopia.

Mistake No. 3: When Ethiopia's wily Emperor ran true to immemorial form, balking Italian concessionaires and bilking Il Duce with the too-shrewd tricks of an African people's despot, Dictator Mussolini made the cardinal mistake of not educating world public opinion by a campaign of publicity such as Germany has waged for years, yowling from every vantage point how she has been wronged.

Instead Il Duce committed his *Sin No. 1*. Nauseated by what seemed to him the futility of the League of Nations and the many failures of international conferences to settle anything, the Dictator made a separate and sinful pact with France, which sold him for a definite *quid pro quo* the right, so far as France was concerned, to exercise a "free hand" in Ethiopia (TIME, Jan. 14, 21).

This sin against the Covenant of the League of Nations was committed with the nation which had always been the Covenant's leading champion, France. It was compounded at Stresa later, when Mussolini and Laval encountered no rebuke or opposition to their public sinning from James Ramsay MacDonald, then British Prime Minister, and Sir John Simon, then Foreign Secretary (see p. 18).

Mussolini's *Sin No. 2* in the present crisis, his use of war as an instrument of national policy, similarly depends upon the Briand-Kellogg Pact of 1928. From the vantage ground of these two lofty technicalities, Sir Eric Drummond, the Ambassador of Victoria's grandson, was entitled to gaze reproachfully upon Benito Mussolini last week and did in fact so gaze.*

Sin No. 3 is that Italians have been ordered to fight and kill. Benito Mussolini knows that for this there is no excuse, if it be "murder," but if ecclesiastical authorities decide he is making "war" they may be expected, as in the case of all previous wars, to decide that it is a "just war" and no sin.

*Too involved and tenuous for most laymen is Italy's claim that she has not violated the Covenant, but not so easily brushed aside is her claim that she did not violate the Kellogg Pact. In adhering to the Pact she claims the same reservations as were made by Britain, in effect that the Pact does not bind where the signatory is obliged to take measures in one of its "spheres of vital interest." Absurd on its face but capable of being upheld years hence by some august tribunal of international lawyers is Italy's claim that the Pact, as interpreted by onetime Secretary of State Frank Billings Kellogg, permits almost any act of "self defense" and that Italy did not formally open her campaign against Ethiopia until after the Ethiopian mobilization order.

"Wise & Faithful." Sir Eric, as he and the Dictator talked, received an impact so powerful that next day New York *Times*man Ferdinand Kuhn Jr. cabled from London: "Last night the most urgent kind of warning reached the British Government from wise, faithful Ambassador



Wide World

SIR ERIC DRUMMOND

A Roman impact made a London warning.

Drummond to the effect that Mussolini was convinced Britain intended to make war upon him and therefore had poured new troops into Libya"—i. e. opposite the British position in Egypt.

Rome heard that Premier Mussolini, while still agreeable to maximum League exploitation for electioneering purposes, and while still standing on his public pledge not to reply to merely economic and fiscal sanctions with acts of war, demanded last week public retraction from London of what virtually the whole European Press was saying, namely that 147 British warships anchored on Italy's war flanks meant in substance: "Stanley Baldwin is out for Benito Mussolini's hide and that means the Dictator is through." This British massing of war boats, the Italian Government spokesman pointed out, was ordered by London on its own, has never been requested or endorsed by the League, and occurred prior to sanction activity. If it, too, was electioneering, Il Duce was prepared to stomach a good deal, but he blazed at Sir Eric that from London there was a minimum which Italy also must obtain.

Another British Ambassador and another Premier, "Honest Broker" Pierre Laval, presently haggled out this minimum in Paris (see p. 15), but the urgent warning Sir Eric flashed to London had direct, immediate results. In London spade-bearded Italian Ambassador Dino Grandi was invited to Whitehall. There soothing assurances were poured into his ear by British Foreign Secretary Sir Samuel Hoare. Next a public speech was made by Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin in which he declared that no British Govern-

ment hostility exists toward Italian Fascism and none toward the Dictator.

Essence of Fascism. If the oft-told life of Benito Mussolini and the much-headlined events of his 13 years as Dictator are not easily recalled in an ordered pattern, passion is to blame. Since 1922 nobody has been able to write impartially about the man who made Dictatorship what it is today. Currently the nearest approach to such an analysis is *Mussolini's Italy* by Dr. Herman Finer of the University of London, a useful work since its author has just spent a year in Italy and tried to be fair (Holt, \$3.75).

This Londoner concludes after much anxious research that "Fascism is Mussolini." In something between relief and desperation at his inability to formulate the essence of Fascism which so many Italians feel they have grasped by instinct, Scholar Finer adds: "The Fascist system depends on a genius, and with his passage it must pass."

Genius Mussolini, as studied by Scholar Finer in Rome last year: "First, then, Mussolini has a profound knowledge of men. . . . His penetration is extremely subtle: 'refined' as the Continental idiom has it. This does not apply to one special section of the people, like the peasantry among whom he was born, but to all. . . . The Senate, whose seats are filled by the grey-bearded 'personages,' is addressed [by Mussolini] with the gravity of an elder statesman; the Chamber with tempestuous fervor, and 'high inspiration' and humor. The peasants he salutes in the style of a peasant, harsh, dour, and as the journalists say 'honest!' . . . He does not promise them that the State will make their fortunes, but that, if they work the State will do what it can to help them. . . . The peasants, I think, do not show displeasure when they refer to him as *un furbo*, 'a crafty fellow.' He is, indeed, very, very astute."

Richelieu's Condition. "Italians love a display of emotion to an extent the English would regard as disgusting," continues Dr. Finer. "Hence the task of government has been, is, and always will be different in Italy from in England. . . . In the apt American phrase, Mussolini is a spellbinder. . . . Yet Mussolini is more controlled, more disposed to reticence, less expansive than the average Italian. He is imperious and detached. . . . He has a solid, crag-like passivity when listening, and even when speaking, that is particularly imposing in a land where all are volatile and throbbing. He gives the impression that confidence will be well placed in him, and power turned to good uses. . . . It is this un-Italian steadiness which marks him off from the rest."

"Another quality that distinguishes the Dictatorship of Mussolini is his exceptionally wide knowledge of science and philosophy. . . . There are some people too vain to seek advice; Mussolini seeks it wherever it may be found, and therefore fulfills Richelieu's condition of wisdom and character in a statesman. . . . He is the world's most accomplished plagiarist."

"Thirdly, Mussolini has, and gives the impression of having, a complete contempt

Foreign News—(Continued)

for material rewards, money, comfort. . . . Mussolini comes from poverty, preaches poverty, and remains poor. Yes; his devotion to Italy, and only Italy, is as unmistakable as it is absolute. . . . There must be no personal loyalties, no promises, no doctrinal consistency, nor anything else that conflicts with the destiny of a greater Italy. There are some men who cannot desert the friends of yesterday for the sake of their country. Mussolini is not one of these."

Beatitude & Pflichtgefühl. Continuing the most scholarly and minute analysis of the Dictator yet made, Dr. Finer reports: "He is certain of his star, certain that he cannot be assassinated until his work is accomplished, certain that Italy needs him, certain that his institutions are wholesome for Italy . . . certain that he cannot fail. . . . The impact of his personality on men, women and children far from the vicinity of Mussolini's physical presence is astounding. Far away, even to the uttermost confines of the kingdom, beyond the hills and fields and marshes separating them from Rome, even beyond the ocean, the charm works. A business-like Party official, hearing that I was to visit the Duce, exclaimed enraptured 'Oh, thou in beatitude!'"

"In . . . power of steady hard work, and the capacity to organize and direct a routine of government . . . Mussolini has made . . . an example to the rest of a nation which has not the steady energy of the English, nor the intense, if sometimes wasteful, energy of the American, nor the exacting *Pflichtgefühl* of the Germans. . . . [Mussolini's] extraordinary laborious life is founded upon the robust vitality and physique of a burly, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, rather short, well-knit athletic person."

"To all these characteristics," adds Scholar Finer, "Mussolini unites personal fascination. . . . His presence is exciting, disturbing, and, finally, commanding. People feel simply that they must obey. . . ."

"Mussolini's personal fascination is accompanied by a sense of distance between him and his followers. . . . He is not a 'good fellow.' While he is not sullen, he is withdrawn. He is not a handshaker. Hence the impulse to substitute [for handshaking] the Roman salute. . . . All these gifts have won a crown for Mussolini; guarantee his omnipotence; render it as beneficial as a Dictatorship can be."

Even so, Dr. Finer is against Dictatorship, whether Fascist, Nazi or Communist, and democratic readers may close his tome prouder of Democracy and of themselves than ever.

Bullets in Their Tails. With Il Duce, for better or worse, occupying his present crucial position on the fulcrum of European peace or war, the Mussolini family last week was proceeding steadily about business as usual.

Slightly cross-eyed youngest-son Romano Mussolini was at school, tricked out in the sissy Italian variant of an Eton collar (see cut). His little sister Anna Maria, the first child of the Dictator to bear "a good Catholic name," pursued her studies in the same class and both were cared for

by fat, completely self-effacing Donna Rachele Mussolini who is her husband's idea of the perfect Italian wife. Above suspicion, she dwells most of the time in northern Italy, visited by her Caesar in a spirit of duty, which gives way at times to happy comradeship of an eve-



Wide World

ROMANO MUSSOLINI

He was tricked out.

ning in the flickering glow of oil lamps on their farm.

Edda, the Dictator's favorite child, gave her chubby husband, young Count Galeazzo Ciano, to the war in its earliest phase and he dropped upon Aduwa from his battle plane the historic bombs which began the conflict. Also airmen at the front are the Dictator's two elder sons, Vittorio and Bruno, and last week, after dropping bombs, each received Ethiopian bullets in the tail of his plane for the first time.

Not their father's pals, but driven and inspired to a diligence typically Fascist, Vittorio and Bruno stand in the Dictator's awful "distance." It was not of himself, not of his flesh & blood but of his supremely cherished Italy, which he wills to make a Great Power, that Benito Mussolini lately vowed in addressing his Fascist Senate: "No one can take upon himself the intolerable presumption to dictate to us!"

AUSTRIA

Tugger Out

Ever since Austrian Nazis seized Vienna's Ballhaus and killed Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss last year, towering, small-mouthed Prince Ernst Rüdiger von Starhemberg has blamed the murder of his little friend morally on hollow-eyed Major Emil ("Bloodhound") Fey, who was caught by the Nazis with Dollfuss but did nothing to save him. Last week these two potent men tugged two ways at Austria, under the distracted Chancellorship of disheartened Kurt Schuschnigg.

One day Major Fey's private army, the

Vienna Heimwehr, paraded in honor of Minister of Interior & Public Security Fey. Next day, with Prince von Starhemberg at his elbow, Chancellor Schuschnigg told Minister Fey, as he had often told him before, that all Austria's private armies must be consolidated as a militia. As usual, Major Fey refused. Thereupon, the Chancellor handed President Miklas the Cabinet's resignations. Called right back to form a new Cabinet, Herr Schuschnigg had his list ready. It omitted Major Fey & friends. When Fey saw loyal Starhemberg Heimwehr regiments filling Vienna streets, he knew Starhemberg had won.

CHINA

"Stand Up & Fight"

China's slim, brisk Nationalist Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek last week got the ominous news that four Japanese major generals were closeted in Dairen to draw up a "new policy" toward China. Unless Chiang's Nationalist Kuomintang Party starts acting as if it were really pro-Japanese, Japan, according to the four major generals, will feel obliged to detach China's five rich northern provinces from Nanking's rule, set up puppet governors and collect revenues.

Briskly Chiang climbed into his personal plane, buzzed north to Shansi Province to talk things over with the key war lords in the endangered provinces. Then he turned, streaked back to Nanking, where last week, day after day, he conferred with his Kuomintang underlings.

How vital for China's future are the fleets of the Western Powers was demonstrated last week in Southeast China, far from the land front of Japanese expansion but thoroughly vulnerable by sea. Three weeks ago the Japanese flagship *Tatsuta* and ten destroyers steamed into Swatow to force Chinese customs officials to yield up a seized Japanese cargo of rice on which petty provincial taxes had not been paid (TIME, Oct. 14). With set faces, the Japanese Navy officers demanded restitution, apologies, punishment of Canton customs men, abolition of the annoying duties and the right of Japanese to trade in the up-river country back of Swatow. Out of nearby British Hongkong, at that moment, sailed the British Asiatic Fleet, off for the Red Sea and European troubles. Then into Hongkong sailed part of the U. S. Asiatic Fleet on its way to the Philippines. A U. S. gunboat and a British warship put in at Swatow. Japanese abruptly dropped their demands. A "face-saving" sale of the sequestered rice cargo was arranged. The Japanese war boats rolled out of Swatow.

Canton's head man, Marshal Chen Chi-tang, seized the moment to insult Nanking and Generalissimo Chiang: "The Southeast will never witness a duplication of the spectacle of more than 100,000 Chinese soldiers evacuating an immense area without firing a shot in obedience to demands of the heads of the Japanese Army. . . . If Nanking orders the Southeast to agree to any unreasonable Japanese demands, we would refuse to obey and would stand up and fight for China's rights."

PEOPLE

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

Before a rustling audience of 75, oldtime Actress **Maude Adams** (*Peter Pan*, *The Little Minister*) swept into a Manhattan courtroom to defend herself in a prosaic \$200,000 lawsuit. Carried away with the



Wide World—International

MAUDE ADAMS (1905 & 1935)

A lawyer gave her her cue line.

scene, the *World-Telegram* reported: "The courtroom was crowded with staidly gowned women and mustachioed old gentlemen. . . . On November 6, 1905, Peter Pan's cue line, spoken in the nursery, read: 'Dear night light, that protects my sleeping babes, burn clear and steadfast to-night.' . . . Today an attorney said: 'Miss Adams, will you take the stand, please?'"

Among the audience the newshawk located "an elderly man in a blue suit, with twinkling eyes" who reminisced: "When I first saw her I remember she wore a long grey coat trimmed with black fur. I remember her eyes looking out from the fur. . . . She is quite as beautiful now."

Similarly moved, the *Herald Tribune*: "She wore a brown coat with a mink collar which she held up around her face continuously, and a small brown hat, almost tricorn in shape, similar to her headdress in *Peter Pan*. . . . She walked gracefully to the stand, stood erect for a moment, then turned and bowed to Justice McNamee. . . . another bow to the jury. . . . she seated herself."

Actress Adams was being sued by a promoter who claimed to have engineered her "comeback" in *The Merchant of Venice*, which toured the U. S. in 1931, never reached Broadway. The *American*: "Miss Adams was at ease in her new rôle, smiling

frequently and injecting bits of unexpected comedy into her lines." Witness Adams testified all day "in a clear, modulated voice heard throughout the courtroom," exchanged more bows with judge and jury, made her exit. Four days later the jury, unmoved by Miss Adams' performance, awarded the suing promoter, one John D. Williams, \$25,000.

For \$4,500 **Allan Hoover** bought the West Branch, Iowa, birthplace of his father **Herbert Hoover**.

Into Los Angeles from his \$2,000,000 castle in Death Valley chugged Walter Scott ("Death Valley Scotty") in an old, rebuilt Franklin. Snorted he: "These city trails ain't no place for this locomotive."



Keystone

WALTER SCOTT

"These city trails ain't no place for this locomotive."

It's a specially made model for traversing the desert mountains into the Valley. . . . It goes 700 miles without stopping. Got a 100-gallon gas tank and carry ten gallons of oil."

Thomas William Lamont, longtime partner & spokesman of the House of Morgan, addressed to the *New York Times* a column-long letter in refutation of the current thesis that his firm's financial enlistment with the Allies helped mightily to draw the U. S. into the War. Taking off from a repetition of that thesis by R. L. Duffus in a *Times* review of Harold Nicolson's biography of the late Morgan Partner Dwight Morrow (TIME, Oct. 7), Partner Lamont argued:

"I wonder whether Mr. Duffus could be laboring under the impression, which some persons seem to have, that this firm or any of its partners carried on propaganda in favor of our going to war; or whether he thinks that we attempted to influence Washington in favor of war. Nothing

could be further from the truth! Or does he suppose that, in offering to American investors the obligations of the Allies, we could have sold them on arguments that the Allied cause was right, and that therefore the bonds should be bought as a moral duty, instead of on their merits as investments? . . .

"Does anyone, even of the post-War generation, believe that business interest determined the pro-Ally sentiments of Morrow or Morgan or Davison or any of us? Surely not. Like most of our contemporaries and friends and neighbors, we wanted the Allies to win, from the outset of the War. We were pro-Ally by inheritance, by instinct, by opinion. . . . Further, can anyone believe that the Allied demand for American supplies was created by our firm? The demand, of course, was created by the War. . . . If we had not acted, it would have continued just the same. . . .

"Our countrymen are being invited to accept blithely the legend that it was American business men rather than Germany who got us into the War. . . . But it is not history, and it does not accord with what happened on April 6, 1917. . . . President Wilson hoped to help 'make the world safe for democracy.' And the American people followed him in that hope. Perhaps he—perhaps all America—was under a delusion. But a people's hindsight 18 years after the event is naturally somewhat different from its foresight."

Sailing up New York Harbor on his return from Paris, Franklyn Laws Hutton, loving father of Countess **Barbara Hutton**



Keystone

FATHER HUTTON

. . . ran away from baby talk.

Haugwitz, was cornered by ship-news reporters. "Is Barbara going to have a baby?" chorused they. Hiding his face, Papa Hutton quickened his pace, almost stumbled over a cameraman. Said lofty Mrs. Hutton, his second wife: "We will not discuss the report."

In Paris Daughter Barbara was found slipping into some new dresses. "Yes, it's true," she gurgled. ". . . The end of February or early in March."



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as a summer breeze

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The family size 50-oz. can
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Invigorating as your morning shower! Refreshing as a summer breeze! A delightful drink for breakfast. *And*—such a welcome beverage whenever you're thirsty . . . You'll *taste the difference* in Campbell's Tomato Juice at the very first sip—and however often you drink it, you'll find the delicious flavor always the same. You'll taste and enjoy the fresh, natural right-off-the-vine goodness of choice tomatoes heavy with sunshine—tomatoes that have been ever so lightly pressed for only the sweetest juice . . . Campbell's special process retains to the maximum both the natural flavor and the healthful vitamins C and A and B. (That is why it is a particularly fine drink for children) . . . Keep a few cans of Campbell's Tomato Juice in the refrigerator for delicious, sunny refreshment all winter long. So convenient—just open, pour, enjoy.

ON THE AIR!

New Program Starring GEORGE BURNS &
GRACIE ALLEN—Columbia Network—Wed. Eve.,
8:30 E. S. T.—7:30 C. S. T.—9:30 M. T.—8:30 P. S. T.



FOURTH DOWN!

AND 200 MILES TO GO

WHO are these people you see driving 200 miles to a football game . . . who think no more of traveling 400 miles to cheer a derby winner than walking 'round the corner for a pack of cigarettes?

They're that eager segment of America with an appetite for *action*. And their enthusiasm is just as ready for the new product, the better way, the daring idea.

Every week, Collier's packs 2,400,000 of these going, doing people (and their families) into a single stadium. Collier's *gives* them action. Stories that get off to a fast start and thunder down the stretch. Punch-packed articles that don't wear 16-ounce gloves. Editorials that call the plays as they see them — without bias or fear.

Here is *proof* that Collier's clicks with active people who are going

places. In a survey conducted at the San Diego Exposition, Indianapolis Speedway, National Open Golf Championship, Forbes Field, Newark Airport, a Princeton Track Meet—at 17 such events, Collier's was voted first by a 26 per cent margin over the weekly that was second choice. Mighty revealing. Because the same eager urge that sends these men and women clicking through turnstiles, sends them into stores and display rooms.

And that's what makes these Collier's readers the *active*, the *won't-wait* market. The market where more and more, advertising reaches its goal by quick, ground-gaining forward-passing rather than by laborious line-bucking. The reason why the advertising lineage scoreboard shows a bigger gain for Collier's in 1935 than for any other weekly.

Collier's

The Active Market

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"THERE GOES A
MAN WHO TREATS
SCOTCH RIGHT"



"AND RYE AND
BOURBON, TOO!"

After all, what you want to taste in a highball is the full, fine flavor of the Scotch or Rye or Bourbon. Keen, tangy White Rock brings it out...points it up. *Keeps* it good to the end of the drink...That's because White Rock comes from only one place on earth—its own famous mineral springs, deep underground at Waukesha, Wisconsin.

White Rock

BETTER FOR YOU

OVER ON THE ALKALINE SIDE



A R T

Speaking Likeness

An obscure Congressional agency is the House Committee on the Library, which is responsible for the maintenance of the Library of Congress, the erection of monuments to famed individuals. Impatiently

told each & every applicant to go ahead. Result: pictures of Speaker Rainey flooded the office of Chairman Keller until by last week there were ten in all. Nine of them, bearing a marked resemblance not only to the late Speaker but to each



THE HENRY T. RAINEYS

A distressing primitive went into the cellar.

last week Illinois' Representative Kent Ellsworth Keller as Library Committee Chairman was waiting for Congress to reassemble so that he might clear his office of encumbrances and settle a vexing artistic problem.

For many years the House has been in the habit of voting from \$1,000 to \$2,500 for memorial portraits of its Speakers to hang on the crowded walls of the lobby just outside the Chamber. (Before that, deceased Speakers got their photographs stuck up in the Speaker's room.) First oil to make the lobby was a portrait of Henry Clay by Giuseppe Fagnani. Of the 45 Speakers that the House has had, 39, in heavy ormolu frames, are there now. Of these only three are out of the ordinary: 1) the first Speaker of the House, be-wigged, pompous Frederick Muhlenberg, copied by Samuel B. Waugh from an earlier portrait by Joseph Wright; 2) Champ Clark, best-known Speaker, by Boris Gordon; 3) Thomas B. Reed, which happened to be painted by John Singer Sargent. By custom, the family of the Speaker may suggest artists for the portrait but the Library Committee makes the final choice.

Snowy-thatched Speaker Henry T. Rainey died last year (TIME, Aug. 27, 1934). Last week's difficulties were due entirely to Widow Rainey's desire not to hurt anybody's feelings. One artist after another begged her permission to paint the official portrait. Kind-hearted, she

other, lined the Committee's office wall (see cut). The tenth, a distressingly primitive study by a friend of the Rainey's, was hastily hidden in the cellar.

First across the line was a portrait by Hans Schlereth of Washington, D.C. Largest portrait was a slick study by Howard Chandler Christy. Most insistent was Artist Boris Gordon who yowled that the commission be awarded to his picture without further ado largely because he produced the official Speaker's portrait of Champ Clark. Other portraits were by Paul Trebilcock, Students E. Egley and Ruth Van Sant of Washington's Corcoran Gallery, Student Lloyd Embry of the Yale School of Fine Arts, Nicholas Richard Brewer of St. Paul, Edwin B. Child of Dorset, Vt.

Waiting for his fellow-committeemen to set aside a Rainey day, Chairman Keller last week showed newshawks the collection. Said he:

"We are going to select a picture that will show us the Speaker the way he looked in his prime. I remember him at that Peoria Conference some years ago and my, my, what a splendid figure of a man! I am encouraged in my lowly artistic conceptions, for a prominent artist told me only the other day that that is what art, real art, does—it shows a man in his prime. The lucky contestant will receive \$2,500 and the others will have had the experience."

"Awkward, Helpless Fellow"

Almost too excited to speak last week was Director Alfred H. Barr of Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art. Ever since the founding of the Modern Museum six years ago and its liberal priming with Rockefeller funds, its loan exhibitions have been of more & more artistic significance. Last week perspiring truckmen trundled through its ornate marble doors the makings of possibly the most important show the institution has ever held—45 paintings and 46 drawings of the late great Vincent van Gogh. From U. S. museums and private collections Director Barr hopes to borrow almost as many more to round out his No. 1 U. S. exhibit of van Gogh's work next month.

For weeks this summer Director Barr toured The Netherlands, arranging to borrow the pictures he needed from Dutchman van Gogh's nephew, now a prosperous Amsterdam engineer, and from the Kröller-Müller Foundation at Wassenaar, owner of the most important van Gogh collection in the world. Though Nephew van Gogh was willing to lend his pictures, the Foundation first went through a spasm of nervous hesitation.

Like Philadelphia's Tycoon Albert C. Barnes (Argyrol), Dutch Tycoon W. H. Müller (copper, steamboats) is one of the world's most eminent collectors of modern paintings. Really assembled by Mevrouw Müller, the Kröller-Müller collection of nearly 1,000 pictures contains 98 of some 700 paintings produced by Vincent van Gogh in his lifetime. They have announced that on their death their collection and their huge estate near The Hague, where it is housed, will be turned over to the public, that a large museum will be built on the grounds. Created was a Foundation, with a Dutch Cabinet minister on the board, which now holds title to the pictures. At the last



Keystone

VAN GOGH'S VAN GOGH

He found himself in the sunlight of Arles.

minute, threats of war made the Foundation hesitate to send such valuable semi-public property out of the country. Finally after much persuasion by Director Barr the directors relented and their van



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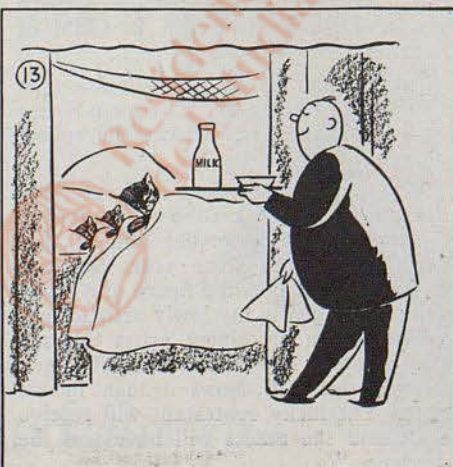


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1785 • ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY • 1935



Goghs, insured for \$1,000,000, were loaded on the *Statendam*, forwarded to Manhattan.

Among U. S. collectors contributing to the Modern Museum's exhibition are the Chicago Art Institute, the Pennsylvania Museum, Adolph Lewisohn, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr., Mrs. William Averell Harriman, Conductor Josef Stransky, A. Conger Goodyear and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Winterbotham of Burlington, Vt.

The tradition of the starving genius recognized only after his death is a phenomenon limited largely to the end of the 19th Century and the beginnings of modern art. The great painters of the Renaissance were without exception prosperous men who generally made, if they did not keep, large fortunes. Currently, able artists as far apart as Philip de László and Pablo Picasso are wealthy men. But poor crazy Vincent van Gogh sold only two paintings in his life, received \$4 for the first, \$80 for the second. He also was able to sell about 20 drawings at an average price of \$1.25 each. Today his brilliant landscapes fetch as much as \$50,000 apiece.

None of the founders of modern art has been richer game for the journalist than Vincent van Gogh. Within the past two years two lives of him have been best sellers, one a novel, *Lust for Life* by Irving Stone,* another a scholarly biography by able Art Critic Julius Meier-Graefe (TIME, Dec. 11, 1933).

Violent-tempered son of a Dutch parson, Vincent van Gogh was first ambitious to enter the Church. After an unsuccessful attempt to fit into the sedate art firm of Goupil et Cie, he finally got himself made a lay reader, worked as a missionary in Belgium until his passion for giving away his money, his clothes, even his bed, ended in his dismissal. He began to draw, painfully teaching himself as he went along, sending his sketches to his only friend, his younger brother Theo. Though a moderately successful dealer, Theo van Gogh kept himself poor supporting Vincent, buying him paints, oils, canvas.

Artistically, it was not until after he left Paris, where he had made a footling attempt to imitate the Impressionists, and settled in the warm sunlight of Arles that Vincent van Gogh found himself. Living with Artist Paul Gauguin (who was yet to make his name in the South Seas), van Gogh's mind and palette went off in pinwheels and rockets of reckless color. He painted sunflowers and fishing boats, postmen, prostitutes, and frequently himself (see cut p. 23) with an exuberance that makes most van Gogh canvases seem ready to leap off the wall. His first detention in an insane asylum occurred after he cut off his right ear, presented it to a prostitute to whom he was unable to give a five-franc tip.

Later he seemed better and was released in care of a doctor and his brother Theo. On July 27, 1890 he picked up a revolver, started to threaten the doctor but wandered away and shot himself clumsily in the stomach. Death did not come until after long, painful hours. His last words to Brother Theo: "Did you ever know such an awkward and helpless fellow as me?"

*Longmans, Green (\$2.50).

Cancer of the Breast?

*Many women who fear that
they have breast cancer
are worrying without cause*

Most "lumps" in the breast are not cancer. But the dangers of untreated cancer of the breast are so great that every woman owes it to herself to discover the true nature of any lump, or other unusual condition, as soon as she becomes aware of it.

Breast cancers are being treated successfully—frequently without disfigurement. It appears, from the experience of a large number of cancer experts, that about 70 per cent of all cases, when treated properly and before the cancer has spread beyond the breast, show no return after five years. The chances of permanent cure are greatly increased if the condition is treated in the very earliest stage.

Breast cancer occurs at almost any age but mainly among women over forty. After a woman reaches the age of thirty, careful examination of the breasts should always be a part of her periodic health examination. Husbands should urge their wives to have examinations regularly.

Whenever a lump is discovered in the breast, a careful and exact study should be made to determine whether it is definitely cancer, possibly cancer, or not cancer at all. Your physician will probably recommend that the diagnosis be made by a specialist. In its early stages a breast cancer usually yields to expert use of surgery, with or without the help of X-rays or radium. Safety lies in prompt action.



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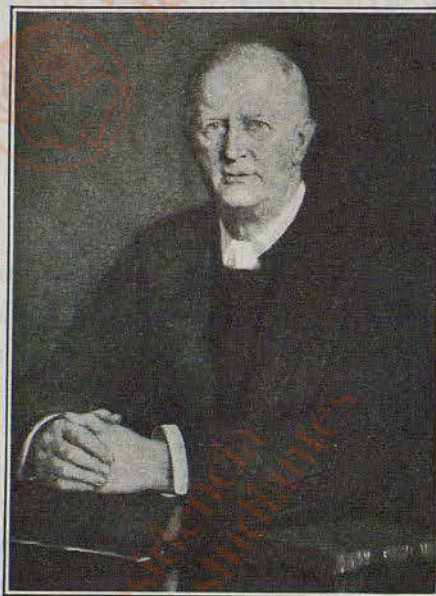
★ This cruise may also be made in the "Santa Clara" sailing from New York Nov. 23, 1935 or Jan. 4, 1936. All expense fares as low as \$525.



