

情報部

第二課長

三情
A
B
C
D

昭和三年五月四日 増
別紙添付

機密第一一四號

昭和十二年三月二十七日

第一課長

在紐育

總領事代理 井上益太



東亞局
第一課

外務大臣 佐藤 尚武 殿

「チャイナ、トウヂエイ」三月號送付ノ件

「チャイナ、トウヂエイ」三月號送付ノ件

注意スヘキモノ社説「三中全會」、毛澤東ノ「Fidelity to Promises」及「西安事件ニ對スル中共ノ地位」等ナリ

「社説「三中全會」ハソノ結論トシテ會議ノ結果如何ナル行動カトラル、モ(1)南京政府カ西安派トノ協議ニ乘リ出セルコト及(2)親日的叛逆者ノ共

産黨ソノ也ノ反日團體ニ對スル征討ノ要求ヲ拒絶セルコトノ二事實ハ舊對日敗北主義政取ヨリノ急轉回ヲ示スモノニシテコノ政策變更ヲ齎セル支那大衆輿論ノ強力ナル動員ハ内亂中止、抗日ヲ要求スル黨派ノ政策戰術ノ妥當性ヲ証スルモノナリト云ヘラレリ

三蔣ハ各年十二月廿六日(釋放サレタル翌日)洛陽ヨリ「張、揚ノ提案ニ署名スルコトハ之ヲ拒絶セルモ彼等ニナシタル提案ノ支那ニ有利ナル部分ハ之ヲ實行スヘシトノ口約ハ之ヲ守ルヘシ」トノ趣旨ノ「ラヂオ」放送ヲナセル趣ニテ本誌ハ之ニ對スル毛澤東ノ要旨左ノ如キ「コメント」ヲ掲載シラレリ

將ノ「メツセージ」ハ支那大衆及國民黨左翼ヲ満足セシムルニハ足ラサルモ彼カ「約束ニ對スル忠誠行動ノ決定」ト云ヘル部分ハ賞讃ニ値スルモノナリ 彼カ中央軍撤退ヲ命シタルハ彼カ約束セル六條件ヲ忠實ニ守ル能力アル一證據ナリト觀察シ得

六條件トハ(1)親日派ヲ除キ抗日派ヲ容レテ國民黨及政府ヲ改組スルコト
(2)救國運動首領部及ソノ他ノ政治犯人ヲ釋放シ人民ノ自由權ヲ保障スルコト
(3)共產黨斷壓政策ヲ絶止シ抗日ノタメニ紅軍ト同盟スルコト
(4)抗日

0308

0307

手段協議ノタメニ總ユル黨派、團體、軍隊ヲ集合シ救國大會ヲ開催スル
コト(5)抗日ニ同情的ナル列強ト協調スルコト(6)救國ノタメ其ノ他ノ手段
ヲ實行スルコトナリ

蔣ノ釋放ハ國民黨左翼及共產黨ノ喜意ノ副停ニヨル處ナルヲ忘ルヘカラ
ス 西安事件ニ對スル共產黨ノ態度ハ内亂ニ對スル絶對反對、和平解決
ニアリタリ若シ内亂起リ蔣ノ監禁長引カハ親日派及日本軍部ニ好都合ナ
ル事態ノ發展ヲナスヘキヲ恐レタルモノナリ國民黨左派モ同意見ナリキ
將ハ西兵要求ヲ容ル、ヲ約束シ釋放サレタリ今ヤ吾人ハ蔣ノ「約束ニ對
スル忠誠」ヲ期待ス若シ蔣ニシテ約束ニ忠實ナラハ吾人ハ全幅ノ支持ヲ
惜マサルモノナリ云々一九三六年十二月卅日

(三)本誌ハ西安事件ニ對スル中共ノ地位ヲ明カニスル目的ヲ以テ中共中央委
員會及中華蘇維埃中央政府ヨリ國民黨南京政府、其他總ユル黨派軍隊ニ
宛テタル十二月一日附、十二月十九日附、一月六日附ノ三通電ノ内容ヲ
掲載シ居レリ。

(四)「中國救國運動ニ對スル米人ノ支持」ト題スル「ホウエル」ノ報告ハ陶
行知、胡秋原、陸灌等ノ米國各地ニ於ケル活躍振ヲ述ヘ注目スヘキハ末

0309

段ニ「アメリカン、フレンズ、オブ、チャイニーズ、ビープル」ハ米支青
年ノ相互援助ヲ組織スル目的ヲ以テ青年部ヲ設置セルヲ報告シラレリ。

本信爲送付先 暹米、在支、在滿各大使及天津領事

附録物 「チャイナ、トゥデエイ」

三月號

0310

公	信	案
茲ニ送附ス。而査閱抄取致 (在紐育未信字第八一号字作初添付ノコト)		
外	務	省

0312

5.5.0.3
懸案

主 管 情報部長 了 主任 第一課長 機密 第一三八一號 昭和十二年四月廿日 附 附屬	受 信 人 逓信省電務局長 拂清(光暉) 情報委員会 折本長	名 件 録 記 外務省國際通信利用 関係	發 信 人 天 野 情報部長 印 表
公 信 案 三國之別添付如キ報告有之タルニ付外務省中参考送 今般在紐育井上總領事代理ヨリ國際電法利用 關係ニ付	名 件 本邦ヨリ、三國之別添付國際電法利用關係ニ付		

0311 1 54

文書課長

文書課發送昭和十二年四月 翌日發送

淨書

正校(原稿) (淨書)

別紙

公	信	案
茲ニ送附ス。即査閱切致ス (在紐育未信キチ八二号字作勿添付コト)		
外	務	省

0312

分類 5.5.0.3

門	類	項	目	號
F	2	3	2	5

本信照合票挿入先

懸

件名 本邦... 井上總領事代理ヨリ國際電話利用		受信人 手紙 逕信省電務局長 情報委員會 折本長		主 情報部長 第一課長		機密 第一三八一號 昭和十二年三月三十一日起草		文書課發送 昭和十二年四月 春日發送	
記録件名 外務省國際電話利用		發信人 天野 情報部長		正校(原稿) (淨書)		淨書		別紙	

外務省

0311 1 54

情報部 第二課長
機密第二五七號

昭和十二年六月二十六日

在桑港

總領事 鹽崎 觀三



昭和十二年七月十日 接受



外務大臣 廣田 弘毅 殿

ニユース、ピクチュア配布計畫ニ關スル

シユライナー申出ノ件

本件ニ關シテハ客年九月下旬發電報及同月二十八日附往信機密第
二九四號ヲ以申進置キタル處今般シユライナー更ニ別紙寫ノ通申
越シタリ冒頭稟申ノ件ハ極メテ考量ノ價值アル試ミナルコト既ニ

在桑港日本總領事館

分類 A350.3

0313

申進ノ通ナルニ付至急御採擇ノ上結果御回電相煩度

在桑港日本總領事館

0314

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS
Combined with
KING FEATURES SYNDICATE, INC.
235-East 45th Street
New York City

COPY

June 15th, 1937.

Mr. P. E. Schreiner
Haas and Schreiner Photographers
625 Market Street
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Mr. Schreiner:

We have just concluded a very pleasant visit with Mr. Carl Wallen, who, as you know, has been in the Eastern Cities on a photographic publicity mission for the 1939 San Francisco Bay International Exposition.

I understand his mission was highly successful, having personally seen a great number of pictures made by him published in the Eastern newspapers.

While here, Mr. Wallen told me of the possibility of your undertaking, with him, a photographic publicization campaign of the Japanese Empire for American newspaper use. I feel such a campaign would be of great mutual benefit.

Knowing of the vast experience of both Mr. Wallen and yourself and your capabilities, I am sure anything you undertake in this respect will be highly successful.

We are receiving some picture coverage from Japan, but I think it could be greatly improved. I believe both Mr. Wallen and yourself could be of service to the Japanese Empire, not merely in the proposed publicity campaign, but also in teaching some of the Japanese photographers American methods and educating them as to the type of pictures in which the American editor is interested.

You may be assured we will fully cooperate with you, knowing that any picture you make will be newsworthy and up to your usual standard.

Sincerely yours,

(signed) Harry Baker
Harry B. Baker
Editor

HBB:rs

0315

HAAS & SCHREINER
"Everything Photographic"
ROOF STUDIO
625 Market Street
at New Montgomery

COPY

San Francisco, Calif.
June 24th, 1937.

The Honorable Kanzo Shiozaki,
Consul General of Japan,
22 Battery Street
San Francisco, California

My dear Sir:

Referring again to our proposed Japanese Press Bureau to be established in Tokyo, Japan, for the making and distribution of publicity photographs to American newspapers and abroad of varied subjects in the Japanese Empire.

For your very earnest consideration I am enclosing herewith a personal letter to me from Mr. Harry B. Baker, Picture head of the vast Hearst photographic organization - the International News Service.

I think you will agree with me that this letter is of the utmost importance and very valuable, in that, it shows that at all times this organization will handle our photographs from Tokyo direct to all Hearst papers and magazines in America.

International serves some ninety Hearst papers in America, not counting numerous magazines and Feature Services. It is safe to say that these newspapers cover a circulation of over ten million people in the United States.

Mr. Baker's letter assures us that International (which is just one of five major syndicates which we will cover with our photographs) is ready NOW to handle whatever publicity photos we may send them from the Orient.

If consistent, I would strongly recommend and suggest, that some means be taken to have Tokyo give us a favorable answer for the inauguration of our proposed Press Bureau. If they accent soon, we shall take immediate steps to receive for Japan this so very worth-while publicity which will be sure to accrue thru the good offices of International News Service Photos, their associate affiliations and Mr. Baker.

I sincerely hope that we may have a favorable answer in the very near future.

Yours very respectfully,

(signed) P.E. Schreiner

0316

新報社外務部
庶務課

情報部

第一課長

昭和七年七月卅壹日接受

記

第百五号
外日新聞週刊普通第二二八號
二記入送アリス

昭和十二年七月一日

在紐約

總領事 若 杉



外務大臣 廣 田 鈞 毅 啟

「ハースト」系 New York American 廢刊問題

編輯部ニ於テ發行セラル「ハースト」系日刊朝刊新聞「New York American」(發行者 American Newspaper Inc 主筆 Edward D. Collins) 發行部數週間三十余万日曜版(百万余)ハ一八五五年以来約四十年ノ長キ「史」有之ニ大新聞セカ本年六月三十日第一八〇三号ニ於テ廢刊シ同月三十日共一「部」Daily Mirror 他「一」部

1924 3.5.0-3

忠 大 二

「Evening Journal」合併「Sun」トナリテ

因ニ本 Daily Mirror (發行者 Daily Mirror, Inc 主筆 Jack Leit) ニ於テ民衆日刊新聞ニシテ發行部數週間五十余万日曜版(百万)余 Evening Journal (發行者 New York Journal, Inc 主筆 Wm. A. Foley) ハ發行部數亦二十万余ニシテ就「ハースト」系「一」部
右廢刊及最近ニ程モ其「他」ニ「ハースト」系刊行物ノ廢刊 (Knickerbocker Press of Albany; Rochester Journal of Rochester, N.Y.)、層層「ハースト」系ノ「後述」中「一」部「ハースト」自身ノ個人的及「ハースト」系刊行物会社ノ全「一」部「ハースト」系「一」部三月下旬 Herst Magazines Inc (Cosmopolitan, Good Housekeeping 等) 地ニ「一」部内雜誌(發行々)「一」部「一」部内雜誌「一」部 Herst Publications 「一」部「一」部「一」部「一」部

0318

0317

証券公券の目的より、Securities Act of 1933、規定に従って
 邦証券及交換委員会(S.E.C.)に右に因る登録記載をせよ
 証券法に依りて右登録後二十日間の公募を許可せよ旨を規
 定する旨、同右登録発行の種々の批議提出により右
 批議、さきまの Paul Kern (Civil Service Commissioner
 of New York City) Bernard Reis (False Security
 著者)、提せしむる「ハースト」系諸会社同関係、金融的
 混乱の攻撃の上、上述登録記載の証券法に定まらざる「今社
 金融状態、総て、関係事実、真実発表、義務」を果し
 居らば「居り The American League against War and
 Fascism」の「ハースト」系刊行物を対する「ボイコット」、存在する強請
 其の他「ハースト」系会社、対関係関係、悪化傾向を指摘する
 団体等此等ハースト系を不利にするS.E.C.

0319

トにて右社債発行の許可に因る状態をあり因る現在、
 「ハースト」ハ七月三十日、新に前登録記載の修正をせよ旨をS.E.C.
 に登録せよ旨を金融困難打開を請ふべく居るに、成りハ大に疑
 問あり、右何等御考を込報告申進す

本信寫送付先 在米大使、在米各總領事
 領事

0320

情報部

第二課長

普通第二六〇號

昭和十二年七月二十三日

在紐育

總領事

若杉

要

外務大臣 廣田 弘毅 殿

新刊英文雜誌 "The Digest" 送付件

今般當地に於て發行に居る月刊雜誌 "Review of Review"

(一八九〇年) 創刊、主筆 Dr. Albert Shaw 發行部數約十四

万部 (一週刊) 雜誌 "Literary Digest" (一八九〇年) 創刊

主筆 William S. Wood 發行部數約百三十七萬部 (日

買収スルニトナリ新ニ其ノ標題ヲ "The Digest" 改メ週刊雜

在紐育日本總領事館

外國新聞雜誌關係部

附屬課付

昭和十二年八月廿六日接受

12.10.15

雜報週刊
二加
報

類 門 3 類 5 項 0 目 3

0321

誌トナニ本年七月十七日 初刊ヲ發行シ完賣スルニオレリ
考送右創刊号及今ニ于四日發行分各一冊宛別添部
送ス

本信寫送付先

在米大使 (附屬省署)

0322

在紐育日本總領事館



REEL No. A-0405



アジア歴史資料センター

10¢

JULY 24, 1937

The Digest

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

incorporating
the
Literary Digest

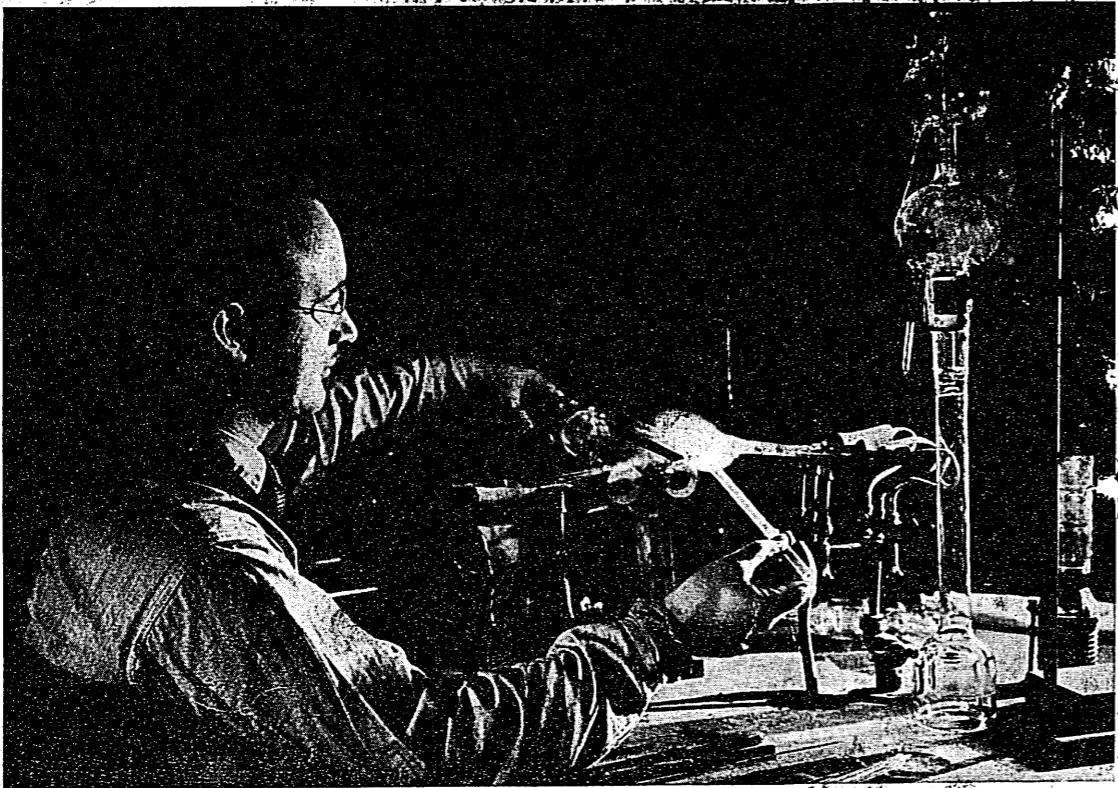


032

REEL No. A-0405



アジア歴史資料センター



Hands That Shape Modern Living

SKILLED hands that join glass and metals so that the human voice can reach millions of listeners. They first fashioned the high-power vacuum tube on a principle used today in every broadcasting station. They built the x-ray tube which has become an indispensable aid to the physician. They are the hands of craftsmen in the General Electric Research Laboratory, in Schenectady.

They are the hands that enacted much of the thrilling history of the tubes in your radio, of phototubes that outperform the human eye, of sodium lamps that make night driving safer on many American highways. Skilled and experienced, these craftsmen built the

first models of many of the new devices which now play an important part in modern civilization.

Research combines the abstract genius of the mathematician, the ingenuity of the experimenter, the practicality of the craftsman. Our whole American system is built on the co-operation of many hands and minds to translate the findings of science into an abundance of the necessities, comforts, and luxuries we all desire. More goods for more people—at less cost—is the goal of American industry. It is the goal toward which G-E research has made and is making significant progress.

G-E research has saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar it has earned for General Electric.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

0324

The Digest

REVIEW OF REVIEWS
incorporating
The Literary Digest

Albert Shaw, Editor
Albert Shaw, Jr., Publisher

JULY 24, 1937

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Review of Reviews Corp.