EDUCATION

Humane Doctor

In front of the headmaster's quarters in Hundred House one day last week Dr. Endicott Peabody stepped into his limousine, rode out through the gates of Groton School. In similar fashion, dozens of times each year, "The Rector" starts out for New York and Boston to marry old Groton boys. This time he was bound for Albany where, next evening, he was guest



GROTON'S PEABODY

For 25 years he kept speculators busy.

of honor at the 71st convocation of the University of the State of New York.

The University of the State of New York has neither campus nor faculty nor students. It consists entirely of a Board of Regents who administer the State's educational system, set the Regents Examinations, second in stiffness only to those of the College Entrance Board. But, being a chartered university, it also cherishes certain prerogatives. Among these are to dress up, make speeches, award honorary degrees. Last week President Frank Pierrepont Graves presented Dr. Peabody with the year's only degree, an L. H. D. (Doctor of Humanities).

Up then rose President William Mather Lewis of Lafayette College to speak on "The Contribution of the Secondary School to a Better Social Order." To some, this seemed a sour subject to bring up in the presence of the headmaster of a school so closely identified with the existing social order. Fears were set at rest when President Lewis began listing the evils of secondary education: "The use of correct, trenchant and beautiful English among the graduates of our secondary schools is so rare as to attract surprised attention. Manners are poor, the courtesies of an early day are classified as Victorian and are therefore discarded. It is considered smart to appear uncouth. Lawlessness is on the increase. Political indifference has increased. Spiritual ideals have become less evident."

Thus by indirection Dr. Lewis told off



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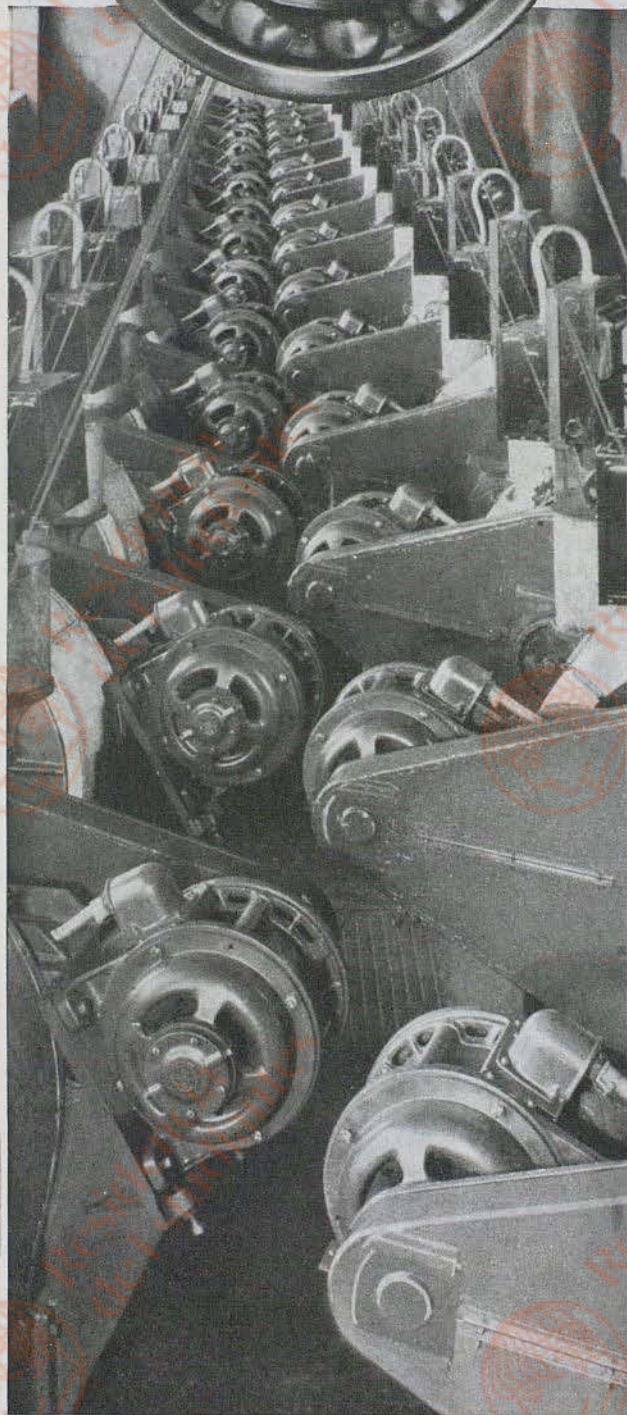
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some notable Groton virtues. Groton boys use good English, so good that six have received 100% on the College Board Examination. Their manners are flawless. They are never uncouth. They obey all the major laws. Their record as public servants is unique among swank schools. And if spiritual ideals are less evident, that is no fault of Endicott Peabody's.

Though they call him "Peabo" behind his back, most "Grotties" consider their Rector the awesome model of a fine New England gentleman. No U. S. headmaster has called forth more reverent tributes. Sample: "As long as I live his influence will mean more to me than that of any other people next to my father and mother."—Franklin D. Roosevelt, Class of 1900.

Endicott Peabody was 27 when, with two Boston friends, Sherrard Billings and William Amory Gardner, he founded Groton. Born in Salem, he had spent his own school and university days at Cheltenham and Cambridge in England where his father was a partner in the British branch of the House of Morgan. Returning to the U. S., he studied theology, became an Episcopal deacon (later priest) and built the first school building, Brooks House, in the little town of Groton, 45 miles from Boston.

From the English public schools Dr. Peabody borrowed much. Groton boys wear stiff white collars at dinner and blue suits on Sunday. They play "fives," a game vaguely like handball which originated at Eton. They have some say in choosing from their number a senior prefect who, with half a dozen ordinary prefects to help him, exercises disciplinary authority over the whole school. They live in "cubicles," small curtained cells, until they reach the upper forms, when they also get studies. At all times they are closely supervised and when they go home for vacations they are told what a terrible thing it is to disgrace the name of Groton.

Dr. Peabody has made no bones about Groton's being a school for the upper class. Among this class Groton found early favor. To it went Higginsons, Whitneys, Harrimans, Rogerses, Morgans. Theodore Roosevelt sent three sons and some plain words: "I was glad to hear the Rector when he asked you to be careful not to turn out snobs. Now there are in our civic and our social life very much worse creatures than snobs but none more contemptible."

However snobbish Groton may seem to outsiders, it is both democratic and in some respects Spartan within. Boys still wash up in tin basins at long soapstone sinks where hot water taps are few. Neither boys nor masters enter the infirmary without a faint feeling of shame. Endicott Peabody at Cambridge was a great oarsman, and exercise at Groton is "almost a sacrament." The Rector permits tennis and golf but he encourages the rough team sports. Until rivals raised too loud a clamor, he and many masters played on the school teams.

Groton is an inbred school. When a son is born to an old Grotonian, the happy news is wired to the Rector, who enters the child on the list of favored applicants. Result is that out of a student body per-



Everybody on this steamer will be glad to recommend this line... I've enjoyed every minute of my trip... I do not see how they can do it at the low rate... rooms are lovely, very comfortable with hot and cold running water... the biggest value I ever had... I wish to pay this tribute to the hospitality and courtesy of the Captain and the ship's personnel... arrangements for shipping my car were excellent in every respect...

(NOTE: These are real comments of actual passengers, taken word for word from letters which they have written to this line.)
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There are 270,000 workers in the Bell System. The 100,000 telephone operators are able to serve you as they do because of the specialized ability of 170,000 other employees—installers, linemen, repairmen, construction crews, engineers, commercial office workers and the many thousands engaged in research, manufacture and management.

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HOTELS

Beleaguered Bankers

During the great Boston fire of 1872, several officers of the city's First National Bank braved the perils of flame and smoke to remove the bank's funds and depositors' private boxes to a place of safety. There still existed danger from roving roughs, so the determined bankers took turns guarding the treasure day & night. To help keep up their stamina and morale, the member charged with commissary duties appealed to the Parker House, which supplied the beleaguered bankers with its famous food and drink until the emergency was over.

Thus in its last issue did *about The First*, well-edited house-organ of the First National Bank, reveal how Boston's most famous hotel played a part in the development of Boston's most famous bank.

Joker

One of a hotel manager's most pleasant tasks is that of going over the room reservations which arrive daily. In a goodly stack of these cards on the desk of Managing Director Glenwood John Sherrard of Boston's famed Parker House, Dame Fortune last week slyly hid a joker.

As Manager Sherrard went through the pile he came to one card which gave him more than ordinary pause. The writer explained that he had always stopped at The Bellevue on Beacon Hill, and that although he was thoroughly satisfied, he had read and heard so much about the Parker House* that he was keen to stay at that famed hotel.

Manager Sherrard's mounting satisfaction tobogganed temporarily as he read this, but he quickly recovered, broke out into a broad grin which showed that he fully appreciated the humor of the situation. The situation: The Bellevue as well as the Parker House is under Sherrard's direction.

Positive Porter

A Californian on his first trip East boarded a Boston-bound train in New York one recent midnight, troubled by the fact that he could not recall the name of the hotel at which he had been advised to stop. So strongly had the hotel been recommended that the Californian was determined to register there; he vaguely thought the name began with a "P" but no amount of brain-cudgeling helped fill in the blank. As so often happens, the tantalizingly elusive name kept the weary traveler tossing in his berth for hours. At 3 A. M. he rang for the porter in desperation, asked what good hotel in Boston had a name that began with "P". The porter took this unusual early morning request in his stride, grinningly replied "Why, sir, there ain't but one hotel in Boston—that's the Parker House."

The frantic Californian sank back into a deep and restful sleep; when he entered a taxi at South Station next morning he had no difficulty in naming the hotel he wanted. Five minutes later he was signing the famous register, recounting the story of his dilemma and the porter's ready answer.

* Plenty of rooms, with private bath, shower and circulating ice water, at \$3. For two people, \$4.50.

manently fixed at 180 boys, 94 are sons of alumni. Brighter than these are apt to be the ten boys admitted each year by competitive examination. Groton's scholastic standing is high, partly because it drills for College Board Examinations.

Of the three men who founded Groton, Billings ("Mr. B.") and Gardner ("Mr. G.") are dead. Endicott Peabody at 78 is as quick of wit and pink of cheek as a man of 60. Every boy and master knows that the Rector misses nothing, that his word is law. Dr. Peabody still coaches one of the intramural crews, still rides horseback. Sometimes Mrs. Peabody rides with him. A handsome, fragile lady, in black velvet dog collar and pearls, the Rector's wife has been a Peabody all her life and the Groton colors, red, white & black, were the colors on her grandfather's ships in Salem harbor.

In 1909 Groton celebrated its 25th anniversary. Among such alumni as Joseph Clark Grew, Bronson Cutting, Robert Rutherford McCormick, Payne Whitney, George & Richard Whitney, W. Averell Harriman, Warren Delano Robbins, Ellery Sedgwick and Percy Haughton, the favorite subject of speculation was "who will succeed the Rector?" Last year the school was 50 years old. Its alumni had grown to include Arthur Train, Sumner Welles, E. Roland Harriman, F. Trubee Davison, Dean Acheson, Junius S. & Henry S. Morgan, Oliver LaFarge. Again the favorite subject of speculation was "who will succeed the Rector?"

TRANSPORT

XP3Y-1

San Franciscans, staring aloft last week at a huge, low-slung Navy flying boat dropping up from the south, blinked with surprise as the twin-motored monoplane slid down for a landing. As the plane neared the Bay, the blunt tips of its 104-ft. wing split slowly open, hinged downward, became a pair of wing-pontoons which kept the narrow hull upright as it creased the water.

Retractable pontoons were a prime innovation in the Navy's new XP3Y-1. Built by Consolidated Aircraft Corp., it is similar to Pan American's new Martin *Clipper* in lines, has the same high tail, the same tapering fuselage. Most notable of all is the record it made last week on reaching San Francisco, having flown 3,450 miles non-stop from Panama in 34 hr., 40 min. Some 300 miles farther than the previous seaplane distance mark, this performance so pleased the Navy that it promptly ordered 60 more of the huge patrol planes, jealously guarded the details & costs of their construction.

Hapag's Hansa

In Berlin, the Hamburg-American Line last week changed the name of its twelve-year-old liner *Albert Ballin* to *Hansa*, derived from the ancient *Hanseatic League*. Reason: Albert Ballin was a good friend of the ex-Kaiser, a pre-War Hamburg-American tycoon, but also a Jew.

George, you've been in New York a lot. What's your idea of the best hotel there?"



"Essex House every time! It's convenient, quiet (right on Central Park), the food is great, and you won't find better service anywhere. Besides, it means a good deal in business to have a New York address like Essex House."

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A Big, Luxurious NEW Eight!

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With new Style-Leader
Styling . . . spacious,
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... smoother, livelier 100
horsepower . . . and all
the features that make
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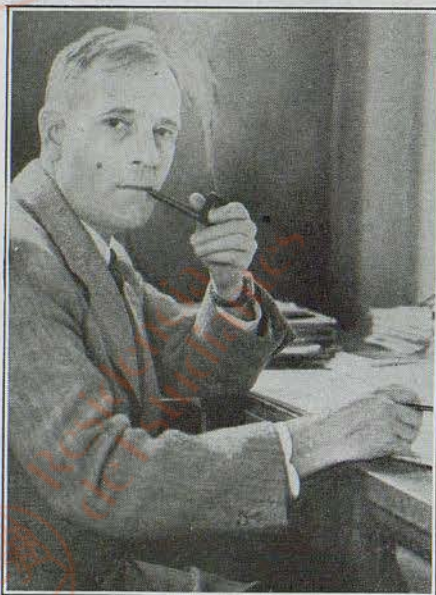
SIX • *"The Car that has Everything"* • EIGHT

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SCIENCE

Nebular Knowledge

On a long-exposure plate Mt. Wilson Observatory's Edwin Powell Hubble lately found a streak of light which was subsequently identified by other telescope men as an asteroid, one of some 1,400 small planets between Mars and Jupiter. It was a remarkable asteroid in that its orbit was more steeply inclined (39°) to the general plane of planetary revolution than any other except one (43°). But it seemed odd for Dr. Hubble, of all astronomers, to be making such a discovery, for the realm in which he usually works is so distant that the asteroids by comparison are practically underfoot. He just happened to catch the little planet, in fact,



Wide World

Mt. Wilson's Hubble

An asteroid got underfoot.

while he was photographing an island universe of stars hundreds of millions of light years from Earth.*

In New Haven, Conn. last week Edwin Hubble delivered the first three of eight endowed lectures on the present state of nebular knowledge, free to Yale students and townsfolk. He wasted no time whizzing his hearers past the solar system, past the local star cluster, past the local star galaxy (the Milky Way) to the limits of the known universe. Dr. Hubble's longest looks into space have disclosed star-swarms 500,000,000 light-years away, and this appears to be the limit of Mt. Wilson's giant telescope. Thus the observable universe is a sphere about a billion light-years across. What Dr. Hubble calls a "preliminary reconnaissance" shows that the sphere probably contains 100,000,000 nebulae composed of stars, the average nebula being about 20,000,000,000 times as heavy as the Sun and shedding 85,000,000 times as much light.

Few years ago Harvard's chaos-hating Harlow Shapley was mildly disturbed by what appeared to be a lop-sided condition

of the universe. The star galaxies seemed to be unevenly distributed in space, more in the northern sky than in the southern. This, however, turned out to be only a small-scale irregularity, tended to disappear when larger sky areas were polled, deeper penetrations into space made, the obscuring effect of dark matter allowed for. Now the galactic distribution in the observable sphere approaches uniformity. Dr. Hubble last week compared the population density to tennis balls 50 ft. apart. This he believes represents a dependable sample of the universe beyond the visible limits. The actual limits may never be reached except in the unlikely event that an instrument is built to see all around the curved space of Relativity.

Ghosts, No Ghosts

No one who believes in spiritualism ever changes his opinion by reading arguments against it. Few who do not believe are won over by anything they read.

—Henry Clay McComas
in *Ghosts I Have Talked With*.

Though firm believers in spiritualism and implacable non-believers may not be swayed by anything they read, for persons willing to hear from both camps two new books were at hand last week containing excellent statements pro & con. One author is a Baltimore-born Johns Hopkins psychologist who does his ghost-hunting with affability and scientific guile. The other is an elderly, dead-earnest, British-born spiritualist who has written some 70 books and papers on psychic phenomena, now heads the American Psychical Institute. All that the two books have in common is that both are readably written and each is dedicated to the author's wife.

Pro. Spiritualist Hereward Carrington's treatise is called *Loaves & Fishes*.* Mr. Carrington makes it clear that spiritualist philosophy needs no recourse to the supernatural. Everything that occurs must be a part of Nature. True, some weird things that happen are out of the ordinary; but these he prefers to call *supernormal*. They answer to "higher" psychic laws, would probably be objects of widespread scientific research if scientists were not afraid to confess how staggered they are by what goes on in séances. Mr. Carrington apparently accepts everything in the spiritualist showcases from crystal-gazing to astral projections and ghosts (which he prefers to call phantasms) on what he deems an overwhelming weight of sound evidence and reliable testimony.

Mr. Carrington brings into court the lifting of objects and human bodies without physical contact, telepathy, clairvoyance, premonitions, materialized phantasms which can snuff candles, transmission from the Other World of information to which the mediums could not possibly be privy, a mass of other phenomena.

As to the miracles narrated in the four Gospels, Mr. Carrington thinks some are coincidences (e. g., quieting the storm, the heavy catch of fish) while others are simply parables (e. g., feeding the multitude,

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finding the coin in the fish's mouth). Changing water to wine may have been mass hypnotism. Most of the others, especially the healing miracles, he considers to be demonstrations of Jesus Christ's extraordinary psychic power—but within the frame of Nature. Some of the disorders represented as blindness, dumbness, leprosy, demoniacal possession may have been hysterical in character and thus curable by powerful suggestion. Tissue actually diseased may have been made healthy by dematerialization and rematerialization. Lazarus and the other dead who were raised were probably only in cataleptic trances, since in two cases Jesus explicitly said they were not dead but "sleeping."

The Resurrection was "the greatest psychic event in all history." The appearance of Christ to his disciples after the Crucifixion was either a phantasm—a mental projection of the personality—or an actual psychic materialization, since Thomas was invited to thrust his fingers into the wounds.

Con. In *Ghosts I Have Talked With*,* Psychologist McComas tells how he started investigating spiritualism good-naturedly a decade ago, learned wariness and willingness as he went along. On one of his early researches, wearing plus-fours and a gay demeanor, he went to see a slate-writer. The slate-writer informed him coldly that conditions were not right that morning, hinted that he need not return any other morning. After that Dr. McComas wore sombre clothes and a solemn face when dealing with psychic practitioners.

Dr. McComas has visited all sorts of mediums, remarkably good and ludicrously bad, and he does not believe in ghosts or ghostly manifestations for the reason that he has been shown nothing he cannot fathom, either by his own observation and experiment or through suggestions from others. He was acquainted with the late famed Harry Houdini, inexorable foe of mediums. He learned that if a face were painted on a sheet with colorless anthracene and invisible ultra-violet light were played on the sheet in darkness, the face would emerge in ghastly luminescence.

The ablest medium that Dr. McComas ever encountered was a small, shy Pennsylvania Dutchman named Cartheuser. A onetime automobile mechanic, Cartheuser had a harelip, presumably a cleft palate, a pronounced speech defect. He gave séances in Dr. McComas' own study, where there were no trick gadgets. A dim, shaded light was hung almost to the floor, so that sitters and medium were ordinarily invisible. A trumpet banded with luminous paint stood on the floor. The trumpet would rise, swing toward the medium's chair, sail around the room, tapping heads playfully here & there. It would sidle up to a sitter's ear, whisper, "Hello, hello, hello." Cartheuser had three "spirits": a scholarly family doctor, an uproarious Indian, a little girl named Elsie whose personality as revealed in her talk was charming. None of these voices had the medium's speech defect.

Dr. McComas caught the trickster first by persuading him to let a stenographer take notes behind a screen. After eyes grew used to the darkness enough light

*Williams & Wilkins (\$2).



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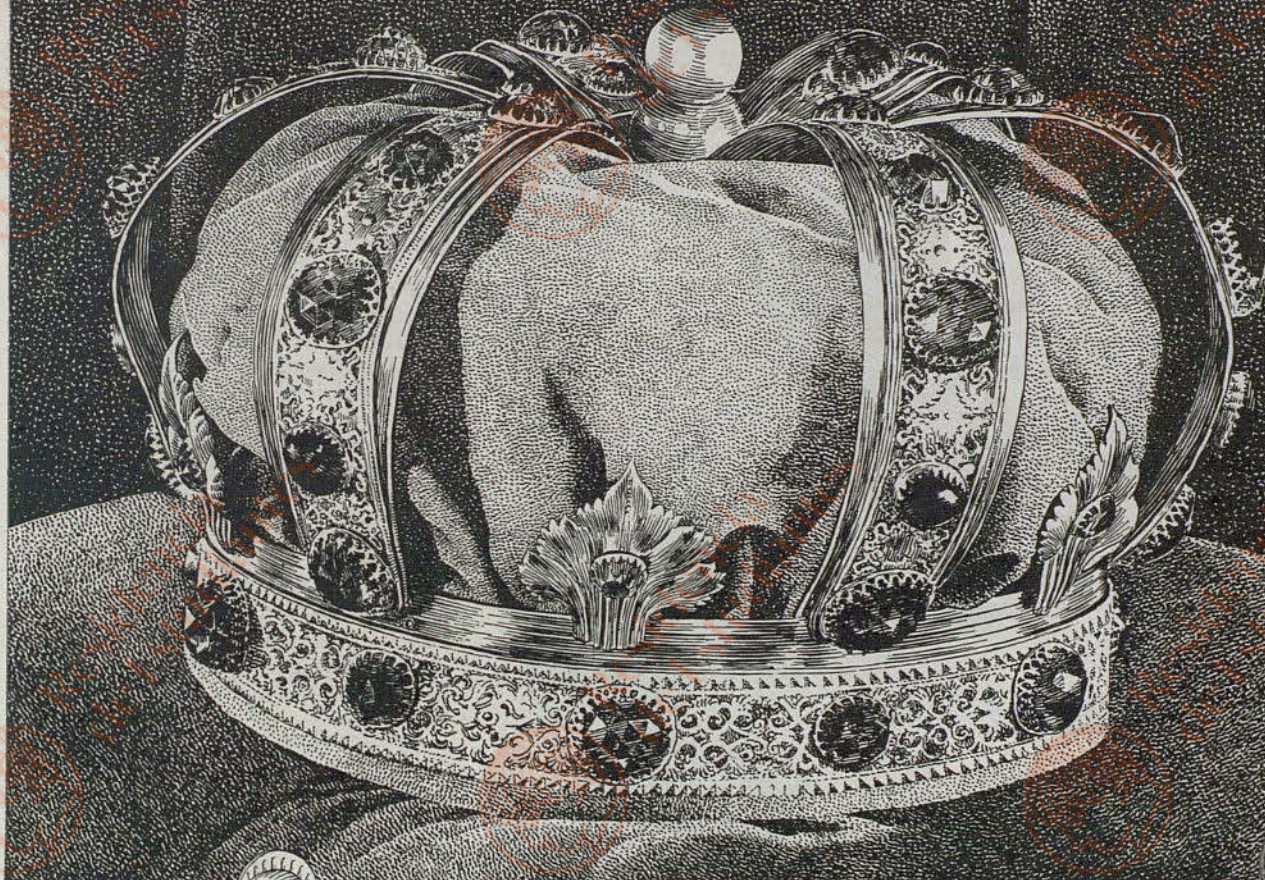
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filtered through the screen for the psychologist to see the dim figure of the medium rise from his chair, pick up the trumpet, move it about, whisper in it, all without making the slightest untoward sound. Dr. McComas solved the voice problem by applying a stethoscope to Cartheuser's throat. At first he was mystified to get no throat sounds when "Elsie" was talking, soon discovered that Cartheuser at such times was deftly pinching off the stethoscope tube. That the little man could produce three clear, different voices despite his mouth defects was a feat of super-ventriloquism. Cartheuser was a virtuoso of vocal cord control.

Not the ablest but the most celebrated of Dr. McComas' mediums was "Margery" of Boston, vivacious, attractive wife of Dr. Le Roi Goddard Crandon. Connoisseurs of the ghostly art were so enthusiastic about her that they professed willingness to let their case rest on her alone. Dr. McComas was appointed to head a commission to investigate Margery for the American Society for Psychical Research. The other commissioners were two eminent Johns Hopkins scientists, Psychologist Knight Dunlap and Physicist Robert Williams Wood.

At one sitting the investigators were permitted to control Margery's hands and feet while she was supposedly sprouting "ectoplasmic rods" from her thighs. Excerpts from their impressions, dictated to a stenographer during the séance:

McComas: Dr. McComas' hand directed to the substance. . . . It seemed like a cylindrical substance about $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in diameter with a hard, bone-like centre or axis. . . . Psyche's [Margery's] voice said, "I feel bad here," and pushed my hand up to the point on this cylindrical substance.

Dunlap: The "thing" [feels] cold and smooth and soft. . . .

McComas: During the time that the teleplasmic rod was striking at Dr. Dunlap's head, Psyche's ankles were in my lap.

McComas: Dr. McComas feeling Psyche from thigh to knee finds tights. This search made at Dr. Crandon's suggestion.

Dunlap: Dr. Dunlap finds that Psyche has silk bloomers on.

When the sitting was over, someone suggested that Margery be examined at once. To this Margery had a magnificent answer. She leaned forward, gagged convulsively, seemed to be vomiting, rushed from the room, followed by her husband. The investigators then examined the floor with a flashlight to see if the vomiting was genuine. It was not.

In their report to the society, the commissioners observed that the "Psychic rods" seemed to be some animal intestine stuffed with cotton and stiffened with wire. They had no way of assuring themselves that these were not handled by a confederate. The medium claimed that the rods were extremely sensitive, but when a commissioner slyly squeezed one as hard as he could there was no complaint from Margery.

The mechanical tricks—luminous effects, voice effects, card-reading in the dark, mysterious bell ringing—were all matched by Dr. McComas in a séance of his own which impressed a group of seasoned Margery sitters.

SPORT

Football

Whether or not Ohio State wins the Western Conference championship, its football season will be the most memorable in years.

It started with loud charges by Tree-Surgeon-Governor Davey that 13 members of the squad had State jobs (TIME, Oct. 21). Pleased by the uproar, officials at Ohio State admitted the fact, while Ohio



Acme

OHIO STATE'S SCHMIDT

Alaska, Addis Ababa and Bombay were interested.

State publicists ballyhooed the team's new name, "Scarlet Scourge," announced that requests for Ohio State's football schedule had been received from London, Paris, Alaska, Bombay and Addis Ababa. In its second game, against Drake, Ohio State made a season's record for the number of players used (47) as well as the number of points scored (85-to-7). By that time "Jumping Joe" Williams, sophomore half-back of Barberton, Ohio, was a U. S. celebrity, the Nov. 2 game with Notre Dame a sure sellout.

Last week, Ohio State opened its Conference schedule against Northwestern, in a game that might have had a shade more significance if Northwestern had not lost to Purdue fortnight before. Undismayed, college authorities arranged a "Dad's Day" celebration. Male parents of all Ohio State students were welcomed to Columbus by Football Captain Gomer Jones, invited to a banquet. Fathers of football players, on the sidelines wearing the same numerals as their offspring, were introduced to the 43,000-crowd over loud-speakers.

Ohio State promptly scored two touchdowns on passes. Jumping Joe Williams—around right end for 23 yards, through tackle for 35 more—made a third. Held three times on the 2-yd. line, Northwestern finally pushed a touchdown across just before the half ended. Parades followed, by the 140-piece Northwestern band, the 120-piece Ohio State band. In the second half, Northwestern threat-



(A) Photo-electric chart of Gillette "Blue Blade" edge.

(B) Fair edge but not good enough for Gillette.

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You can get it at any drug store — at a new and radically reduced price — 15¢ a box — simply by asking for it by its full name "BAYER ASPIRIN." Make it a point to do this — to ask for Genuine Bayer Aspirin and to see that you get it. There is no longer any reason — thanks to Bayer's present low price — to accept an unknown preparation in its place.

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Reduced to **15¢**



ened but Ohio State did the only scoring, after a 70-yd. march, in the last quarter. Final score, 28-to-7.

Ohio State's coach, considered chiefly responsible for the current football furor in Columbus, is a greying, garrulous, good-humored ex-Army captain named Francis Albert Schmidt. He graduated from Nebraska in 1914, started coaching at Kendall College, made a reputation at Texas Christian where he functioned from 1929 to 1934. At Ohio State, Schmidt's methods have been nothing if not thorough. He made his players practice six weeks in winter and all spring, brought them back to Columbus three weeks early this autumn, divided the squad into four groups, held workouts from 9 a. m. until sundown. Most Big Ten coaches abide by tacit agreement not to run up one-sided scores against each other. Not so, Schmidt. Superficial characteristics of his strategy are complex ground plays, frequent passes. His 18-year coaching record: won 137, lost 30, tied 10.

Seventeen games drew 500,000 people. The biggest crowd (61,000) saw what was probably the best game—Yale 7, Navy 6—in the Yale Bowl. For the Yale victory, after four periods of smashing, bruising football, credit went to Substitute Henry Gardner. He trotted onto the field in the first quarter, trotted off a few seconds later, after place-kicking the extra point following Yale's touchdown.

Pitt is the only team that has beaten Notre Dame three years in a row since 1900. Notre Dame's Coach Elmer Layden waited anxiously last week until three minutes before the Pitt game ended. Then, with the score tied, a basketball star named Martin Joseph Peters kicked the field goal that won for Notre Dame, 9-to-6.

In Texas, Southwest Conference teams have developed a football style of their own. It is florid and spectacular, a gambler's style, based on passes and pure speed. Last month experts thought Rice, Conference champion last year, with an available first string weighing one long ton (2,240 lb.), had the strongest concentration of football manpower in the U. S. Then Southern Methodist became high-scoring team of the country with 148 points to 6 against four opponents. In the Dallas game that seemed likely to mean at least a Conference title to the winner last week, a 150-lb. Southern Methodist back named Bobby Wilson wiggled around Rice's speedy ends, tunneled through Rice's hulking line for a touchdown. Orr's field goal for Southern Methodist made it 10-to-0.

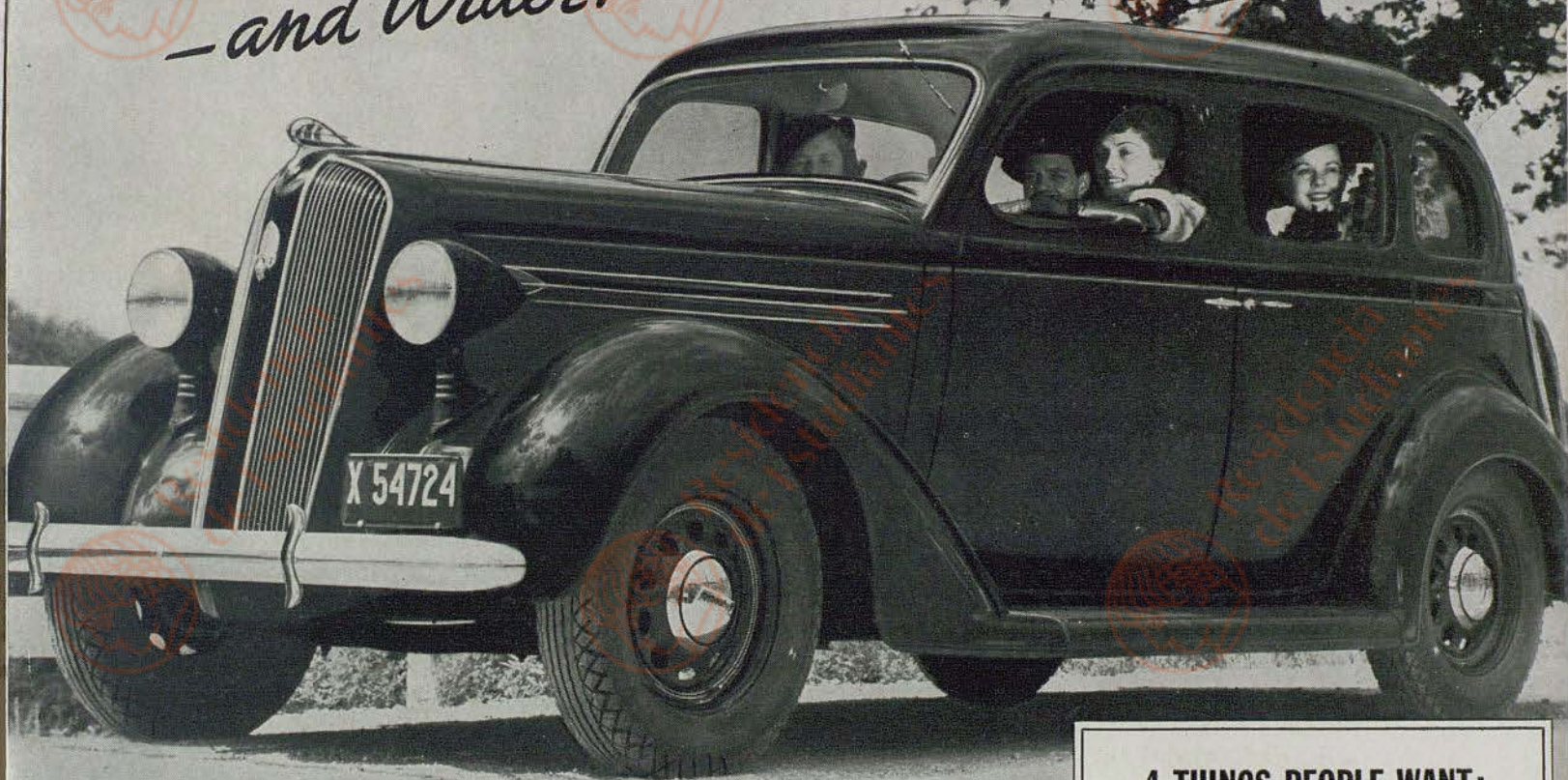
In Berkeley, a Santa Clara back named Joe Kelley somehow achieved a punt that went backward over his own head. California capitalized it, 6-to-0.

Three sprouting Roosevelts—James, John and Franklin D. Jr.—motored safely to West Point, watched Harvard lose to Army, 13-to-0.

Beaten by Princeton and Yale after leading at half time, Penn last week took revenge on Columbia, 1933 Rose Bowl winner, 34-to-0.

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As the twig is bent the tree's inclined

If you want a child to grow up strong and sturdy, see that he eats the right things when he's young.

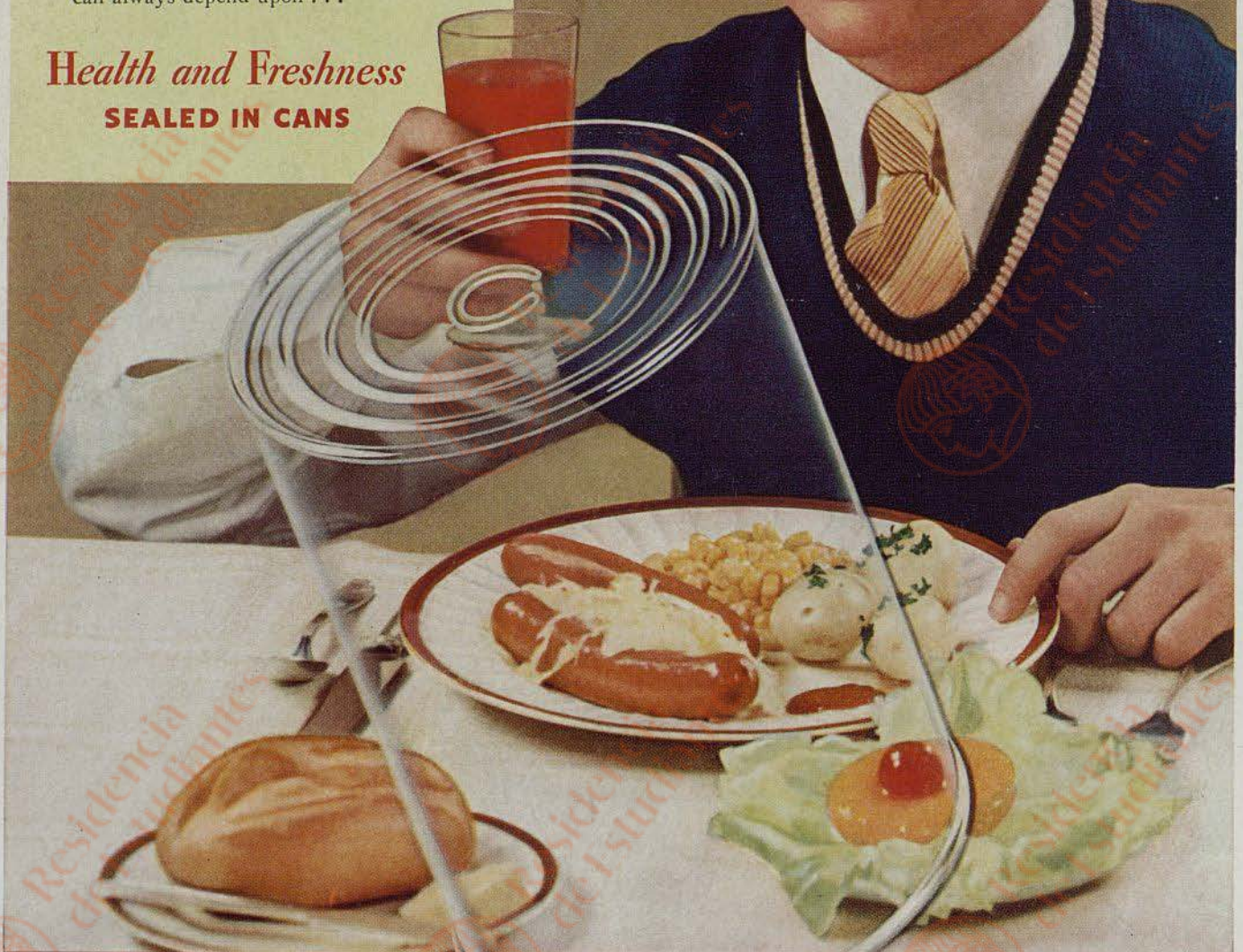
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T H E T H E A T R E

New Play in Manhattan

Bright Star (by Philip Barry; Arthur Hopkins, producer). Ten minutes after the curtain goes up on this one, Quin Hanna (Lee Tracy), introduces his fiancée Hope Blake (Julie Haydon) to a pair of old friends. "Hope," he says, "here are a couple of wonderful people—Kate Hastings and Sam Riddle. All gold, these two."

In practically the same words, Philip Barry has introduced to theatre audiences in the past decade a host of wonderful people, all gold. Dramatized versions of the folk Playwright Barry likes to gather



De Mirjian

PHILIP BARRY

Things looked bad for his ballet.

about him, they were grown-ups whose adolescence had been recorded by F. Scott Fitzgerald. If they were poor, it was because they were heroically artistic. Usually, though, they were quite well off. The ladies wrapped their pretty shoulders in furs, danced in Palter DeLiso slippers, got their divorces in Paris. The gentlemen took the Harvard-Yale football game semi-seriously, spoke an elliptical and charming language for which Playwright Barry became famed, were a little disillusioned as to Life but very stoical about it all.

Having made himself and Producer Hopkins a fortune with narratives concerning this gaudy set in such plays as *Holiday* (1928), *Paris Bound* (1927), *Hotel Universe* (1930), Playwright Barry solemnly resolved henceforth to keep his sacred and profane works separate. First result of this decision was a dramatic cropper two seasons ago when he wrote a pious work about some Boston Catholics called *The Joyous Season*. Taking a reef in his belt, Playwright Barry revealed last winter that, simply to make money enough for Producer Hopkins to present his forthcoming ballet, he was about to turn out *Bright Star*, which was to be as pleasant and profitable as *Paris Bound*. *Bright Star* slipped temporarily behind a cloud when tried out on the road last winter but when

the lights went down at its Manhattan première last week, Anna Eleanor Roosevelt Roosevelt, in the fifth row, and Joan Crawford, in the fifteenth row, both sat up expectantly in their seats. What subsequently happened boded ill for the Barry ballet.

Piecing the tale together from the debris of sloppy obscurantism, childish motivation and antique methods of dramatic narration, reviewers found a fairly simple story: Quin Hanna, "an unscrupulous idealist," goes to a small New England town which for no good reason he decides to convert into a small-bore Utopia, marries a wealthy but vague young woman whom he does not love, gets sick of it, her and himself, is about to decamp when his wife dies. But no matter how frantically the actors called each other harsh names, slapped each other's faces, revealed their inmost psychical discomfiture with long-winded monologs, the situation remained pee-wee, implausible.

First-Nighter Roosevelt, whose husband has been accused of some fairly impractical promotions, must have winced at Hero Hanna's befuddled, sketchy plans to make his town and State a social and political "model for America." Adept only at rough-&-tumble, Actor Tracy indicates strong emotion simply by blinking his eyes, bobbing his Adam's apple.

For Actress Haydon, First-Nighter Crawford, no Duse herself, must have winced. Playwright Barry claims to have discovered Julie Haydon even before she was cast as the blonde and beatific poetess in the Hecht-MacArthur cinema *The Scoundrel*. As the unloved but tiresomely noble wife of *Bright Star*, Actress Haydon has not added much to what has already been seen of her dramatic repertoire: a far-away gaze, tightly clasped hands, a remote voice.

Not since quarrelsome Elmer Rice began to hit the skids has Broadway seen so important a failure as *Bright Star* which, to the great dismay of proud Mr. Barry, closed after five days.

Mad Mahout

(See pictures, pp. 40 & 41)

An elephant paraded in Manhattan's Wall Street last week. All over the city billboards broke out in a rash of promises that New Yorkers would soon see something BIGGER THAN A SHOW—BETTER THAN A CIRCUS. The Hippodrome was boarded up behind signs which warned: *SH-H-H!* To a stranger, all this might have seemed strange indeed. But to Broadway its meaning was perfectly simple. Billy Rose was about to open his JUMBO.

As the decade's most extraordinary theatrical what-not went into the final frenzy of rehearsals, Producer Rose had a man on a downtown stage practicing a high-dive into a cage of lions and tigers while a swarm of acrobats and jugglers put the last pat of perfection to their acts and a crew of stagehands struggled with

(Continued on p. 43)

ALL AMERICAN END
(OF A GOOD SHAVE)

WILLIAMS
AQUA VELVA
FOR AFTER SHAVING

1. Bracing—feels great on your face.
2. Soothes tiny nicks and cuts.
3. Protects against windburn and chapping.
4. Makes you look your level best.
5. Costs less than one cigarette a day.

★
Send 3¢ in stamps for a sample bottle of Aqua Velva, to: THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A., or LaSalle, MONTREAL, Canada.
★
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WILLIAMS LUXURY SHAVING CREAM — AND GLIDER, THE WILLIAMS BRUSHLESS SHAVE

\$9.00 — CAN FEED FIVE PEOPLE FOR A WEEK
— CAN BUY A DINNER AT THE RITZ

For one man, \$9.00 buys a dinner at the Ritz. To another, it's the most he can spare out of his weekly wages to feed a family of five. His family must watch every penny. They can't afford to slip. But they do—illness, accident, death! Slips mean debts.

FINANCIAL FIRST AID

Household loans them money, helps them get on their feet again. Repayment requires less than 10% of monthly income. Furthermore—we help them stay on their feet. We train wives in the new science of expert "Buymanship" to make small incomes do as much as 20% more purchasing.

If you are an employer of men you will be interested in the full facts. Send the coupon below for samples of the valuable booklets that Household distributes to help families out of debt worries.

HOUSEHOLD

FINANCE CORPORATION AND SUBSIDIARIES

919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

HOUSEHOLD, 919 N. Mich. Av., Chicago, Ill. Dept. 16

You may send me free copies of the "Better Buymanship" and "Money Management" booklets. This request does not subject me to solicitation of any kind.

Name.....

Address.....

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



JUMBO

... is the circus, the *Follies*, the *Miracle* and Coney Island, to be served up at Manhattan's Hippodrome by Concocter Billy Rose. Above, Mr. Rose of Public School No. 44 confers with Mr. John Hay Whitney of Yale University. Mr. Rose wears the hat; Mr. Whitney holds his wife's dog. Each is in the show for \$125,000. Seated below are Librettists Charles MacArthur (with cigaret) & Ben Hecht (with cigar). "Will the story survive the circus stuff?" asks Librettist MacArthur and answers himself: "Who gives a damn?"



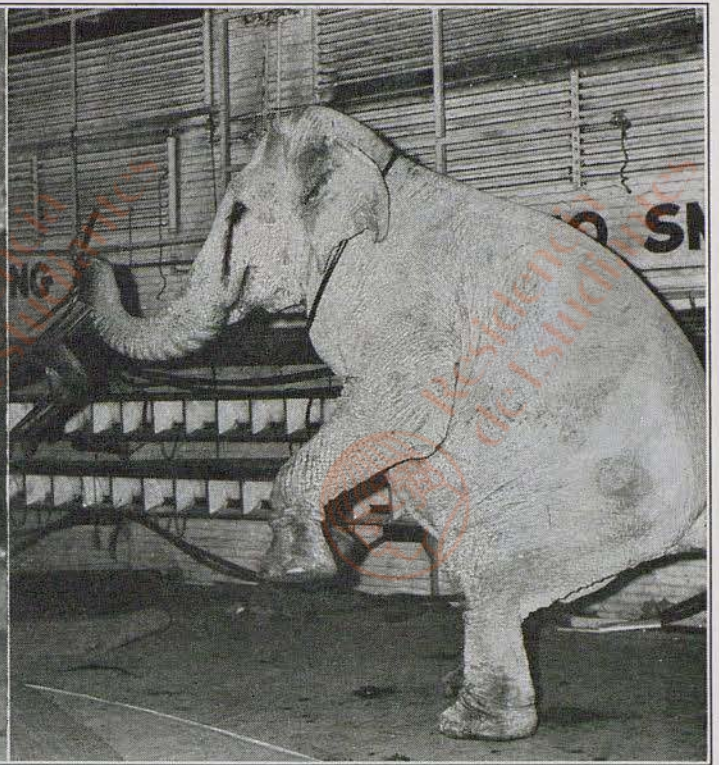
DIRECTOR John Murray Anderson, who staged last year's *Life Begins at 8:40*, points out to Bandmaster Paul Whiteman where he is supposed to make his entrance on horseback.



FROM THIS PAIR OF HANDS, belonging to Composer Richard Rodgers, came the music of such cinemas as *Mississippi*, such musicomedies as *Dearest Enemy*, *The Girl Friend*.



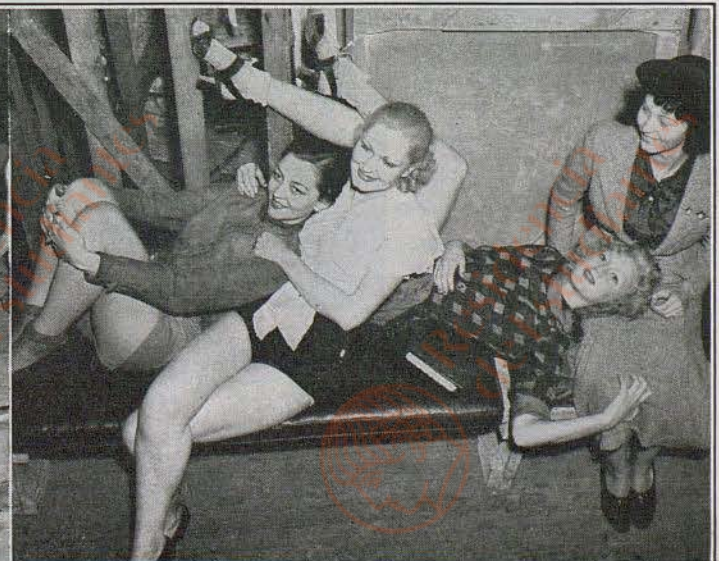
"SCHNOZZLE" Durante broods over his part as *Jumbo's* pyromaniac.



\$500 A WEEK is what this Swedish horse (above) gets because he can clap his hoofs. He has an understudy. At the Hippodrome's stage door is a large sign: "Through these portals pass the most beautiful horses in the world!" Above (right) crouches the elephant who has *Jumbo's* title rôle. Her offstage name is "Big Rosie," and she is the only elephant in the show. Her last feed bill ran to \$200.

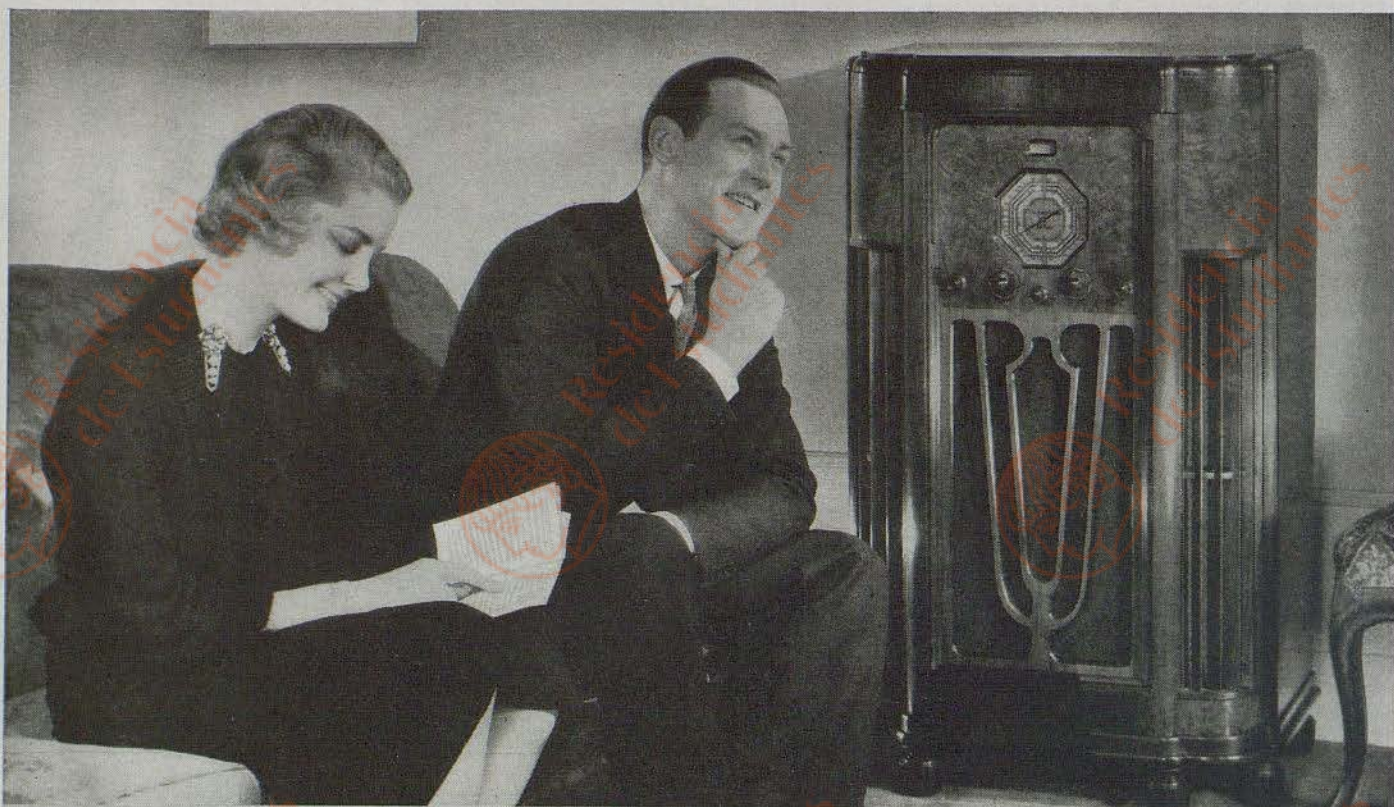


"MYRIADS OF DREAM WOMEN" was what Billy Rose wanted for his gaudy Durbar. At left, some of the dream women are being outfitted with satins and spangles at Brooks Costume Co. Since they started rehearsing in July, none of these girls has earned anything. Many a boarding-house keeper has been "carrying them," on the chance that *Jumbo* will have a long and prosperous run.



FOUR MONTHS AGO not one of these 16 acrobatic dancers, gyrating around the Hippodrome ring, had ever been on a horse.

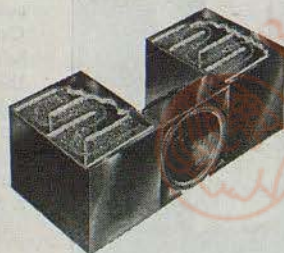
(All photographs on pp. 40 & 41 from Culver Service)
LEGS are necessary to every extravaganza. These chorines rest theirs during a lull in *Jumbo's* interminable rehearsals.



"What a Wonderful Radio We Chose!"



NO. 62 HIGH FIDELITY, METAL TUBES, TRIPLE RANGE. Selectorlite Dial. Dual Ratio Tuning Knob. Stromberg-Carlson High Fidelity Speaker with edge suspension of Carpinchoe leather. Height, 38 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Price **\$132.50**



THE EXCLUSIVE ACOUSTICAL LABYRINTH makes possible for the first time in a cabinet model radio, absolutely true reproduction of deep bass tones (no boom). **THE NO. 84 HIGH FIDELITY, METAL TUBES, 4 RANGE,** shown in main illustration is equipped with the Acoustical Labyrinth. Height, 43 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Price **\$275**



NO. 61-H METAL TUBES, TRIPLE RANGE. Shelf or horizontal table model of unusual beauty. Height, 11 inches. Price **\$67.50**

NO. 58-T GLASS TUBES, TRIPLE RANGE. Similar chassis to No. 61-H but in a table upright that is extremely popular. Height, 19 inches. Price **\$59.50**

OF COURSE they are delighted. The rich, Natural Tone of the Stromberg-Carlson fills their home with glorious music. Its power and great sensitivity enables them to bring in, strong and clear, programs from the most distant parts of the world. Its simplicity of tuning with the large-figured, easy-reading Selectorlite dial, gives a new sense of enjoyment in radio.

Among the wide variety of Stromberg-Carlson models, (the longest price range in the industry), you will be able to select the ideal radio for *your* home. Whether it be a set with metal tubes or glass tubes; one of the many High Fidelity models with or without Automatic Phonograph; a Console Grand or a compact bookshelf radio—no matter which you choose—**THERE IS NOTHING FINER THAN A STROMBERG-CARLSON!**

Stromberg-Carlson Radios are priced from \$59.50 to \$985 (Texas, Rockies and West slightly higher). To help you select exactly the radio you want, there is an illustrated booklet "How To Choose A Radio." It may be had, without charge, from Stromberg-Carlson authorized dealers listed in your classified telephone directory, or direct from the Company by mailing the attached coupon.

STROMBERG-CARLSON TELEPHONE MFG. CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Send me the illustrated booklet, "How to Choose a Radio".

STROMBERG-CARLSON TELEPHONE MFG. CO.
101 Carlton Road, Rochester, N. Y.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____

Stromberg-Carlson

(Continued from p. 39)

a spangled, 40-ft. jack-in-the-box which pops out of something no bigger than a suitcase. In a Brooklyn riding academy, 16 acrobatic dancers were in training for an equestrian ballet. Inside the Hippodrome the enormous stage had been extended to include a circus ring, and upon it 400 animals, among them a white horse from Sweden which claps its hoofs, were doing their tricks to the tootling of Paul Whiteman's band. Everywhere at once, Producer Rose, who stands 5 ft. 3 in., was barking directions, conferring heatedly, taking unintelligible notes in shorthand.

Billy Rose (né Rosenberg), one of the brightest boys ever graduated from New York City's Public School No. 44, has brooked very few failures in his 34 years. As his biographer, Alva Johnston, has pointed out, Rose has become one of the shrewdest characters in the cut-throat life of the metropolis by sheer quickness of thinking. He won grade-school medals for sprinting by learning to jump the starter's gun without detection. Later Rose's instinct for what pleases the masses made him one of the most successful song writers of the times, turning out the words for such tunes as *Barney Google*, *You've Got to See Mama Every Night*, *Without a Song*. After he became Comedienne Fanny Brice's third husband in 1929, he was spurred on to greater feats to keep his personality independent of his wife's fame. He produced a razzle-dazzle revue called *Crazy Quilt*, toured the country with it and, under the pressure of terrific ballyhoo, made himself a quarter of a million dollars. Then, says Billy Rose, "One day I discovered that there was a show called the circus which had a daily overhead of \$18,000 and still managed to make a profit of about \$2,000,000 a year. . . . I decided that was the business I wanted to be in."

Mr. Rose has chiefly distinguished himself in the show business by his ability to buy five cents worth of entertainment, sell it for a dollar. With characteristic shrewdness he knew that the kind of show he wanted to put on would take months of rehearsal, that to pay a large cast during this period would break him. So he managed to get his production outside the straitjacket supervision of Actor's Equity. Result is that while *Jumbo* has been steadily in the making since July, and while its premiere has been postponed every week since Labor Day, he has yet to pay his actors a cent.

But *Jumbo* is no cheap production. Mr. Rose got the peerless team of Rodgers & Hart to write his score, able Albert Johnston to do his sets and to refurbish (cost: \$40,000) the fusty interior of North America's best-known show house (rental: \$104,000 a year). He hired actors like Jimmy Durante, Arthur Sinclair, Blanche Ring for his star parts. And, catching them when they needed money, he contracted with Playwrights Ben Hecht & Charles MacArthur to write a libretto on which he could string his circus acts, stars and tunes. Messrs. Hecht & MacArthur repaired for a fortnight last winter to Suite No. 21, Villa Marguerita, Charleston, S. C., the exact spot where they turned out their memorable *Front Page* and *20th Century*.

All that Mr. Rose now needed was some-

BLACK & WHITE

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

If you're looking for those qualities that distinguish exceptional whisky you will find just what you want in Black & White.

Always and everywhere its outstanding quality is the same.



MORGAN DENNIS

Our trademark **SHAW** on every bottle

THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF QUALITY

ALEX. D. SHAW & CO., INC., 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

On the air 15 minutes every night from Monday through Friday

"THE MARCH OF TIME"

10:30 E. S. T., 9:30 C. S. T., 8:30 M. S. T., 7:30 P. S. T.

Over the Columbia Coast-to-Coast network

WATERPROOFED

...yet shined



Leather shoes of all types are waterproofed, wear better, and are more comfortable when treated with Snowshoe Leather Dressing. Snowshoe is an important basic development. Clean, stainless, odorless. Easy to apply. Proved by more than 8 years' use. Distributed by shoe finding jobbers; sold by shoe stores, sporting goods dealers, and shoe repair shops. Shoe shining stands can apply it at night and shine your shoes next morning. Packed in 3 oz. 25c; 7 oz. 50c; 2 1/2 lb. \$2.50. If dealer can't supply, send his name and 25c for 3 oz. can or \$1.00 for two 50c cans postpaid. Snowshoe Laboratories, Box 1022-F, Portland, Oregon.



Snowshoe
LEATHER DRESSING



**QUARTERLY
INCOME
SHARES**



Quoted in most daily newspapers. Listed on Chicago Board of Trade. Your investment dealer can furnish prospectus.

• Tune in—"To Arms for Peace!" Presented by E. R. Squibb & Sons in cooperation with World Peaceways. Thurs., 9:30 P.M. E.S.T.—Columbia network



It's the new idea of prevention—

Building good general resistance now for the winter months ahead

The past few years sensible people haven't waited for common, winter ills to occur. While they've been well, they have taken advance precautions for the purpose of remaining in good health.

It's known now that common ills begin to be troublesome about September, then have a tremendous upswing. They increase in number each month, reaching their peak in January and February.

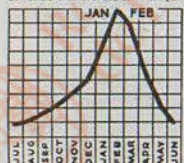
One reason they're so prevalent in mid-winter is because that's the time people are most likely to have *low general resistance*. By the time late winter comes, their reserve forces may be exhausted.

The wise thing to do, now that the peak illness months are known, is to prepare ahead by using a daily aid in building good general resistance, like *Squibb Adex*.

Adex tablets and capsules are a concentrate of the important vitamins in halibut and cod liver oils and Viosterol. They are the *only* concentrate made from all three sources. Each tablet provides 3,300 units of Vitamin A, 660 units of Vitamin D.

Now's the time of year to start with *Adex*. The way to get best results is to take them *regularly every day*. Any reliable drug store has *Adex*. Made exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

The increase of common ills during the winter months is graphically portrayed by this chart prepared from figures of U.S. Public Health Dept.