VOL. 1 NO. 2

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Managing Editors: Howard Florence
David Page
News Editor: John T. Hackett
Literary Editor: John Bakeless
Foreign Editor: Roger Shaw
National Editor: Thomas K. Krug
Music Editor: Sigmund Spaeth
Movie Editor: Donita Ferguson

Associates: Frances Adams, Julian S. Bach, Roland G. Cueva, Richard Dempewolf, Richard E. Eise, Corson C. Hamilton, Vladimir Kalmykoff, Agnes Lehmann, Susan L. Monchak, M. Newman, Charles Newsstrand, Jean Parker, Helen Price, G.T. Reynolds, Alice Soule, Christopher Vogel, James W. Wells, Rodolfo Wiltford, R. Foster Worthley

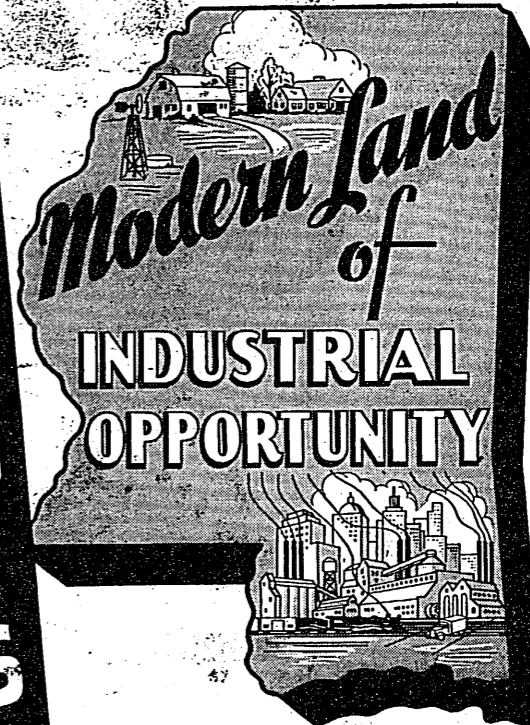
Art Director: Morrill Cody

Information for Subscribers

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JULY 24, 1937

MISSISSIPPI



• NATURAL RESOURCES—Abundant pure water, minerals, clays, pulpwood, hardwoods, and scores of products of sea and soil essential to varied and aggressive industry.

• LABOR—Friendly, abundant and 96.6 per cent native born, ready to supply industry the type of employees that fair employers need and want.

• NEW LEGISLATION—Enacted to assist, in a co-operative, helpful way, the balancing of agriculture with industry.

• FRIENDLY COMMUNITIES—That look forward with civic pride to an opportunity to assist sound companies seeking new locations.

MISSISSIPPI
INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION
A DEPARTMENT OF THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI
JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

Write Today
for Your Copy

of this illustrated booklet, "Mississippi, a Land of Industrial Opportunity." Within its pages you will find the first authentic summary of industrial Mississippi.



MISSISSIPPI GREAT AGRICULTURE INDUSTRIAL OPPORTUNITY

0325

Comfort
IN WASHINGTON

BEDROOMS
Silently Cooled by
Fresh, Washed Air.

RESTAURANTS
Featuring Weather, a
la Carte, with the Fam-
ed Mayflower Cuisine.

LOBBIES
Properly Conditioned
the Year 'Round.

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the Summer.

Single Rooms from \$4
Double Rooms from \$6
Naturally Ventilated
Bedrooms, if Preferred.

New York Office
521 Fifth Avenue
Murray Hill 6-2386

The Air Conditioned
MAYFLOWER
WASHINGTON, D. C.
R. L. FOLLO, Manager



EDITOR'S MAIL

New and Fresh

To the Editor:
It is with keen interest that I learn of the new ownership of the *Literary Digest*. The new and fresh viewpoint that you and your organization will bring to it should do much to recapture for the *Digest* the enviable position it so long held in its field.

Ernest Fisher,
New York City

Democracy Reborn

To the Editor:
Our greatest need is not the lengthening of a congressman's term or Supreme Court legislation, desirable as both are. I am sure our greatest need is a competing effort between all our churches, schools, colleges, and the individual; all keeping it firmly in mind to give their new birth of democracy a date to expire; leaving it to the then living to set up such form of democracy and simplified code of laws, as will fit perfectly into the picture of justice for useful service rendered.

We have outlived the mind form of our Federal Constitution by full fifty years, but we shall never outlive the principle of self-government, the judgment of majority to rule and be law. Moreover, if we prize and would perpetuate democracy for ourselves and possibly later for the world, we cannot as a republic get the idea too soon, that democracy must have new birth from time to time to keep in touch with truth and right. Neither is there an ounce of good sense in the long-dead ruling the living. With all our combined intelligence we know better than to try to write a basic guide for those who will live a hundred years from now.

J. J. Kennedy,
Princeton, Idaho

Distinction

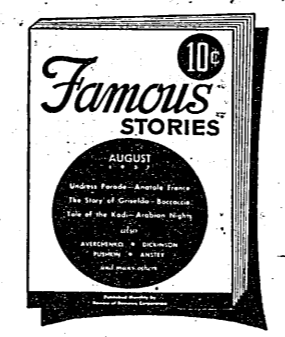
To the Editor:
In one of your articles in the Review of Reviews, you told some untruths about Soviet Russia and Stalin. You said that Stalin is a personal dictator and conservative. You stated the U.S.S.R. is a "Red Fascist State." You also stated that the real revolutionists were Trotskyists.

The Soviet Union is not a Red Fascist state and hasn't any resemblance to the Italian and German governments.

Go back to your bourgeois university. Go to Hitler and Mussolini and the high-hat bankers and capitalist scum. Learn your history. Your magazine slanders Russia every chance it has. You are too cynical in your remarks. Another thing, the Soviet government does not interfere

**EVERY STORY
A
FAMOUS STORY**

In This
New Pocket Sized Magazine



**The Best Stories
EVER Written!**

"Here's a new magazine idea that makes it possible to enjoy in a short period what it has taken others thousands of hours just to FIND!"

AT LAST—a magazine that never prints a poor story!

Every story in it is a proved success before it makes its way into FAMOUS STORIES Magazine.

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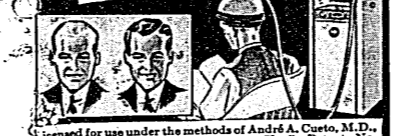
The Woman in Red by Muriel Campbell Dyar, An Amateur Peasant Girl by Alexander Pushkin, The Man With A Green Necktie by Arcady Averchenko, Undress Parade by Anatole France head the list of entertainers . . . Elizabeth Browning, F. Anstey, Roy Dickinson, Boccaccio, R. E. Munkittrick and Charles Dickens are also among those who will delight you in the August number now on the stands.

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in domestic affairs of other countries. Each country belongs to the people that inhabit it. Nazis are interfering in American affairs as well as in other countries. Communists do not. You go back to the murderers and fascist barbarians. Go back to school, I repeat.

Why don't you print the truth about the Soviet Union? Why don't you print the truth about Germany and other countries? Why are you silent when it comes to the Soviet Union?

Aaron Fisherman,
Bronx, N. Y.

Consumer's Dollar

To the Editor:
Your review of Mr. White's article on "Consumer's Dollar," to my mind reflects about the proper attitude for a statistician to take as to conclusions from data. After citing an impressive lot of statistics as to where the consumer's dollar goes, he makes the conclusion that he does not know where the consumer's dollar goes. This is modest and truthful, but not overly helpful.

Please compare your editorial on page 17 of the same issue with regard to installment sales, in which you announce a conclusion that \$13,000,000,000 in deferred payments is now outstanding. I doubt if any careful reader would accept this conclusion without more facts.

After all, there is \$100,000,000,000 of Life Insurance outstanding, nearly all of which is being purchased on the installment plan. There is a still greater amount of Real Estate outstanding, nearly all of which is purchased on the installment plan, and at the present moment there are open accounts unpaid on merchants' books amounting to not less than \$5,000,000,000. All these things have an influence on Consumer Credit. The danger which is presented depends entirely on how much of this is unjustifiable, rather than the amount which is outstanding.

Samuel T. Hobbs,
Worcester, Massachusetts

Prevention

To the Editor:
The articles on motoring which have appeared from time to time in your magazine and in other important publications are doing a real public service in promoting scientific traffic control and especially accident prevention.

It seems to me that a plea for increased supervision of traffic on the road would probably accomplish more toward developing safe habits among the driving and walking public than most any other activity at the present time. By increased supervision, I mean an increased number of intelligent, courteous, well-trained enforcement officers.

Dwight McCracken,
Highway Safety Supervisor,
Liberty Mutual Insurance Company

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A DAILY NEWSPAPER FOR ALL THE FAMILY

0328

THE DIGEST



Story of a Week

THE NATION

NEWS of the sudden death of Joseph T. Robinson, Democratic leader in the Senate, struck official Washington last week like a cyclone. Hammering away during President Roosevelt's first term, Senator Robinson had rammed one New Deal measure after another through the upper house. Last week, swallowing his own conservative convictions, he had set out to duplicate his feat with the Administration's new legislative program, specially the compromise Supreme Court bill. His death was a stunning blow to advocates of that bill and of the legislative program in general: wages-and-hours bill, government reorganization, crop control, and the rest.

Whether or not Senator Robinson could have jammed this program through, no one will ever know. Rumors had it that if he were successful he would be appointed to the enlarged Supreme Court. But at the time of his death Democratic disaffection in the Senate over the Court proposal was touching other Administration measures and spreading into the House. The day previous, scores of Democratic Representatives had jumped up and cheered when Congressman Hutton Sumners, Texas Democrat, asked the Court bill's backers to "cease attempting to press through . . . an unnecessary piece of legislation," which, he said, was splitting the Democratic party wide open.

JOSEPH T. ROBINSON was a Democratic conservative leading liberals in favor of the Administration's Supreme Court bill. At the head of the conservative opposition force was a Democratic liberal. Senator Burton K. Wheeler is as lanky and louny as an old-time Western sheriff, just as tough in mind and body.

Behind deceptive rimless glasses, his eyes are narrow and sharp. Simultaneously, he suggests shrewd New England and the forthright cattle country. With reason: he was born in Massachusetts but went to Montana in his twenties.

A Bryanite in 1937, Wheeler likes to bust trusts, boost bimetalism, and thump vested interests. His sword is ever out against the power octopus; he wants the Government to own and operate the railroads. He was a liberal when liberalism was considered 'way up the creek; he ran for Vice President with the elder La Follette in 1924. He was one of the early birds for Roosevelt. To each other they are "Burt" and "Frank." But he hates the court plan and tells the President: "It is the difference between you coming out as a great President or as a bad one."

Throat derby

AS NEWS of Robinson's death raced over Capitol Hill, one question popped into every Senator's head: Would this forestall the Court-bill filibuster for which

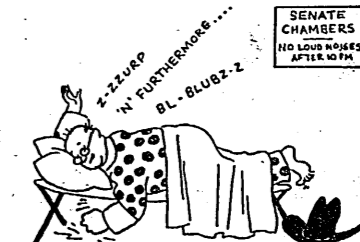
HIGHLIGHTS OF THE WEEK

- A Senate leader dies 5
- A clipper flies the Atlantic 6
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- Little hope for federal economy 6
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- Ireland's new constitution 8
- The partition of Palestine 9
- Farmers grow prosperous 9
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everyone had been watching hawk-like? The original measure to appoint six new justices *en masse* to supplement the six over 70 was dead. The compromise, raising the age limit to 75 and limiting the President to one appointee a year, was in danger of being talked to its grave. Admittedly too weak to vote the bill down, the opposition had threatened to debate all summer to keep it from coming to a vote at all. Such a talk marathon would be the longest in Senate history.

Our filibustering record is held by a leather-lunged band of Democrats who, in 1890, rallied against the Republican "force bill," empowering the Government to supervise southern elections. They jabbered for fifty-four days.

The most unpopular filibuster was conducted by "a little group of wilful men"—as Woodrow Wilson dubbed them—who droned on for twenty-two days in 1917. They kept an administration bill (to arm American merchantmen) from coming to a vote, but the country was so incensed that the Senate for the first time



in history decided to limit debate. It adopted the cloture rule which, when two-thirds of the Senate concur, restricts orations to one hour per orator. So loath are members to gag each other that the rule has been applied only four times in nineteen years. Former Vice President

JULY 24, 1937

0329

Dawes wanted the Senate to invoke cloture by a majority vote, but got nowhere.

Most sensational oratorical derbies since 1841, when filibustering began, have been the one-throat feats. The elder LaFollette held out alone for eighteen hours in 1908. He was helped by thirty roll calls which gave him quite a few hours' rest. In 1935 the late Huey Long, without benefit of roll calls, carried on for fifteen and a half hours before falling into his seat perspiring, bedraggled, and beaten.

Filibustering, for which Senators often bring pajamas and cots into their cloak-rooms, is attacked for obstructing majority rule. But its supporters argue that it has killed over a billion dollars' worth of useless appropriation bills, and never yet blocked a measure that was really worth while.

Wings over water

BELIEVE it or not after all these years of similar predictions, hopping to London for a weekend will soon be commonplace. A twenty-ton, four motored Pan American clipper has flipped 1995 miles across the north Atlantic from Botwood, Newfoundland, to Foynes, Ireland, on an epochal experimental flight. It carried no passengers but a shipload of valuable data



on transatlantic flying which Pan American Airways will use as a basis for regular passenger schedules next year.

Thus has the lusty infant, aviation, attained its majority. In 1919 Captain John Alcock and Lieutenant Arthur Whitten Brown made a skittish take-off from Botwood in something resembling a winged orange crate and roared out over the fog-blanketed Atlantic. Wind ripped away their flimsy wireless. At one time they found themselves lumbering along upside down, ten feet above the soupy sea. Eventually they landed—nose deep in an Irish bog—and the first flight between North America and Europe was over.

After Charles A. Lindbergh and a score of other fliers had duplicated the Alcock-Brown miracle, leaders in commercial aviation stopped waiting for visions and got down to practical planning.

By 1932 the five-year-old Pan American Airways, which had been busy flinging its airplanes over South America, the Caribbean and the Pacific, was ready to lay down bases at Botwood and Gander

Lake, Newfoundland. Great Britain's Imperial Airways, meanwhile, was making similar preparations at Foynes.

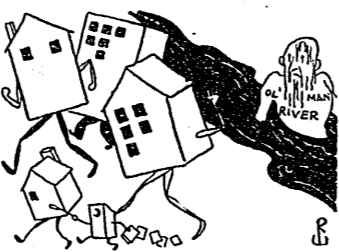
Together the two companies have mapped out three main routes for transatlantic service. New York-Botwood-Foynes-London; New York-Bermuda-Azores-Lisbon-London (longest but with best flying conditions); New York-Botwood-Reykjavik (Iceland)-London. They will not have the skies to themselves. The American Export steamship company is already surveying a southern Atlantic route to the Mediterranean.

Typical of navigators who eventually will wing over the ocean twice weekly with mail and passengers is Harold E. Gray, in command of P.A.A.'s experimental flights. He left Iowa University as a sophomore, got his airlegs at an Army flying school and a degree in aeronautical engineering at Detroit University. For five years he flew P.A.A.'s South American route, then transferred to the clipper service over the Pacific, with its 2410-mile jump from Alameda to Honolulu. Today at 31, with 1,000,000 miles of flying to his credit, he is a "Master of Ocean Flying Boats."

Away from it all

OL' MAN RIVER, turbulent, unpredictable, is scaring people away from his muddy domain. The 1400 citizens of Shawneetown, oldest community in Illinois, have been flooded twice in the last twenty-five years by the rambunctious Ohio, Mississippi-bound. They are tired of it. Next time the river spills over its levees there will be no one in Shawneetown to curse it. The citizens are packing up their chairs, beds, and glassware. Bag and baggage they are moving three miles up into the hills.

It will take them about two years to transplant their town. Federal relief agencies and the Red Cross are furnishing the money. When the job is finished Shawneetown will be brand new, with



three parks, three schools, seven churches, and a Main Street 100 feet wide.

Leavenworth, Ind., citizens also are moving their homes and public buildings to higher ground. Both these transplanting projects are in line with the predictions of geological experts. After the disastrous floods of last winter, Dr. Charles P.

Berkey, professor of geology at Columbia University, declared bluntly that man's best flood-prevention schemes could not solve the problem. We can not "dispute the right of way of one of nature's giants," he said. "Our effort by comparison is too puny. . . . The time must come when better plans will be laid. Helpless populations now crowded along the river bottoms in our cities will be provided habitations beyond the reach of danger."

Balancing act

THAT APPARTITION, the Balanced Budget, is lurking around Capitol Hill again. President Roosevelt has asked cabinet members and bureau heads to save 10 percent of the appropriations allotted to their departments for the current fiscal year. The \$400,000,000 thus lopped-off expenditures will—he hopes—result in a "layman's balance" (i.e., a balance exclusive of expenditures for public debt retirement) by next June 30.

In mid-April, the President sent Congress a special budget message requesting \$1,500,000,000 for relief and contemplating a deficit of \$418,000,000 in this fiscal year. Groups of Senators and Representatives, already frothing over the Administration's plan to enlarge the Supreme Court, suddenly fumed with talk of economy. Senator Byrnes of South Carolina proposed a flat 10 percent slash in all appropriations. A House bloc put up a stiff fight for a \$500,000,000-cut in the relief bill. But eventually the "economy revolt" died. Appropriations went through unscratched. The WPA got \$1,500,000,000 with no strings attached.

Last week the President supplemented his thrift notice to cabinet heads with a thrift act. He vetoed a bill giving farmers a reduction in interest on mortgages held by the Government. The measure would have upset the 1938 budget by some \$30,000,000.

Hot to cool to cold

A STRICT RULE forbids reporters at White House press conferences to quote the President directly. Mr. Roosevelt occasionally suspends it, but he did not suspend it when reporters asked him about rumors that he and John L. Lewis had broken off relations. He simply said such rumors did not need comment.

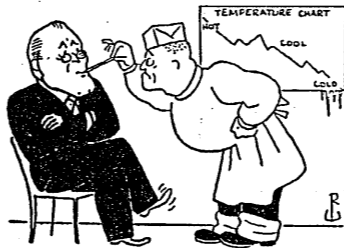
The rumors, implying that the Administration is souring on labor because of C.I.O. violence and violated contracts, are based on recent acts and utterances by the President and several of his top-flight supporters. Early acts and utterances show a warm glow toward labor; late ones seem cool and cindery. The record, by states, dates, and individuals:

District of Columbia: President Roosevelt: June 15: Intimates that, employers ready to accept a verbal agreement with workers should be willing to sign a written

one. June 21: Asks steel officials not to open plants at Youngstown next day. June 29: Declares that of recent strike episodes the majority of people are saying, "A plague on both your houses." July 10: Says Federal employees may organize but have no right to strike and, since Congress sets their wages and hours, have little use for collective bargaining.

District of Columbia: Secretary of Labor Perkins: January 26: "There was a time when picketing was considered illegal, and before that strikes of any kind were illegal. The legality of the sit-down strike has yet to be determined." March 28: "The sit-down strike technique is a violation of the law of trespass, which is present very local." July 3: "It is not and never has been an official position of the Department of Labor or of the Secretary that sit-down strikes are either lawful, desirable, or appropriate. . . . From many aspects the method appears to be one which should be abandoned."

Pennsylvania: Governor Earle: June 13: "The unions simply want contracts and I feel they are entitled to them." June 19: Declares martial law to close



the Bethlehem plant at Johnstown. June 24: Calls off martial law and permits the plant to reopen. July 4: "There are three things labor must do . . . stamp those God-damned Communists out of the labor movement . . . show the general public they won't stand for violence . . . and . . . labor must keep its contracts."

Ohio: Governor Davey: June 21: Sends troops to keep struck steel plants closed. June 24: Orders troops to see that workers "who want to return to their employment shall enjoy the privilege" and declares: "The right to work is sacred."

Fight at Ford's

EVERY PLACE you looked someone was being knocked around by four or five people." The speaker was a witness before a trial examiner for the National Labor Relations Board. The knocking around had taken place on May 26 at Henry Ford's giant River Rouge plant in Dearborn.

Just who knocked whom and why are questions the board has been looking into. It has charged the Ford Motor Company with violating the Wagner Act by "interfering with, restraining and coercing"

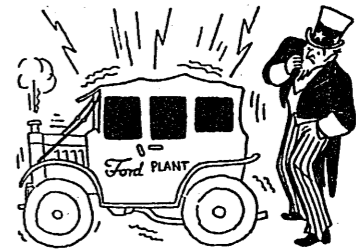
employees and by "malicious and brutal assaults" on organizers for the United Automobile Workers, a C.I.O. affiliate. The company denies the charge, blames the violence on the unions, and disputes the Board's authority to regulate relations between employers and workers "engaged in local production"—i.e., not engaged in interstate commerce. Apparently it is prepared to carry its case to the Supreme Court on the old issue of states' versus federal rights. The Court has often ruled that the Federal Government has no right to regulate labor relations outside interstate commerce; but the Court also has often reversed itself.

When labor organizers flay Ford wages and launch a drive to unionize the 90,000 Ford workers in the Detroit area, many a veteran of American labor war pinches himself to see if he is asleep. Ford's wages have been as famous as his dislike of unions and his conviction that high pay and short hours "mean good business for everybody." He startled the world with his \$5-a-day minimum in 1914. He startled it again when he jacked the minimum up to \$7 in 1929. The depression knocked it off that high horse, but it is back to \$6 today.

Too low, says the C.I.O., setting \$8 as the proper minimum. In the opinion of Homer Martin, president of the Automobile Workers, "the idea of high wages and good working conditions in the Ford Motor Company is a myth."

On May 26, therefore, the union sent agents to distribute leaflets at Dearborn. There followed the fist-and-feet fracas between Ford employees (hired hoodlums, says the C.I.O.) and union representatives (trouble-making trespassers, says the company.) There followed, too, the Labor Board's intervention and the arraignment

of eight Ford employees in a Detroit court on charges of felonious assault. Inevitably it all recalls Ford's lone-wolf fight against the NRA in 1933, when he refused to sign the auto code.



With Ford on the labor stage, attention shifted from the struck steel mills, practically all of which were open and operating last week. According to William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor and rival of John L. Lewis, the steel strikes "are lost." Lost because "only a minority of the steel workers . . . were organized when the strikes were called." Lost because C.I.O. violence made public opinion "openly hostile."

"Droolings from the pallid lips of a traitor," is Mr. Lewis' answer to that.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, as quoted in an interview with the Chicago Tribune, about 1883: "The public be damned."

John L. Lewis, as quoted in an interview with Washington correspondents, July, 1937: "If the public wants to approve the C.I.O., it can; if it wants to disapprove it, it can." The Public: "Soooooo? Huuh."

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

A CONFLICT between the disciples of Christ and the disciples of Hitler rages in Germany. Traditional Christianity is once again a catacomb church. First the nazis liquidated Jews. Now they persecute god-fearing Catholics and Protestants. These choose to leave their Christianity with a little nazi-ism, whereas the nazis prefer to leave their nazi-ism with a little Christianity. The secular state of Adolf Hitler allows *small room for the Kingdom of God.*

Climaxing a long wave of Christian persecution, the government finally arrested Protestant pastor Martin Niemoeller, shining beacon of traditional Christianity, charging him with crimes against the state.

In this battle of creeds three key personalities emerge:

1. Martin Niemoeller. The fighting pastor has kept his sailor gait and military appearance since war-days. As a

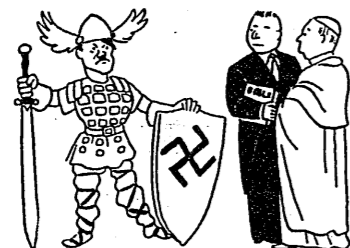
submarine commander he became the "terror of Malta" and carried out the longest sub raid on record. In 116 days he sank 55,000 tons of Allied cargoes. On the Armistice, Niemoeller resigned rather than scuttle his sub at Scapa Flow. Later he studied for the ministry, farmed a bit, worked as a railroad trackman, and fought in ex-officers' leagues against the communists.

Orthodox, anti-communist, pro-nazi pastor in the well-to-do Protestant parish of Dahlem, Berlin suburb, Niemoeller's booming voice was heard by thousands, including some of the nazi elite, as he thundered against Hitler's attempt to secularize the church, to make good Christians gosestep. This the frank and outspoken pastor would not tolerate. Von Ribbentrop, Hitler's right-hand man and ambassador to England, is said to have asked to join his parish. Niemoeller refused him; an extreme nazi, the pastor

claimed, cannot also be a sincere and true Christian.

2. Cardinal Archbishop Michael von Faulhaber of Munich. Anti-nazi from the start, he opposes their Jew-baiting, worship, and paganism; is now fighting (along with Protestants) to save their "common Christian heritage" from nazi onslaughts. The Cardinal is intelligent, clever, majestic. Once when nazi police "invited" him to follow them, he said he would, provided: (1) he could wear his cardinal's robes; (2) walk through the streets, surrounded by nazi police; (3) sign a paper lying on his desk. The paper was an interdict.

3. Hans Kerrl, Hitler's minister for church affairs. His back-bone is a lawyer named Muhs, who belongs to the neo-pagans. Tall, broad-shouldered, hefty, Kerrl is close to Hitler and Goering; took



part in the famous Munich beer-hall putsch of 1923. A rabid anti-semiter, he has ousted Jews more ruthlessly than even the Reich laws against non-Aryans provide. His followers believe that Hitler is a personal envoy of God.

Against such paganism Niemoeller quotes the Bible: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's." But the Modern Caesar of nazidom is bent on pursuing his own version of Bismarck's old (and unsuccessful) *Kulturkampf*.

Sidelight on Spain!

EVERYBODY knows that Hitler is on the rebel side in the Spanish war—that he is the fascist pal of Senor Franco. This is partly because Franco denounces reds, mostly because Germany needs Spanish iron and copper. Also, if the Reich exerts enough nuisance-value in Spain it may be able to horse-trade for colonial concessions, or for Balkan influence, in exchange for being good.

Too-slow German Heinkel and Junkers planes, outstanding Oerlikon anti-tank and anti-aircraft guns, inferior Suhl tanks, Goebbels propaganda, drivers, flyers, technicians, maybe money—these are Hitler's contributions to Franco's cause.

Everybody knows, too, that German exiles—liberals and radicals—are fighting on the other side, the loyalist side, in Spain. They are second strongest (after the French) in Herr Kleber's polyglot international brigade. They have

fought well, lost heavily, included in their ranks famous writers, politicians, military men (like Ludwig Renn and Major Deutsch and heroes from Verdun).

What few know is that the semi-official Krupp armament works—run by ardent Hitler fans—have been selling guns allegedly to the loyalists, with whom Hitler is at war. Franco's rebels found whole batteries of Krupps at Bilbao when they captured the town in June after defeating the loyalist Basques! Also, Krupps seem to have sold new war equipment to Denmark, the Danes having disposed of their old war equipment to the loyalists. Copenhagen paid Krupps with "red" Spanish loyalist gold. Blood, iron, and profits.

In Germany herself, secret financial funds are being raised for the loyalists through working-class subscriptions; while the general staff Junkers oppose nazi intervention in Spain.

Mexican maneuvers

AMERE 10 percent of the opposition was allowed to vote," says the Mexican opposition, following the triennial general election held early this month. There are 173 seats in the Chamber of Deputies, and the National-Revolutionary party of President Lazaro Cardenas won virtually all. Main opposition came from the Social-Democrats of Jorge Prieto Laurens, who garnered a few seats.

Doubtless there was electoral trickery, but the vast bulk of Mexicans are for Cardenas and his somewhat radical leftist reforms. More moderate toward churchly clericals than some other Mexican leaders



(as in agnostic states like Vera Cruz and Tobasco), El Presidente is a stiff enemy of feudal proprietors who made peons of once independent Mexican Indians—solid citizens and basic backbone of Mexican agriculture. Nor do foreign investors in Mexican mines and oil wells meet with presidential favor, as Cardenas really applies the liberal provisions of the 1917 constitution.

Cheap militarissimos once were aces high in Mexico. Today it is union leaders who pipe the pace; a vast improvement. Unions of government employees are guaranteed by the government the right to strike against the government! Culturally Mexico repudiates the grisly Spanish heritage and prides herself on going

back to the Indian—a new-old synthesis of Marx and Montezuma typified by Diego Rivera, arty muralist.

Mexico is a quarter the size of U. S. A. and used to be several times bigger. She holds nearly 17 million people, third in the New World to Uncle Sam and Brazil. There are only 2 million whites—"Castilian" and "Gringo." The rest are red-men and proud of it.

Roar, China

FOR TWO YEARS the 29th Route army of China and the North China Garrison army of Japan have been at bitter feud, quartered near at hand. By the Yungting River, a few miles west of northerly Peking (once the Chinese capital), the rival forces clash bloodily as the Chinese government wrangles with that of Japan over authority in the Chinese north. A few days earlier, Japanese and Russian soldiers took pot-shots in a critical spot of mixup along the Amur River, boundary between Soviet Siberia and Jap-run Manchukuo. Here again it was a question of territorial jurisdiction.

Better known than the 29th is the 19th Route army of China, which heroically defended Shanghai from the Japanese in 1932. It hails from southerly Canton, resembling Kleber's international brigade in Spain. Kleber himself is said to have served in it.

There is also the 20th Route army, which operates in hapless western Szechwan province, whence it hales. At its head is tough General Yang-sen, a notorious warlord with some 27 wives in full standing. Yang is 40 years of age, and boasts of 40 children to date, turning out perhaps two or three per year.

Yang makes Hitler or Mussolini look like pikers in the matter of youth-control and child-militaristics. Every young-Yang begins military training at 7, with advance tactics and maneuvers for those who have reached 14. The Yang-youth army is coeducational and quite in the Italo-German spirit. When visitors come to see the general he orders a formal review and parade, and Yang-youth march by the sightseers in serried ranks and at rigid attention. Japan, so far, remains unperturbed over this phase.

Eire is airy

EIRE (pronounced Airy) now functions as a free republic under a new De Valera constitution—promulgated in May, ratified in July. The Eirish people endorsed the constitution 688,000 to 528,000, but in the general election held on the same day they failed to give De Valera himself an absolute majority in the Dail.

He won only 69 seats, while the mildly pro-British Cosgrave party (his main rival), the Laborites, and independents won another 69 seats. The Laborites are inclined to be friendly, and "Dev" will

work in alliance with them (they have 13 seats) in order to get anything done. This half-Spanish mathematician and favorite son of New York, where he was born, is reported to be disappointed. In a few months he may call yet another election.

The new Eirish constitution never mentions Anglo-king or Empire. It establishes a 60-man Senate, abolishes the British governor-generalship, makes Gaelic the official tongue. An Eirish Supreme Court takes the place of the British Privy Council as haven of last resort. The 7-year Eirish president appoints his own premier and cabinet, responsible to him alone as in America.

There is no state church in Eire, but practical influence is exerted: no divorce for any reason; a "moral" censorship of radio, art, press, and cinema which drives intellectuals crazy. Northern Ireland (mostly Protestant) De Valera hopes to take into his camp, for that hard-shell egotist is still organically a part of Great Britain. The North Irish Catholic minority favors De Valera and doubtless union will come to pass as ditched leaders of the north move on to the imperial Windsor Valhalla. Eire treats Protestants very well. Her population is 3 million; that of Northern Ireland is 1 million.

Three Palestines?

PALESTINE is divided into III parts, somewhat in the manner of C. J. Caesar. They are going to chop it up: a third Arab, a third Jewish, a third British-mandate.

Back in 1915 England was not doing so well in the war. Palestine belonged to enemy, Turkey. Mr. Bull promised the Arabs a vaguely defined nationhood if they would revolt against Mr. Turk (remember "Lawrence of Arabia"). Then, in 1917, Mr. Bull wanted to win over World Jewry; so Mr. Balfour promised the Zionist Jews a vaguely defined nationhood too. It seems that the tricky Anglo-promises overlapped; a British mandate for Palestine was set up after the war;

Jewish immigrants and Arab native sons have clashed, noisily and bloodily, ever since. There are 370,000 Jews and 850,000 Arabs in Palestine.

Now a Palestine Royal Commission makes recommendations, with official British concurrence. They are sensible, will probably go through; yet everybody objects. Hence British warships and troops, to maintain order if possible. The new plan is roughly as follows:

A Jewish state, an Arab state, and a British mandate. Jews would get the north and a long coastal strip; Arabs, most of the interior joined to Arab Transjordan, Jaffa seaport, and a coastal strip down to Egypt; British, a Jerusalem-Jaffa corridor to the sea, including Bethlehem, also northern Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee.

It may take years to put the Royal Commission plan into operation. Meanwhile, from this August to next March, only 8,000 Jews may immigrate to Palestine. In some years (due to Polish and nazi persecution) Jewish immigration has totalled 60,000. Bright and industrious, Jews have economically ousted the poor, backward Arabs who now wave nazi

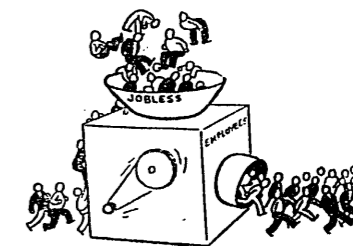


swastikas, read Hitler's "Mein Kampf" and listen to Italian and German propaganda broadcasts.

Since Palestine, in toto, is a British-held League of Nations mandate, League permission must be granted for the new triple division. Also an American O. K., for Uncle Sam has a special treaty with Palestine under the existing unitary League mandate.

(or on relief), over 1929, is greater than the decline in the number of employed.

According to this analysis, when 1 to 1½ million more jobs are found there will be more persons at work than in glorious 1929. Construction and transportation alone, if at normal levels, would close the gap. Hardly a reason for cheer-



ing is the fact that there are 300,000 more persons now employed in "government and the professions" (which means government) than in 1929.

The figures are as of May, and show 34,722,000 non-agricultural persons then at work.

Prosperous farmer

IN FARM journals, newspapers, and crop reports farmers are finding pleasant reading these warm July evenings. Most pleasing, however, is the Department of Agriculture prediction that farm income this year will top \$10,500,000,000—the highest in eight years.

If the Department's prognostication comes true—barring droughts and other calamities, it will—farmers will be tucked into \$1,000,000,000 more into their jeans this year than they did last and \$5,000,000,000 more than in 1932. Two dollars, that is, for every dollar received five years ago. And since a good half of our population is engaged in agriculture, the added money that farmers have to spend for farm machinery, automobiles, clothes, travel, and recreation will be reflected in better business for the other half.

To prove its cause for optimism, the Department of Agriculture points to an expected 2,500,000,000-bushel bumper corn crop (1,000,000,000 bushels more than last year); to an 882,000,000-bushel wheat crop (267,000,000 bushels greater than 1936); to a 14,000,000-bale cotton crop (1,900,000 bales more than last year). In fact, there will be a sharp increase in all crop production.

In terms of the consumer's dollar, the farmer now receives 47 cents out of every dollar spent for food (only half a cent less than in 1929), whereas in 1932, he obtained but 32 cents.

But the farmer needs no such statistical proof to tell him his economic position is improving. 1. Prices he is receiving for his crops are the best since 1930. 2. The ratio of farm prices to urban prices (purchasing power of the farmer) has jumped

BUSINESS

OUR WEEK in the realm of finance and business offers two cheerful notes. One is a rise in security values, notably common shares on the New York Stock Exchange. The other is a report of rising numbers of persons employed, issued by the Federal Reserve Board.

For months the stock market had failed to reflect higher earnings in industry, in public utilities, and in railroading. The Dow-Jones average that had dropped from 194 to 165 by June 14, had risen to 178 on July 13.

Reporting on persons employed in non-agricultural pursuits, the Federal Reserve Board notes that 8¾ million have found jobs since the low point of March 1933. But the increase in number of unemployed

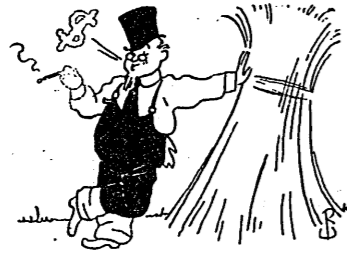
panies, and governors called out troops to aid the strikers, that average quickly dropped to 165 on June 14.

Steel management, however, was adamant against complete surrender to C.I.O., public opinion brought an about-face by the governors, Mr. Lewis tasted his first defeat, and investors found new hope. The Dow-Jones average that had dropped from 194 to 165 by June 14, had risen to 178 on July 13.

Reporting on persons employed in non-agricultural pursuits, the Federal Reserve Board notes that 8¾ million have found jobs since the low point of March 1933. But the increase in number of unemployed

back to its 1925 level. 3. Rumors are rife about crop shortages abroad. 4. Demand for farm products keeps pace with the quickened tempo in industry. 5. There are fewer farmers to share the gravy.