ADEX
TABLETS and CAPSULES
SQUIBB



one to put up another \$125,000 to match his. This he got through Pioneer Pictures from its chief, John Hay Whitney, generous angel of the amusement industry. Last week Mr. Whitney and his aristocratic wife, clad mostly in black sequins and carrying a lap dog, were having the time of their lives shuttling between the three widely separated places where *Jumbo* was taking final form.

Meanwhile, the extravaganza's ballyhoo was reaching its shrill peak, the work of Pressagent Richard Maney, a character twice as big and almost as fantastic as Mr. Rose. Ballyhooligan Maney's stock in trade is emphasizing his employer's lunacy, inventing alliterative nicknames for him in the Press. He has had little trouble on the first score, for even Mrs. Rose is convinced that her impetuous little man has taken leave of his senses. But the best nicknames the pressagent has been able to think up for his boss so far have been "The Rasputin of the Rathskellers," "The Mad Mahout of 42nd Street." "Next year," predicts Mr. Maney, "Rose takes over the Yale Bowl."

Another thoroughly vital figure who finds himself appalled by irrepressible Billy Rose is Playwright MacArthur, husband of Actress Helen Hayes. Rollicking around rehearsals last week Mr. MacArthur greeted Angel Whitney with "Hello, sucker!" every time they met, forecast: "This thing is either going to be the most fabulous success or the most fantastic failure that ever hit New York!"

MILESTONES

Married. Kathryn Schrafft, plump opera-singing daughter of the late Candy Tycoon George F. Schrafft; and Sir Peter Norton-Griffiths, handsome London barrister; in Newton, Mass.

Married. Abdul Aziz Ibn Abdulrahman Ibn Faisal Ibn Saud, King of Saudi Arabia; and the daughter of Sheik Nawal el-Shaalan of Damascus; by proxy, in Damascus, where 40 sheiks represented the absent bridegroom. Conqueror of Yahya the Imam of Yemen last year (TIME, May 14, 1934), creator and builder of modern Arabia, towering, bespectacled Ibn Saud has married and divorced more than 100 times, has never exceeded the limit of four wives at one time allowed him by sacred custom.

Died. Gaston LaChaise, 53, French-born sculptor; of leukemia; in Manhattan. Famed was he for figures of mighty contours and vast dimensions, one of which, a tremendous torso of a woman labeled COLOSSAL, was last year acquired by Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art (TIME, July 23, 1934). A massive man who somewhat resembled his own work, LaChaise used to say: "My statue grows, it has to be big. I cannot help it."

Died. Henry M. Kimball, 57, U. S. Representative from the Third Michigan District since February 1934, fifth successive Representative from his district to die in office since 1920; of apoplexy; in Kalamazoo.

HE WOKE UP IN DREADFUL PAIN



But Absorbine Jr. Brought Relief

*NOT until T. J., lawyer of Shreveport, La., woke up with shooting pains did he realize he had sprained his shoulder when changing a tire the afternoon before.

Fortunately his good wife knew what to do. Immediately she jumped out of bed, got the bottle of Absorbine Jr. off the bathroom shelf, and began rubbing that wonderful liniment into the sore spot.

Relief came quickly, says Mr. J., and he calmly went back to sleep as though nothing had happened.

Thousands of letters in our files tell similar experiences of grateful users. Nothing like good old Absorbine Jr. for sundry aches and sprains. Also, it kills the fungi that cause Athlete's Foot.

Economical to use—little goes far. At all drug stores, \$1.25 a bottle. To obtain free sample, write today to W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

*Based on actual letter from our files

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot

Died. Sidney Smith, 58, comic strip artist ("The Gumps"); instantly, when his automobile collided with another and crashed against a telegraph pole (his head was almost torn off); near Harvard, Ill. He had just signed a five-year renewal contract for "The Gumps" at \$150,000 a year.

Died. Bertha M. Sprinks Goudy, 67, world's ablest woman printer, wife & partner of famed Type Designer Frederic William Goudy; of cerebral hemorrhage; in Marlborough-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Died. Thomas Ventry ("T. V.") O'Connor, 65, longtime (1924-33) chairman of the U. S. Shipping Board, onetime president of the International Longshoremen's Association, onetime tugboat fireman; in Buffalo. He retired in the midst of bitter Senate charges of waste and favoritism, which included the accusation that a shipper paid a \$510 tailor bill for him.

Died. Emil Lederer, 67, arbiter of the North Atlantic Passenger Conference since its formation in 1932 to spread shipping business fairly, longtime Hamburg-American Line executive; after long illness; in Vienna.

Died. Sir John Charles Montagu-Douglas-Scott, 71, Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, holder of 14 peerages, chieftain of the clan Scott, prospective father-in-law of George V's third son, the Duke of Gloucester (TIME, Sept. 9); in Selkirk, Scotland.

Died. Arthur ("Uncle Arthur") Henderson, 72, president of the stagnant World Disarmament Conference at Geneva, Nobel Prizewinner for Peace (1934), in London (see p. 18).

Died. Major-General William Luther Sibert, 75, builder of the Atlantic division of the Panama Canal and of the Gatun Locks, manager of many another important Army engineering job, organizer and director (1918-20) of the Chemical Warfare Service; at his country home near Bowling Green, Ky. Although he quarreled with Goethals and went home before the Canal was finished, Soldier Sibert, unlike Soldier Greely (see below) got his Congressional thanks right away.

Died. Major General Adolphus Washington Greely, 91, famed oldtime Arctic explorer, one of the founders of the National Geographic Society; of complications following formation of a bloodclot; in Washington. In 1881 Lieutenant Greely led a party of 25 into the Arctic to establish scientific bases, reached a new "farthest North," 450 mi. from the Pole. When relief was delayed starvation set in, 18 men died (one by shooting for stealing food). Rescue came in time's nick for the surviving seven. While his exploit was officially ignored, Greely laid thousands of miles of telegraph line in the Orient, the Caribbean, Alaska. Last March the old soldier was belatedly honored by award of the Congressional Medal (TIME, April 1).

Over the Top to HEALTH



...when

SARÁKA begins to exercise intestinal muscles

Now—a *natural* way to overcome constipation! A new laxative that actually exercises flabby intestinal muscles—tones them up—makes them stronger. A laxative that gives people who have little time for outdoor sport the right to say "I feel as healthy as an athlete."

In fact, laxative is probably the wrong word for Saráka.* Its exercising action is so natural and *unforced* in its results that most users have no sensation of having taken a laxative. They forget that they ever were constipated.

Natural — Safe!

Because its action is so natural, thousands of physicians have recommended Saráka to their patients as a *safe laxative*. Saráka is entirely of vegetable origin—contains no harmful drugs. It is not violent nor weakening. Not habit-forming nor irritating. A safe way to Health!

Also—Saráka is pleasant to take. You swallow it in the form of tiny granules. Inside the intestine, these granules begin absorbing water. Gradually they

E-X-P-A-N-D

and form soft *bulk*. "Get busy! Exercise!" this extra bulk signals to the intestinal muscles. "Here's something to catch hold of. Now do a thorough job."

Saráka also contains a specially prepared vegetable ingredient called fran-

gula. This gives a second mild hint to the intestines to keep the waste products in motion. So you have BULK PLUS MOTILITY*—a combination that produces such natural yet thorough elimination that most people are reminded of their healthy youth when constipation was a thing never thought of.

Worth trying

The one way to find out how much Saráka can improve your health is to try it. The coupon below makes a liberal offer to new users. Send for the trial-size tin today. See for yourself how much better you feel after just a few days of natural *exercising action*.

SCHERING CORPORATION
Dept. 135, Bloomfield, N. J.
Canadian Address: Schering (Canada) Ltd.,
P. O. Box 958, Montreal, Que.

I am enclosing ten cents for a trial-size tin of Saráka. I understand that if I live in the U. S. you will also send me a coupon entitling me to a refund of this ten cents when I buy my first regular-size tin of Saráka.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

© 1935, Schering Corp.

After the game—

RHUM NEGRITA

(OLD NICK RUM)

by **BARDINET**

*The warmer upper
for cold weather*



- Because of unique flavor and delicacy Rhum Negrita is in a class by itself.
- Famous French dishes depend upon Rhum Negrita for their flavoring.
- Rhum Negrita gives a new thrill to highballs, cocktails and punches.



HOT TODDY RHUM NEGRITA

Juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar
Jigger Rhum Negrita
Fill glass with hot water



If you want Apricot
Liqueur, Creme de Cacao
or Creme de Menthe,
remember...

"Bardinet is best"

Copyright, 1935, Schenley Import Corp.

P R E S S

Hearst on Writing

Whatever people may think about what he writes, few practicing journalists can find professional fault with the way William Randolph Hearst writes it. Lately Washington Columnist Paul Mallon had the nerve to ask Publisher Hearst if his writings were all his own. Last week Mr. Hearst replied as follows:

"You asked me if I write all the articles I sign. That, Sir, is not a very complimentary question. . . . I am a professional newspaperman, Mr. Mallon, and I have been working at the newspaper business—not playing with it, but working at it—day & night for over 50 years. . . . Of course I write my signed articles, and many more that I do not sign. . . . I do not think it is such a trick to write. Anybody who can think can write. . . ."

"You ask me when I do my writing. I do most of it at night. There are so many executive problems during the daytime. . . . At night things cool off and quiet down. The stars come out. . . . Then—if ever—a stray thought is likely to come swirling out of the darkness like a bat and light on you. . . . I wish I could write books that live, like Dickens or Thackeray. . . . All I do is scratch down a few evanescent thoughts that are born in the night, and hardly live out the day. . . ."

Shy 35

Last week a national referendum of the American Newspaper Guild, which claims 5,000 members, failed by 35 votes of the two-thirds majority needed for affiliation with the American Federation of Labor. Undaunted, Guild President Heywood Broun announced: "A large majority of the Guild has given a clear mandate for the conception of the Guild as a trade union organization. . . ."

The question of affiliation will be brought up again at the Guild's next annual convention. Meanwhile the organization was preparing to bargain collectively with the Associated Press, which put its New York office back on a six-day week.

Death Pictures

Biggest news of its day was the world's first legal electrocution, at Auburn, N. Y. in 1890. To that event the New York *World* devoted whole pages, with details of the apparatus and its effect on the victim, who, through error, was literally fried alive.

Since then, despite the fact that sociologically the death penalty exists only as a horrible warning to others, most newspapers have soft-pedaled electrocutions. Newshawks, many of whom leave a death chamber retching, rarely report such details as the victim's mouth foaming, hair burning, flesh giving off sparks. Exception was the Ruth Snyder execution in 1928, when the tabloid New York *Daily News* attained a U. S. circulation record of 1,556,000 by front-paging a photograph of the husband-killer in the electric chair. That picture, called by *Editor & Publisher* "the most sensational ever seen in Amer-

An Advertisement About Iowa

BOX OFFICE

White Way to Iowa

15 Hits. News stunned Broadway last year that Helen Hayes had gonged a world record at the box office in Des Moines with her "Mary of Scotland."* Quickly revived was Broadway by a strong scent of mazuma. Logical sequel last week was news that 15 recent stage hits with Broadway stars and casts will play in Des Moines this season.

Carriage Trade. Cogent was the reason. Tests by ably managed Shrine Theater proved that exclusive ads in *The Des Moines Register and Tribune* alone (circulation 270,000) reach Iowa's carriage trade, buyers of \$3.30 tickets. One such insertion brought reservations from all 99 Iowa counties!



JUNE KNIGHT

Des Moines is waiting for her

Iowans are so interested in new Broadway shows, *The Register and Tribune* sent a photographer to get exclusive back stage shots of the new hit "Jubilee".

Stars in Iowa. Thus Iowa theater-goers need rely no longer on habitual New York trips, will likely see as many No. 1 stage hits and stars in 1935-36 as New York's average theater-goer: Lunt & Fontanne, Henry Hull, Walter Huston, La Cornell, Merivale, Judith Anderson, Helen Mencken; Tobacco Road, Three Men on a Horse, Carroll's Vanities, Life Begins at 8:40, The Old Maid, The Great Waltz. In all Iowa, town crier will be *The Des Moines Register and Tribune*.

Sellout. Far beyond the footlights last week echoed real import of this news, into every industry's cherished box office. For *The Des Moines Register and Tribune* offers all advertisers the same direct approach to its 270,000 carriage trade families in all 99 Iowa counties. To sellers of necessities and other luxuries than \$3.30 tickets Iowa's renowned State Daily offers a ticket for a sell-out in the state with cash.

*One performance indoors, \$9,445.50; Katharine Cornell drew \$7,000, one show; Cantor, \$16,000, two shows; Green Pastures, \$17,000 in three.

ica's press," was obtained by Photographer Tom Howard, who wore a tiny camera strapped to his ankle, had a remote-control cable release in his pocket, gave the film a six-second exposure from his seat twelve feet from the chair. Newshawk Howard was given a \$100 bonus, a trip to Havana for his pains.

Last week newspaper editors had in their hands not one electrocution picture but six, showing progressive stages in the execution of Gerald Thompson, Peoria, Ill. raper and girl-killer in Joliet State Penitentiary, Illinois (TIME, Aug. 12). With one exception, every paper in New York



International

THE LATE GERALD THOMPSON

Chicago stomachs were less delicate.

found some reason not to run the pictures. To the *Mirror* they were "distasteful." The *Journal* thought they "lacked local interest." The *American* deemed them "too poor to reproduce." Lone exception was the *Daily News*, which slipped one into its Sunday rotogravure supplement.

Chicago editors' stomachs were less delicate. Despite the fact that William Randolph Hearst opposes capital punishment, his *Herald & Examiner* gave the picture a full page, tacked on a homely sermon against crime by Rev. Thomas Anderson, religion editor. Next day the *Herex* ran all six pictures and the Hearst *American* slapped one across Page One with a homily by Rev. Preston Bradley, publicity-loving dean of the Chicago clergy.

For the *Herald & Examiner*, the pictures represented a notable scoop. City Editor John Dienhart had long had a standing order from hard-boiled Managing Editor Victor Watson for an electrocution picture. To the execution of Murderer Thompson he sent tall, personable Camera-man William Vandivert, with a candid camera concealed in the crotch of his trousers. Squatting on the floor in front of some 50 standing and kneeling witnesses behind a wire-mesh glass partition, Vandivert caught the writhing body, the contorted hands, the black-hooded face of Gerald Thompson, won for himself a small bonus, a smaller raise.*

*Vandivert used a Contax camera, Eastman Super X film, made eight 1/8-sec. exposures at F 1.5 from 15 ft.

You can't include *park bench* circulation and expect to measure today's TRUE COSTS of advertising



The PURLINE,
advertising's newest

yardstick, compares costs of reaching
ACTUAL SPENDING POWER

HOW can the value of advertising media be accurately measured in terms of readers' ability to buy?

The Purline throws a revealing spotlight on this much neglected subject. Consider the five newspapers in Los Angeles. Here, where minimil rates indicate relatively slight cost differences, the Purline shows that one newspaper, *The Times*, doubles the expectancy of return per dollar from any one of the others.

Los Angeles Purline Rates

The Times	\$.65
Newspaper B	1.89
Newspaper C	1.37
Newspaper D	1.30
Newspaper E	1.87

Why such differences? Overlooked by many advertisers today is the astonishing number of practically impoverished readers included in total circulation figures.

Forty per cent of the readers of one of the largest circulation newspapers in Los Angeles have been on regular or partial relief during the past twelve months. Thus 40¢ of every dollar invested

PURLINE = $\frac{\text{LINE RATE} \times 1 \text{ BILLION DOLLARS}}{\text{PURCHASING POWER OF READERS}}$

in that paper is wasted on families with meagre if any income.

On the other hand, only 9% of *The Times'* circulation is to charity families. Among all families in Los Angeles County earning \$3,000 a year or more, *The Times* is read by 7 out of every 10.

This more-able-to-buy readership, covered at lower cost, is why local Los Angeles merchants overwhelmingly prefer *The Times*. And why *The Times* has frequently led the newspapers of the world in total linage.

If you are interested in cutting your advertising costs in the rich Los Angeles Market (where retail sales per capita are still leading the world), write National Advertising Manager, *The Times*, Los Angeles for "A New Survey of 23 Market Areas of Los Angeles County." Or phone national representatives Williams, Lawrence and Cresmer, New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco.



Los Angeles Times

NEWSPAPER • CIRCULATION
FOOT HEWE 157,791

Copies bought
by people
on Relief - 57,000

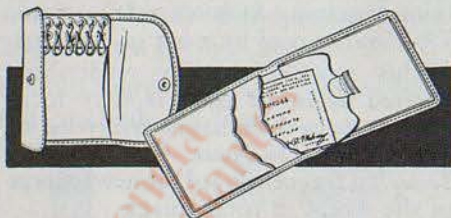
There's *Something*
about real leather
that always
pleases
a Man!



PERHAPS it's an instinctive throwback to the days when his ancestors killed and cured their own leather. Perhaps it's the *genuineness* of leather. A real bit of fine leather always hits a man in the right spot.

And today you can give him the finest leather goods that are made—Quaker Quality, bench-stitched, starting at one dollar and spending as much more as you want. Alligator, lizard, ostrich, buffalo, seal, morocco, cowhide, calf or pigskin—drop in and look over the line of wallets, billfolds, license cases, tobacco pouches, cigarette cases, portfolios and other genuine, stitched-leather goods in the stores that feature the Quaker Quality line.

Quaker Quality goods are recognized by the best stores everywhere as the finest they can give you. "They're stitched"—with linen thread for permanence—the only way leather wears well—and looks well.



For \$1, \$2 or \$3 you will find in Quaker Quality stores a wide assortment of useful leather articles. They're all genuine leather. They're all stitched. And these same stores also have the more elaborate and expensive leather articles for men that you buy for a very special gift.

Look for this display



QUAKER QUALITY
GENUINE LEATHER

"They're Stitched"

GENUINE QUAKER QUALITY LEATHER GOODS ARE CARRIED BY FIRST-CLASS STORES EVERYWHERE. IF YOU WISH TO KNOW THE ONE NEAREST YOU WRITE F. P. HUGHES CO., 925-927 FILBERT ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Strip Act

Because Publisher George Baker Longan has a snake phobia, it is many a long year since the Kansas City *Star* has printed news of reptiles (TIME, Aug. 18, 1930). When references to snakes are unavoidable, the *Star* generally compromises by identifying them as "moving objects." Last week *Star* editors were horrified when a syndicate comic strip, "Moon Mullins," revealed Uncle Willie's wife Mamie as a onetime snake charmer, showed her performing in a freak show with a huge serpent coiled around her neck. Hastily the resourceful *Star* substituted non-serpentine "Moon Mullins" strips from 1927 and 1929.

"Annie Laurie"

No woman writing for the daily press has more readers than a portly, hearty, white-haired old lady who lives in a little house high above San Francisco's Golden Gate. Nearly blind, ailing from diabetes and shingles, she celebrated her 72nd birthday last week in bed. San Francisco's Board of Supervisors stopped work long enough to pass a resolution wishing her "many happy returns." The Chief of Police sent flowers. So did Mayor Angelo Rossi, who is by trade a florist. But what warmed the old heart of Winifred Sweet Black Bonfils most was a pair of solemn little Kerry Blues shipped by special plane from William Randolph Hearst.

First and most famed sob-sister in the U. S., Mrs. Bonfils is known to readers of the Hearst syndicate as Winifred Black but to readers of the San Francisco *Examiner* she is "Annie Laurie." Nearly 50 years a Hearstling, she dictates an average of nine articles a week—six "heart & home" pieces for the syndicate, three or more "Annie Laurie" columns for the *Examiner*. Much of her work is done from her bed. Over her bedroom mantel hangs a faded old photograph inscribed: "To my dear friend and associate, Winifred Black Bonfils, from her sincere admirer, William Randolph Hearst."

Forty-five years ago when Winifred Sweet was a slim, pretty young woman with red hair and blue eyes, the *Examiner* assigned her to a children's playground party. There she met a "tall, handsome, well-groomed young man" who helped her quiet a howling moppet. Back in the office she met the tall young man again, answered brusquely when he asked: "What became of the Bull of Bashan?" She then learned that the tall young man was her boss, William Randolph Hearst, who had lately bought "that new paper on Montgomery Street." Since then she has never been brusque with "W. R."

"Annie Laurie" was born in Wisconsin, daughter of Civil War General Benjamin Sweet. Educated at swank finishing schools, she went on the stage, quit when she was handed a burlesque rôle. On the strength of several letters she had had printed in the Chicago *Tribune*, she got a job there, held it a week. In 1890 she went to San Francisco, was hired by the *Examiner*. She had a theory that "a woman has a distinct advantage over a man in reporting if she has sense. . . . Men always are good to women." One of the first

As one old expert
to another, don't
you agree that it
takes

CINZANO

pronounced

Chin-zan-o

VERMOUTH
ITALIAN or DRY

to mix a perfect
cocktail...?



Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.
New York, N. Y.
Sole Distributors

Politicians ignore it— Brain trusters scorn it— Business men take it for granted!

FOR the last five years, Federal and State agencies have tried to relieve unemployment by "made-work". Ways and means of creating jobs have challenged the ingenuity of those in government who believe that a job is better than a dole. But how were jobs created before the depression came?

The ABC of Economics

As an advertising agency, it has been our privilege to see the inside of the American economic system during the past 60 years and more. We have sat in the councils of management. We have studied the problems of sales and have translated the virtues of a product into the most compelling appeal we could command in order to sell the goods of our customers. And then what happened?

As sales increased, jobs were created. As volume grew, there were more jobs inside the plants whose products we helped to sell. More jobs, too, in the plants of those whose raw materials were used. When the railroads shipped more goods, more freight cars were needed, more handlers employed. In distribution, jobbers and retailers in turn employed more sales people. All this has been an every day routine in the operation of the American economic system. Business Men take it for granted. Politicians ignore it. Brain Trusters scorn it.

America Builds from Within

But the American economic system has been built by jobs made from within and not from without. By jobs that resulted from ever greater sales ability and sales strength as spread throughout the nation by advertising—salesmanship-in-print.

In the past 63 years we have invested for clients, upwards of \$500,000,000 in advertising—\$180,000,000

of that amount in the last five years of depression. Billions in sales accrued to our clients as a result of investing this money. Employment for hundreds of thousands of men was thus created. A million retailers made their mark-up on millions of sales. Freight loadings swelled. Banks turned their money. Ships loaded their cargoes. And dividend checks got into the mail.

Salesmanship-in-Print Turns Dollars into Jobs

All these things happened because someone appealed successfully to the millions to buy. Because someone accelerated the quick exchange of goods with advertising, which Lord & Thomas defined 30 years ago as *Salesmanship-in-Print*.

True salesmanship-in-print is a great deal more than the mere writing of copy. It is a commercial concept as wide as the field of human imagination and emotion. It is the vital stuff of which commerce is made. And the men who can apply its principles with mastery and creative fire are few indeed. Yet they are here at Lord & Thomas—they have *always* been here. Men with the *feel* for ideas that *sell*. Men who know that advertising success, like all commercial success, depends on getting big men behind you: *Men Who Can Sell the Most for the Money*.

Jobs Made from Within

If America's recovery is to be real, it must, as always before, rest securely on jobs made from *within* American business. Politicians ignore this. Brain Trusters scorn it. But Business Men who win, take it for granted. And in giving irresistible buying Reasons—Why to the millions with money, salesmanship-in-print creates jobs for the other millions, which means a Real Recovery.

LORD & THOMAS · advertising

There are Lord & Thomas offices in New York; Chicago; Los Angeles; San Francisco; Toronto; Paris; London
Each office is a complete advertising agency, self-contained; collaborating with other Lord & Thomas offices to the client's interest

"WHEN SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES!"



IF the sour notes of that stewy old pipe make you gasp and gag, remind the smoker that pipes—like pianos—have got to be kept tuned. Let him scrape out the bowl, ream out the stem, fill up with Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco, and the pleasant aroma of clean Kentucky Burleys will fill the air. By hard work (and a little luck) we've found a blend that is noticeably milder to the tongue and sweet music to the nose. It's kept fresh in heavy gold foil. Try a tin and sing for joy.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. T-510



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

things she did was to pretend to faint on the street. Taken to a hospital in a hearse, she investigated the emergency ward from the inside, wrote an exposé which caused a thumping scandal, cost most of the hospital staff their jobs, resulted in ambulance service.

At the Galveston flood in 1900 she put on male clothes, shouldered a pick-ax, was the first reporter through the lines. Climbing over piles of corpses, she filed an exclusive story, organized an emergency hospital, got Publisher Hearst to send relief trains. Another time, disguised as a Salvation Army lass, she visited the "lowest



Peter Stackpole

SOB-SISTER WINIFRED BLACK BONFILS

"Most of them are sap sisters."

dives" of the Barbary Coast, wrote a stirring series on vice. She covered the Thaw murder trial, interviewed everyone from Sir Henry Irving to President Harrison, visited the leper colony at Molokai. When Mr. Hearst's mother died in 1919, "Annie Laurie" wrote the official press obituary, later turned out a 54,000-word biography of Phoebe Apperson Hearst in twelve days.

She took the name "Annie Laurie" in imitation of her celebrated contemporary, Joseph Pulitzer's globe-trotting "Nellie Bly." Her first husband, a newshawk named Orlow Black, died. She has long been separated from her second, the late Publisher Fred Bonfils' Brother Charles. Her two sons are dead, a daughter, married. Today she lives alone, except for her secretary and a Cherokee Indian maid.

A vigorous opponent of sentimentality towards criminals, Mrs. Bonfils grows saccharine over little domestic tragedies. Nonetheless she hates being known as a sob-sister, snorts: "Most of them are sap sisters." A curious holdover from a by-gone age, she still regards her professional harness with the romantic aura of an old firehorse: "I like newspapers and newspaper people and newspaper standards, and I like newspaper news too, and I'm just foolish enough to say so. . . . I'm proud of being, in a very humble way, a member of the good old newspaper gang—the kindest-hearted, quickest-witted, clearest-eyed, most courageous assemblage of people I have ever had the honor and the good fortune to know. . . ."

CINEMA

The New Pictures

La Maternelle (Photosonor). Made in Paris two years ago and now exhibited in the U. S. for the first time, this amazing little study of school teachers and school children in the slums of Paris has been generally recognized abroad as one of the authentic masterpieces of the contemporary cinema. Superficially, it is the story of Rose, the school housemaid (Madeleine Renaud) whose intuitive sympathy for the inmates brings her to the favorable



PAULETTE ELAMBERT

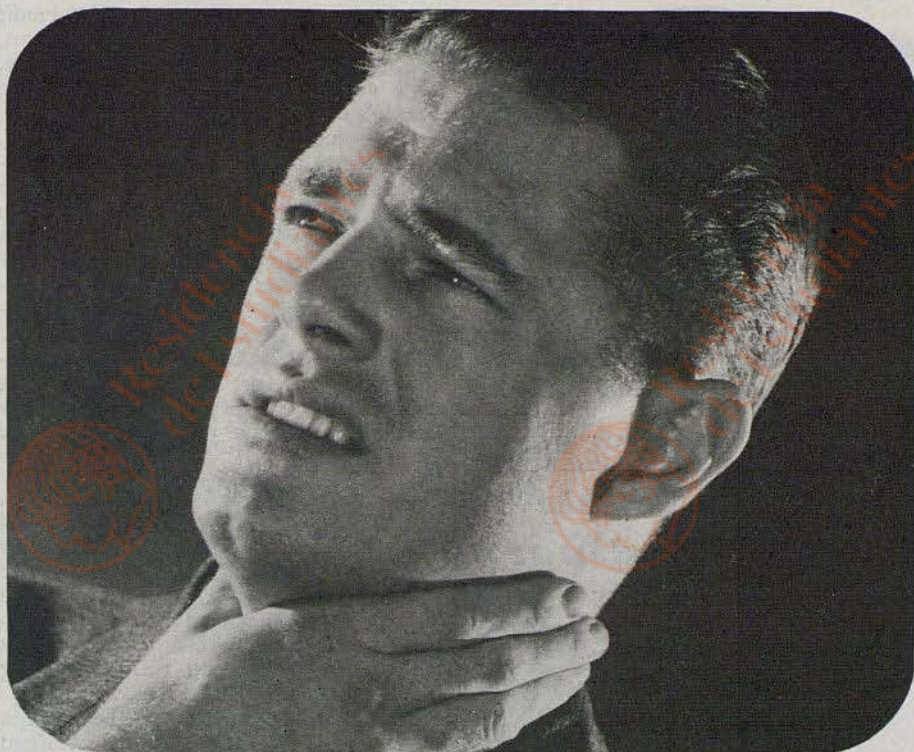
When her Montmartre mother runs away. . . .

attention of the government doctor, and of Marie (Paulette Elambert), woe-begone little daughter of a Montmartre prostitute, who chooses Rose as her protector when her mother runs away. Essentially, it is not a story at all but a series of small panels depicting the daily life of the mopeys and their guardians.

Among these are a "psychological experiment" in which the children are allowed to make friends with a white rabbit, then informed that he will be cooked for their lunch; a pageant, in which the morose urchin selected to act as king has to have fleas combed out of his hair lest he upset his crown by scratching; Marie's effort to commit suicide when, after seeing Rose leave with the doctor, she thinks herself abandoned again.

The qualities of simplicity and tenderness, in which the best French pictures have so often outclassed Hollywood, give these little scenes a dramatic impact which, by comparison, makes the collapse of Pompeii (see p. 52) a pin drop. Good shot: in the ring of faces around the white rabbit, a minute, snub-nosed Negro, speechless with approval.

Madeleine Renaud, member of the Comédie Française, whose performance in *Maria Chapdelaine* (TIME, Oct. 7) brought her to the attention of U. S. cinemaddicts, was responsible for the sensible suggestion that the adults in *La Maternelle*



Throat Irritation— HOW TO RELIEVE IT

MOST THROAT IRRITATION is due to millions of germs growing upon the mucous membrane of your throat.

When this happens, you suffer from pain in swallowing.

What can you do about it? In many cases, you can help materially to check the infection, and you can almost instantly allay the pain of the inflamed area—by gargling with Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37.

A germicide that also soothes . . .

WHEN Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 is used as a gargle, the first thing that happens is that every germ it touches is killed almost instantly.

But that is not all. Solution S. T. 37, at the same time, almost immediately allays the pain of the red and swollen tissues. You will notice its soothing effect almost at once after each gargle. The pain may return, but as gargling is repeated and the tissue heals, the pain ceases. A little of the solution should be swallowed each time to make sure that it gets deep into the throat.