The farmer has not always had as happy a lot as he faces this year. In the past two decades, he has run the gamut of



agricultural woes, all the way from crop surpluses and price collapse to droughts and dust storms.

The World War brought a vast inflation in commodity prices. Demand for American crops abroad sent prices skyrocketing, caused the farmer to buy more land and plant more seed. During the post-war period, he saw a collapse in farm prices, together with a sharp drop in land prices. Later the worldwide depression beginning in 1929 created a disparity between farm and industrial prices, forced farm prices still lower. But, as is normal in a recovery period, farm prices have recovered faster than industrial prices, and in the last three years, devaluation of the dollar, increased consumer demand, and droughts have combined to raise farm prices to a parity with industrial prices.

Give him parity!

WITH EACH new trouble heaped upon the farmer during the past twenty years, has come a Government panacea. Features of the 1920-28 period were tariff protection and the abortive McNary-Haugen legislation. Between 1929 and 1932, the Federal Farm Board attempted to bolster prices through buying up surplus wheat and cotton. With the advent of the New Deal, the farmer came under the jurisdiction of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, which gave him benefit payments in return for a cut in acreage production. Today he still receives relief under the Soil Conservation Act and other aids such as seed loans.

This year's contribution to the perennial crop of farm panaceas is the proposed ever-normal granary plan. Not unlike the action of Joseph in Biblical Egypt in storing grain during seven good years, then selling it during seven bad years, the scheme would plan against shortages in food by storing up surpluses in times of plenty, would thus hope to stabilize prices.

Since the war there has been a marked change in economic thinking about the farmer. During the early 1920s, the cry

was for a "fair share of the national income." Later the demand grew for "price parity." Now the goal is "income parity."

And by income parity is meant balance between farm and industrial income. Economists in recent years have been leaning to the view that, in the final analysis, the ease with which the farmer can exchange his goods for the products of the industrial worker determines his well being. If the goods he produces can be equally exchanged for the goods produced by the industrial worker, balance between the two is said to exist.

The Department of Agriculture is now undertaking an inquiry into what constitutes parity between farm and industrial workers. Thus far, on the basis of the 1910-14 level of commodity prices, the Department estimates that the ratio between what farmers receive for their goods and the prices they pay for living costs declined from 105 in 1920 to 61 in 1932, recovered to 96 in May of this year.

Meanwhile the National Industrial Conference Board has already published a report, "Income in Agriculture, 1929-1935," which draws the following comparisons between farm and urban income:

In 1929, net income of farm operators averaged \$1,300 compared with average full-time salaries and wages in retail trade of \$1,312, and average salaries and wages in manufacturing of \$1,492.

In 1933, farm operators' average net income was \$750, compared with average full-time salaries and wages in manufacturing of \$965, and average full-time salaries and wages in retail trade of \$986.

In 1935, farm operators' average net income amounted to \$900, compared with average full-time salaries and wages in manufacturing of \$1,156 and average full-time salaries and wages of \$915 in retail trade—again excluding the unemployed.

From these figures the Conference Board concludes: "In 1929 the net occupational incomes of farm operators were about on a par with those of other gainfully occupied groups in most regions of the country, and considerably higher in some regions. Available data for later

years indicate that there was an income disadvantage for farm operators as compared with fully employed persons in manufacturing and retail trade, but that farmers were about on a par with salary and wage earners as a whole."

Prospect for cotton

COTTON presents the most interesting problem among the commodities from the supply-and-demand standpoint. The trade has not even begun to figure out the long-pull price equation, for the elements of production and consumption are in such an early formative state that forecasts would be subject to wide variations and shifting opinion. Thus far the only basis for yield calculation is the acreage estimate of the Department of Agriculture, on July 8; area planted and to-be-planted to cotton is estimated at 34,192,000 acres, compared with 30,960,000 last year, an increase of 10.4 percent. The first forecast of production is due August 9.

Judged by the action of the market, this acreage report was below general trade expectations. Some private authorities had placed the increase at from 13 to 15 percent, and the average guess of New York Cotton Exchange members put it at 11.5 percent.

In market terminology this may be described as a "psychological surprise," and the upturn of half a cent in prices was due to covering by trade and speculative short sellers. At the same time a contingent of bullish operators took the buying side on the expectation of crop deterioration during the trying months of July and August.

Production outlook from the standpoint of yield-per-acre is decidedly hopeful. Stands of cotton are above average, cultivation has been unusually efficient, fertilization most liberal, and there has been an absence of heavy, washing rains; all suggesting less than the usual abandonment of acreage. In addition, the heaviest increase in acreage is in states of largest potential yield per acre.

SCIENCE & MEDICINE

DR. VICTOR G. HEISER, absent six months examining 2,000 of the (multiplying) 80,000 lepers in Basutoland, South Africa, comes ashore at New York, sixty-eight but youthfully ardent, to start a new chapter in his remarkable "Odyssey"—of thirty years fighting plagues the globe-over. Enthused to corral \$2,000,000 to combat leprosy, he announces that already Great Britain has volunteered an annual \$100,000 subsidy for world leper-work, that already thirty nations have accepted his bid to the International Leprosy Association Congress to convene at Cairo, Egypt—March next.

Dr. Heiser projects a world war against this foulest of diseases—whose origins are lost in pre-history, whose weird up-flare in the Middle Ages waned weirdly, simultaneously, with (perhaps because of) the spread of the novel morbidity, syphilis.

But leprosy is now on the increase in South Africa, is prevalent in tropical Africa generally, in Asia, the East Indies, the Philippines, Hawaii, Finland, Nova Scotia, and in sections of many other countries. There are 500,000 cases in Indo-China estimates Dr. Heiser.

In continental U. S. there are no more than 1,000 lepers—who may or may not be

on the increase. Here leprosy is concentrated chiefly in Florida, Louisiana, and California. Yet there are some fifty lepers in New York.

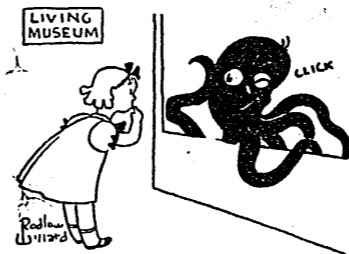
Leprosy, probably caused by the rod-like *Bacillus leprae*, has two main forms. In one, nodules or lumpy areas develop—frequently, giving the head a hideous, leonine appearance. In the other, the "smooth" type, nerves are attacked, and the portions of the body—such as toes, fingers, whole hands—formerly controlled by these nerves, decay and drop off. This "smooth" variety is regarded as more curable than the nodular. Nevertheless, no true specific has as yet been discovered—though chaulmoogra oil (in the succulent fruit of an East-Indian plum-tree) is often distinctly beneficial.

Research is baffled in a major way by the inability of bacteriologists to infect any animal with the bacillus of human leprosy. "Rat leprosy" resembles human leprosy, but the bacterium involved is not *Bacillus leprae*. Dr. Heiser reports that the carabao, a Javan water-buffalo, has been found to suffer from what is thought to be a form of leprosy.

Since so little is known about this ancient, horrible affliction, it is to be hoped that Dr. Heiser quickly secures his fund. Indeed, scientists the best-informed are unaware whether or not the incidence of leprosy is now on the rise again.

Museums come to life

LIFE is coming to the dead. A Hall of Animal Behavior will soon enliven the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Homes of mummies and of the dead past will be quickened by living natures. A large microvivarium, rival or the planetarium, will be the outstanding feature of this new hall. Here the life-dramas of hordes of micro-animals are to be magnified 160,000 to 4,000,000 times, and projected upon screens for audiences to see. *Hosts of microbes* and larger creatures will hunt, attack, devour, even reproduce, for popular enlightenment.



Marvelously intricate techniques required for culturing, preserving, and intelligibly micro-projecting these frailest organisms have been perfected by Dr. George Roemmer, German scientist who devised the world's first microvivarium,

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at Munich, and the remarkably successful microvivarium at Chicago's Century of Progress. Dr. G. Kingsley Noble, curator of experimental biology, pioneer in the field of the living museum, is directing the preparation of this Hall of Animal Behavior.

Chicago's Museum of Science and Industry is likewise considering a microvivarium. And, probably in the near future, microvivaria and whole halls of animal behavior—theaters of dramatized science as distinguished from ordinary zoos, or collections of labeled animals—will win their place in the instruction and entertainment of the public.

Hopping calamity

EMBATTLED western farmers are broad-casting arsenic by the carload. War against an unequaled infestation of grasshoppers is now at its crisis.

Nebraska—looking forward to a bumper corn crop—has the maximum visitation, avers O. S. Bare, entomologist of Nebraska Agricultural College. Colo-

rado's insects are almost as multitudinous. "You can walk seven miles near Hugo (Colorado) without stepping off dead hoppers," claims Don McMillan, of Otero County.

New Mexico, Kansas, Oklahoma, North Dakota also are menaced. Poison bait—bran and sodium arsenite—is being mixed at stations in thirty-one counties of southern Wisconsin, reports E. L. Chambers, state entomologist.

Prediction of this unparalleled plague was achieved early this year by insector-scientists of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. They counted the eggs (laid last year) in selected fields.

Entomologist Bare warns that farmers must wage decisive combat at this "most critical stage"—before the insects are fully mature. Else crops will suffer far severer damage, and still heavier deposits of eggs will be made this fall: a threat to next year's crops. Thus seemingly endless are the western farmer's tribulations: drought, dust-storms, and now insects—to gnaw away the first (in many sections) crops raised since 1934.

SPORTS

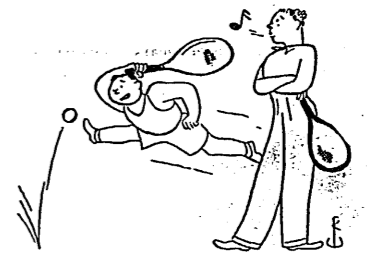
ON SATURDAY of this week a British tennis team minus Fred Perry steps out on the famous courts at Wimbledon, probably to lose the Davis Cup won in 1933 and successfully defended in each of three following years. For six prior years, from '27 to '32, the French had reigned supreme; and for seven years before that, from '20 to '26, the United States had swept the courts.

Davis Cup tennis is largely a one-man affair. When Tilden ruled, the silver bowl rested in the United States. When Lacoste (and later Cochet) was the world's best, it was held by France. When Perry was tops, it belonged in England. With Donald Budge this month winning or sharing three Wimbledon championships—singles, doubles and mixed doubles, the first time in all tennis history that one man won all three—the United States fans have looked forward to the beginning of a new cycle of supremacy.

When Budge returns, probably to win our singles championship at Forest Hills in September, his greatest fight will be to withstand the lure of gold dangled before his eyes by the promoters of professional tennis. Tilden yielded. So did Vines and Perry. A last winter's wage of perhaps \$100,000 was Perry's reward in the United States alone, and he and Vines are still barnstorming in Europe for cash instead of glory. Promoters of pro tennis need a new human sacrifice each winter, and Budge will be more than human if he fails to entertain their prospective offer seriously.

Promoters of simon-pure tennis are plainly worried. A possible "out" for

them is an open tournament, where amateur and professional may fight it out. There would then be less likelihood of a flattering offer being laid at the door



of a youngster so long and so carefully developed by the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association for Davis Cup play. Meanwhile lanky Budge and shorty Grant reign supreme.

Vaulting high

THOSE who hope to see pole-vaulters this season clear the bar at 15 feet are still waiting. Two men have gone over at 14 feet 11 inches—Bill Sefton and Earle Meadows. Their soaring ability, plus the fact that they both jump for the same California club, earns for them the sobriquet "heavenly twins." And at the A.A.U. championships earlier this month four men, all Californians, tied at 14 feet 7½ inches. The other two were Cornelius Warmerdam and George Varoff.

Thirteen feet in pole-vaulting was reached for the first time in 1912, fourteen feet in 1927. Fifteen feet may be ex-

pected any week-end. The bar has thus been moved *fully two feet higher* in a quarter-century, due to improvement in knack and style rather than in physique. In the same period the 100-yard-dash record has been lowered only two tenths of a second, from 9.6 to 9.4.

Gliding champ

TO THE President of the Soaring Society of America went the national gliding championship at Elmira, N. Y., last week; to the son of the donor, A. Felix duPont, went the trophy and \$500 for soaring 5890 feet high (more than a

mile). Winner of both honors was youthful Richard C. duPont.

DuPont's victory was somewhat Pyrrhic, Peter Riedel, German and therefore ineligible for the U. S. title, beating him on points and making the longest hop of 133 miles in 6 hours, 32 minutes. His countrymen hold all three world records (altitude 14,190 feet, distance 313 miles, endurance 40 hours 45 minutes).

Launched into the air in kite fashion, gliders derive their power from sliding downhill on the air. To gain altitude they rely on up-currents of air, the result of either thermals (warm air) or slope winds, deflected upward by hitting a hill).

PEOPLE

SOME 45 years old, *Prince Fumimaro Konoye* is the second youngest premier in Japanese history. Hailing from a 1000-year-old aristocratic family, he was born "divine" but poor. Modest and good-humored, Konoye says he is hen-pecked at home, "a very humble person" politically. He smokes lots, drinks little, usually sports a kimono. Like his son, captain-elect of the Princeton golf team, Konoye likes golf and pranks. He recently masqueraded as Hitler at a costume party. Like his brother, who has just resigned from the House of Peers and plans to conduct the Hollywood Bowl orchestra this summer, the premier is also musical.

Konoye's greatest disabilities are health and nerves. He lost eight pounds during his first week in office. Yet he refuses to move from his stuffy mansion to the new bombproof home built to protect (and un-nerve) Jap premiers.

As a young hothead Konoye was pink. Maturity has made him politically grey. He seeks a middle course—military credits for the army, civil reforms for the politicians, power for himself. Towards America he is friendly. From his radical youth he still believes in a redistribution of wealth—no longer at capitalism's expense, but China's.

Robert Ferdinand Wagner has the uncommon distinction of being both a successful liberal and a successful machine politician. In the Senate he has sponsored or co-sponsored such hefty left-of-center measures as the National Industrial Recovery Act, the Railroad Pension Law, the Social Security Act, the National Labor Relations Law, and an anti-lynching bill. Soon his colleagues will be considering a great low-cost housing program which he introduced last February.

At the same time he is such a crackerjack electioneer that Tammany Hall pleads with him to accept the Democratic nomination for Mayor of New York City. He is the only man, they insist, who can

unseat the popular Fiorello H. LaGuardia at the polls next fall.

Liberalism and political prowess are both attributable to Wagner's early background. Dumped on New York's unfriendly docks after crossing the Atlantic from Germany in a stokehold, he found lodging in a shabby basement in Manhattan's Yorkville (German) district. He hawked papers to buy his first pair of shoes and lived for weeks at a time on pickled pig's-head.

After working his way through the City College of New York ('98) and New York Law School, he joined the local Tammany club and was off on a political career. Five years after graduation he was state assemblyman, then state senator, lieutenant governor, and New York supreme court justice. By 1926 he was ready to hitch his wagon to the star of the United States Senate.

In Washington, Wagner won friends because he is hearty, affable, and a cinch to beat at golf. He won admirers because he appears to be first a sincere liberal and only secondly a Tammany Democrat. Today, at 60, while he mulls over social legislation on Capitol Hill, he keeps a wary eye on political fences at home. Almost every weekend he hurries back to Yorkville to eat wienerschnitzel, drink beer, and talk politics. His friends say he would be presidential timber but for his foreign birth.

Camille Chautemps, short, wiry, with jet black eyes and hair, comes to the premiership of France during feverish days. Typically French, Chautemps is sharp-witted, garrulous, the father of three children, a happily married man.

His background, however, is distinctive. He is a member of the fighting Chautemps "tribe." Parisians tell about Chautemps' brother Felix who, leaving for the front in 1914, bumped into a journalist whose pen had bayoneted the Chautemps family in the back several months before. It was Felix' turn to stab. "Sir,"

he said, "you see the Chautemps tribe is going to fight." During the war, Chautemps lost two brothers, saw another maimed, was himself taken seriously ill and sent home.

Chautemps' father was a cabinet minister and vice-president of the noisy Chamber of Deputies. Across the hall, in the quieter Senate, sat Chautemps' uncle. The new premier started life dangerously—a child prodigy. Brilliant, he was admitted to the Paris bar when 19. In Tours he pursued law and home-town politics, gaining national recognition as minister of the interior under Herriot in 1924.

Called to power first in 1930, his cabinet was a dismal flop. After a few hours it agreed to disagree and folded up. Again in 1933, he became premier and formed a cabinet which collapsed three months



later under the onslaught of the Stavisky scandals. Instead of wrecking his political progress, the Stavisky affair only tripped him. By 1936 he was back in the cabinet, first under Sarraut, more recently as minister of state under Blum.

Today Chautemps is at the apex of his career: premier of France, chief of the liberal Radical-Socialists. Keen financier and experienced budget-balancer, he was brought in to help France overcome her present fiscal crisis. In foreign affairs he has always stuck to his guns; from the first he opposed Poincaré's win-hard attitude toward Germany. Hitler will like Chautemps more than he liked Blum.

Obituary

Carlos E. Restrepo, former President of Colombia, 70, July 6.

Anna G. Pease, professor of English literature at Northwestern University for sixteen years, 83, July 6.

Joseph W. Mauck, former president of the University of South Dakota, 84, July 7.

Ake Wilhelm Hammarskjöld, Swedish diplomat and lawyer, Judge of the World Court, 44, July 7.

Col. Samuel P. Town, former National Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, 91, July 10.

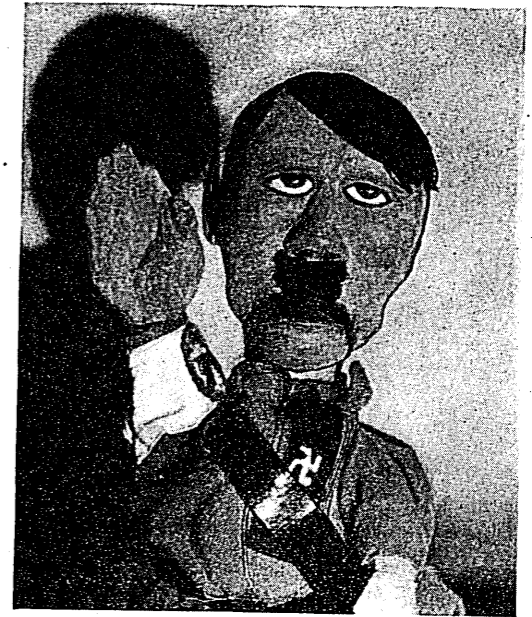
Edward E. Loomis, chairman of the board of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, 72, July 11.

George Gershwin, composer of popular songs, 38, July 11.

THE DIGEST

FASCISM

—and the British Fuehrer



SIR OSWALD MOSLEY, "Leader" of the English fascists, would like to be the first dictator in the English-speaking world. He is back in the headlines again, having just led 7,000 of his followers in a demonstration march through London. 10,000 anti-fascists turned out to oppose his passage through the streets, to hoot down and drown out his speech in Trafalgar Square, but strict police control staved off the typical riots (sometimes bloody) which have colored such marches in the past. Who, then, is Mosley, and what is the shouting all about?

Today, at 40, ardent Sir Oswald is still the bad boy of English politics, is still full of "beans and bounce." Though his background combines the three time-honored virtues of Top Drawer England—

family, education, and wealth—Mosley, like other hot-spurs, has hacked his own way through political jungles. He is an "e x—" almost everything. Ex-conservative, ex-independent, ex-socialist, and ex-leader of his own "New Party." A lone wolf, it has been said that on a fox hunt he would side with the fox.

To achieve his overpowering ambition—a Fascist Britain with himself as dictator—Sir Oswald Mosley "works like an ox." He told me that he has not taken a vacation in four years, and that his social

life, which was previously considerable, is today non-existent. He neither lunches nor dines out, nor goes to the theater nor hobnobs at his swank London club, White's, though he still pays his dues—"for sentimental reasons."

He only goes to movies two or three

Two outstanding Modern Caesars look menacing in Morey Bunin's puppet leaders

PHOTOS FROM TRIANGLE



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IN ENGLAND Mosley faces a blank wall, an uncharted future

during a fistfight in his youth and again during the war when his plane crashed in France, no longer impedes him. Eating sparingly and drinking nothing save a little beer, Mosley relaxes with his pipe, a little tennis and swimming, an occasional horseback ride and some championship fencing. But unlike a great many politicians, Mosley has no outside hobbies or recreations. He dislikes cards, detests "irrelevant conversation," loathes dinner parties and social fawning, and hates "entrenched old age" whether it is sitting on a parlor sofa or in a Parliament seat. When he lived on his large country estate he owned horses and dogs—his favorite was, significantly, a mastiff. Today he has no pets, has handed over his estate to his three young children.

While his wife was alive he enjoyed many of these things. She was Cynthia Curzon, daughter of Lord and Lady Curzon, the former Viceroy and Vicequeen of India, and thus related through her mother to the frankly plutocratic Leiter family of Chicago, Washington, New

York and Newport. With Sir Oswald she was active in labor politics, and as a socialist member of Parliament she was close to Ramsay MacDonald, then Socialist Prime Minister. In general she was a restraining influence on Mosley. Together they played hard at politics for eleven months of the year, campaigning against capitalism and its evils, only to enjoy themselves equally well on that haven of capitalism, the French

IN BELGIUM young, handsome Leon Degrelle leads Rexist. A bad election defeat silenced his noisy dictatorial mouthings



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THE DIGEST

Riviera, throughout the twelfth month. When Lady Cynthia died in 1933, Mosley's life became almost Spartan in its simplicity. He sold their large, 16-room London house and moved into a two-room flat. Personally, he prefers to live in "bare, severe, but beautiful rooms. I hate the junk of modern civilization with which bourgeois people litter their lives and rooms."

His office, the *sanctum sanctorum* of English fascism, is a case in point. It is a pleasant enough, light blue room. Over the fireplace hangs a large penciled portrait of Mussolini (not given to Mosley by Mussolini, however). On the mantel there is a photograph of Hitler, which Hitler has personally inscribed, and which Mosley safely hides from the wandering eyes of inquisitive interviewers. There is also an atrociously colored picture of King George V, who together with Queen Mary and the King and Queen of Belgium, attended Sir Oswald's marriage, held, by special permission in the royal chapel of Buckingham Palace.

At the far end of the room, behind a neat black-and-chromium modernistic desk, sits the "Leader." He is gracious, subdued, reserved; not at all the fire-eating demagogue of the platform. Solidly built, and rather handsome, with a short black mustache and intense, dark, narrow eyes, Mosley's face presents no ironies save a rather Roman nose. He dresses completely in black: suit, tie, shirt, socks; in the words of John Gunther, "like a skating champion." But his pocket handkerchief is white. Formerly he wore his blackshirt uniform, but now that political uniforms have been banned it hangs in the closet of his flat.

Looked at in another way, however, Mosley's office is unconsciously symptomatic both of the man and his movement. Ironically enough, the one Englishman who most detests parliamentary government and democracy works in a room so near to the Parliament building itself that a big league baseball pitcher, sitting at Mosley's desk, could hurl a shilling piece from there directly into the lap of Prime



Minister Neville Chamberlain, sitting in the House of Commons. The three pictures in the room represent the three main points in Mosley's fascist program: King George symbolizes "Britain first!" . . . Mussolini reflects "the corporate state" . . . Hitler personifies "down with the Jews." The final irony consists in the realization that Mosley's office is one of the few modernistic offices in conservative and traditional England . . . that Mosley's movement is itself too "ultra" and un-English for their everyday Majesties, Mr. and Mrs. John Bull.

When Mosley is not working at his desk or out speaking, he is usually at home, reading. Although his reading remains omnivorous and voluminous, a former interest in philosophy has given way to the attraction which history and economics now hold for him. He is fond of "the classic and dynamic periods in history." He has "learnt nothing" from Gladstone and Disraeli, no longer considers Napoleon the greatest man of action, the forerunner of the modern Caesars. Mosley is reticent about his heroes. In them lies the secret of his personal ambitions. But one of his former intimates says they are Caesar and Byron. That Caesar, a stern realist, and Byron, a great poet, should be Sir Oswald's favorites is not surprising, since Mosley himself is a paradoxical mixture of the man of action and the intellectual. "The great realist," Mosley told me, "is also

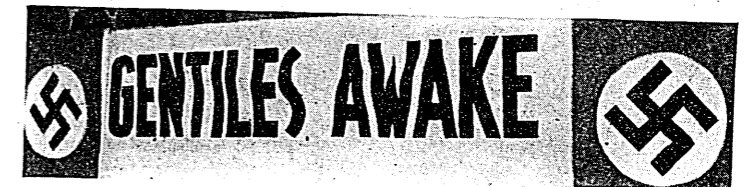


IN FRANCE de la Rocque missed the train to power last year

JULY 24, 1937

CAN AMERICA HAVE FASCISM? "Behold by the Hudson the Swastika's rise!" Burton H. Gilligan, 31 year old Irish leader of the American National Labor Party, plans a dictatorship for America from his New York desk. His small, well-disciplined "Aryan Storm Troopers" wish to implant Europe's racial hatreds into America's melting pot

PHOTOS FROM BLACK STAR



the great mystic. The one leads to the other and to an understanding of the force of destiny."

As a fascist "Leader" pursuing his own destiny, Mosley has always cracked the whip. His lieutenants are forever leaving him. Those who stay with him never get very close. To his face they call him "sir," among themselves "O.M.," and in speaking to the rank-and-file, he is always "Leader." The fascist salute with the outstretched arm is given to Mosley alone. The "Leader" never invites his lieutenants to his flat for dinner, but sometimes attends official fascist functions. On such occasions the conversation always turns to politics and party policy. Sometimes

Mosley cracks a political joke.

He never travels by train, but occasionally flies. His favorite means of travel (perhaps his greatest recreation) is driving his Bentley at a hell of a clip. He is one of the fastest drivers in England. Small wonder that his lieutenants dislike driving with him. With Perrott, his private chauffeur, twists and turns are not much safer. Although Mosley has received "very many" threats on his life, he has no bodyguard save Perrott.

As a would-be dictator Mosley has concocted his own brand of fascism: a mixture of Italian castor-oil economics with a still more concentrated dose of

(Continued on page 30)

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Advanced students don masks, rehearse a scene from "Harlequin and Columbine"



Masks doffed, players relax, listen as one of them jokes during time out between rehearsals

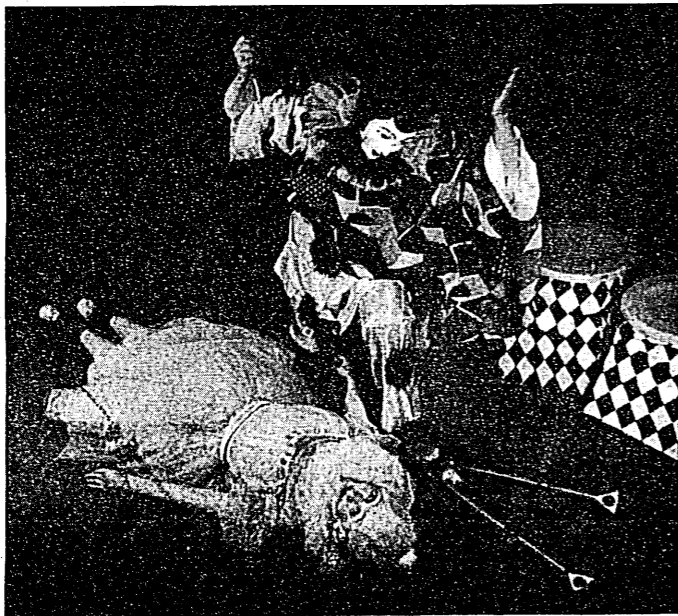


PHOTOS FROM GLOBE

Inhibitions vanish as students enact this scene from "Harlequin and Columbine" before large audiences

ESCAPE

Like veterans of years behind the footlights, students portray tragedy



A student acts as property hand, adjusts some masks before a rehearsal

RELEASE from exhausting nervous tension is the quest of many in our machine age. For those who live and work at modern civilization's fastest tempo, in New York City, escape may be no easy matter.

Too complete a change may raise as many problems as it solves; solitude may be as disturbing to jangled nerves as continued noise and interruption. The answer is *play*—wholehearted, carefree play, which finds a fresh and welcome task for minds and muscles, which builds a psychic resistance to fatigue just as physical exercise strengthens the body.

But how to play? Two sisters, Douglas and Virginia Whitehead, have found a way. At the Whitehead School, in New York, men and women are trained in simple dramatics. Under direction which requires just enough concentration to exclude other concerns, and worry, they rehearse and produce such plays as "Harlequin and Columbine."

The atmosphere is informal and friendly. The "pupils" have come to school for a common purpose: to drop their troubles for a time, to find curative refreshment. And with a profound sense of psychological values, the Whitehead sisters provide their players with masks. This, perhaps more than any other part of their treatment, assures complete freedom from restraint and inhibition.

The important thing is that it works; that scores of adults have found here the form of escape best suited to their need. To other Americans it may seem an ironical and a tragic thing that New Yorkers must resort to such a means; that those nearest to civilization's vortex find peace only within a crowd, behind a mask.



"School" over for the day, an instructor retouches equipment

P R O

Supporting government relief policy as a continuing need

THE PRESIDENT has stated that America's great economic need today is for stimulation of industries producing consumer goods. Our outstanding economic problem is how to provide a constant and expanding market at home for the products of our farms and factories.

Millions of able-bodied, willing and efficient workers remain unemployed and will, so far as any one can see, be unemployed for some time to come. Barring government action, they will be without purchasing power.

There is crying need for public works in flood control, conservation of natural resources, low cost housing, park and playground construction, reforestation, community recreation programs, adult education and the development of the cultural life of all our people.

This work cannot be carried on by private industry since there is no profit in it. State and local resources and revenues are being drawn upon for ever-increasing contributions to the social security program and for direct relief.

Another 1929 collapse can only be prevented if the buying power of the masses is maintained as production and profits increase. The only answer is a stable, well-planned, efficiently conducted federal program of public works employing the unemployed.

—Maury Maverick, Representative from Texas

THE YEARS of depression have wiped out community and individual reserves. Neither local relief nor private "charity" will be able to meet the need should the federal government actually make no further provisions for direct relief. Millions of families are saved from actual starvation only by federal relief. Jobs from neither relief nor private industries are available to them. Some are unable to work. Aside from all humanitarian aspects, the Administration cannot safely refuse the necessities of life to those who have no place else to turn. The first responsibility of organized society is for the welfare of its citizens. Local units are hampered by legislative limitations on their taxing powers, but the federal government may draw upon the nation's full revenues.

Labor believes that the Administration should set up a permanent department or bureau of public works, responsible for long time planning and ready to expand activities so as to counterbalance depression slumps in employment. Such a department should maintain an inventory of national resources as a basis for planning. Work on its projects would conform to the standards prevailing in the respective localities. Supplementing public works should be adequate housing projects to make homes available for those whose incomes have never permitted homes of their own—comfortable and satisfying homes in which they can safely invest their savings.

—William Green in *The Survey*.

IN MY opinion the time has come when we must cease treating the unemployment problem in America as an emergency measure. The hour is here when we must formulate sound, long-range policies to take care of those men and women whom private industry has failed to absorb. Please consider with me for a moment the problem which confronts us today. We are still faced with the horrible spectacle of poverty and destitution

in the richest nation on the face of the earth. We are enjoying in America today an industrial boom; factories are working full time and in many places at full capacity. Profits are mounting with leaps and bounds and at least one group of our people is as prosperous as in 1929. Alongside this bright picture, however, there is a darker one, which is far more important. In a nation where business prosperity has returned there are still 10,000,000 men and women unemployed in private industry. There are approximately 6,000,000 more who are working part time and at wages so low that if they were to lose their jobs tomorrow, they would immediately be forced to demand relief or starve. Buying power in America is already beginning to lag; labor and the white-collared groups are rapidly nearing the point where their income is insufficient to buy back the goods which they produce. Although our national income has increased during the past year, our budget is still out of balance. In other words, our great economic problem has not been solved.

—Robert G. Allen, Representative from Pennsylvania.

IN VIEW of the sizable unemployment problem in the past and that of the present, I believe it is reasonable to expect a probable minimum of 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 unemployed even in future "prosperity" periods, and this minimum can be expected to be increased periodically with the recurrence of future depressions.

It is obvious that this unemployment problem is nation-wide; that the causes which underlie it completely disregard local and state boundaries, and since it is a national problem it requires federal action to help mitigate the hardships arising from unemployment. The states and localities have not been in a position to do it alone and, since it is a national problem, they should not be expected to handle it alone.

During a depression state and local funds decline for the same reasons that unemployment and relief increase. Individually the states and localities are not responsible for these difficulties and are not able to do much, if anything, to remove them. Unemployment is clearly a national problem and, for that reason, unemployment relief must be financed in large part by the federal government.

Either a way must be found to admit unemployed people to participation in the economy of private enterprise or else they must be given a definite and respectable status as recipients of insurance benefits or as public workers.

—Harry L. Hopkins in *New Republic*.



"More"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

I DO NOT suggest that industrial enterprise, incomes, and inheritances cannot stand heavier impacts of taxation. I insist only that we cannot build a great civilization by lavish expenditures on even the most desirable public works unless concurrently we solve the problem of clothing the bodies, feeding the stomachs and freeing from fear the hearts of the masses in and through the nation's business, industry, and agriculture. The place to solve the economic problem is at the source where policies respecting wages, hours, prices, and profits are formulated. It is no answer to permit an economic system to play havoc with the lives of millions and then step into the picture with stringent taxes to take care of these millions with the munificence of a political Santa Claus. In the end, such procedure will wreck the system that must produce the wealth and sap the self-respect of the millions who learn to lean on the bounty of government.

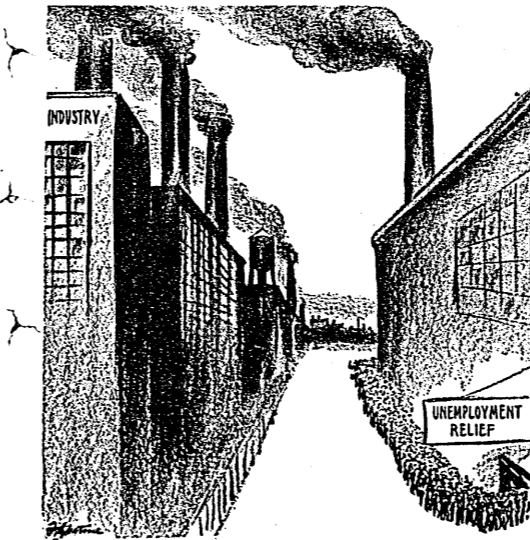
—Glenn Frank over NBC.

ARE WE producing a bankrupt generation of hopeless, discouraged men and women who want work and self-respect but are denied it? And are we forging, for those who have jobs, a constantly heavier tax ball and chain with its shackle cutting to the bone? What are the mothers, whose boys become old enough to work, going to say when the only employment available is "boondoggling" under alphabetical follies? This mother refuses to raise her boy to be a soldier. Do you think she will be any happier to raise him for a permanent work as a leaf-raker under the WPA? And what about the girls of today—the mothers of tomorrow? Do you think they will be happy with "Love on the Dole"? And, as a matter of fact, do you think men and women on relief today like it? Do you not know that if they could get a job in private enterprise, the vast majority would be glad to get off relief and escape the arbitrary supervision of the social service workers?

—Lewis H. Brown before U. S. Chamber of Commerce.

BEFORE 1932, the tiding of people over such difficult spots was entirely a local, even neighborhood or family responsibility. The extensiveness of municipal welfare departments even then is probably not generally realized, but the magnitude of the depression of the early thirties entirely swamped them and the voluntary charities, and called forth an acknowledgment of national responsibility.

Is that national or federal responsibility to be permanent?



Bo h Going Strong—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

C O N

Opposing plan for government relief as permanent activity

Some measure of it evidently is here to stay. Local standards and methods of welfare administration certainly have needed, and in many instances still need, the improvement which federal assistance, co-ordination and supervision, especially under the old Federal Emergency Relief Administration, has given them.

But the resources of the federal budget cannot remain permanently extended to relief purposes in such huge volume as they were during the height of the emergency. If appropriations do continue on such a scale and the public debt is not reduced during times of prosperity, where will be the resiliency to take up the load in case of another crisis?

—Tulley Nettleton in *Christian Science Monitor*.

YOU MAY laugh about a \$36,000,000,000 debt hanging over the Treasury of the United States if you wish to, but with all my refined and expanded sense of humor I find it impossible to laugh about such a thing.