Solution S. T. 37 is actually stronger than carbolic acid in any usable solution. Tests of mouth rinsings, with Solution S. T. 37,

show that the exposed and removable germs are reduced 96%. And that, 5 hours later, these germs are still reduced 91%. Yet Solution S. T. 37 is safe even if swallowed.

How to gargle

In order to reach as many germs as possible, let the gargle fluid slip down as far as possible in the throat. And hold it there as long as possible. Always commence gargling before the infection becomes too severe.

You will find Solution S. T. 37 pleasant to gargle with. It is delightfully soothing. Solution S. T. 37's property of easing pain may also be used to advantage in wound and burn cases. It relieves the pain as it kills the germs. It does not sting even when poured into open wounds.

Try it the very next time you have a cut or burn or an irritated throat. Have it ready. At all drug stores in the blue and white package—50¢ and \$1.00. Prices slightly higher in Canada. Remember, if any throat irritation should persist, do not fail to consult your doctor.



Between gargles, use Hexylresorcinol Sucrets (pleasant-tasting lozenges) for continuous antiseptic and soothing action—25 cents. To give your teeth delightful antiseptic cleansing, use Hexylresorcinol S. T. 37 Tooth Paste—25 cents.

HEXYLRESORCINOL SOLUTION S. T. 37

A Product of Sharp & Dohme



YOUR ENGLISH

Back on the Air

An Extraordinary Educational Opportunity

Sponsored in the Interest of
Fluent, Distinctive Speech
Throughout the Nation

THE Better-Speech Institute of America
presents a new, self-teaching course
in Practical English and Effective Speech

SUPPLEMENTED BY INSTRUCTION
OVER THE AIR

broadcast each Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock
Eastern Time, over a coast-to-coast network.



"YOUR ENGLISH"—Now on 46 NBC Stations

Now you can improve your knowledge and command of words quickly and enjoyably in the privacy and comfort of your own home. Through this new course you can refresh your memory in respect to Grammar, Spelling, and Punctuation, refine your Enunciation, correct your mistakes in Pronunciation, eliminate your careless Speech Habits, add to your working Vocabulary hundreds of useful words that will enable you to express your ideas more adequately, and learn how to apply the simple principles underlying Effective Expression.

The absorbing style in which the lessons are presented and the stimulating *Instruction Over the Air* combine to make the course the most fascinating and helpful training ever conceived.

PROVE ITS WORTH TO YOU

So that you may determine for yourself the practical value this training holds for you, the Institute will send you the first lesson, if you will merely defray the cost of postage and handling, which amounts to 25c. Then, if you decide to obtain the entire course, the 25c will be applied against the cost. Fifteen of the most interesting lessons you've ever read, each beautifully bound in maroon and gold, for only \$3.75—about the cost of an ordinary textbook.

If you would have at your command the most potent force within the grasp of man, begin NOW to develop an outstanding mastery of words. Take the first step today by mailing your name and address and 25c, in coin or stamps, for the first lesson from this interesting course.

**THE BETTER-SPEECH INSTITUTE
OF AMERICA**

180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago

should wear no make-up. Otherwise, credit for dialog, direction and, to a large extent, photography goes to Jean Benoit-Lévy, who adapted the picture from Léon Frapié's novel. Son of a toy manufacturer, bespectacled, 47, Director Benoit-Lévy, whose *Itto*, dealing with Moroccan revolution, is the current cinema sensation in France, selected his cast from slum children who had never acted or even learned to recite. Paulette Elambert, a rather ugly little girl with a big mouth and sad intense eyes, hopes to grow up to be a confectioner.

In his capacity as Secretary of Educational Cinema, Director Benoit-Lévy was last week lecturing at Columbia University on the "Social Role of a Motion Picture Director."

The Last Days of Pompeii (RKO). The connection between this picture and Baron Bulwer-Lytton's famed novel begins and ends with the title. It is a massive melodrama relating in epic terms the life history of an Augustan prizefighter, ancient in its settings but modern in its methods, and equipped with everything from the Crucifixion to a hold-up.

Marcus (Preston Foster) becomes a gladiator when the death of his wife and small son for lack of medical attention impresses on him the fact that money has advantages. In short order, he becomes the Joe Louis of Pompeii, adopts the son of an opponent he has killed in the arena, retires from the ring, goes into horse dealing. On a voyage to Judea, he meets both Jesus Christ and Pontius Pilate. The former brings his small ward out of a coma. The latter puts Marcus in a fair way to make his fortune by a robbery.

Back in Pompeii again, Marcus finds himself on top of the social pile. He has a fine house, a private galley-landing and free seats at the arena, which he supplies with slaves. The only kink in his arrangements is supplied by his young Flavius (John Wood) who, remembering the experience of his childhood, has grown up to be a Christian. Flavius does his best to free slaves condemned to the arena, a capital offense at which the prefect of Pompeii catches him.

The destruction of Pompeii (79 A.D.) rescues Flavius and Marcus from their dilemma. Flavius has just been tossed into the arena when the walls begin to fall. He and a pretty captive girl escape from the slave pit. Poor old Marcus, convinced finally that crime does not pay, sacrifices his life to help them get away in a galley.

As entertainment, *The Last Days of Pompeii* is exciting, spectacular and ennobling in a matter-of-fact fashion. As an actor's Roman holiday, it is particularly satisfactory for razor-nosed Basil Rathbone. Though deprived of the peg-topped trousers which have so often added to the elegance of his impersonations, he makes his Pontius a brilliant prototype of a world-weary and sardonic early empire politician. The most exciting moment in *The Last Days of Pompeii* is not the eruption of Vesuvius but a quiet scene on Marcus' front porch when Flavius asks Pontius, back from his procuratorship, whether there was a faith-healer in the province who used to preach the Brotherhood of Man and, if so, what became of him. Says Pontius Pilate: "There was. I crucified him."

ASK FOR-



THE ARISTOCRAT OF
VERMOUTHS

• SINCE 1835 •

Distributors: McKESSON & ROBBINS, Inc., N.Y.C.

OLD SPEAS
AN ALL-AMERICAN
DRINK



FINE OLD APPLE BRANDY

Good News
FOR PIPE SMOKERS
The Famous English
"BOBBIE" Pipe
Comes to America



Write for FREE Book

HOUSE OF BOBBIE Importers MARION, O.

AMAZING NEW INVENTION!
Wanted: Local County Managers

The new mechanical eye fire alarm. Sends out loud warning when fire starts. No batteries or wires. Big demand stores, factories, schools, hospitals, homes, country estates, stock farms, etc. Bears Reexamination Service Mark of Underwriters Laboratories. Endorsed by fire chiefs. Write for this money-making opportunity.
FIRE-CRY COMPANY, Dept. 13-B
1300 E. First Street, DAYTON, OHIO



It's in the Air (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) is a lowdown, occasionally hilarious comedy about a pair of grafters poaching on the sports world for a living. Jack Benny is a gambler. Ted Healy is his stooge. After a catalog of petty rackets, the story straightens out into the semblance of a plot. Benny is trying to get away from a Federal officer (Nat Pendleton), out to jail him on income tax charges. To elude the detective and arrive at a resort where his estranged wife (Una Merkel) works as tennis instructor, Benny procures an airplane by explaining to a manufacturer that he wants to "find a site for a stratosphere flight."

This situation reaches its climax in the picture's funniest sequence, in the gondola of a balloon. After shedding the Treasury agent in a parachute, Benny tries to maintain a broadcast while coping with a blizzard, a thunderstorm, his stooge's spells of unconsciousness, and his wife's anxiety coming in by radio. Good shot: Healy



JACK BENNY

He sheds a Treasury agent.

confronted with evidence that he has paid his hotel bill in a check written in ink which becomes invisible when dry.

Jack Benny is currently the world's highest-paid entertainer. He receives approximately \$7,500 a week for his Jello broadcasts, \$100,000 from M-G-M for each of his pictures. Last year NBC gave him a gold medal as No. 1 star of the air. This year his real popularity (as well as the ludicrous exaggerations of radio publicists) is exemplified by the claim that his following is 18,000,000.

Born in Waukegan, Ill., Jack Benny spent his afternoons working in his father's haberdashery, his evenings learning to play the violin. He followed the well-scuffed path from amateur night to orchestra to vaudeville, with a patter & fiddle act. *Dramatic Mirror* of Nov. 12, 1921, said of him: "We would like more violin and less chatter." Benny ignored the warning, increased the chatter until he was playing comic rôles in Shubert and Carroll shows on Broadway. One night Columnist Louis Sobol let him tell a few gags on his radio hour. Benny was a hit. His voice, grating on the stage, "took" on the air. Sponsored by General Foods, he worked up to his present eminence by an offhand amiability and the knack of weaving advertising matter into his act as part of the dialog.

On the air, Benny's wife, Mary Living-

It is a proved fact that Edison MAZDA lamps stay brighter longer

**ELECTRIC EYE
SAYS "BARGAIN"
BULB COSTLY**

Poor lamps waste current;
Grow dimmer in use

Good lamps save money
for user

A poor lamp would be no bargain even if it came wrapped in a dollar bill! That is the conclusion of engineers from tests made with the "electric eye."

The initial cost of a lamp bulb was shown to be unimportant compared with its efficiency—that is, the amount of light produced for a given amount of current consumed. Edison MAZDA Lamps were shown to burn brightly over a long period of use. Inferior lamps gave less light at the start and grew steadily dimmer—thus using current very uneconomically.

People who realize that the cost of light is the cost of the bulb plus the cost of current, are turning more than ever to MAZDA lamps made by General Electric.



General Electric has reduced MAZDA lamp prices 17 times since 1921. For example, the 300-watt size now costs only 90¢ as compared with \$3.15 less than 15 years ago.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, NELA PARK, CLEVELAND, OHIO



INFANT INDUSTRIES



...and Babies

It would take a good many hours of conversation to cover the purposes for which Morris Plan loans are granted. Many an infant industry has grown into vigorous youth with capital obtained through Morris Plan . . . and then has frequently found occasion to come back in the interest of individual officers, employees or customers. And many a baby is welcomed into the world by financially untroubled parents because of Morris Plan.

It would take a day to tell of the aims which have led other millions of Americans to place their accumulated thrift funds with Morris Plan institutions.

The plain fact is that Morris Plan can be useful to almost everyone at one time or another. A school teacher, a vice president of a large oil company, a janitor, a salesman, a secretary, a commercial banker, a storekeeper—they are all patrons.

Become acquainted with the Morris Plan institution in your city. It can be of tangible value to you, your friends, or employees.

MORRIS PLAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

with which is affiliated the Industrial Bankers Association, Inc.

15 EAST FAYETTE STREET



BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

This series of advertisements is sponsored
by Morris Plan institutions in 84 cities

stone, feeds him his gags. He gives much of the credit for his success to Harry Conn who writes his routines—impromptu vaudeville with the affectation of a plot. In cinema, Benny played a half dozen pictures before *Broadway Melody of 1936* made him a star.

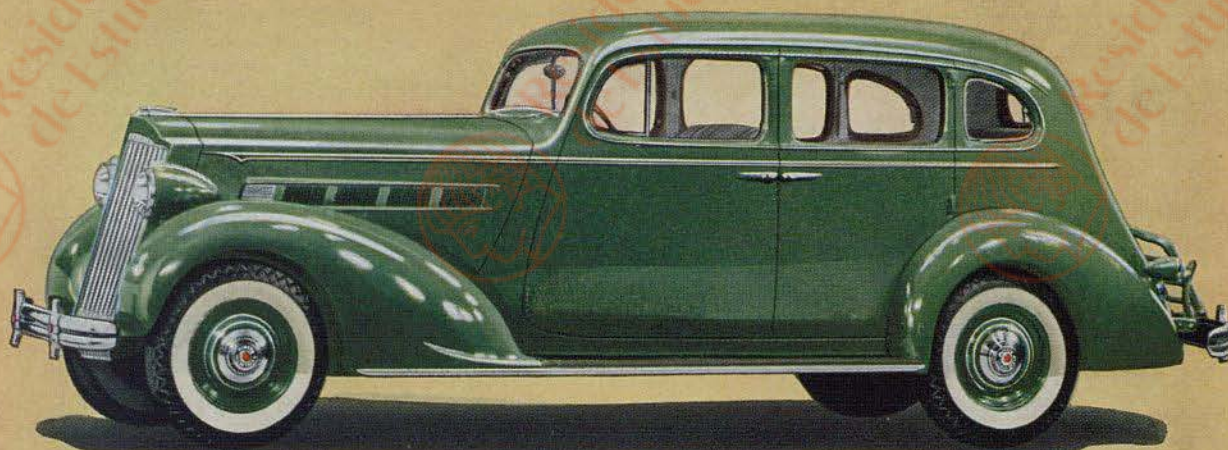
Metropolitan (Twentieth Century-Fox). It is apparent that, until operacinas can be written about persons other than opera singers, the form will remain affected, feeble, monotonous. However, until that time arrives, *Metropolitan* may be considered as one of the best examples of its sort yet screened. Its story varies from pattern in that the hero triumphs on the stage, not of the Metropolitan in Manhattan but of a rival company in Philadelphia. Furthermore, *Metropolitan* has a string of less negative qualities to recommend it. Its screen play, by Bess Meredyth and George Marion Jr., is unfailingly light-hearted and literate. Its score, though a potpourri of operatic and concert-stage favorites, is well chosen. Its cast includes Alice Brady, Virginia Bruce and Luis Alberni. Its star is Lawrence Tibbett, whose baritone voice is still the best vocal instrument the talking screen has presented to the U. S. public and who in this picture, his first in four years, is heard to better advantage than ever before.

First practical consequence of the Twentieth Century-Fox merger of last summer, *Metropolitan* includes an aria from *The Barber of Seville*, *The Road to Mandalay* and *Glory Road* in plain clothes, excerpts from *Faust* and *Carmen*, all sung by its affable, grape-nosed star with grace, good humor and superb enthusiasm. No better indication of the civilized qualities of the picture could be given than its adroit conclusion. Tibbett, harassed by the strain of running an opera company whose "angel" has deserted it, comes out to sing the prolog to *Pagliacci*. He does so in grand style to ringing applause from both the audience in the picture and, usually, the audience at it. Then, instead of going on into what looked like an inevitable anti-climax of more arias, prolonged congratulations and embraces by hero and heroine, the curtain comes down and *Metropolitan* is over.

Good shot: Virginia Bruce, rendering Micaela's third act aria from *Carmen*, photographed so perfectly that few cinemaddicts will be aware that a double does her singing for her.

Hands Across the Table (Paramount) puts a new twist to the old one about the millionaire's son and the manicurist. Carole Lombard is the manicurist, Fred MacMurray the son. The twist is that the one idea they have in common keeps them apart. Both want to marry money.

Having lost all his father gave him, MacMurray gets engaged to an heiress and is dispatched to Bermuda by her family while she gets ready for the wedding. He spends his steamship fare taking Miss Lombard out after their meeting in a barber shop. Next day they make a deal whereby she lets him live in her apartment until the supposed vacation is over. In its appeal to a U. S. box-office which rarely resists the situation of two young people living together and not making love, *Hands Across the Table* should do well.



Here's the new Packard 120 for 1936...

The 1936 Packard 120 Sedan for Five Passengers, One of Seven Attractive Body Styles

...NOW LET US TELL YOU WHAT THE PICTURE DOESN'T SHOW

THE beauty of the new Packard 120 for 1936 speaks for itself. Its lines—the distinguished lines that have identified Packards for more than 30 years—these tell you the car will always have Packard smartness, will always stand out from the crowd.

But what the picture cannot show is that this new 120 is just as thoroughly a Packard in every other way.

It has Packard long life built into every part. It has a motor designed and built by Packard—with 120 mighty horsepower that threads you easily, smoothly through traffic or sweeps you swiftly and quietly along the highway.

It has Packard safety—hydraulic brakes, plus a body built as only Packard can build a body. It has Packard comfort—the luxury you would expect in a car built by Packard.

Nor can a picture of the 120 show you how easily you can own this car.

If you can afford any new car, even one in the lowest price class, you can easily enjoy the pride and distinction of driving a Packard. Packard's liberal time payment plan makes this possible.

And the long life and enduring beauty of the 120 make such payments out of income sensible. For this is not a "one or two year car" in

either performance or style. Years after the last payment has been paid and forgotten, your Packard 120, because of its Packard quality and Packard lines, will still be thrilling to drive, and thrilling to own.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

\$990 to \$1115

AT DETROIT...STANDARD ACCESSORY GROUP EXTRA

Hear LAWRENCE TIBBETT, America's favorite baritone, every Tuesday night, 8:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time—Columbia coast-to-coast network.

PUTTING ETHIOPIA ON THE MAP

From the flat, unfruitful, fever-stricken tip of eastern Africa where the Red Sea empties into the Indian Ocean, there rises a huge natural escarpment, cliffs from 8,000 to 10,000 feet high. The hinterland is a maze of mountain ranges, some of whose peaks rise to 15,000 feet. This is Ethiopia, the oldest unconquered nation in the West.

To show Ethiopia's importance in Africa in its true geographical perspective, November's **FORTUNE** presents a portfolio of 8 maps. They illustrate the conflicting forces and the strategic position which makes Ethiopia today the focus of Africa's 11,500,000 square miles of jungle, gold, diamonds, copper, desert, and negroes. One of these maps is reproduced on the opposite page. The other seven include:

THE MEDITERRANEAN...showing the powers aligned against Italy, and how the islands of Pantelleria and the Dodecanese give Italy the strongest naval position any Mediterranean power has held since the sixteenth century.

ETHIOPIA PROPER...a bird's eye view showing at a glance why this is

the most expensive nation in the world to conquer...and a military map showing the only avenues of attack.

THE NILE AND EGYPT...illustrating why the Manchester cotton mills are alarmed at the thought of Italy's taking Lake Tana.

LAKE TANA...showing, nevertheless, that the diversion of the waters of Tana is more difficult than alarmists would have you believe.

ARABIA AND THE RED SEA...where Ibn Saud holds a trump card, one which England watches carefully.

THE MOSLEM WORLD...where the possibility of revolt, especially in India, always haunts British strategists.

ALSO IN NOVEMBER:

The Grasslands...Why the dust storms on the western plains last spring are warnings that man has abused his planet past its powers of resistance.

The Trouble With Capitalism is the Capitalists...who have failed to bring down their prices. Such is the conclusion reached, after three years of research, by the Brookings Institute, which blames the long depression on monopolies and trade associations which have pegged prices at levels so high that America could not afford to establish a standard of living commensurate with America's capacity to produce.

Frank Knox...Who will undertake to beat Roosevelt? The answer is a list of names headed in 1935, by a man of no mystery who remains a personality unknown.

And Western Union, Modern Decoration, Machine Tool Industry, Campbell's Soup.

For any one who would follow this fast changing international situation this portfolio of maps is invaluable. In monotone and color gravure they are in the same technique that has in the past made **FORTUNE's** maps one of its most distinctive features. Every month **FORTUNE's** cartographers illumine some important subject with similar maps as fascinating as they are instructive.

• Fortune

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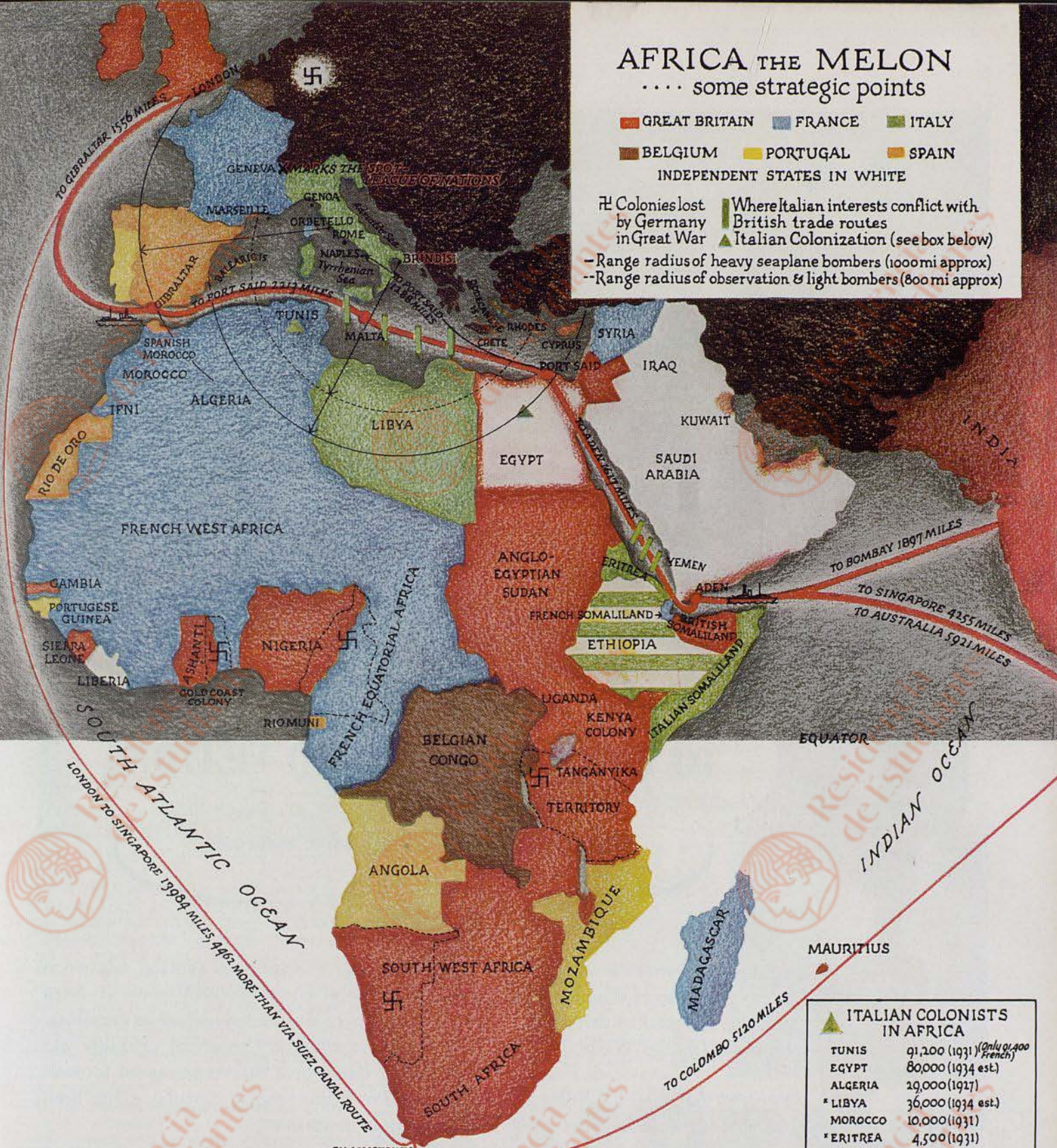
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AFRICA THE MELON

... some strategic points

■ GREAT BRITAIN ■ FRANCE ■ ITALY
■ BELGIUM ■ PORTUGAL ■ SPAIN
 INDEPENDENT STATES IN WHITE

☞ Colonies lost by Germany in Great War
 ☞ Colonies lost by Italy in Great War
 ☞ Where Italian interests conflict with British trade routes
 ☞ Italian Colonization (see box below)
 --- Range radius of heavy seaplane bombers (1000 mi approx)
 --- Range radius of observation & light bombers (800 mi approx)



ITALIAN COLONISTS IN AFRICA	
TUNIS	91,200 (1931) (only 91,400 French)
EGYPT	80,000 (1934 est.)
ALGERIA	29,000 (1927)
* LIBYA	36,000 (1934 est.)
MOROCCO	10,000 (1931)
* ERITREA	4,500 (1931)
* ITALIAN SOMALILAND	1,600 (1931)
* Italian Colony	

L.H. Appleton

DISTANCES IN STATUTE MILES

In case of trouble at the Suez Canal, the British are strengthening naval bases around Cape of Good Hope with special emphasis on Mauritius (east of Madagascar)



GEORGE WASHINGTON SERVED IT TO HIS DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

...and in time this fine rye
became the toast of two nations



SERVING Mount Vernon Rye to your guests is an act of gracious hospitality that hails back to George Washington himself.

For this famous old whiskey owes its very name to the fact that it was first distilled at Mount Vernon from grain grown on the General's own rich farm lands.

In those hearty times a good cellar was essential in every gentleman's house—and this distillery provided a practical use for the bountiful harvests.

And so fine and mellow was the whiskey produced under the careful supervision of James Anderson, the head overseer—a Scot who had mastered the distiller's art in his native land—that its fame was quickly spread by the many famous visitors who frequented Mount Vernon.

In 1799, Washington wrote "*the demand for this*

rye in these parts is brisk"—a demand that soon spread to England where Mount Vernon has been one of the few popular American whiskies ever since.

It is almost a century since the distillery was removed to Baltimore, but the treasured formula that gives this rye its magnificent flavor has been ever jealously maintained.

That is why you will find in Mount Vernon Bottled in Bond Straight Rye Whiskey today the same incomparable satisfaction that judges of good whiskey have relished for 140 years.

Mount Vernon

Straight Rye Whiskey - Bottled in Bond

Under U. S. Government supervision

A Good Guide  to Good Whiskey

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RELIGION

New Magazines

Not at all bothered by the financial hazards of religious journalism, two publishers were out last week with new religious magazines while a third was ready with one.

❶ From Philadelphia, Vatican City of Presbyterian Fundamentalism, issued a new semimonthly, *The Presbyterian Guardian*, the last word in undiluted orthodoxy, as expounded by Fundamentalist Dr. J. Gresham Machen. Well and briskly written, the journal's news columns deal mainly with the tribulations of members of the Independent Board for Presbyterian Foreign Missions who have lately been tried & suspended from the Presbyterian Church.

Most notable feature of *The Presbyterian Guardian* is that it contains the first religious comic strip, drawn by Philip



Saint, 23, pious son of Lawrence B. Saint, famed Pennsylvania maker of stained glass. First issue of the strip introduced its hero, Gary, and his mother, Mrs. Evans and his small brother Dave, all "Bible-believing Christians" (see cut). Bidding her son good-by as he departs for college, Mrs. Evans says: "Remember, prayer changes things." Replies Gary: "Yes, mother, and pray that I'll live clean and speak boldly so that many students will be led to Christ." The strip ends: "When a real Bible-believing Christian goes to college . . . things happen! Watch for the next issue!!"

❷ For preachers and laymen too busy to cover the whole field of "informational and inspirational writing" appeared the *Religious Digest*, edited by Rev. Dr. Bernard J. Mulder, 39, Reformed Church minister of Grand Rapids, Mich. Resembling the *Readers' Digest* in format, this monthly (\$3 per year) culls and condenses articles from such journals as *Anglican Theological Review*, *Church Management*, *Religious Telescope*, *Character*, includes book reviews, sermon outlines, pious "features."

❸ "Christendom seeks readers who are thoughtful (but not too thoughtful), learned (but not too learned), serious (but not too serious), and who are not ashamed of their feeling that, the situation being as it is, something ought to be done about it!"

Such is the platform of a quarterly (\$3 a year) to appear next week, published by Willett, Clark & Co., Chicago religious



We've never been satisfied to make the best-looking shoes. We insist that Florsheims be as good as they look — give performance even better than their promise — give the lowest cost per day of wear. The SAXON, S-613, in black calf; also in brown calf, S-614.

\$8⁷⁵
AND \$10

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

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Selected for Manhattan's great Motorization Program . . .

You can't pamper a bus floor. Day in, day out, it must take terrific punishment. The plan to motorize New York City's vast network of surface lines involves the biggest order for busses ever placed. And these busses are floored with MASTIPAVE . . . the floor covering that asks no quarter! If you have a large-area, heavy-traffic floor problem, ask for booklet "T."

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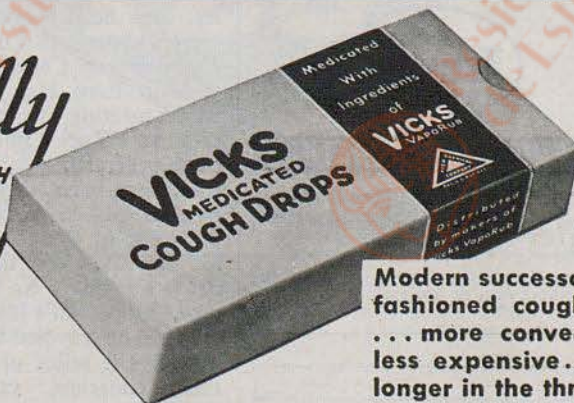


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In 1934, termites caused more than \$50,000,000 damage! Property owners throughout the shaded area shown above paid this bill. Termites eat wood. They work so silently, so cleverly hidden inside of foundation timbers, that costly damage occurs before you even suspect their presence. If your home or business property is located within the Termite Danger Zone, it may be infested by termites. Why not find out for certain? Have it inspected by a trained Terminix Inspector. Wherever termites are a menace, there is a Terminix Company near at hand to protect your property.

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Terminix is a product of and is guaranteed by E. L. Bruce Company—largest maker of hardwood floorings in the world. It is a termite control chemical which has been employed to protect nearly 20,000 homes and buildings. Applied with special pressure equipment by trained men, it stops termites. *Both a five-year written guarantee and a surety bond are issued to doubly protect every Terminix customer.* Terminix is nationwide in scope. No matter where your property is located, Terminix Service is readily available.

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An expert can locate termite infestation, if it exists, and show you the damage. Why take chances on costly termite destruction of your property? Have it inspected by a trained Terminix Inspector—without any cost or obligation. Mail the coupon below for interesting literature on termites and, if you wish, a free inspection of your property by our licensee nearest to you.



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book house, and edited temporarily by Charles Clayton Morrison of *The Christian Century*. Last week *Christendom* had found 4,000 thoughtful, learned, serious people as paid subscribers. Press run of the first issue will be 8,000 copies. Thicker than most religious publications, *Christendom* is better printed, has a secular-looking red cover. Full of theology, philosophy and urbane erudition, the first issue contains a short story by Zona Gale, articles by the Archbishop of York, Philosophers William Ernest Hocking and Gregory Vlastos, Dean Willard L. Sperry of Harvard Divinity School, Theologian John C. Bennett, Executive Secretary Claris Edwin Silcox of Canada's Social Service Council.

Lutherans in Paris

The Lutheran Church is far from strong in France, where Lutherans were the first Protestant martyrs and where, at the University of the Sorbonne, Martin Luther's writings were publicly burned in 1521. Last week the President of France received, and the Sorbonne honored with a Doctorate of Theology, a world-famed Lutheran—Dr. John Alfred Morehead. In Paris along with Dr. Morehead were the



DR. JOHN ALFRED MOREHEAD

Money-raisers behind him got little.

Archbishops of Finland and Sweden, the presidents of the Lutheran Church in China and Hungary, three able leaders of the Church in Germany and representatives of all but one U. S. Lutheran sect. They were delegates to the Lutheran World Convention of which Dr. Morehead has long been president. Having met in 1923 and 1929 in Lutheran strongholds—Eisenach and Copenhagen—104 delegates were in Paris last week for their third world meeting as a gesture of encouragement to France's minority group of 300,000 Lutherans.

Virginia-born 68 years ago, Dr. Morehead is tall, handsome, white-haired. As president of Roanoke College (1908-19), his persuasiveness in money-raising gave rise to a saying: "No use going after money now. Morehead's just been through." After 1919 he traveled through Europe working for the relief of poor Lutherans and their churches, earned the title of

"HAVE A HEART.."

Read

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Our own veterinarian will gladly advise you about your dog's health. Write fully stating all symptoms and the age, breed and sex of your dog. There is no charge.

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Folders from YOUR OWN TRAVEL AGENT or Canadian Pacific: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, 34 other cities in United States and Canada.

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"best-known Lutheran in the world."

Most notable address at the Third World Convention was given by Rev. Dr. Samuel Geiss Trexler, 58, of Manhattan. Said he: "The church is too much in the care of older men. The church becomes too conservative and is prone to lose the sympathy of the younger generation." Urging that the church outdo Communists in pronouncing against war, Dr. Trexler deftly drew a parallel to make conservatives squirm: "Christ, seeing young Communists helping to cast out the devil of war, would again say, *Forbid them not*, as he did when John said, *Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name; and we forbade him because he followeth not us.*"

Park Avenue Call

A thoroughly happy man last week was Board Chairman James Milliken Speers, 73, of James McCutcheon & Co., Manhattan drygoods store. Besides serving McCutcheon's for 55 years, Merchant Speers, a good Presbyterian, has been



National Press Illustrations

THEODORE CUYLER SPEERS

He made a pious merchant thoroughly happy.

active in many a pious cause. He is glowingly proud of his six sons. Two are in the service of his prosperous store and the rest in the service of God. Son Thomas Guthrie Speers is pastor of Baltimore's Brown Memorial Presbyterian Church. Son Peter teaches in Forman Christian College, Lahore, India; Son James Jr. at Shanghai American School. Last week Son Theodore Cuyler Speers, 36, made his father happy by getting called to a prominent Manhattan church—Central Presbyterian on Park Avenue.

The Hill School and Princeton remember "Ted" Speers (Class of 1921) as a husky, good-natured footballer who took ten months off from his college course to serve with the A. E. F. After three years at Union Theological Seminary and an apprentice pastorate in a Manhattan Presbyterian chapel, Preacher Speers went in 1928 to Utica, N. Y.'s First Presbyterian Church, to whose congregation in the past three years he has added 250 new members.

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ANSWER: No! The exclusive new Arvin hug-the-dash mounting gives more leg room.

QUESTION: Can I control the degree of heat?

ANSWER: Certainly . . . the new Arvin illuminated, variable-speed switch regulates the volume of heat in the car, as desired.

QUESTION: How long will the Arvin last?

ANSWER: Longer than your car! All copper and brass radiator cores, larger in size, insure greater heating capacity and long life for your Arvin.

QUESTION: Can I direct the heat where it is wanted, easily?

ANSWER: Yes, indeed! The famous Arvin full-turn deflector front takes care of that.

QUESTION: How will the Arvin heater look in my car?

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Arvin offers you the newest car heater improvements plus the two most efficient heating principles . . . hot water and steam . . . at prices that give you size, quality and unusual capacity inexpensively. You can get a fine Arvin for as little as \$12.95 . . . Arvins are sold and quickly installed by garages, car dealers and service stations everywhere.



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MEDICINE

Dementia Praecox Cure?

Last week was no exception to the rule of Brothers Charles Horace & William James Mayo that at any medical meeting they attend they make at least one newsworthy statement. Last week's occasion: the annual meeting, in Detroit's Masonic Temple, of the Inter-State Postgraduate Medical Association of North America at which "Dr. Charlie" presided. The news: Dr. Charles H. Mayo's statement that dementia praecox can be relieved by a drug.

Said he: "Within five years I think we will be able to restore feeble-minded and insane patients to full use of their faculties. Dr. Alfred W. Adson of the University of Minnesota has had miraculous results from the use of an experimental drug. I have seen dementia praecox patients who have been confined to asylums for more than seven years treated with the drug. They have regained complete return of their mental powers for a short time.

"The effect of the drug disappears within three weeks. But I feel certain we are on the road to a discovery which will make the cure permanent."

Cushions for Lungs

Chicago's old Iroquois Memorial Hospital sagged with the most influential politicians of northern Illinois last week. A simple lesson in anatomy and a mechanical treatment for tuberculosis drew them there. Specifically, a scrawny, tuberculous woman held their eyes. More specifically, the inside of her gaunt chest held their interest.

A member of the hospital staff, Dr. Minas Joannides, led the woman to an X-ray machine. Visible on a fluorescent screen were her slanted ribs, her heart behind her breast bone, and shadowy blotches which Dr. Joannides explained were her diseased lungs.

Each lung, the anatomy lesson went on, is contained in a flexible box made up of ribs on the outside, the diaphragm underneath, and a partition called the mediastinum on the inside. Between those sides of the boxes and the lungs is an airtight cavity.

In the partial vacuum of those pleural cavities the lungs expand and collapse, expand and collapse with each breath. Sometimes infection inflames the lining of a pleural cavity, causes an exudation which fills the cavity and leaves no space for the lung to expand. In such a case of pleurisy, the fluid has to be drained off through a hollow needle carefully pushed in between a pair of ribs.

Sometimes a stab wound lets air into a pleural cavity. The air destroys the pleural vacuum which the lung requires and acts as a pneumatic cushion against which the lung can not expand. Such an accident is called pneumothorax.

In case of tuberculosis, pneumothorax may be a beneficial accident because it immobilizes the diseased lung, gives it a chance to rest and heal, and may enable the tuberculous invalid to attend his ordinary affairs. When doctors realized that



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*A service for washrooms that dispenses paper towels from cabinets and assures that the user is the only one to touch the towel.



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good fact, they invented a procedure called artificial pneumothorax.

Dr. Joannides, an expert in artificial pneumothorax, last week proceeded to show the attentive politicians how it was done. An attendant scrubbed the gaunt tuberculous woman's chest with alcohol. Dr. Joannides anesthetized a small area between two ribs. Then he took a jar of filtered air from a shelf. To the mouth of the jar was attached a soft rubber tube. To the other end of the tube Dr. Joannides fastened a large hollow needle. This he jabbed between the unflinching woman's ribs, kept it there while the air sighed from the jar into the vacuum around her diseased lung. When he judged that the cushion of air was big enough to immobilize the lung, he withdrew the trocar. The slim hole between the ribs closed by itself.

The robust Chicago politicians, led by Mayor Edward Joseph Kelly, departed, proud that they had supplied the money to enable Iroquois Memorial Hospital to inaugurate what they believed was the world's first pneumothorax clinic for the wholesale treatment of tuberculosis.

City Ills

As health reporters deployed through city streets and country byways last week, gathering facts about the health of 750,000 U. S. families, the U. S. Public Health Service published a chart of the ill residents of 130 cities may expect to suffer from during the next year.

Reduced to simple factors, eight out of every 100 inhabitants will contract influenza, ten colds, five bronchitis, two diarrhea, two measles, one appendicitis, one whooping cough, one chickenpox. Accidents will hurt eight (chiefly children between 5 and 15). Only one out of six of those city people will escape some debilitating ailment.

Like unto Like

For diametrically opposite reasons the affairs of Manhattan's foremost homeopathic hospitals have long been unsettled. The splendid modern Fifth Avenue Hospital, for lack of patients, has been losing as much as \$100,000 a year, with the result that Chairman Hiram Edward Manville of Johns-Manville Corp. has had to go into his own and his friends' pockets for more money than he anticipated when he became president of Fifth Avenue Hospital.

On the other hand, fusty, old Flower Hospital, which John D. Rockefeller helped finance before he thought of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, has had an unwieldy \$4,000,000 ever since reclusive Ella Virginia von Echtzel Wendel died (TIME, March 23, 1931). The \$4,000,000 is tied up in Manhattan real estate whose income is not enough for Flower Hospital to put up new buildings but is enough to pay Fifth Avenue Hospital's annual deficit.

Last week, therefore, President Charles Day Woodruff Halsey of Flower Hospital and its affiliated New York Homeopathic Medical College, and Mr. Manville agreed to solve their problems by merging their institutions into a fourth Manhattan medical centre.*

*The others: Columbia University-Presbyterian Hospital, Cornell University-New York Hospital, New York University-Bellevue Hospital.



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COMBINATION APPEALED TO US."

—BORDEN'S PRODUCE COMPANY, INC.

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"Because of our success with the 'Comptometer' and Peg-Board in handling our reports on fluid milk," writes Peter Campbell, Controller, "our first thought, upon entering the retail distribution field, was to investigate the possibilities of handling this additional volume of figure work on the Peg-Board.

"We were rather doubtful at first because of the fact that we have nearly 500

items in our line to analyze daily by salesmen and territories at each of our branches. A 'Comptometer' representative, however, was called in for assistance in studying our problem. The flexibility and simplicity of the 'Comptometer'-Peg-Board combination appealed to us and together we developed the Peg-Board routine we are now using.

"Our experience with the 'Comptometer'-Peg-Board method in respect to fluid milk, retail distribution from trucks, and in retail branch operations, has been highly satisfactory from the standpoint of speed, economy, and accuracy. It is our opinion that with a little study this system can be adapted to most any business where a detailed distribution of a great many items is necessary."

A representative will be happy to explain how the Peg-Board achieves speed and economy by getting final results from original figures without recopying. Telephone the District Manager of the "Comptometer" office in your locality, or write direct to Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1720 N. Paulina Street, Chicago, Ill.

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LIFE is too short, competition too intense, to worry about power-equipment disasters. Remove the fear that a sudden crippling accident will wipe out profits, take weeks or months to repair. Let your agent provide the *peace-of-mind* that comes from a Hartford Steam Boiler policy!

Hartford Steam Boiler can lock worry out of your engine-room or boiler-room by applying its skill, vigilance, experience to power-equipment protection. The Company insures against loss from accidents to engines, turbines, boilers, electrical and refrigerating apparatus. To reduce to a minimum the chances of such accidents occurring, it *inspects*.

Each plant protected by Hartford Steam Boiler is visited, periodically, by field men who scrutinize sources of trouble. And

they prevent trouble—often detecting the need for quick action from symptoms meaningless to the layman. Enjoying the benefit of training by a Company that has devoted 69 years to this one job alone, these inspectors save policyholders thousands of dollars annually in accidents that do not happen.

Back of these men, counseling and guiding them, is the largest engineering staff of its kind anywhere. This part of the service aids policyholders on power-plant problems of unique and difficult character. The staff is regarded by industry as ideally equipped—its advice is widely sought after and respected.

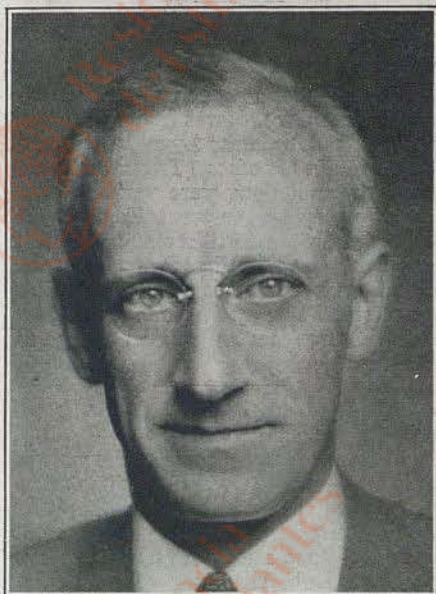
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BUSINESS & FINANCE

New, New, New, New, New

Last week with two years of recovery behind them, 500 crack U. S. sales executives assembled in Manhattan for a two-day display of enthusiasm. Secretary of Commerce Roper soothed them. Major



Ben Pinchot

GENERAL FOODS' FRANCIS

To him, the U. S. was ripe.

Lawrence Lee Bazley Angas, British propheteer, titillated them. President Thomas J. Watson of International Business Machines belabored them. President Allen Zoll of the International Association of Sales Executives told them: "I am . . . persuaded you will have a Democratic Administration for the next five years—whether you like it or not."

But the speech that brought the sales executives to their feet was made by Clarence Francis, executive vice president of General Foods and the man who is supposed to make that corporation hum. Cried he:

"The U. S. is ripe for a . . . replenishment program such as the world has never seen before. We need new cars, new houses, new clothes, new shoes, new radios with television, new air-conditioning in dwellings and work places. We need new foods, machinery, comforts and culture. We need to clean up and paint up. We need to raze thousands of antiquated factories and houses—rebuild, modernize."

Overproduction? "Pshaw!" snorted Mr. Francis. "We do not produce enough by a third." Last year, he declared, total production of U. S. trousers was only 14,500,000—one for every three males over 15. Only one overcoat was made for every eleven men; one felt hat for every four men. Output of shirts was two-and-a-half per man; of shoes two pairs per man. For women there were only three dresses per year, and coats and suits would only cover one woman in three.

Homes, Mr. Francis called "primitive." Three-fourths of the automobiles on the road are more than four years old. Farm machinery is dilapidated. Office equipment

is antiquated. "Anything you choose to examine," said he, "is cluttered with wear and is simply crying for renewal and modernization."

Tractors Triumphant

On June 1, 1935 an investor could have purchased 100 shares in each of five leading agricultural implement companies for \$17,000. Last week he could have sold these shares for \$29,000. Even had the investor made his purchase as recently as Sept. 3, the last six weeks would have brought him an appreciation of \$4,600. Last week's developments in the agricultural implement boom included:

J. I. Case closed the week with a 6½ point jump to 93½, high for the year.

Deere & Co. also made a new high—50½—for 1935.

Caterpillar Tractor reported \$4,311,643 earnings for the first nine months of 1935 against \$2,932,892 for the same period in 1934.

Allis-Chalmers reported \$1,098,000 earnings for the first eight months of 1935, as against a deficit of \$1,039,406 for all 1934.

International Harvester issues no interim reports but Midwesterners gossiped that the company's cash and securities, amounting to \$63,000,000 on Jan. 1, 1935, had increased by some \$11,000,000.

All these facts combined to show in what kindly way the wind, fanned by AAA, was blowing for John Farmer.

To the city dweller, an agricultural implement may be a hoe or a pitchfork. But the implement industry thinks of itself in terms of reapers, harvesters, threshers, trucks and tractors—particularly tractors. Its business is essentially the mechanization of the farm, the replacement of four-legged power by power obtained from oil and gasoline engines. Its goal is the technological obsolescence of the horse.

Great decade for the implement maker began in 1920. In that year there were 25,748,000 horses and mules on U. S. farms, which developed 20,970,000 h.p. and supplied 56% of total farm power. At the same time U. S. farmers had 139,000 trucks and 245,000 tractors, developing 7,700,000 h.p. By 1930 the horses and mules had dropped to 19,050,000, competing with 900,000 trucks and 920,000 tractors. The horse horsepower had fallen to 17,171,000 (24%) whereas the truck & tractor horsepower had risen to 44,511,000 (63%).

Depression brought a bad setback to mechanization. In the first place, the farmers' gross income dropped from about twelve billion dollars in 1929 to about five billion dollars in 1932. In the second place, falling prices on farm products made mechanical farming uneconomic. With wheat at \$1 per bu., the tractor-farmer should make twice as much money as the horse-farmer. With wheat at 40¢ per bu., the horse-farmer may make a little but the tractor-farmer will lose.

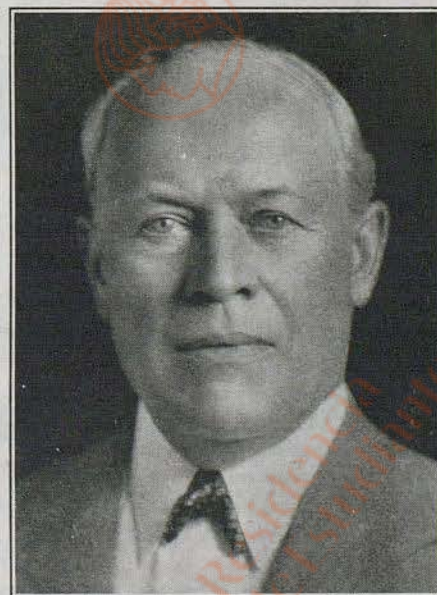
In 1933 the farmers' gross income rose to \$6,000,000,000 and to \$7,300,000,000 in 1934. This year it should be in the

neighborhood of \$8,000,000,000. So the tractor again comes lumbering over the farm horizon. There are no current figures on the truck and tractor population, but horses have dropped to 16,600,000. Sales of farm implements have risen even more sharply than the rise in farm income. From a 1932 low of some \$150,000,000 they have more than doubled, until domestic sales for the present year are estimated at \$350,000,000—a total almost equal to the domestic sales for 1930. Profits, and even dividends, have returned to the farm implement industry for the first time since 1930 and another section of U. S. business has definitely turned Depression's corner. Noteworthy among the companies which have shared this boom:

J. I. Case Co. of Racine, Wis., dates from a company founded in 1842 by Jerome I. Case. With a complete line of farm equipment, it is outranked in the industry only by International Harvester and Deere & Co. Its 1925-29 earnings averaged about \$3,600,000 a year. In 1934 it lost \$700,000 for its third consecutive deficit. This year it will undoubtedly finish in the black, and in July it paid a \$1 dividend on its preferred, which still left it \$8.25 in arrears. Because it has only 190,000 shares of common stock, it gyrates wildly in the market. Case sold as high as 515 in 1928, as low as 16 in 1932.

Deere & Co. of Moline, Ill. was one of the first U. S. manufacturers of steel plows, is still the largest steel-plow maker, although the tractor is its major product. It made \$15,182,000 in 1929, lost money in 1932 and 1933, made \$379,000 in 1934. Like Case, Deere & Co. spent some of its 1935 cash catching up on preferred dividends.

Caterpillar Tractor Co. of Peoria, Ill., a California company, concentrated pro-



Kaiden

OTTO HERBERT FALK

His goats' milk is free to all.

duction in its present Midwestern home in 1932. It was a pioneer (1905) in the development of the track type of tractor as opposed to the wheel type, and holds so many patents in this field that last spring it sued International Harvester for six infringements, won a lower court decision on five.

So many tractors are now powered with

Diesel engines that Caterpillar has become the largest U. S. Diesel engine manufacturer, in 1934 accounting for over 30% of the Diesel horsepower output. As its tractors are used in land-grading and road-making, it has benefited not only by AAA's farm bounties but equally by PWA's road building and construction work. Everybody who can use a Diesel engine is a prospective Caterpillar customer, and Caterpillar's industrial market overshadows its agricultural.

Caterpillar has no preferred stock, has made at least some payment on its common (1,882,240 shares) throughout Depression and in 1934 retired the last of a \$10,000,000 funded debt incurred in 1930. The company made \$11,600,000 in 1929, lost money only in 1932. Full year earnings for 1935 should come close to \$5,000,000.

Chairman of Caterpillar Tractor is Clarence Leo Best, always called Leo because he detests the Clarence in his name. He also dislikes being bald, keeps his hat on whenever possible and sometimes even wears it in his office. Mr. Best is always buying himself another automobile, at present has two Cadillacs, a LaSalle and an Oldsmobile. He owns a large ranch in the San Joaquin Valley, is an ardent duck-hunter and trout-fisher.

Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Co., with the largest of its seven plants at West Allis, Wis. (suburb of Milwaukee), goes back to Edward Allis, who started making sawmill and flourmill machinery in 1847. The company is commonly (and correctly) spoken of as the third largest elec-

trical company, with only General Electric and Westinghouse ahead of it. It also makes all kinds of heavy industrial machinery, plus steam, gasoline and oil engines. In 1917 it put in a line of farm implements and today this division accounts for about 40% of its total sales.

A hybrid corporation is Allis-Chalmers, battling G. E. and Westinghouse on the one hand, International Harvester and Deere on the other. But its products are not so unrelated as they may appear. It takes power to drive the saws in a sawmill and the rollers in a flourmill and from making machinery to making the machinery to power that machinery was a natural Allis-Chalmers step. Good Allis-Chalmers' customers are the Navy and the CCC.

The original Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Co. bogged down in 1912, and to pull it out Otto Herbert Falk, militia general and Marquette University regent, was named receiver. In time Receiver Falk became President Falk, then (1932) Chairman Falk, still sits at the head of the directors' table at a salary of \$36,000 per year. He saw Spanish War service in Cuba and Puerto Rico. He omits pomp & ceremony, answers the telephone himself, keeps no one waiting, replied to a newsman's request for an appointment with a wire reading, "Will be in my office from ten to four tomorrow." Smooth-faced, thin-haired, he offers visitors cigars, smokes an old black pipe. No implement man, he leaves routine management to President Max W. Babb and other executives. After he pulled the company through its receivership, grateful stock-

holders gave him a large bonus and stock-option, which he promptly divided among 100 of his key men. "No executive is worth the huge sum represented by that offer," said General Falk.

His chief recreation is his herd of milk goats. Goat milk is valuable in the treatment of certain infants' diseases, and anyone with a sick child can call at General Falk's farm and get without charge all the goats' milk he can carry away.

Ivey Out

When last fortnight Director Charles S. Kemp tightened his grip on Virginia-Carolina Chemical Corp., it was freely predicted that President Alphonso Lynn Ivey would not long retain his office (TIME, Oct. 21). Last week predictions were verified. Out went Mr. Ivey and in went Frank Swift Gibson, Baltimore fertilizer and chemical man. Out also went Vice President Mack Stuart Purvis and Treasurer Henry Edward Perry, irked by an "unhappy situation" resulting from an "annual change in leadership."

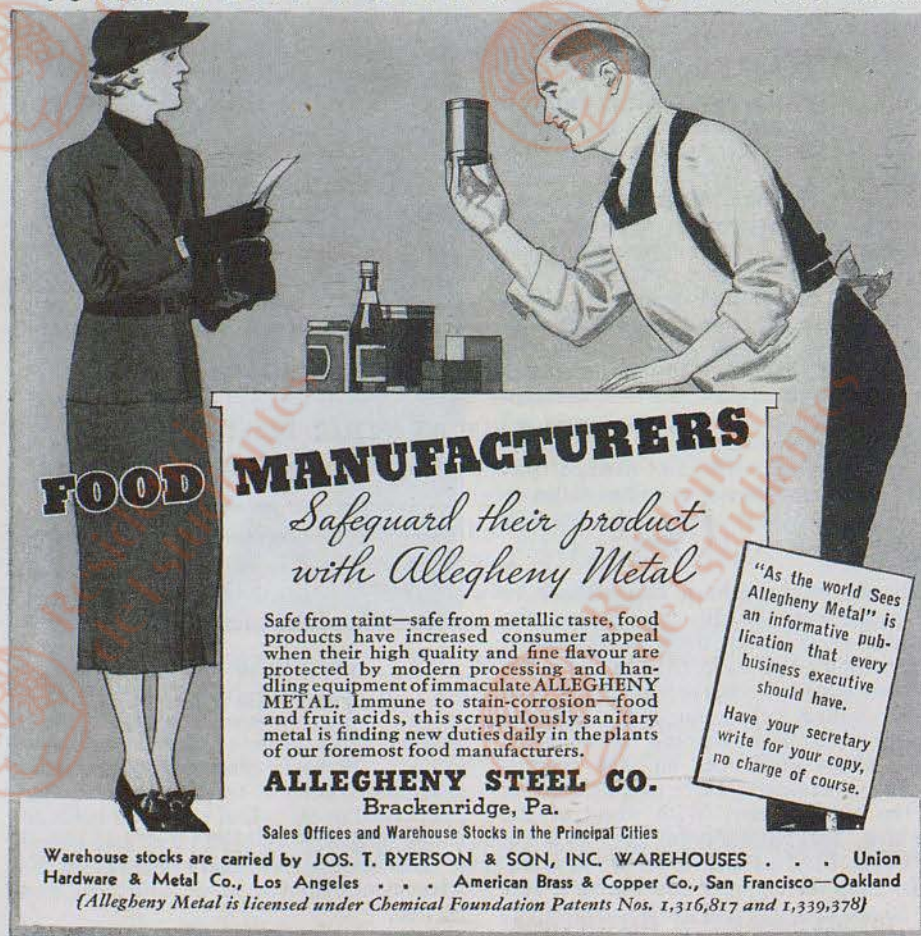
Pineapples Straight

In Honolulu last week one of the world's simplest corporations voted to dissolve itself. Known as Pineapple Holding Co., Ltd., its entire assets consist of \$37,500 in cash and 500,000 shares of Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., successor to an earlier company of the same name founded by James D. Dole in 1901. As all the holding company does is to hold, it reports no income, no outgo, no profit, no loss. It was formed in 1932 (along with the present Pineapple Co.) to straighten out the tangled affairs of the Dole company, which had grown long on inventory, short on cash. Its president, able young Atherton Richards, is also president of the Pineapple company, and dissolution of the holding company means that the pineapple emergency is over and the operating company can once more take care of its business.

Back in 1930 there seemed little likelihood that Jim Dole and his pineapples would ever get themselves into financial straits. Pineapples for U. S. consumption are practically a Hawaiian monopoly and the Dole company, along with California Packing and Libby, McNeill & Libby, dominated the industry. In 1930 the pack was 11,300,000 cases, of which Mr. Dole put up 4,500,000 cases. First Hawaiian sight glimpsed by travelers arriving from the "mainland" is an enormous pineapple (really a 400-ton water tank in disguise) on the roof of the Dole cannery. And along with Diamond Head, Pearl Harbor, Waikiki Beach and the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, the Dole cannery, where drinking fountains spurt pineapple juice instead of water, is a famed Hawaiian spot that no visitor is allowed to miss. Hawaiians like Mr. Dole, father of their pineapple industry, because although the sugar industry grosses more dollars, sugar eaters do not care where that commodity comes from, whereas most pineapple eaters associate that fruit with the Islands. And Mr. Dole had a very profitable enterprise, with a net income of \$3,166,000 on sales of \$15,200,000 in 1929.

Depression caught Mr. Dole between

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- (4) To create a cash estate
- (5) To enjoy travel and recreation

As a convenient form of investment, United States Savings Bonds commend themselves to everyone seeking to obtain safety of principal and a fair yield.

Funds placed in these bonds will be returned at the end of ten years, plus $33\frac{1}{3}\%$ more money than invested. This represents an annual interest rate of 2.9% compounded semi-annually.

United States Savings Bonds are sold on a discount basis. Hence, there are no coupons to clip and no interest to reinvest. The smallest unit costs \$18.75 and in ten years you receive \$25; the largest unit costs \$750 and in ten years you receive \$1,000.

United States Savings Bonds will be redeemed by the Government, if the owner desires, at any time after sixty days from the issue date. Their redemption value is at the cost price during the first year

but thereafter increases every six months for the full ten years until the maximum return is obtained by the owner. The price is therefore free from fluctuation.

A booklet describing the bonds and including a table of redemption values will be sent upon request. Address the Treasurer of the United States.

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two fires. First, there was a tremendous overproduction in California fruit, especially peaches. Pineapples cost more than peaches but cannot maintain sales if the price differential becomes too wide. Thus, as the peach price level crashed, pineapple prices slumped also. Second, Mr. Dole could do nothing to cut pineapple production, because it takes about two years to grow a pineapple and Mr. Dole was reaping in 1932 as he had sown in 1930. Result: unmarketable pineapples piled up in Mr. Dole's factory, their stench polluting the Hawaiian air. Further result: pineapples dropped from \$5.20 a case to \$2.70; the 1932 pack totaled 847,000 cases against more than 4,800,000 in 1931; and in 1932 the Dole company lost (mostly on inventory) \$8,448,882. In December 1932, Mr. Dole was promoted to a semi-honorary chairmanship and Mr. Richards, backed by the Castle & Cooke sugar firm, became No. 1 pineapple man of Hawaii. In 1934 his company made about \$1,000,000 and in 1935 (year ending May 31), \$1,338,187. It has also paid off a note issue of \$5,000,000.

Hawaii's successful Pineapple Man was born on the Islands, went to Honolulu's Punahou school, later to Wesleyan University. Working in San Francisco when the U. S. entered the War, he joined the Army, got no nearer France than Camp Lewis in Washington. Afterwards he worked for Emergency Fleet Corp., helped settle three billion dollars in claims over canceled contracts. In 1925 he moved back to Hawaii, became Castle & Cooke treasurer, won the insular tennis championship. At 41, he has black hair streaked with grey, sideburns, a marked modesty about himself. He helped organize the Pineapple Producers Co-operative Association Pool, in which his company has a 37% interest. The pool includes all the large growers, allots quotas, stabilizes prices. A big Richards' innovation: the sale of pineapple juice, which now amounts to 25% of total business and is growing fast.

Alleghany Arbitration

Next to war the greatest source of economic waste in our national life is needless litigation.

Thus spoke Herbert Hoover when he was Secretary of Commerce. Today Mr. Hoover may have other notions as to what constitutes prime peace-time waste but he is still an honorary president of the American Arbitration Association, whose sole purpose is elimination of needless litigation. Mr. Hoover's AAA maintains a quasi-judicial system throughout the land where business disputes may be settled quickly, cheaply, secretly.

Arbitration is always voluntary. No one can force a businessman to take his squabbles to a private tribunal unless he has arbitration clauses in his contracts. And no one can force him to use arbitration clauses. But once the bickering parties submit their controversy to AAA they must proceed according to AAA's uniform, formalized and legally-binding rules. They are sure, however, that their trade secrets will be honored and their defeats discreetly hidden.

The arbitrators are hand-picked panels of public-minded citizens in 1,700 U. S. cities. Special panels of experts are main-

"When every employe feels he has a part
in creating something perfect...