I recall the time when our armies came out of the bloodiest and most cruel war that was ever waged upon this earth, to find a debt far below the amount the government now owes; and we worried about it then.

But now nobody seems to worry about the debt. We spend, and we spend, and we spend, and there are some of us who vote for all appropriations and against all taxes.

I do not name anyone; sometimes I have been inclined to get into that class myself. But the point I'm making is that we cannot go on forever doing it.

I do not say that even a \$36,000,000,000 debt, taking into consideration all circumstances, endangers the credit of the United States, but I do say that in time of prosperity we ought to begin to put our house in order.

Let us ask what would happen if another depression, such as that which began in 1929 or 1930 and which has continued until recently, should strike the United States and their affairs next year or the year following?

Of course, we do not look for it; of course, we hope it will not occur; but there are some who say that we will have a recession in business and in industry.

We owe an obligation to the government, to those now living and to those who will come after them, to make provision for the needy living, for those who cannot get along without assistance, but we also owe the generation to come a measure of duty; to safeguard them against an unreasonable and excessive burden which may bring back upon them the sorrows, the travails and the woes which we have so recently experienced.

—Joseph T. Robinson, Senator from Arkansas.

THE NEW "National Planning" of relief shifted its administration from local and state authorities to a political bureaucracy centralized at Washington. That has resulted not only in stupendous waste but in the creation of a great group of permanent dependents. It has added nothing to the security and care of those deserving in distress except expense. And we are destroying the self-respect and the responsibility of self government by turning the Treasury into a national grab bag. Our national ideals get little of a lift from the general attitude. "If we don't get ours some one else will."

—Herbert Hoover before Ohio Society of New York.

PARKINS

vs.

The People

PARKINS was a problem child who lived in a dream world. Now he is a problem to a government coasting precariously on the edge of a dream world. Parkins works for WPA, and intends to keep on doing so to the last notch.

I helped Parkins into his WPA job. All of my friends who helped set up the white-collar project on which he works have since departed from it while Parkins remains rooted there in body and soul. Accepting the job without enthusiasm, he has grown to love it. The WPA six-day week of five hours a day is just about Parkins' limit in consecutive toil. Pay is small but delightfully regular, an undeniable comfort to one frequently out of income and at other times in situations where rewards were slow, uncertain or forgotten. Parkins has been on the receiving end of some dirty deals since 1930.

In a single year of Federal employment, Parkins has taken on the complete psychology of the government clerk. His only preparation for the inevitable shut-down of his project is to canvass the possibilities of landing in some other Federal bureau.

This sea change is remarkable because of his commercially adventurous past. Parkins used to be, or at least think he was, an aggressive business man. Mostly he identified himself as a "salesman," in which capacity he sold or tried to sell everything from capital stock issues to safety pins. Parkins promoted companies and syndicates, none of which ever returned a dollar to an investor and most of which never reached legal parturition. These waifs died in his brief case, which was always full of blueprints, estimates and nicely phrased, typewritten prospectuses. Whatever money came in from these schemes clung to Parkins so that investors lost both cash and enthusiasm, yet Promoter Parkins seldom flew extravagantly high. He just never could get a plan finished or a wheel turning.

I used to beg Parkins to quit selling blue sky and settle on tangibles like sand

or sugar or peanuts, which could be tested, measured and delivered for cash in a simple, short operation. The nearest he ever came to following this advice was organizing a fancy business, the first victim of the depression in a highly competitive field to which he was a complete stranger. The old Parkins would sail into any new venture head-long; the new Parkins wants only security and an easy life without strains or risks.

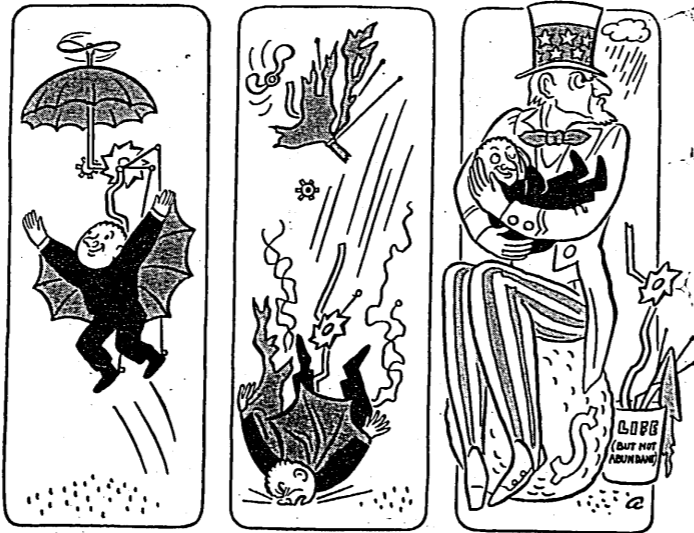
As a salesman, Parkins scored an early success but never repeated. He became one of the four million order-takers who could function when the public hungrily desired to buy, but were helpless when the public mood changed. A genuine salesman rises fast in hard times, when he brings in orders to keep his firm solvent and his fellow workers employed. Meanwhile the fair-weather boys drop out and down. Lacking skill in the productive arts,

hardly knowing what an honest day's work is, their condition is worse than that of the artisan accustomed to toil.

Can the misfits and cast-off "salesmen" on WPA work relief with Parkins return to their old vocations? Their chance at drawing accounts and commissions grows less in a business world trying to reduce the spread between manufacturing costs and retail prices. Cutting down distribution expenses, finding the shortcut from producer to consumer, leave the order-taker a narrowing sphere of activity. Since the depression began, Parkins and his kind have grown eight years older. They have lost some of their nerve, mostly shallow optimism, and the replacements of youth are charging down upon them. I can quite understand why Parkins has come to look upon a Federal job as the easiest way out for him. This may be the most sensible decision he has ever made, proving that he has awakened from his dream world.

Consider, however, what this point of view on WPA permanence and continuous government employment, held by so many of his fellows, means to the country. They want WPA maintained because it answers their needs. The clash between organized WPA personnel and the government which must balance its budget is not a case of "get out and starve." Needy WPA workers are assured of emergency relief. Roughly, a WPA worker draws \$170 while an ERB case draws around \$100. The former enjoys, too, the personal satisfaction of being outside of the lower poverty category. This nice distinction means a good deal to Parkins. For him to go on relief would be the devastating equivalent of going to the poor house. But, at this stage, can we afford to consult Parkins' pride? After all, it is a luxury for him and an expense to us.

—Montagu Hardwick



0344

THE DIGEST

PROGRESS

A compromise plan that is quite as bad as the original

THE ATTENTION of the country has been focussed for nearly six months upon President Roosevelt's Supreme Court bill. Public opinion in all sections where expression was untrammelled and normal was overwhelmingly opposed to the original plan. The President had allowed us to know that it was only a first step, that he proposed to drive through Congress with great rapidity a series of transforming measures initiated and prepared under his own auspices. But the federal courts as at present constituted would find some at least of these measures clearly unconstitutional.

That original proposal for six new Supreme Court justices has now been abandoned in favor of a so-called compromise measure. This slow-motion version of the original would permit the President to appoint one new justice each year for every man on the bench over seventy-five years of age, up to a number not exceeding two-thirds of the constituted nine members.

In practice this would mean that with one vacancy on the bench now existing (as a result of Justice Van-Devanter's resignation) President Roosevelt could add three new justices by January 1, 1938. This increase in the number of justices who see eye-to-eye with the Administration would assure a Supreme Court in 1938 favorable to New Deal proposals, and serve whatever purposes the Administration had hoped to accomplish by its original proposal.

It is interesting to note that, in the arguments propounded by Senator Logan and the others who are supporting this amended bill in the Senate, these men have scarcely referred to the merits of the proposal or to any reasons why this change in the status of the Supreme Court would be of benefit to the country. Surely no argument has been offered which could offset the judiciary committee's recommendation that the original scheme be "so emphatically rejected that its parallel will never again be presented to the free representatives of the free people of America."

Senator Guffey started the ball rolling with the statement that the court issue was a political battle. This one was carried further by Senator Logan's suggestion that Senators who rode into office on President Roosevelt's popularity should be grateful to him and not oppose him now.

IT SEEMS FAIR to say that the desire to save the President's face, coupled with the fear of reprisals in their home districts, are the forces now at work in Washington. Mr. Farley has the power of relief money at his command, as dispensed through Harry Hopkins. In addition there are the C. I. O.

cohorts, assured by Governor Earle of Pennsylvania that they don't need violence while they have Roosevelt and "a Governor like me." Henry Wallace has the farmers better organized as a political weapon than they have ever been before. No wonder a Senator or Congressman needs courage to express his convictions on an issue which, right or wrong, the Administration is determined to drive through.

THE SUPREME COURT, holding steadfastly to its course, has actually gained in the respect and confidence of the country, as the prolonged attacks upon its personnel and its rulings have been carried over into the month of July. It was the one branch of the Government that was doing its duty in a normal way.

At no time in its history has the Court been more efficient, or better entitled to the support of those elements of the population capable of understanding the nature of the pending controversy.

To say that Roosevelt's popular vote gives him a mandate to overhaul the federal judiciary is mere nonsense. He had avoided any discussion of the Supreme Court during the campaign. To assert that the Court was blocking needed reforms through narrow and reactionary decisions is still greater nonsense. An incalculable body of experimental legislation had been written outside of Congress by an inexperienced group of young lawyers who were private advisers of Mr. Roosevelt. Even to this day no Congressman could stand up in his place and say that he had ever waded through this agglomeration of new measures, the bills having been enacted into law under dictation and virtually without debate.

Prolonged discussion of the President's bill to give him control of the federal courts has served several useful purposes. For one thing, it has taught many weak-minded people that we cannot have democracy by delegating all functions to one man. Democracy means free discussion, differences of opinion, popular struggles to find the better course when something vital is at stake. As Chief Justice Hughes, in his notable address to the American Law Institute, so ably pleaded: "The success of democratic institutions lies in the success of the processes of reason as opposed to the tyranny of force."



Merely a plan to sink it more slowly. — Kansas City Star.

JULY 24, 1937

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Albert Shaw

Reading Around the World

Crooked Legislators

A State Senator in American Mercury

IS YOUR district representative in your State Legislature crooked? Does he accept money to vote for or against certain measures? And if so, has he a good chance of getting away with it?

As a State legislator myself, I must confess that the odds are about even on affirmative answers to the above questions. My belief is based on a good many years of experience as a member of a legislature in one of the larger States of the Union, and on careful observations in other States. While my samplings cannot be taken as scientifically accurate for all, I am certain they represent an average which will hold good for the entire nation.

Putting summary ahead of detail, I may say that ten per cent of legislators come perilously close to being racketeers; twenty-five per cent are primarily venal in their attitude toward such legislation as is capable of being turned to advantage; another twenty-five per cent will accept money for their votes on bills which do not vitally affect the general public and in which they have no personal interest; another twenty-five per cent, who do not accept money, are moved often by personal and group relationships, including retainers, business arrangements, political advantage, patronage demands, etc.; and about fifteen per cent are, or think they are, above suspicion of judging legislation other than on its merits—although I never have met one who could take an utterly detached viewpoint even when unconscious of personal interest. Unadulterated altruism has yet to come within my purview.

Paradoxically, some of the crookedest legislators in my State are among the ablest in their consideration of measures. You'd have to know them to understand that. There usually are one or more middlemen or contact men in the vicinity of each State Assembly who make arrangements

between members and the outside groups willing to pay. As a rule, they take about one-fourth of the fund, and the top inside man may receive an equal amount. If this seems to be a high overhead, it should be remembered that legislators, even the most brazen, hesitate to approach outsiders, and the outsiders, besides being equally timorous, do not know their way around. Hence, the practitioners of a delicate diplomatic art are worthy of their hire.

Oddly enough, it is seldom necessary to buy a great many votes. Usually there are a number of members who feel obliged for valid reasons to support, or oppose, a bill, and they can be counted on without pay.

The professionals seldom introduce bills. One of them boasted to me that he never had offered one—and never would. They prefer not to be openly associated with shakedown, and they do not care to sponsor good legislation, for that would entail seeking votes from other members which would put them under log-rolling obligations. Thus, they are lone-handed pirates, willing to sail under any man's flag for a share in the booty.



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File on Franco

H. R. Knickerbocker in *Cosmopolitan*

GENERAL FRANCO's career shows a man utterly devoted to his profession, fiercely determined to be the best military man in the army, which he considers to be the best thing in Spain, the greatest nation on earth as he measures it by history, tradition and spirit. Until the present conflict, he had never displayed political ambition. Some of his best friends believe that he still has no desire to remain in politics.

General Franco is all military; beneath his agreeable exterior lies a nature austere and Spartan enough to be comparable to that of the old conquistadores. He drives himself with an energy that exhausts his subordinates. Like Hitler and Mussolini, he neither drinks nor smokes. In peacetime he sleeps the normal quota of seven or eight hours, but nearly all his life has been spent at war, and in wartime he frequently works three or four days and nights without lying down.

He has no personal vanity. He ties his tie without looking in the mirror, dresses rapidly, seldom wears his scores of decorations. He pays no attention to his food. He abhors luxury; prefers a camp cot to a soft bed. Despite his short stature, he is physically powerful, barrel-chested, and heavily muscled, especially in the legs. His horsemanship is legendary in the army.

Discipline over himself and his men drove him upward like a comet in his ca-



THREE CARTOONS—ONE IDEA. IN U. S.: Dictator Stalin catches himself in a plot to overthrow the Stalin regime—*New Haven Register*

reer. At nineteen, he volunteered for service in Morocco; at twenty he was captain of Regulares (native Moorish troops) at Tetuan. Wounded gravely at Blutz, he was promoted for brilliancy in action to be major, aged twenty-three.

Grafting Eyes

Tess in *Izvestia*

THE MAN was dead. He lay stiffened and cold, severe and aloof. Deprived of the forces of life everything in him had become useless. His eyes, his hands, his heart, his blood. But life was in full flood around him, and a living man leaned over him and, deftly and carefully, took out his eyes.

A bit of the cornea was taken from these eyes and grafted to the eyes of a living man who had almost completely lost his sight. Since childhood that man had only a vague sensation of light and darkness, caused by an incurable clouding of the cornea, the normally transparent outer covering of the eye. There was only one way to restore sight. That was to replace the opaque tissue by a cornea taken from another human being.

Then a remarkable thing took place. The surgeon removed a tiny piece of cornea from the eye of the blind man, leaving an opening, and inserted into it a piece of cornea of the corresponding size and shape, about four millimeters in diameter. The cornea taken from the corpse is grafted to the living eye. It retains its transparency, light-rays pass through it and the man begins to see. Witnessing such a scene you remember it for life.

"What's that?" asks a grown man, pointing with his finger.

"A cat!" answers his mother, tears streaming down her cheeks. "That's a cat."

"How do you call this tree?" says the man with a smile. "Where's a car? Show me an apple." He is striving to see every-

thing at once, while the tears stream down his excited face.

Operations of this sort are not completely new. Medical literature records other cases in which the cornea has been transplanted to an unseeing eye, restoring sight. But these brilliantly successful experiments remained isolated because the cornea used in them was taken from living men whose eyes had to be removed on account of injuries.

It was the well-known scientific man, V. P. Filatov, professor at the Odessa Medical Institute, who first tried a new and bold departure. He demonstrated the possibility of transplanting the cornea of a corpse to the eye of a living man. Further experiments showed him that there was no need of haste. Cornea retains its vitality for several days and continues to live when transplanted after that period. Filatov then demonstrated that a piece of cornea grafted from a corpse is more



IN ENGLAND: Serious shortage of traitors in Russia. Stalin driven to spying on himself—*Sunday Pictorial, London*

effective than one taken from the body of a living man. Tissue from a living man has a well-marked individuality. When transplanted it has to overcome the barrier of foreign blood, foreign cells, an alien organism. In the cornea of a corpse this is all effaced.

Continuing his amazing experiments Professor Filatov noted another phenomenon. Tissue grafted from a dead body stimulated the activities of the cells, excited their vital functions, made them recover at a furious rate. The vital force exerted by the tiny piece of cornea taken from the corpse was enormous. The affected part of the cornea began to clear, the process of metabolism between the living and the "dead" tissue had a pronouncedly stimulating effect. Professor Filatov has adopted the grafting of the cornea as a regular method of treatment in inflammations of the eye.

Four hundred operations of this sort have already been performed. Besides carrying on experimental work, the Institute

is training surgeons from all over Russia in the new technique. A plant is being built to manufacture the instruments required, several of them invented by Professor Filatov himself.

Keeping America Middle-Class

William Allen White in *Talks*

THE wisest article in our American Constitution is the provision against titles of nobility. For one hundred fifty years that provision has kept America a middle class nation. Of course we have had social stratification all the time—social stratification more or less based upon an economic status. But the classes and titles we have had are not hereditary classes and titles. Classes in America have persisted, but individuals rise and fall into and out of the classes with wholesome alacrity. The poor are always with us. But not the same people are poor today, nor are the sons and daughters of the poor those who were poor yesterday.

And similarly the rich have their reverses. There is something authentic in the boast that we make the circle from shirt sleeves to swallow tails and back again in three generations. In the journey up and down, rising and falling, the changeling passes through the middle class. In every American family, between the grandchild and the grandparents, there is much real contact with men and women going up and down the scale. Father or mother or one of the four grandparents of every child is on the way from one class to another. The middle class, therefore, knows practically what it is to be rich and what it is to be poor.

This ability to see another's viewpoint has been the spiritual leaven in our democracy. It has kept us quick and alive. This leaven has been the basic principle of our ceaseless quest for justice. We have developed an understanding heart. Only in America are the rich so univer-



IN ITALY: Stalin: "Vile traitor, confess that you also are a Trotskyist!"—11. 420, Florence

sally prodigal with their beneficences. Only here have the poor failed to crystallize into a conscious class.

The International Chuckle

George E. Vincent
in *The Rotarian*

LAUGHTER does not always feed grudges, deepen prejudices, encourage a sense of superiority, and foster irritating condescension. It is not devoted solely to creating stage Irishmen, John Bulls, Uncle Sams, and to producing annoying newspaper caricatures, cartoons, and bitter jests. On occasion, genuine humor plays a grateful part in relieving international tension and renewing friendliness and good feeling.