I call that craftsmanship"

Says **BOAKE CARTER**

A Broadcast in Print by Boake Carter

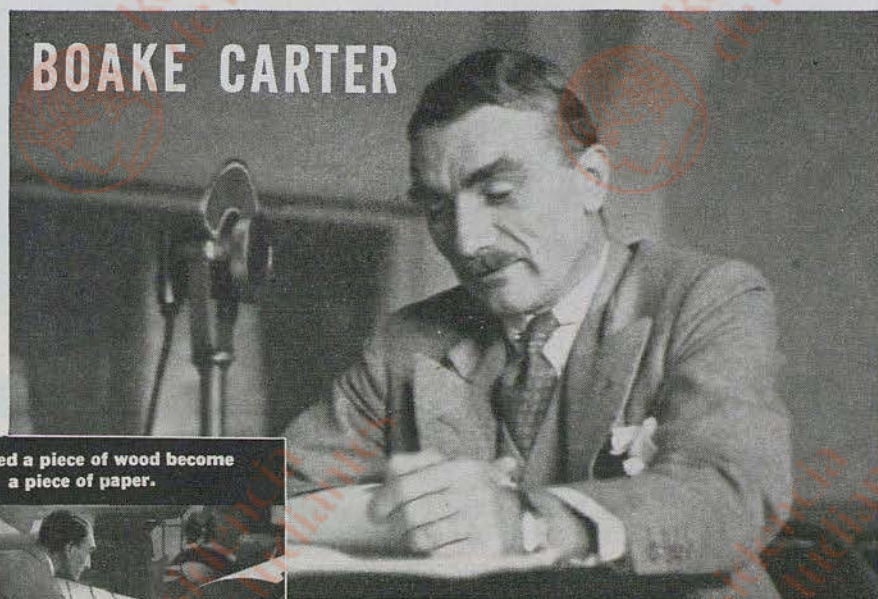
ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA... Hello, Everyone... How often have you stood before an open hearth, with logs blazing merrily, and felt a sudden warm glow envelop you, leaving you contented, pleased and mellow?

I had that same warm feeling as I walked through the mill of the Hammermill Paper Company and watched a piece of wood become a piece of paper.

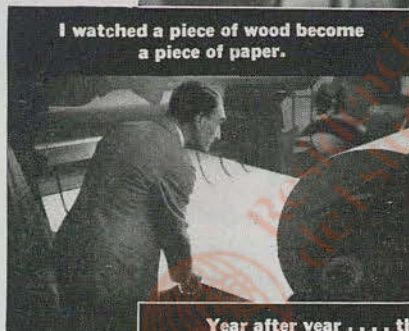
I found that Hammermill was not just another organization—cold, imperial, repellent. Instead it fairly glowed with vitality. Its humanness is its soul. Everybody was working. Everybody looked happy. There was pride of accomplishment in the accents of everyone to whom I spoke, from log handler to mill superintendent. Every employe felt that he had a part in creating something beautiful, something perfect. No matter how small was his job, he felt important—for he knew he formed part of the "crew," as it were. I understood better when I found that one-third of Hammermill's employes had been with the company fifteen years and longer; that 103 sons and daughters of Hammermill men are following their parents' footsteps in the mill.

Nobody can produce good results unless the earnestness, the comradely feeling from president to newest employe, the pride of workmanship are there to spur one to strive always for better than the best. Hammermill has those things. They give it a soul. That, to me, is the secret of how Hammermill Bond maintains the same high standard of perfection, year after year.

It is this pride and affection of master craftsmen in one of the oldest crafts of the world—paper making—that has made Hammermill Bond a household name whenever good paper is mentioned.



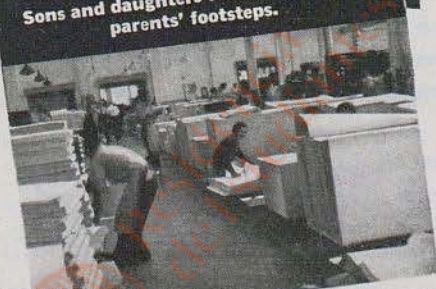
I watched a piece of wood become a piece of paper.



Year after year... the same standard of perfection.



Sons and daughters following in their parents' footsteps.



HAMMERMILL BOND

LOOK FOR THIS WATERMARK...IT IS
OUR WORD OF HONOR TO THE PUBLIC

THANK YOU, Boake Carter. As Philco's News Commentator you have seen many things, many places. We asked you to look us over and give people *your* frank impression of Hammermill. What you say is gratifying, for, of your own accord, you have discovered and reported the very things that we value most.

Hammermill Bond is sold in white and 13 colors, envelopes to match. It is quickly available from your own printer through stocks carried by wholesale paper merchants in 101 cities.

This 24-Page Book... FREE

... Send for the inside story of paper, in convenient question and answer form... illustrated in color. Tells everything you want to know about paper for business correspondence and business records. Free if you sign and mail the coupon.



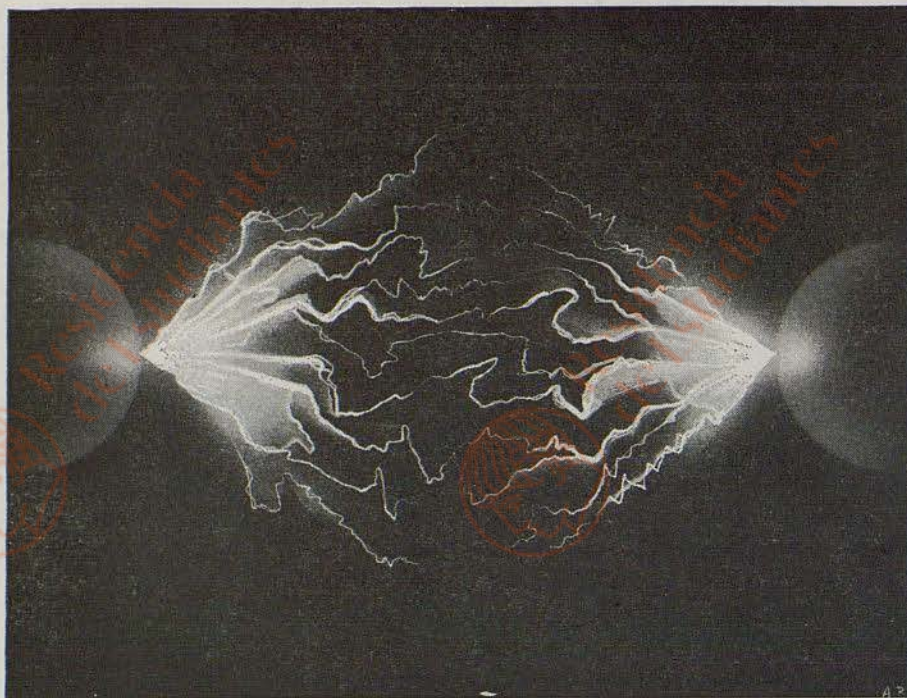
Hammermill Paper Company
Erie, Pennsylvania

Please send me without charge, a copy of your book, "Which Paper Shall We Use?"

Name _____

Position _____ T 10-28

(Please attach to your business letterhead)



This, too, is inertia

A BOLT of "man-made lightning" has no power within itself to change its direction. Some manufacturers using iron or steel sometimes find themselves handicapped by this form of "inertia." They are active, yes, but along paths often narrowed by tradition and restraining in their adherence to standards, formulae, processes and methods which are no longer truly modern.

Sometimes the advantages of change are ignored because of a feeling of pride or self-satisfaction; sometimes because of a reluctance to interrupt present routine or production volume; sometimes, frankly, because of inability to recognize where the steering of a different course should be undertaken.

But competition is ruthless; wastes no sympathy; is rather glad to see its rivals fall behind. Tomorrow it may have stolen a march on you by announcing a product or part made from an alloy steel demonstrably better than that which you are using. Even though the former material may have been "entirely satisfactory," a display of progressiveness is always smart sales strategy.

What do you make of iron or steel—plain or alloyed? Molybdenum will improve it. This claim is not a random one. A decade of metallurgical research and all manner of tests, applications and service observations support it. Insist on your engineers investigating "Moly"—for adding strength, extra hardness with less brittleness, easier machinability, better welding, greater resistance to heat, shock, corrosion and "creep," and other qualities to your product.

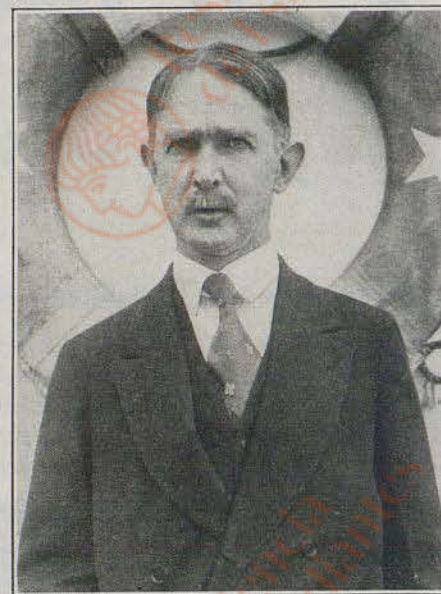
For executives' further enlightenment on the subject, we offer an interesting, non-technical illustrated brochure, "The A-B-C of Better Iron and Steel." A simple request brings you a copy forthwith. Climax Molybdenum Company, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MOLY

INDUSTRY'S MOST MODERN AND VERSATILE ALLOY

tained for technical trade disputes. In Manhattan the AAA has nearly 1,500 in its panels including names like Banker Winthrop Aldrich, Lawyer James M. Beck, Cineman Jesse Lasky, Funnyman Eddie Cantor, Mrs. Vincent Astor. The arbitrators serve free, are called two or three times a year, may be excused if busy.

When a case is submitted to the AAA either jointly or by the disaffected party to a contract containing an arbitration clause, some 25 names are suggested as arbitrators. Each side strikes from the



Keystone

LUCIUS ROOT EASTMAN

The bench & bar are behind him.

list any objectionable names and from the remaining roster the AAA picks the three arbitrators. At least one always knows the business or profession involved. Hearings seldom last more than one day, though each side may present evidence, produce witnesses, hire lawyers.

Last week an AAA decision made news because it not only was one of the rare cases where findings are published but it also affected a goodly number of investors who were not directly party to the dispute. The controversy was between two groups of New York Stock Exchange firms, one of which had sold, the other bought, Alleghany Corp. prior preferred stock "when, as and if issued."

Though the stock was not actually issued until a year later, trading began in 1934 after the Van Sweringen Brothers proposed to escape an interest default by swapping this prior preferred for the coupons on some Alleghany bonds. To put over the plan the Van Sweringens had to resort to the courts where under Section 77B of the Bankruptcy Act a two-thirds majority can coerce a stubborn minority. Meantime the Alleghany "when issued" stock dropped from \$30 per share to \$14.

When certain Stock Exchange firms dispatched runners with the certificates which they had promised to deliver, the firms that had bought flatly refused to accept them, much less to pay for them. Their defense was involved but it turned on the claim that these were not the same certificates they had contracted to take. That stock was to have been issued under the original plan. This stock was issued

in a bankruptcy reorganization and while it might look the same it was really authorized under a different plan. No, said the sellers, the original plan was merely approved by the courts, hence precisely the same, voluntary or bankrupt. And they cited a Federal judge to prove it.

Under Stock Exchange rules any serious argument between members must be taken to arbitration, not to court. So the two groups submitted the question to an AAA tribunal. The arbitrators: Richard Whitney, onetime Stock Exchange president who knew the technicalities of the market; Arthur Atwood Ballantine, onetime Under Secretary of the Treasury who knew the legalities; Thomas H. McInerney, president of National Dairy Products, presumably named for his good common sense.

After a one-day hearing in the AAA's comfortable chambers at No. 521 Fifth Avenue and five weeks of pondering, the arbitrators unanimously decided in favor of the sellers, ordering the buyers to accept the Alleghany stock, pay up. Thus was settled a case involving some 30 Stock Exchange firms and innumerable transactions, which might have dragged out for years in the courts.

A non-profit organization founded in 1926 as a merger of three older arbitration bodies, the American Arbitration Association slaves for better arbitration laws and wider use of arbitration. Curiously, both the bar and the bench are behind its efforts—lawyers because they feel that an expeditious case is the best assurance of a prompt fee; judges because they are usually from one to three years behind their calendars.

One of AAA's most notable accomplishments has been the promotion of standard arbitration clauses in contracts, which assure an extra-judicial settlement no matter how embittered the makers later become. Two notoriously litigious industries—fur and theatre—have been entirely converted to arbitration. Another arbitration-minded field is building and contracting. Many a broker uses standard clauses in all customer contracts. And through trade associations the AAA is making gains among industrial purchasing agents, whose contracts are the most common basis of business disputes.

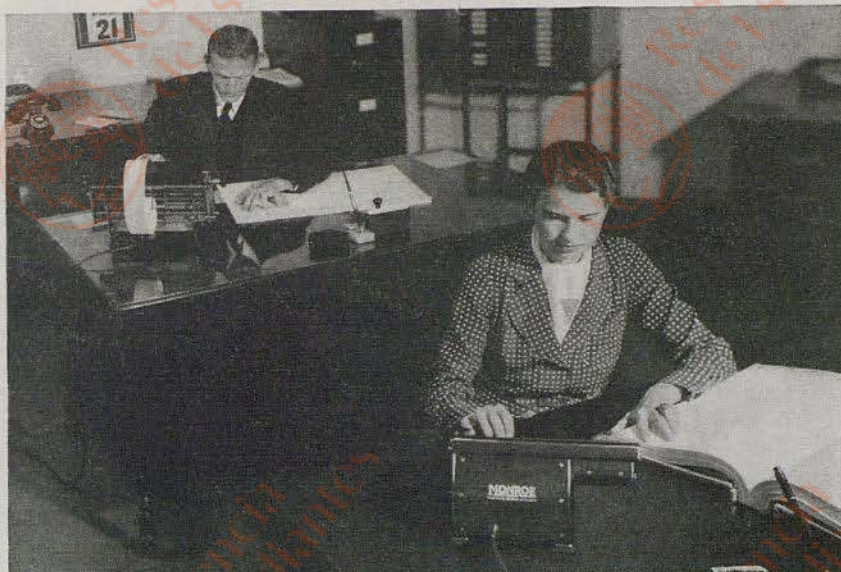
Present head of the Arbitration Association is Lucius Root Eastman, president of Hills Bros. Co., big Manhattan fruit importers (Dromedary Dates). A slight bush-browed, serious gentleman of 61, he spreads the propaganda of arbitration as U. S. representative of the economic committee of the League of Nations.

SEC Week

☛ If two years ago a stock had spurted \$11 per share in six days, Wall Street would have glibly explained: "Pool." When Chrysler Corp. jumped from \$72 per share to \$83 on the New York Stock Exchange last week that stock explanation would no longer do. Pools are now banned by law. Nevertheless, it took less than half an eye to see that Chrysler's spectacular performance was not due solely to bright motor prospects. Rumors took wing that SEC's eagle-eyed trading inspectors had seen all they needed to see.

To prove manipulation, even if it exists, is often a tough task. So instead of crack-

Pacific National Fire Insurance Company Standardizes on Monroe "Velvet Touch" Machines



HERE YOU SEE THE VALUE OF MONROE'S DESK SIZE—YOU CAN CARRY BOTH ADDING-CALCULATORS AND LISTING MACHINES TO THE DESK WHERE THE WORK ORIGINATES.

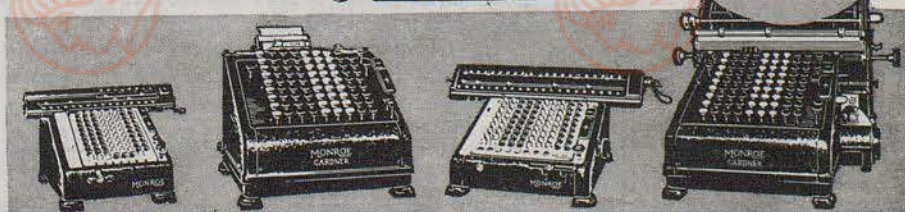
PACIFIC National of San Francisco, operating nationally with offices from Coast to Coast, carefully studied the whole field of figuring equipment before standardizing on Monroe Adding-Calculators and Listing Machines.

Insurance statistics and accounting procedure demand extreme accuracy and Monroe machines have lived up to every expectation. The "Velvet Touch" ease of Monroe operation; the sturdiness of the machines; their

desk-size and portability have all played a part in cutting down the cost of figuring. The service of Monroe-owned branches all over the country has assured Pacific National of uninterrupted figure work.

A call to the nearest Monroe-owned branch, or a letter to the factory will put a "Velvet Touch" Monroe to work on your own figures—no obligation. Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Inc., Orange, New Jersey.

MONROE



WRITE FOR
A FREE COPY OF
"VELVET TOUCH"
A NEW 16 PAGE
BOOKLET

American Home Products Corporation

CAPITAL STOCK
(Listed on the New York Stock Exchange)

MEMORANDUM ON REQUEST

Our memorandum describes the Corporation which, through its subsidiaries, is engaged in the manufacture and distribution of nationally advertised proprietary medicinal products, as well as pharmaceuticals, cosmetics and household products. Among such products are Koly-nos Toothpaste, Petrolagar, Bi So Dol, Anacin, Wyeth's Collyrium and Plastic Wood.

It shows the Corporation's sales and earnings record and discusses recent developments in the Corporation's affairs.

Ask for Memorandum—TM-24

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PORTLAND, ME.

INTEGRATION

● The Associated System has recently acquired along the Atlantic Seaboard new companies which are in close proximity to or actually interconnected with companies previously owned.

Acquisition of these companies is part of the Associated System's program of integrating its principal properties into a regional group.

This process is exemplified in Pennsylvania, where areas served by new companies (shaded) are interconnected with the original areas (black) in an integrated group.

These new companies acquired, along the Atlantic Seaboard, increase by about 20% the number of customers served by the Associated System.



Old and new areas connected in Pennsylvania



ASSOCIATED GAS & ELECTRIC SYSTEM

ing down with a ponderous investigation that might have sent the whole market into a decline, the SEC office in Manhattan chose a smarter method of warning against strong-arm tactics. It issued a denial of anything more than a routine interest in the Chrysler rise. But by mentioning by name, and only mentioning, the firm with which most Chrysler market moves are associated, SEC made its point perfectly, thus:

"Any statement that the Commission or any Commission employee had asked E. F. Hutton & Co. or any other house or individual to sell Chrysler stock or any other stock is entirely false. . . . No decision as to whether there will be any further investigation of trading in Chrysler stock has been made."

¶ Having boldly simplified registration statements for established corporations, SEC was still bothered by the sheer bulk of offering prospectuses, which, legally, are condensed registration statements. Even with generous interpretations of the law, a 35-page circular seems to be about the minimum for a big company. Hence last spring SEC evolved rules & regulations permitting the use of "newspaper" prospectuses, which are condensed offering prospectuses.

Fearing that a quick, high-point summary for advertising purposes would leave them wide open to sue-or-settle shysters, bankers clung to the "tombstone" (matter-of-record) announcement. Meantime they asked SEC for better definitions. Last week for the first time since the Securities Act became effective, an advertisement for a new issue appeared in the oldtime form of a one-page prospectus. The firm that plunged with an offering of \$45,000,000 Illinois Bell Telephone bonds was Morgan Stanley & Co., underwriting offshoot of the House of Morgan. Meticulously the Morgan advertisement referred readers to the offering prospectus and the registration statement "which also include important information not outlined or indicated herein."*

¶ Last week for the first time in the memory of any Washington newshawk a government official publicly acknowledged the aid of a ghost writer. Copies of a speech delivered by Commissioner George C. Mathews rolled off the SEC mimeographs headed: "Prepared by I. N. P. Stokes 2nd and Commissioner Mathews." It was no clerical blunder. The modest Commissioner made a point of asking the publicity department to place ahead of his own the name of the young lawyer who helped him—Isaac Newton Phelps ("Ike") Stokes 2nd, son of Canon Anson Phelps Stokes of Washington Cathedral and a member of the pious copper & railroad

*Behind the mountain of facts & figures still required in registration statements is a hard-headed theory often ignored by New Deal critics. Says SEC, in effect: "We know that investors will never take the trouble to plough through a registration statement. We know that many of them will not even read an offering prospectus, though we now insist that they at least have one in their hand before buying. Probably they would not understand it if they did read it. This mass of information is assembled, not for the average investor, but for the people who help make up the investor's mind—bankers, brokers, trustees, analysts, investment counsels, statistical services. These are the experts who guide investment opinion. If we have available all the facts they need to appraise a company's securities, the public gets full benefit through sounder estimates of values."

house of Phelps - Dodge - Stokes - James.

The Dodges go to Princeton, the Jameses to Amherst, the Stokeses to Yale, where Father Anson Phelps Stokes was University secretary for 22 years and where Son Ike was a Phi Beta Kappa in the Class of 1929. Tall, lean, cerebral, humorless, Ike Stokes later went to Harvard Law School, graduating in time for James McCauley Landis to take him to Washington as his secretary for a year. Now 29, he works in the SEC law department which let him "ghost" temporarily for Commissioner Mathews.

Libbey to Levis

Last week able William Edward Levis, head of Owens-Illinois Glass Co., took over Libbey Glass Manufacturing Co. Libbey makes tumblers, glasses, fingerbowls, pitchers, all manner of glass tableware, is not to be confused with Libbey-Owens-Ford which makes plate glass.



OWENS-ILLINOIS' LEVIS

... spent \$5,000,000 on fingerbowls.

With the glass business, like the bottle business, boomed by Repeal, Libbey should earn about \$500,000 in 1935. Mr. Levis paid for the Libbey company with 47,200 shares of Owens-Illinois stock which closed last week at 106 and so constituted a \$5,000,000 consideration. Libbey will operate as an Owens-Illinois division with President Joseph W. Robinson continuing as its head.

Owens-Illinois makes more than 40% of all U. S. bottles. It turns out some 300,000,000 beer bottles, some 550,000,000 liquor bottles per year. The company made money and paid dividends through every year of Depression and for the twelve months ending Sept. 30 showed a \$7,894,000 profit. American Can and Continental Can have recently invaded Mr. Levis' territory with their production of beer cans but Owens-Illinois does not worry much about the canned-beer menace, thinks the glass container so much cheaper than the tin container that no serious competition should result. Mr. Levis differs from the older generation of bottle-makers in seeing the bottle as a package and in merchandising it as a container that permits full product visibility.



as do without Ediphone Voice Writing



because it has increased our Dictators' business capacity 50%!

(From Edison Records of the World's Business) Crediting Voice Writing with a 50% increase in the business capacity of his dictators, the President of this large printing establishment states:—"If the Ediphone drew the same salary that I draw, the company would still be ahead of the game!"

A Pro-technic Ediphone stands next to each dictator's desk—which means that no one wastes a second when there's work to be done. Each man simply turns to his Ediphone "24-hour secretary," and talks ... as slowly or as quickly as desired. Whenever a letter has been read or a tele-

phone call completed, the answer or confirmation is dispatched instantly. At the same time, if samples, price lists, etc. are needed, memos are dictated to men possessing the required information.

All information about special jobs is voicewritten. Thus, everyone gets written instructions and copies are filed—a system which gains \$8,000 per year!

This modern dictation instrument probably will increase your firm's business capacity 50% too! For convincing proof, Telephone The Ediphone, Your City; or write to—



Thomas A. Edison
INCORPORATED
ORANGE, N. J. U. S. A.

THE "5-POINT" DICTATING MACHINE

Dust-Proof • Dignified Design • Sanitary • Tailored in Steel • "Balanced" Voice Writing

"LET'S CALL IT A DAY" THERE'S PILGRIM RUM WAITING"



Be master of tense situations. Suggest a drink made from Pilgrim Rum. This versatile liquor mixes everyone's favorite — Tom and Jerry, Eggnog, Punch, Cocktails. Pilgrim is smooth. Straight. Strong yet mellow. That's because it is made slowly and conscientiously — just as we've made fine rum since 1819.

Pilgrim treats your purse right — and treats you right. Drink it tonight . . . see what we mean tomorrow.

Felton & Son, Inc.
Boston, Mass. Since 1819



PILGRIM RUM

(Continued from p. 6)

chamois trophy is the *gamsbart* (beard) which the huntsman has mounted in a holder, and wears in his cap.—Ed.

"A Certain Englishman"

Sirs:

I am becoming quite disgusted with you. . . . It seems to me that in your desire to furnish us choice morsels to roll under our tongues, you are including more and more items which might better be left to the regular scandal sheets. Your constant references to a certain Englishman, whom those most capable of judging generally rate as very much of an officer and a gentleman, seem to me to be in rotten bad taste, and as you know that there is practically no chance of a libel action, damned unsportsmanlike. . . .

A. H. MCFARLAN

Phoenix, Ariz.

TIME is at a loss to know what Subscriber McFarlan means.—Ed.

Fertile Roswell

Sirs:

Your reference to Colonel Lindbergh landing at Roswell, N. Mex. in a cactus-littered desert (TIME, Oct. 7) is certainly misleading. We have 275 blocks of paved streets, more than 30,000 shade trees, hundreds of flower gardens growing dahlias 12 inches across and other flowers in proportion, and 12,000 people who are rather proud of our beauty. You should not lead your readers to believe this is a cactus wilderness. Certainly they would be disappointed if they came expecting it. . . .

CLAUDE SIMPSON
Secretary

Chamber of Commerce
Roswell, N. Mex.

Sirs:

. . . Roswell is one of the most beautiful little towns in the U. S. . . . In fact we have to travel miles to be able to get cactus for ornamental purposes. . . .

MRS. SIDNEY PRAGER

Roswell, N. Mex.

Confusing Bordens

Sirs:

In Milestones (TIME, Oct. 14) you mention the marriage of Penelope Borden, "daughter of the late Milkman Lewis Mercer Borden, sister of Chicago Dramacritic Gail Borden II, great-granddaughter of Gail Borden I, who invented condensed milk."

I am sorry that I have not the honor to be the lady's brother, but only her third cousin. Your error is, however, understandable since the Bordens are a confusing family to any genealogist, almost as much so as the Smiths.

The history . . . is briefly this: Four brothers settled in Texas (Gail, Thomas, Paschal and John). Gail was the milkman (though hardly "Gail I" since his father and grandfather were both Gail) and the great progenitor of Penelope. His brother, John, was the great-grandfather of

GAIL BORDEN

"Chicago Dramacritic"

Chicago Daily Times
Chicago, Ill.

Hollow

Sirs:

Oh TIME, TIME! After all the effort to get people to stop saying "the consensus of opinion is—" you came out with "hollow tube!" (TIME, Oct. 14, p. 46, line 33).

Did you ever see a tube that wasn't hollow?

WILLIAM ELMER

Philadelphia, Pa.

No. Henceforth in TIME tubes shall be tubes.—Ed.

TIME publishes, fortnightly, in a separate magazine called LETTERS, the overflow of correspondence received by the Editors. A sample copy of LETTERS may be obtained by any TIME reader, free, upon request. Its subscription price is \$1 a year. Write to 350 E. 22nd St., Chicago.



LET ME LEAVE YOU 52 OF MY BUSINESS CARDS

● Cheat the wastebasket. Don't be just another "forgotten man." Leave your prospect a pack of Brown & Bigelow advertising playing cards, bearing your trade-mark, product, or message about your service.

Where the ordinary business card is thrown away, these cards are taken home to remind your prospect favorably again and again of your product, your business, and you.



Write on your business stationery for interesting FREE booklet "The Winning Hand;" ways and means of increasing your business with playing cards.

Manufacturers of
Advertising
Playing Cards

BROWN & BIGELOW

Remembrance Advertising

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

Makers of Calendars and Advertising

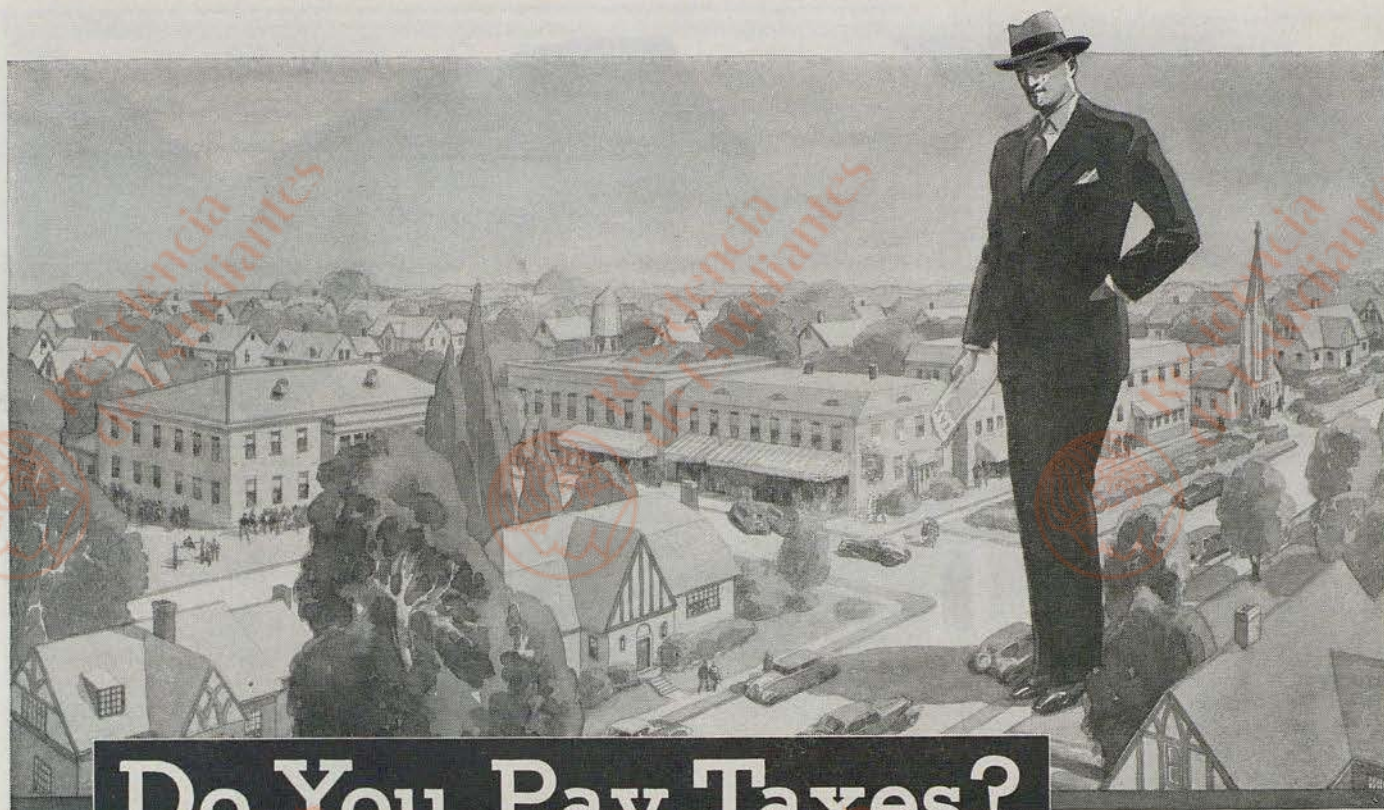
Specialties Since 1896



Yield to the fascination of Great Western Champagne. Its superb quality has won Europe's HIGHEST award for champagne excellence. ● Write for champagne booklet, "Pour Out the Stars", Dept. T-10 Pleasant Valley Wine Co., Rheims, N. Y.