A delightful instance occurred during the excitement caused in 1895 by President Cleveland's bombshell message on the Venezuelan boundary dispute. The Summer before this was issued, Lord Dunraven, an Irish yachtsman, had cut a rather poor figure as a challenger for the America's Cup. But Dunraven had been peevish and had made many baseless complaints. Among other charges he insisted that he had lost one race because of the swells from the sightseeing excursion boats. His rather poor sportsmanship had been deplored in England as well as in the United States.

All this was in the public mind when Cleveland's message startled both America and Britain. The papers exploited the affair sensationally. Rumors of impending war spread rapidly. Public feeling reached a high pitch. When the report came that the British Channel Fleet had sailed under sealed orders, the situation suddenly grew tense.

At this very critical moment, the London Stock Exchange sent to the New York Stock Exchange the following cable: "When the British Fleet sails up New York Harbor, please see that it is not



Always black and white—
Columbia, Pennsylvania, News



THE AMERICAN LABOR FRONT: Finding out
where the President stands—New York Herald-Tribune

interfered with by excursion steamers."

A roar of laughter burst forth on both sides of the Atlantic; absurd fears were swept away; no one any longer took the episode tragically; calm was quickly restored. Laughter proved a valuable antidote to fanaticism and extravagant feeling.

The theory that each nation has its own peculiar sense of the ridiculous has long been accepted, perhaps a little too uncritically. Thus Mark Twain said: "The American story is humorous; the English, comic; the French, witty. The humorous story bubbles gently along; the others burst." There is much truth in such broad generalizations, but the exceptions have become entirely too numerous to support the rule.

For example, it was an English, not a French, wit who recently said: "A modern young woman's bathing suit must be believed to be seen," and it was Dean Briggs, of Harvard, who explained: "The Bachelor of Science degree at Harvard is not generally understood; it does not certify to a knowledge of science; it merely guarantees an ignorance of Latin."

On the other hand, Will Rogers was in the American tradition when he said: "I believe in college; it takes the children

away from home just when they begin to ask questions." It was an Englishman, however, who said: "I don't like working between meals."

Whatever the truth about these characteristic national types, there can be no doubt that humor is a unifying influence in the life of every social group, large or small. Instant, spontaneous, choral laughter reveals a common background of experience and allusion.

Self-Portrait

Heywood Broun in
The World-Telegram

IN CLEANING out my desk I came across an old printed blank entitled "Don't Fool Yourself! Try a Self-Analysis!" It was too wet to play golf, too cold to go swimming and too dark to try painting, and so I thought to myself, "What have I got to lose?" and tackled the examination. Return postage or something else must have been missing, for I couldn't quite make out whether it was from an uplift society or a life insurance company. But in either case let's go.



SUPREME COURT ISSUE—A compromise—Des Moines Register

"What is my name?"—Heywood Campbell Broun, pronounced to rhyme with tune.

"Age?"—Forty-eight.

"What is my occupation?"—Newspaperman.

"Am I making a success of it?"—There seems to be a decided difference of opinion.

"What is my character and reputation?"—Unreliable and charming.

"What do other men think of me?"—Unreliable.

"What do I think of myself?"—Charming.

"Am I invariably just in my judgment of others?"—Well, I try very hard not to be, but without much success. I'm too fair-minded. I need a lot more prejudices.

"Am I cleanly?"—Very much so in the summer.

"Punctual?"—No.

"Courteous?"—To a fault.

"Do I drink?"—I'm sorry to seem rude, but I make it a rule to touch nothing until after 6 P. M. What time is it by your watch?

"Am I profane?"—No.

"Have I any definite object in life?"—Yes. I want to be a writer.

"Am I on my way?"—Not precipitately.

"What am I worth in dollars and cents?"—I can afford to pay about 25 cents on the dollar.

"How did I acquire this?"—Thrift.

"Why am I where I am financially?"—I always insist it was just bad luck. They quit early on me.

"Why am I what I am morally?"—It's all part of the general letdown which started way back at the end of the war.

"Am I God-fearing?"—I would like to say "No," because I think it's a rotten bad frame of mind for anybody of any decent sort of religious feeling. It is the ultimate blasphemy. But I must admit that I get nervous during thunderstorms.

"Am I working to make the world wiser?"—That sounds like a pretty big order, but I'm going to say "Yes" just the same.

"Happier?"—Yes.

"How?"—By trying to do my part in the labor movement.

But now I find I've done it all wrong. At the bottom of the questionnaire I discovered:—"Take your time in answering these questions. Read over, think over, every question before you answer any. Show the answers to no one. Six months later go over your answers to see what progress you have made, and again at the end of the year. Try to make a showing."

Imitation Ears

Fortune

It is perfectly true that if your ears stick out, any good plastic surgeon will be glad to take a reef in them and lay them back into lines of the purest symmetry. But if you have no ears at all, the man to see is Dr. Vladimir Fortunato of Washington Heights, Manhattan. Imitation ears are a very minor problem to Dr. Fortunato, a huge, unhappy Russian who is perhaps the world's greatest artist in simulating the world's greatest anatomy with *moulage* casts.

In his laboratory Dr. Fortunato has some rather startling examples of his skill. On the walls, ranged like the prizes of a big-game hunter, are a number of *moulage* face masks and heads, all taken from leprosy and tumorous patients, all lifelike down to the last detail, all uniformly terrifying. People frequently faint the first time they enter here. After the visitor has calmed down and stopped babbling incoherently he usually feels rather foolish about it all, but not nearly so foolish as a famous pathologist felt after he had tried to dissect a Fortunato kidney *moulage*, thinking it was a fine specimen fresh from the operating room.

Hitler's Red Riding Hood

Die Neueste
Nachrichten, Munich

ONCE upon a time there was a forest in Germany that had not yet been cleared by the Labor Service, and in this forest there lived a wolf. One beautiful Sunday morning a little girl (who belonged to the League of German Girls) strolled through the woods. She was wearing a little



The new national game
—New York Times



CATHOLIC QUESTION IN GERMANY:
Cardinal Archbishop of Chicago: "This child!
No angel is so pure!" Untermeyer: "I recom-
mend him to your care"—Kladderadatsch, Berlin

red riding hood and was going to visit her grandmother who lived in one of the Mothers' Homes run by the Nazi People's Welfare.

Suddenly the big bad wolf stood before her. He wore brown fur so that nobody would suspect that his intentions were patriotic. Little Red Riding Hood was not afraid because she knew that all the enemies of the people had been put in concentration camps. She thought he was an ordinary Bourgeois dog.

"Heil, Little Red Riding Hood!" said the wolf. "Where are you going?"

"I am visiting my grandmother in the Mothers' Home."

"Is that so?" said the wolf. "You should really take along some of these lovely flowers with which the Bureau of Forest Beautification has embellished the woods!"

Little Red Riding Hood began to pick the flowers. In the meantime, the wolf hurried to the Mothers' Home, devoured the grandmother, put on the badge of the Women's League and went to bed.

Soon Little Red Riding Hood arrived and asked:—

"How are you, Granny dear?"

"Very well, my child," answered the wolf imitating the grandmother's voice.

Little Red Riding Hood asked: "Why do you speak so strangely today?"

The wolf answered: "This morning's public speaking course tired me out."

"But Granny, why are your ears so big?"



ALSO FROM GERMANY: "If Your Eminence has not the courage to clear this rubbish from our door, we must do it ourselves"—Kladderadatsch, Berlin

"The better to hear what the belly-achers are whispering."

"And why are your eyes so large?"

"The better to recognise the borers from within."

"And why is your mouth so large?"

"Don't you know that I belong to the League of Culture?" And with these words the wolf ate up poor Little Red Riding Hood.

A little later the Chief-Forester passed by. He heard the snoring and thought: "How can an Aryan grandmother snore in such a non-Aryan fashion?"

Upon investigating he found the wolf and shot him although he had no hunting license for wolves. Then he slit open his stomach and found both the grandmother and the child alive.

The wolf was assigned to the Reich Department of Nutrition. As a reward the Chief Forester received permission to wear a gold-embroidered wolf on his breast. Little Red Riding Hood became a sub-leader in the League of German Girls and the grandmother was sent to Madeira by the Strength-through-Joy organization.

Oddities

Nelson Antrim Crawford
in *Household Magazine*

UNIMPORTANT but entertaining facts which I never knew till now: That Queen Victoria studied etching when she was twenty-one, but never produced a work that even her most loyal subject could admire . . . That there is more peat in the United States than in Ireland—it extends from the eastern Dakotas to the Atlantic—but little is used for fuel . . . That there have been barber shops on American railroad trains for half a century and that one railroad barber became a millionaire through a fortunate train acquaintance. (I hope that won't persuade

doting parents to direct their boys to barbering.) . . . That machinery is in use to sort labeled from unlabeled cans by means of the "electric eye"—there's a difference in the light reflected upon a photo-electric cell . . . That the Afghan hound is probably the oldest breed of dogs in the world, dating back well before the Christian era. (If you are anxious for an Afghan, you can buy a good one for fifteen hundred dollars.) . . . That only one ocean liner uses gyroscopes to prevent rolling and pitching. (There is a good reason—it takes three per ship, and they cost half a million dollars apiece.) . . . That anthropologists now estimate the age of the human race at between five and six million years . . . And (this is my only item from experience) that many jokes now told must go back at least two-thirds as far as that.

Japanese Jinx

The Japan
Advertiser

THIRTEEN is the only number held in awe by superstitiously inclined Westerners, but in Japan superstition surrounds many numbers. The reason lies in the written language—the characters signifying some numerals may also be read to mean something else.

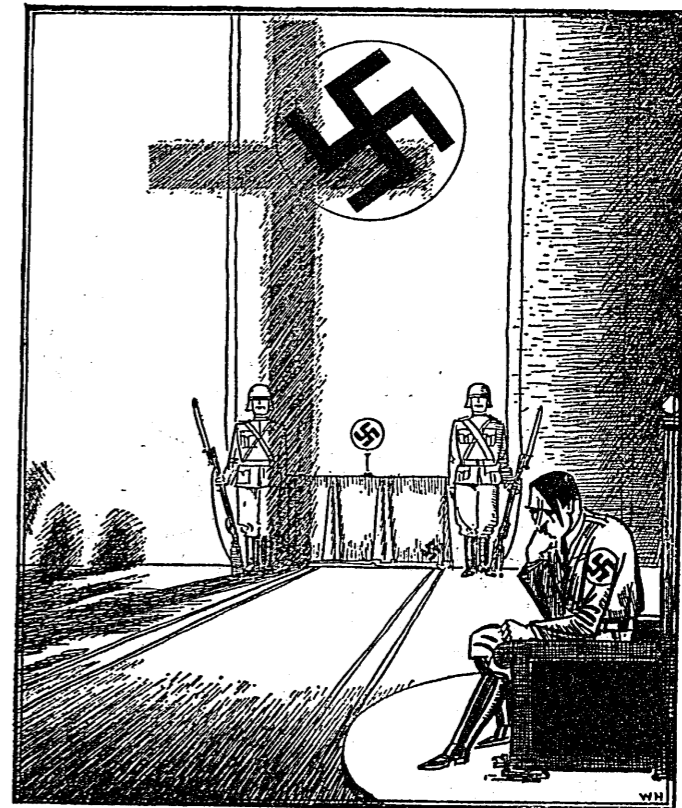
For instance, the characters for 42 and 44 also may be Shini and Shishi, both of which mean death. Therefore, many Japanese avoid hotel rooms, ship cabins or trains so numbered. On the other hand, they feel no qualms in renting a house numbered 4444, as grouped together in this manner the figure four may be read as "yoshi," which means good, or 44 and 44 which is even better, meaning good-good. In either case the significance is favorable.

Many Japanese are superstitious about their telephone numbers, and some who own cars are exacting about the numerals on their license plates. Although the character for 4 also means "death," a telephone number containing two fours, such as 4649, is changed to read "best wishes to everybody." Other figures considered unlucky in relation to telephone numbers are 3 and 9, which may signify bankruptcy and suffering, respectively.

Nazi Storks

by Walter Brockman
in *Current History*

NAZI GERMANY in its repopulation aspect presents the picture of a vast incubator. It is kept at the required temperature by a hot-air apparatus designed by the Ministry of the Interior and operated by the Department of Eugenics with a staff of engineers whose duty it is to see that the supply never runs out and the air never cools. What emerges from this modern breeding machine is the



FROM ENGLAND: A shadow that does not grow less—Glasgow Bulletin

Nordic hero and the future bearer of the Nordic hero. Before we go into the methods by which this super-human being is being achieved, let us record the fact that, to begin with, the incubator is turning out probably the biggest and bumpingest crop of illegitimate babies ever produced.

The most prolific hot-beds for this fungous crop are those two Nazi innovations, the *Landjahr* (year's compulsory work on farms) and the *Arbeitsdienst* (labor service). Under the Hitler régime all the working and potential working girls of Germany between their school-leaving age and the age of 25, in order to continue or become eligible for employment, must prove one year's work on a farm.

The ostensible reason for this is the same one as demands from the future professors of higher mathematics—a complementary education in the cardinal Nazi tenet of "Brotherhood," which is implanted by living on that earth which they are "one with," and working at the "eternal, dignifying labors of the earth, with their brethren of the soil."

You have to be on to the new German language to get the real meaning of all these words, and the *Landjahr* and *Ar-*

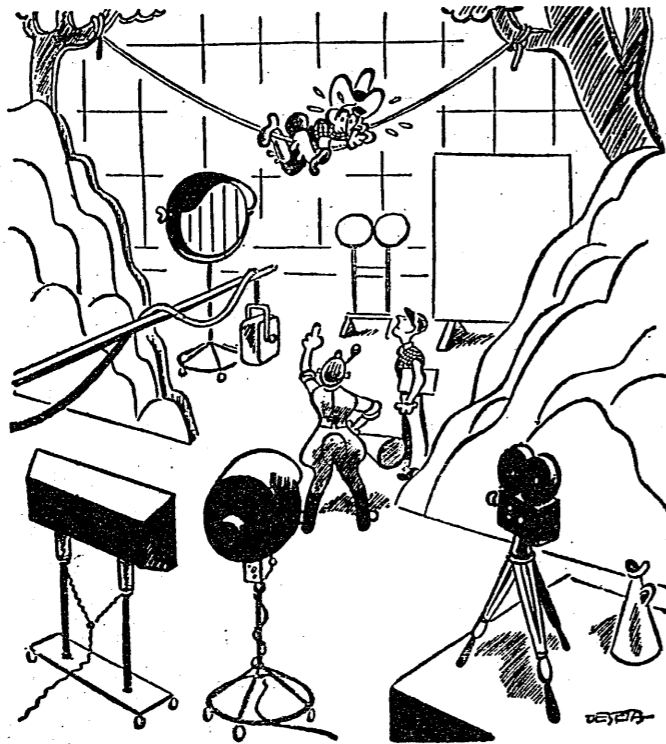
beitsdienst workers are learning it rapidly by practical experience. So are parents: "Dear Mother: I am expecting a baby. So are three other girls here."

This was the unembroidered tidings sent home on an open postcard by a 15-year-old girl at a woman's labor camp. The writer saw it with his own eyes. Mothers not yet sufficiently aware that they are living in a brand new Germany are apt to heap old fashioned reproaches upon the authoress. It is taking a little while for the elders wholly to grasp the new creed as formulated in the child-mother's question, "Why, don't you know Der Fuehrer says that Germany needs children?"

Dope Merchants

The New Statesman
and the Nation

THE deliberations of the League's Advisory Committee on Traffic in Opium, which has just finished its session at Geneva, have revealed an appalling state of affairs in the Far East. There is an enormous growth of trade in these noxious drugs. Not only are the Orientals



HOLLYWOOD STRIKE AS EUROPE SAW IT: "Bravo! You are the only one who has not deserted his post!" "They left me up here with no means of getting down" —Il Travaso, Rome

doping themselves more heavily, but they are pushing their narcotics steadily into North America, Egypt, and Europe.

While the Chinese are deliberately doing their best to stop the mischief, Japan is deliberately stimulating it—and making a handsome profit out of the trade.

Russell Pasha, the Egyptian Representative, declared that "90 percent of all the illicit white drugs in the world were of Japanese origin, manufactured in the Japanese concession of Tientsin, around Tientsin, or in other cities of Man-

churia, Jehol, and China, and this always by Japanese or under Japanese supervision." This is concealed in practice because most of the narcotics which are intercepted bear a mark of Chinese origin. The reason for that is simple. Japanese laws do not allow the export of drugs from Japan and the poison is therefore shipped to foreign ports.

A Hokum Hoax
Gene Towne
in Stage

WERE Hollywood suddenly to stop lushing up its assorted products with hokum, the producers would have to close.

Which brings to mind, for purposes of argument, the attitude of a certain cynical friend of mine who shall be nameless—Ted Shane. This harmless gentleman will pick up a phone book and say, "This wouldn't make a bad picture if you could only get a Boy and Girl in it!" Mr. Shane repeats this jape ad nauseam with Marx's *Das Kapital*, Warren on Tumors, and the *Social Register*.

This is a most unfunny remark—because it's true. It is my certain belief that

were some producer struck by the screen possibilities of these four peculiar and important works of literature he could and would make pictures of them.

Were the hokum he inserted in them excellent, he'd have excellent (successful) pictures. Fact is, I myself think they're great screen material. The stage has furnished more difficult things to adapt. There's even a way of lumping them all into one colossal that should do three weeks at the Music Hall:

"A social-registered Miss—the richest girl in the world, of course—has read Karl Marx but not understood him—as who does? Anxious to learn about the collapse of the middleclass she decides to install a four-party line so she can listen in on three lower-class neighbors, picked at random from the phone book.

"A young phone company man arrives to install the phone. They fall in love with each other immediately but naturally



ANOTHER ITALIAN VERSION:
"Don't you know we are striking? Why are you working?" "Working! This is serious!" —Il Travaso, Rome

fight like hell because she wants to rise to the level of the lower classes, and he wants to sink to the level of the upper classes. He wants to get out of the phone book into the *Social Register*.

"Naturally both families oppose the marriage—we'll get the reason later. Now, I'm just thinking out loud—throw in an operation on the rich father's tumor, performed with the phone lad's emergency kit—everybody forgives everybody else. The picture plays six weeks at the Music Hall instead of three, and the trade papers run ads with quotes."

And if you don't think that'd make a great picture you're crazy. It has everything it takes—and you can always throw in a night club, a few musical numbers, and an earthquake to plug any of the story holes, if there are any.