Great Western
CHAMPAGNE



Do You Pay Taxes?

As you look at your community, are you disturbed by the thought that you may be carrying more than your share of the burden? Then you'll take a personal interest in the method that lightens the load on the individual while greatly increasing total revenues.

● Is your city or town, your county or state, half starved for money to provide adequate police and fire protection?

Is it denied the means to improve its schools and playgrounds, its streets, parks and highways?

And is it suffering these hardships to no small extent because its officials have not been provided with speedy mechanical facilities for accurately recording the essential data . . . and for promptly billing and vigorously collecting money due?

Don't think because you pay your taxes in full and on time that a multitude of needless errors and delinquencies are of little or no concern to you.

The less others pay, the more you have to pay!

Any system, therefore, which will minimize errors, lower collection costs, *bring in more money and bring it in more quickly* is of vital importance to everyone who contributes to the cost of government. Such a system is the *Addressograph Tax Accounting Method* . . . a proved success in hundreds of communities.

How Newark Set an All-Time Record in Tax Collections

Consider the City of Newark, as one of the brilliant examples of what the Addressograph Method can do to help replenish treasuries and lighten the burden on the individual.

"In 1934" . . . we quote from the New York Times . . . "Newark collected \$31,711,000 in taxes, the largest amount ever collected in a single year in that city.

Collections of \$10,772,232 in delinquent taxes also set a new record."

"The methods employed in getting the money should be interesting to every tax official . . . every taxpayer. A published Newark report says: "Time-consuming routine tasks of endlessly copying and comparing longhand records have been eliminated. More compact, more legible records than were possible formerly, are now written much more *speedily* and with far *greater accuracy* * * * Bills are now computed, printed and accurately balanced by machine * * * Employees have been assigned to the more important jobs of *improving* assessment methods and carrying on a *continuous* billing and tax collection campaign."

Where the old method required the copying, checking and balancing of 495,000 separate items by hand . . . plus filling in 165,000 bills . . . the modernized Addressograph method completely and accurately lists property descriptions and names and addresses from fire-proof, error-proof records, at the rate of 1600 an hour. The billing is done on an automatic Addressograph at the rate of 2500 per hour.

Prompt, accurate and frequent billing of both current and delinquent taxes . . . plus a series of individualized collection letters produced on Dupligrath machines . . . were largely responsible for materially improving collections and the city's credit.

How You Can Help Lighten Taxes

Does it mean something to you to live in a community that honors its obligations promptly . . . pays its teachers, policemen, firemen, on time and in full . . . saves every possible dollar in the assessing and collecting of taxes and thus makes available more money for essential services?

Thousands of public officials are sincerely striving toward these very goals. And you can perform a real service by bringing this message to the attention of those officials in your community who have the power to act in your behalf.

Suggest to them that they find out how the Addressograph method is saving money not only for the taxpayers of Newark, but for those of Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, Cleveland, and many smaller towns and counties as well as large cities . . . *how it is everywhere giving the taxpayer more for his money!*

All this information may be readily obtained from the nearest Addressograph representative. Consult principal city telephone books, or write us for convincing facts.

ADDRESSOGRAPH COMPANY
Division of
Addressograph-Multigraph Corporation
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Offices in All Principal Cities of the World

Just as Addressograph saves money for taxpayers, so it speeds up work and saves money for businesses of every kind and size.

»» Addressograph ««

TRADE MARK



AFTER 50 YEARS....A PEN THAT CAN'T LEAK!

Carry it upside down . . . it will not leak. Lay it on its side . . . it will not leak!

No ink stains on your fingers—your purse—your desk—or your clothes. For, when you screw on the cap, a valve . . . the Safety Ink Shut-Off* . . . automatically shuts off the flow of ink from the pen barrel.

Yet the Eversharp writes the moment you touch point to paper!

John F. Kennedy

Tailored to write your way . . . When you buy your Eversharp, remember you can adjust it to suit your natural writing line. You can actually tailor it to fit your exact stroke, pressure and style—giving the easiest writing that ever flowed from a pen.



The "right" gift pen! . . . Because

the Eversharp is the only pen that has the adjustable point, it naturally is the only gift pen that is "safe." The person who gets it can tailor this pen to his own writing style.



Fills with one stroke! Holds more than double the volume of ink! Visible ink supply shows when to refill!



Your dealer is now featuring the new Eversharp pen. See him. Try it. See how snugly its graceful Doric shape fits in your hand.

Write! See if ever in your experi-

ence you got such sheer velvety writing. Sold at stationers, jewelers, pen shops, department and drug stores. At \$7.50 and \$10 (with guarantee for life). Other models at \$5.

Genuine Eversharp Pencils to match \$3.50 and \$4. Price of matching sets \$7.50, \$10, and \$12.50. All prices slightly higher in Canada. The Wahl Co., Chicago, New York, San Francisco, and Toronto. *U. S. PAT. APPLIED FOR



Eversharp is the only maker of Square Lead—the mechanical pencil lead that can't slip or twist—that writes smoother, blacker, sharper.

EVERSHARP

FOUNTAIN PENS

LEAK-PROOF—AND GIVE YOU TAILORED WRITING

B O O K S

Morgan to Mitchell

THE LORDS OF CREATION—Frederick Lewis Allen—Harper (\$3).

On the evening of Dec. 12, 1900, 38-year-old Charles M. Schwab met the elder J. P. Morgan for the first time at a dinner given in Schwab's honor in Manhattan. Although the newspapers did not report the event, it was destined to be of great historical importance for it led to the formation of U. S. Steel and inaugurated a new period in the history of U. S. business.

Schwab had intended to speak for a few minutes, but talked for an hour, addressing his remarks to the impassive Morgan and calling up a vision of the future opening before the steel industry if it were properly organized and operated. After the dinner Schwab and Morgan talked privately for half an hour, and while the livery-stable keeper's son made a deep impression on Morgan, they could not freely discuss consolidation of the steel industry, since Schwab was associated with Carnegie, often Morgan's competitor. Fearing Carnegie's displeasure, Schwab suggested an "accidental" meeting with Morgan at the Hotel Bellevue in Philadelphia. When he got there he learned that Morgan had caught cold, could not go out, wanted to see Schwab at his home. Schwab committed himself to the extent of going there, heard Morgan's offer to buy out Carnegie, consulted Mrs. Carnegie as to the most diplomatic way to present the project to the tough, white-bearded Scot who spent half his time in his Highland castle and who had planned for 30 years to retire. She advised a game of golf. On the St. Andrews links in Westchester Schwab described the proposal. When Carnegie agreed the "greatest corporate monster in history" was organized.

Last week Frederick Lewis Allen, author of best-selling *Only Yesterday*, used the story of U. S. Steel as a starting point for a long (483-page) discussion of financial and corporate expansion in the U. S. between 1900 and 1930. *The Lords of Creation* concentrates principally on the change from a *laissez-faire* economy to one dominated by gigantic trusts, but is studded with brief characterizations of the leading financiers of the period and enlivened with colorful items of unfamiliar information. The result is an uneven book, a straightforward narrative of speculative adventures in the sections dealing with the early years, which grows increasingly vague and general when it runs into post-War prosperity and depression. To characterize the early period Author Allen describes the Harriman-Hill battle over the Northern Pacific that created a panic in 1901; the collapse of the trust companies in 1907; the Pujo money investigation and the reform movement. His illustrations of post-War conditions include accounts of the Insull and Van Sweringen holding companies; the careers of Charles Edwin Mitchell, Albert Henry Wiggin, Amadeo Peter Giannini; the history of the banking collapse of 1933.

While *The Lords of Creation* contains



FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

Mrs. Carnegie advised golf.

much material that readers of John T. Flynn (*God's Gold*), Matthew Josephson (*The Robber Barons*) and Lewis Corey (*The House of Morgan*) will find familiar, it assembles this scattered material in readable fashion but employs it to point no novel or daring conclusion.

Buzz & Antibuzz

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE—Sinclair Lewis—Doubleday, Doran (\$2.50).

Skinny, smiling, bearded Doremus Jessup was editor of the Fort Beulah (Vt.) *Daily Informer*, an old-fashioned liberal whose paper expressed his independent views. He lived contentedly with his motherly wife, his belligerently outspoken daughter, enjoyed a quiet love affair with the Fort Beulah feminine rebel despite his 60 years. As an alert editor, Doremus was interested in the rise of a Western Senator, Berzelius Windrip, commonly called "Buzz," a bubbling and buoyant individual whose personality and career closely resembled those of the late Huey Long. Windrip ruled unchallenged in his own State, built roads, enlarged the militia until it became his private army. When he got the support of Bishop Prang of Indiana, whose radio addresses reached millions, Windrip won the Democratic nomination for President in 1936. Thereupon Editor Doremus Jessup knew that history of an obnoxious sort was soon to be made.

Franklin Roosevelt countered by organizing the Jeffersonian Party. Republicans nominated Honest Walt Trowbridge who spoke well but promised little. But "Buzz" Windrip raved like a madman, assisted in his ravings by his creepy publicity agent and fixer, Lee Sarason. His followers got publicity by making speeches in strange places, such as copper mines, fishing fleets, sporting houses. His supporters were organized as the Forgotten Men, sang a goofy campaign song ("Buzz and buzz"),

beat up Reds, Jeffersonians, innocent bystanders, lumping them together as the Antibuzz. His program, based on sharing the wealth, was as emphatic as it was meaningless. He claimed to be just a plain, simple, common man. He told bad jokes. He was elected.

Over the length and breadth of the land, even in Fort Beulah, trouble broke out. Doremus' hired man, "Shad," grew more insolent than he had been, spied on Doremus, became secretary of the League of Forgotten Men, then commander of the local branch of Windrip's private army. Windrip dissolved Congress, arrested protesting Senators, imprisoned his ally, Bishop Prang, had Prang's rebellious supporters shot, ordered his Minute Men to turn machine guns on crowds. When Doremus wrote an editorial criticizing such statesmanship, he was locked up, his son-in-law was killed, his paper taken over by Windrip men. Editor Doremus became a secret agent of those opposing Windrip. He smuggled propaganda from exiles in Canada, was arrested, tortured, sent to a concentration camp, almost died. Doremus got out, lived in exile in Canada until Windrip was overthrown. Windrip's publicity man became dictator. Then a puritanical general overthrew the publicity man and declared war on Mexico. Revolution broke out, followed by civil war. Doremus sneaked into the enemy lines, unafraid, for, in the last words of the novel, "a Doremus Jessup can never die."

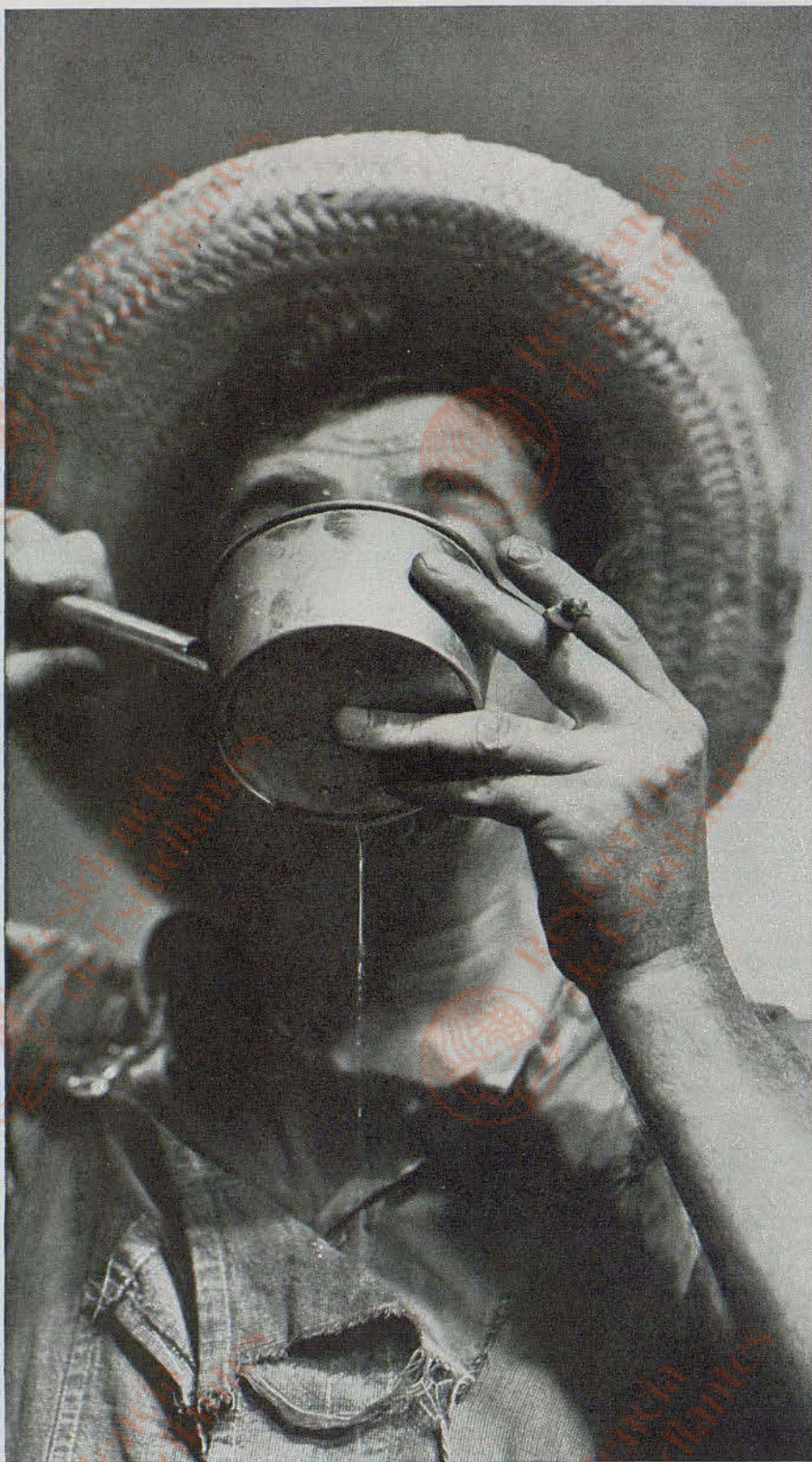
Regardless of whether a Doremus Jessup can die, *It Can't Happen Here* reveals with painful clarity that Sinclair Lewis cannot make one live. As a result, the 15th novel of the only U. S. writer to win the Nobel Prize for Literature must be classed as one of his least successful efforts. Partly a political farce, it deals with events too troubling and violent, and is too extended to be amusing. Partly a serious effort to warn readers of the dangers of a dictatorship, it presents that dictatorship as too weird to be convincing or alarming.

It Can't Happen Here reveals a sharp change in Sinclair Lewis' interests, as well as his general unfamiliarity with the political field. Last week literary gossips, recalling that his wife, Dorothy Thompson (*I Saw Hitler*), was a severe critic of the Nazis and had been expelled from Germany last year, were inclined to believe that Author Lewis had got his picture of a modern dictatorship at second hand, imagining a U. S. totalitarian state cut so closely on the German model that it could not fit the U. S. at any point. And readers of *It Can't Happen Here* who feel that almost anything can happen in the U. S. are likely to be convinced that it cannot happen in quite the way Author Lewis describes.

Violent Vagabond

MOTTKE THE THIEF—Sholem Asch—Putnam (\$2.50).

With *Three Cities* Sholem Asch displayed an ability to create a broad social panorama, drew a comprehensive picture of Jewish life in Warsaw and Moscow at the time of the Russian Revolution. *Mottke the Thief*, excellently translated by Willa and Edwin Muir, reveals a fresh aspect of Sholem Asch's talent, tells a lively, picturesque tale of a Jewish vaga-



Mister, your mouth
will keep FRESH as spring water
... if you keep to SPUDS

SPUD—THE REFRESHING CIGARETTE • 15¢ FOR 20 • CORK TIP OR PLAIN
THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

bond who bounded among the pillars and posts of pre-War Polish society. Before Mottke was born his jealous mother had thrown a bottle of vitriol on his father, burning the flesh off his face. In return, the father married her so she would always be on hand when he wanted to beat her. Mottke fled from this violent household with a caravan of traveling acrobats and dancers. Billed as a strong man, he fitted into a wandering life, fell in love with Mary, dark-eyed, passionate little dancer. But Mary was Kanarik's girl, and the money she was given by village admirers went to him. Mottke was too jealous to tolerate such practices, raised moral objections, made a frightful scene and took Mary's earnings himself.

Beaten up by Kanarik and his friends, Mottke prepared his revenge. He told Mary to persuade Kanarik to flee with her, left the troupe himself, ambushed Kanarik, stabbed him. Then, armed with Kanarik's money and passport, he took Mary to Warsaw, where he became a power in the underworld. Mary caught the fancy of a commissar, but Mottke chafed under his stolen identity, longed to have his own name back. He fell in love with the innocent daughter of a brothel-keeper, sold his retinue of girls into white slavery in Argentina, became respectable. Before their marriage he told his conventionally-minded betrothed of his crime, because he wanted her to call him Mottke, was denounced to the commissar. With extravagant abandon, Mary diverted the commissar until she could warn Mottke, who would not believe her. The police found him with his sweetheart insisting that she swear she had not betrayed him.

Stalin Collective

SEEDS OF TOMORROW—Mikhail Sholokhov—Knopf (\$2.50).

U. S. readers seeking a vivid and imaginative Soviet novelist who could describe the wild and involved battles of civil war without lapsing into melodrama or propaganda found their man last year in Mikhail Sholokhov (*And Quiet Flows the Don*). In *Seeds of Tomorrow* Sholokhov has written the story of a collective farm with robust humor, with good-natured mockery at the zeal and pompousness of Communists, with shrewd sympathy for the bewilderment of peasants.

With great enthusiasm and a high resolve not to dishonor its name, a group of Cossack villagers form the Joseph Stalin Collective, and in an extraordinary variety of ways proceed at once to run it to the ground. The principal figure in this comedy of Communist errors is Davidov, forthright, well-meaning mechanic and onetime gunner who arrives at the isolated village of Gremyachy Log, in the Don basin, with instructions to organize all the farmers except the wealthy ones. He is ably assisted in getting into messes by Nagulnov, secretary of the Communist Party in the village, a long-winded, impatient hero of the Revolution, whose hatred of property is so intense that he is determined to socialize even the hens and geese.

Davidov's major error consists in advocating that one Yakov Lukich be made manager of the collective. Since Yakov is an excellent farmer, interested in im-

NEUTRALITY

one of four episodes
in MARCH OF TIME #7



AS the Italian juggernaut rolls into Ethiopia, men's passions stir throughout the world. In the League of Nations, the passion is for peace, but reaction to League penalties on Italy, may lead toward a larger war.

Outside the League, in Japan, the passion is for profit. Viewing Ethiopia not only as a customer for cotton cloth, but as the potential Belgium of another European war, Japan remembers how fatly she profited from the war 20 years ago. As the news from Europe darkens, Japanese stocks boom to record prices, in record volume.

In the U. S. the will-to-peace is strong. Leaving for his vacation cruise, President Roosevelt speaks the nation's mind: "The American people can have but one concern and speak but one sentiment: despite what happens in continents overseas, the United States of America shall and must remain, as long ago the Father of Our Country

prayed that it might remain, unentangled and free."

An embargo is placed on arms and munitions to the warring nations. Neutrality machinery, hurriedly constructed by Congress in its closing hours, goes into action. But arms and munitions are only a fraction of what the U. S. has to sell belligerents. Though warned that they deal with warring nations "at their own risk," American sellers crowd the buying agencies of Italy and Ethiopia ready and eager with cotton, steel, copper, wheat, coal, oil. Thus America's problem: An isolated neutrality? Or war profits at the seller's risk?

THE MARCH OF TIME finds one American business-man—a maker of barbed wire in Janesville, Wis.—who resolves the problem in his own mid-American way. In 1914 and 1915 his company exported a lot of barbed wire. This time, he says, "We'll just go on making wire to keep cows where they belong."



NOTICE TO EMPLOYEES

THIS COMPANY WILL ACCEPT NO WAR BUSINESS, SO DON'T EXPECT A WAR BOOM.

WE WILL JUST GO ON MAKING BARB WIRE TO KEEP AMERICAN COWS WHERE THEY BELONG.

JAMES E. HARRIS
PRESIDENT

**THE
MARCH
OF
TIME**



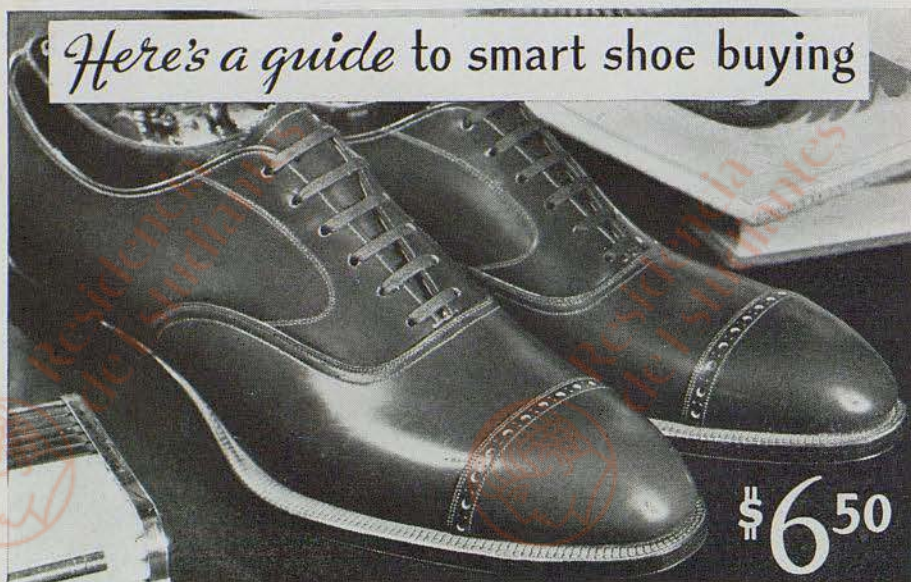
PRODUCED BY THE EDITORS OF TIME

OTHER 7th ISSUE EPISODES

*THE NEW PALESTINE — Modern Miracle in the Desert
SUMMER THEATRES — New Stars of stage and screen
AND SUDDEN DEATH — Biggest single blow for motor safety

NOW SHOWING COAST TO COAST

* Palestine scenes by March of Time Cameraman Charles W. Herbert for coming feature "The Promised Land."



The Longwood No. 4203 Black Jetta Calf. No. 4103 Brown Moorland Calf.

IF YOU'D LIKE to see the latest styles in smart footwear, visit your Jarman dealer. Try on the new Frank Jarman Custom Shoes at \$6.50. Every style is designed to conform with the newest trends in men's fashions. The leather and workmanship are of the finest quality, and the flexible Customized Insole gives you freedom with every step. Or, if you prefer, ask to see the Jarman Friendly Shoe at five dollars.

Frank Jarman
Everything Fine Shoes Should Have Custom Shoe

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY • A Division of General Shoe Corporation • NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE



WILLIAM T. TILDEN, 2nd: The champion of champions! Mainstay of Davis Cup teams from 1920 to 1929... the world's greatest tennis player for years. Bill Tilden couldn't have reached the heights he did without keen eyesight. His eyes are his most precious possession.

Give your Precious Eyes the protection of proper lighting

★ Don't take a chance with your eyes! Buy standard quality lamps! You may save a few cents when you buy "cheap" inferior lamp bulbs, but in the long run, it's never economy, because they don't give you the full package of light your eyes deserve.

Next time, insist on Hygrade Lamps. These lamps are standard quality. And in the long run, they'll actually save you money, because they use only the proper amount of electric power. Look for the Hygrade trademark when you buy lamp bulbs. Protect your precious eyes.

FREE BOOKLET: Tells you what your eyes reveal! Tells you how to judge people's character by reading their eyes! To get your free copy, simply send your name and address, to Hygrade Sylvania Corporation, Salem, Mass.



© 1935 Hygrade Sylvania Corp.

Hygrade Lamps

HYGRADE SYLVANIA CORPORATION, MAKERS ALSO OF SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES

provements in agricultural technique, he would have made a good manager had it not been for the fact that he had been in the White army and was now sheltering counter-revolutionary officers in his home. Nagulnov urges that the world revolution begin at home, and puts his theory into practice by giving up his wife, studying English and considering most of his neighbors counter-revolutionists. Yakov builds up the collective because he is a good farmer and tears it down because he is a White. Between them they make Davidov's days miserable.

Despite all the bewilderments, violence, sabotage and plain foolishness, the collective farm is established, succeeds in planting its quota of grain. Thereupon Davidov, who has stubbornly determined to devote all his attention to his work, finds himself trapped by Nagulnov's onetime wife who chases him shamelessly, even follows him to his room. "You're a fine girl," he tells her ruefully, "and the legs under you are beautiful, only—only you don't use them to walk where you ought to go."

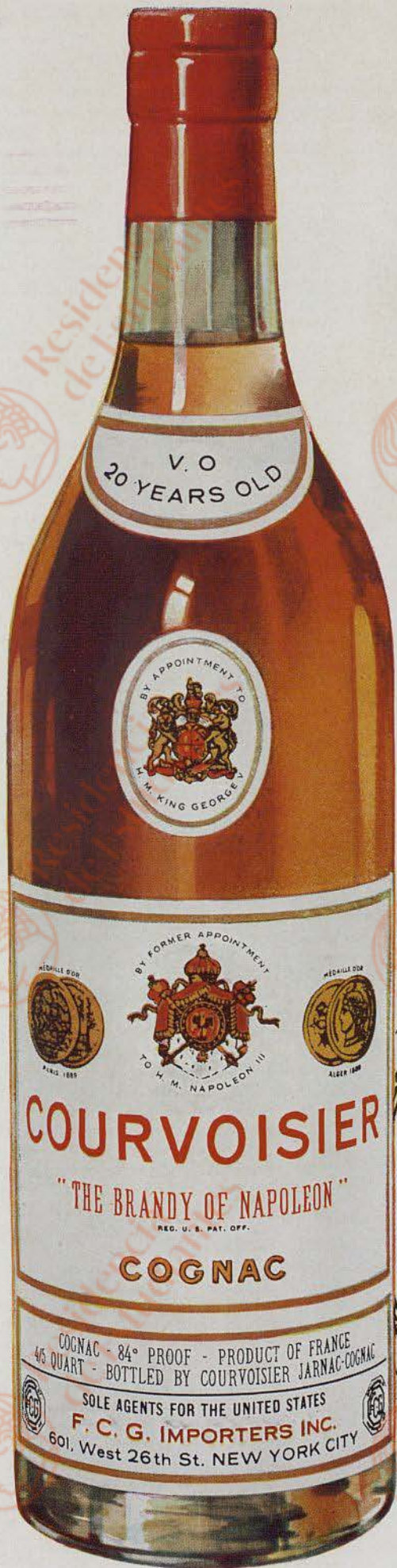
Musty Amusement

BROWNSTONE FRONTS AND SARATOGA TRUNKS—Henry Collins Brown—Dutton (\$3.75).

In the great fire of 1835, New York City was saved from annihilation only because numerous buildings were dynamited. As a result, one of the first acts of reconstruction was the Croton Aqueduct, financed by the sale of lottery tickets. Even after the Aqueduct was finished, fire-fighting remained in the hands of private companies whose rivalries frequently threatened the city, since partisans of one company or another would seize the hydrant near a blaze, prevent its use until friends arrived. Such colorful items of dubious historical importance Henry Collins Brown includes in a volume on Victorian New York, succeeds in writing an amusing if somewhat musty book characterized by an old-fashioned respect for old-fashioned things.

Brownstone Fronts and Saratoga Trunks includes accounts of the Draft Riots, the Gold Corner, the opening of the Atlantic Cable, the bloody street-war between the Fenians and Orangemen. But it is principally memorable for its items of unessential information which throw an oblique light on the times. Thus, Author Brown records that William Cullen Bryant introduced one speaker at Cooper Union as "a lawyer well known in the West, Mr. A. Lincoln." Lincoln's principal problem at that moment was to straighten out the affairs of his son, Robert, who had just flunked his examinations at Harvard. When Lincoln left the hall the committee assigned to escort him to his hotel paid his five-cent carfare and let him ride back alone.

There is nothing patronizing in Author Brown's account of mid-century interior decorating, when a Turkish Cozy Corner stood in every up-to-date parlor, when piano legs had wide, baby-blue sashes tied to them. Although he occasionally apologizes for the crudities of the day, his book gives the impression that he found the folding bed an impressive contribution to progress, horse cars an entirely satisfactory means of transportation.



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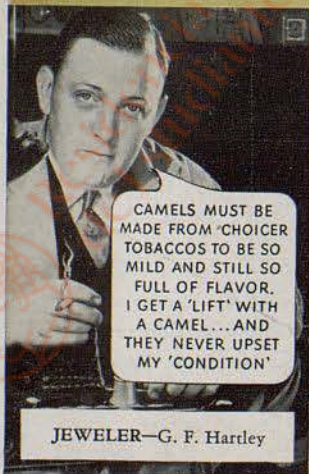
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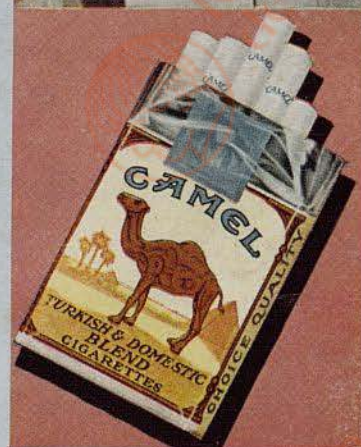
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