Hokum ages the day after tomorrow. But it is the brick of writing. It is as necessary as the uninteresting foundation of a house. The secret is to hide it.

THE DIGEST

0352



The blank space above the girl awaits a photo of her murderer

MOVIES

THE WARNER Brothers' latest film, *They Won't Forget*, is a naked, clinical account of how a man gets lynched in this country. It exposes every detail with blinding clarity, it leaves nobody a hero, it trumpets no pompous solutions. It is just shockingly there—a simple statement of a thorny American problem.

This studio has surprised its public before by risking explosive sociological themes. *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* and *The Black Legion* served as more or less successful right uppercuts on certain deplorable practices. Yet the prison situation and the Middle Western Vigilantes are somewhat restricted issues. Lynching covers a vast territory, dragging all classes of the citizenry in its wake and frequently embroiling politics, the press, and the law. The Warners, in exposing lynching, have launched their biggest and most daring attack thus far. They say the film will fare ill in the South, but even Southerners may admit that, in spite of its indiscreet revelations, it is one of the year's most gripping stories.

The scene opens on Confederate Memorial Day in one of those sleepy and militantly Southern towns. Having played up all the touted charms of such a spot, Mervyn LeRoy, the producer-director, cuts in a statue of a famous man with one of his better known remarks carved on the pedestal: "A nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

During the parade of the doddering Confederate soldiers with accompanying speeches about the eternal glory of the

"Ol' South," a girl student is murdered in the town's business college. A Negro porter and a Northern member of the faculty, Robert Hale, are known to have been in the building at the time.

A reporter, after hot copy, suggests reasons why Hale might be the logical man to indict. In return, the D. A. promises him all news in time to scoop the other papers. This he uses tabloid style, twisting interviews with Hale's wife, until the whole community is screaming for blood. The D. A. has no trouble convincing himself he is right—or rather safe—in pinning the crime on a Yankee. He indicts Robert Hale.

Prejudice pounds like a tom-tom until its echoes deafen the whole country: "We hate the North! The Northerner's a murderer!" A smart New York publisher sees a circulation boom for his paper in fomenting the story. He starts the counter-attack: "Don't let the bigotry of the South crucify our Northern son!" When the famous New York criminal lawyer goes idealistically to defend the case, nobody suspects he is paid to keep the friction whetted.

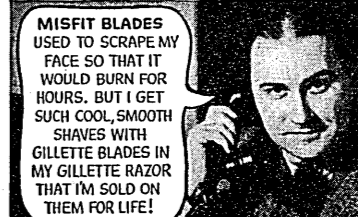
In one of the most agitating trials ever filmed, Hale is convicted as any one can easily predict at the outset. The point of every incident in this picture lies not in what happens, but how it happens—how the web tightens until there is no possibility of extricating the victim. Even when the Governor commutes his death sentence to life imprisonment, Robert Hale doesn't escape. A relentless mob after "justice" awaits him then.

JULY 24, 1937

"Misfit Blades Made My Face Smart, Burn

... says Seattle man

Read What Men Everywhere Are Saying About the Comfort of the "All-Gillette" Shave



J. H. Miller, 616—21 Ave. N., Seattle, Wash.



Harry Chaplin, 12 Summer St., Nashua, N. H.

Easy to Get Smooth Shaves when your razor and blade match

MEN, if you are getting poor shaves, don't be surprised if the blades you are using are misfits! MISFIT blades do not fit properly in your Gillette Razor. An over-exposed shaving edge may scrape and irritate your skin; while too little shaving edge means a "spotty", unclean shave. Play safe the way millions of men everywhere are doing! Always use a genuine Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor and notice the difference. These two are made for each other. They are matched as carefully as the parts of a fine watch to assure you the smoothest shaves obtainable. Buy a package of Gillette Blades for your Gillette Razor today.



Gillette Blades
Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

0353

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Tender-Hearted Anarchist

By D. A. de Santillan:
After the Revolution
(Greenberg, \$1.25)

IN THE prison cells and in the prison yards, I used to think about the stupid penal system of the bourgeoisie and the State. I am an enemy of prisons. I would condemn a man who has committed a fault against society to make good the damages. Fascism has sown destruction in our midst, has forced us to abandon productive labor in order to turn the factories to war production. The fascist should consequently repair the damages caused.

But does he do so by being jailed or executed? Would it not be preferable to sentence him to definite work—replanting forests, building roads, public works, making bricks or cutting stones for the rebuilding of the towns destroyed by war? What revolution have we made in the penal code?

I have been present, since July 19th, at the execution of military traitors. I have even commanded firing squads. I do not repent having done so. But today, when our comrades seem to have become accustomed to the idea that the only solution for a prisoner is to shoot him, it is time to think what we are doing. We anarchists do not want the death penalty at all. I am in favor of not taking prisoners of war. I do not believe we should give quarter to the enemy; but it seems to me that executions serve to satisfy repugnant morbidity. As a disciplined militant, so

long as the organization does not dispose otherwise, I shall approve all the sentences dictated by the popular courts, but I want the right to exclaim at any time that the jails do not convince me.

I don't find anything more adequate for those who have never worked than their re-education for useful labor. Instead of sentencing an enemy to 30 years of prison, I would sentence him to build 10 kilometers of public highway or plant 100,000 or 200,000 trees.

An Ex-Premier on Marriage

By Leon Blum:
Marriage
(Lippincott, \$2.50)

MARRIAGE cannot be stable unless a man's ambition has already fixed a goal for itself, and has already made some progress towards that goal. It is therefore requisite that ambition and self-interest enter into married life from the outset, one of the recognized conditions of happiness. But the husband's ambition will not suffice unless the wife shares it.

Allow me to make clear what I have in my mind by telling a story. It so happened, a good many years ago now, that a great poet married quite young, in a great rapture of unselfish love. He was twenty. The girl he married was nineteen, and she loved him as passionately as he loved her. They were poor but they put their trust in one another.

But this poet of genius had such a wonderful power of domination that he soon

overcame the lack of education of his time, the jealousy of his rivals and the natural indifference of the masses. Easy circumstances came to him, then fate, then all the daily duties fame brings.

What became of the young wife who loved him? Her husband remained faithful, but although he loved no other woman, other passions had come into his life, which his wife could not share.

Then there came into her home a man whom her husband welcomed as poet and friend, though in fact he was neither.

"Madame," he said to her, "that man is mad. What is his genius worth compared with your beauty? What do genius and fame weigh when balanced against the happiness of being loved by you?"

Piqued in her pride as a wife, wounded in her vanity as a lover, gradually won over by this growing love, she fell in love with her husband's friend. It is not known whether she became his mistress. For my part, I do not believe it.

But this much is certain: from that day the happiness of the married couple was at an end. Whether the wife surrendered herself to her lover or kept him at bay, it is a matter of fact that a year later, judging himself to be no longer morally bound to his wife, Hugo took a mistress. For the story I have just told is the story of Sainte-Beuve and Madame Victor Hugo.

Now let us suppose that instead, Madame Hugo had married at an age at which alone, according to my way of thinking, people ought to get married.

Various Sainte-Beuves, doubtless better chosen, would have taken up her youth. Then she would have found herself at the point where instinct, being exhausted, no longer outweighs reason. In any case, I am quite sure of this: she would never have felt injured by her husband's fame and by the measures which he took to maintain and increase it.

FASCISM

(Continued from page 15)

German politics. Spending considerable time slaying the fanciful Jewish dragon in the public square, like Hitler, Mosley only sees Jews on the streets, likes to generalize from particular incidents. He estimates his followers at 500,000 members, 4 million sympathizers. A ludicrous number with which no outside observer would agree. It is probably in the neighborhood of 100,000, especially since in their first election campaign last March the fascists took a bad drubbing.

Mosley's followers are militant, devoted, well-disciplined. Until recently they wore blackshirt uniforms, modeled on those of Mussolini's blackshirts, paraded and were organized on a semi-military basis. Military terms such as "G.H.Q.," "leave," and "canteen" were continually

employed. Their tactics were those of Hitler before the German Fuehrer acquired dictatorial power: provocation, provocation, and still more provocation. Like Hitler, who led his brownshirts right into the heart of the enemy's camp in Red Berlin, so Mosley leads his blackshirts into the heart of the London Jewish and anti-fascist East End, thus taunting his enemies into a rage. Often a riot results, blood is spilt, and publicity gained.

Last winter, after a series of such sorties, including one particularly ominous one on "Bloody Sunday" when there were barricades in the streets of London for the first time within living memory, English democracy and tolerance roused itself against such continental political hooli-

ganism. Laws were passed forbidding the wearing of political uniforms and placing Mosley's future marches and provocations under closer police scrutiny. Now that Mosley's German operatics have been curtailed, his movement has lost much of its former color in so far as many of his followers are concerned. These come mainly from the middle-classes in the big cities, are mostly young, though a considerable number of retired military officers play follow the "Leader." Mosley's appeal to women is considerable.

His future? Rough-and-tumble—and probably ineffective. Mosley has all the build-up, panders to the typical fascist prejudices and bogeys, but lacks the basic where-withal. A desperate man in desperate need of a desperate situation. But England is sane and her situation is anything but desperate. Mosley stamps, but has no stamping ground.

—Julian S. Bach

MUSICAL HORIZON

WHEN nearly a thousand business men assembled at Randall's Island, New York, for a summer concert of glee club music, they emphasized once more a type of performance that is far more significant in its way than most of the professional offerings of the recital platform. These men represented thirty-six glee clubs, from six states, singing under fourteen different conductors. Their bond of union, outside of music itself, is the organization known as The Associated Glee Clubs of America.

Clayton W. Old, their President, is in the elevator business, but has long made it his hobby to bring men together in massed glee club concerts, and to encourage the formation of male choruses in parts of the country. Recently a department of Junior Glee Clubs has been added, so that it is now possible for any boy who has arrived at the voice-changing stage to find a group of singers of about his own age and musical experience and continue the habit of concerted singing until his vocal cords break down.

A country whose business and professional men go in for singing on a big scale cannot long continue in the musical darkness of which we have been accused, and that makes the Associated Glee Club movement one of the most important in the modern struggle for civilization. To hear a large group of male voices in harmony is in itself a thrilling experience, as radio listeners have realized every time one of these massed concerts went on the air. William Breach, in charge of the school music in Buffalo, put on a similar concert for the Eastern Conference of Music Educators, and there will be more of them in the future.

Composer's Problem

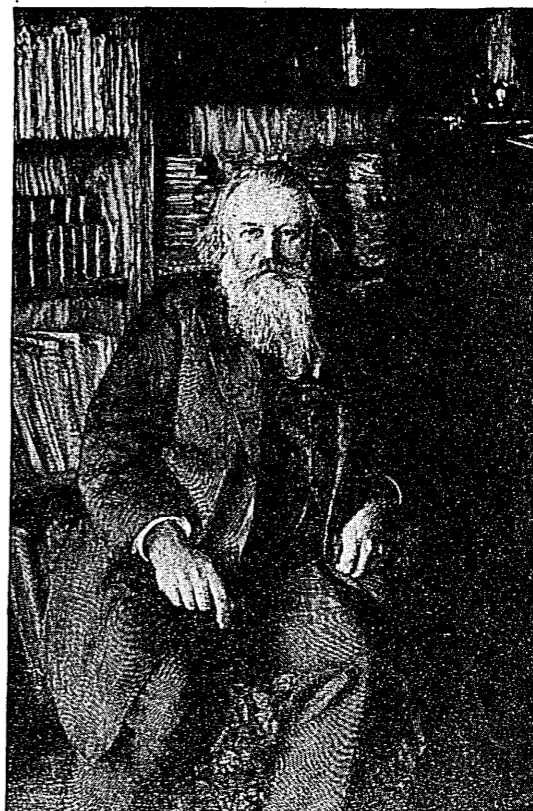
WHILE ASCAP deals largely with the composer of popular music, whose brain-children are daily selling toothpaste, soap, automobiles and other products over the air, there is another

organization whose chief interest is in the neglected composer of music in the larger and more serious forms, particularly orchestral. This is the National Association for American Composers and Conductors, founded by Henry Hadley, dean of American symphonists. The N.A.A.C.C. is concerned primarily with getting public performances of works whose commercial value is obviously limited, but whose hearing is a most necessary element in America's aesthetic progress.

It has just been announced that next season this significant organization will sponsor the rehearsal and, if justified, the performance of at least fifteen outstanding orchestral compositions by American citizens, with the co-operation of the National Orchestral Association, under the direction of Leon Barzin. Scores should be submitted for examination by September 1st, at the N.A.A.C.C. headquarters, 15 West 67th St., New York City.

If enough worthy material is discovered a festival of American music will be held. This organization, meanwhile, is not only giving intimate and informal concerts of new American works, in which the layman can meet the composer face to face and discuss his work with him, but is also sending out two popular young artists, Jane Merchant, soprano, and Alice Decevee, pianist, to give recitals of American music with the Federal Music Project Composers' Forum and Laborers' Forum and Laborers' Forum.

It begins to look as if our native musical product might eventually achieve recognition if not honor in its own country.



Johannes Brahms, Master of Music

Let's Look at the Records

THE name of Fritz Kreisler is still potent among lovers of the violin, which is enough reason for rejoicing that the Violin Sonata Society has almost completed the cycle of Beethoven sonatas recorded by that distinguished artist, with Franz Rupp at the piano. Volume III of the series includes the famous *Kreutzer* and two others, Nos. 7 and 9, leaving a tenth, opus 96, to come.

The third symphony of Brahms, which may some day be recognized as the perfect example of that perfect form of absolute music, is now available in a splendid recording by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, under Bruno Walter, released by Victor in four discs. The same company at last offers the popular *Clair de Lune* of Debussy, in Stokowski's orchestral transcription, played under his own baton by the Philadelphia Orchestra. If there are some questions of taste, the showmanship is 100% Stokowskian.

Columbia does itself proud with a two-disc version of Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*, played by the Paris Symphony Orchestra under Selmar Meyrowitz, a piece that almost makes one forgive the human rotteness of a great genius.

The Spice of Life

(Title registered U. S. Patent Office)

Recall—The student's allowance had run out, so he wrote home for more money. Feeling a bit nervous about the impression it would make, he ended his letter: "P.S.—I did not like writing to you. In fact, I ran after the postman to get this letter back."
A week later he received the following reply:
"You will be glad to know I did not receive your letter."
—*Vancouver Sun*.

Yes-bird—A man went into a pet shop to buy a parrot.
"Here is a fine talking bird," said the assistant. "For years he was the companion of a big movie producer—weren't you, Polly?"
"Yes, sir!" shrieked the parrot. "Yes, yes, yes, yes. Yes, indeed! You're absolutely right. Yes, sir!" —*Toronto Globe*

Reward—The millionaire, whose daughter the young man had just saved, was insistent that he accept a cash reward. Finally, to save an embarrassing situation, our hero said casually:
"Well, if you insist, just give me a golf club."
A week later he received a telegram from the father:
"Have bought for you the West-end Golfer's Club, and am now negotiating for the Sunnyside Links." —*Wall Street Journal*.



Pick-pocket: Please, sir, would you mind seeing if I left a glove in your pocket just now? —*Moustique, Charleroi*

His Line—Member of audience (to person in adjoining seat who is vigorously clapping): "You seem to enjoy the music."
Clapper: "Well, as a matter of fact, I don't know very much about music; but I'm a great applauder." —*Ottawa Citizen*



Telephone: La Fra...
"Excuse me, is your wife there?"
"No, she's out, but you may call on her."
—*Guerin, Deschino, Milan*

OR SO THEY SAY—

Stanley Baldwin: "No state ever was... worthy of a... man's worship."

Col. George Drew: "There are more... today than... in the whole of Russia... communists seized power in 1917."

Neville Chamberlain: "My record does not include... obstinacy; I can get more money in a better way."

Ralph Linton: "Whatever happens... The Maxim gun..."

Sir Herbert Samuel: "A mixture of... and... including one party... Bloody Sunday..."

Jill Hor: "Dictators look upon people... in the war furnished..."

W. Butler: "We have become suspicious."

THE DIGEST

CONTINUED FROM OTHER SIDE

written as a drama, *it is printed as drama*, with lists of characters and the name of the character speaking, so that there is no confusion as to who is saying what. Unimportant genealogies—the endless "begats"—having no literary interest whatever, are omitted; so also are pure repetitions, of which there are many in the Scriptures, and similar clearly unimportant passages, to the end that this noblest monument of English prose may be fully appreciated and clearly understood by any reader.

One Thing Left—To Read the Bible
Thirty-five years ago that great Biblical scholar, Professor

Richard G. Moulton, said of the Scriptures: "We have done almost everything that is possible with these writings. We have overlaid them, clause by clause, with exhaustive commentaries; we have translated them, revised the translation, and quarreled over the revisions; we have discussed authenticity and inspiration, and suggested textual history with the aid of colored type; we have mechanically divided the whole into chapters and verses, and sought texts to memorize and quote. . . . There is yet one thing left to do with the Bible; simply to read it."

This edition of the Bible is designed for that purpose. May you at last, as you have long wanted to, enjoy it!

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IF THERE is no reader of *The Digest* who will not find it in many ways to his advantage to subscribe to the Book-of-the-Month Club; and we make this offer to demonstrate that such is the case. What we propose is this: mail the inquiry postcard below, and a copy of THE BIBLE will immediately be put aside in your name, and held until we hear whether or not you care to join. In the meantime, a booklet will at once be sent to you outlining how the Club operates.

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Study this booklet at your leisure. You may be surprised, for instance, to learn that belonging to the Club does not mean you have to pay any fixed sum each year. Nor does it mean that you are obliged to take one book every month, twelve a year (you may take as few as four). Nor are you obliged to take the specific book-of-the-month selected by the judges. You have complete freedom of choice at all times. More than 150,000 families—composed of discerning but busy readers like yourself—obtain most of their new books through the Book-of-the-Month Club. What are the advantages that induce them to do so?

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In addition, there are very marked material advantages in belonging to the Club. Records over the past few years show that for every two books its members purchased, on the average they received one book free. Book-dividends alone (which represent a form of profit sharing) amount to more than \$1,450,000 worth last year.

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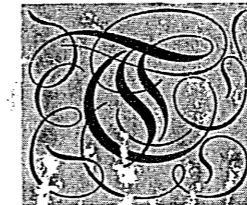
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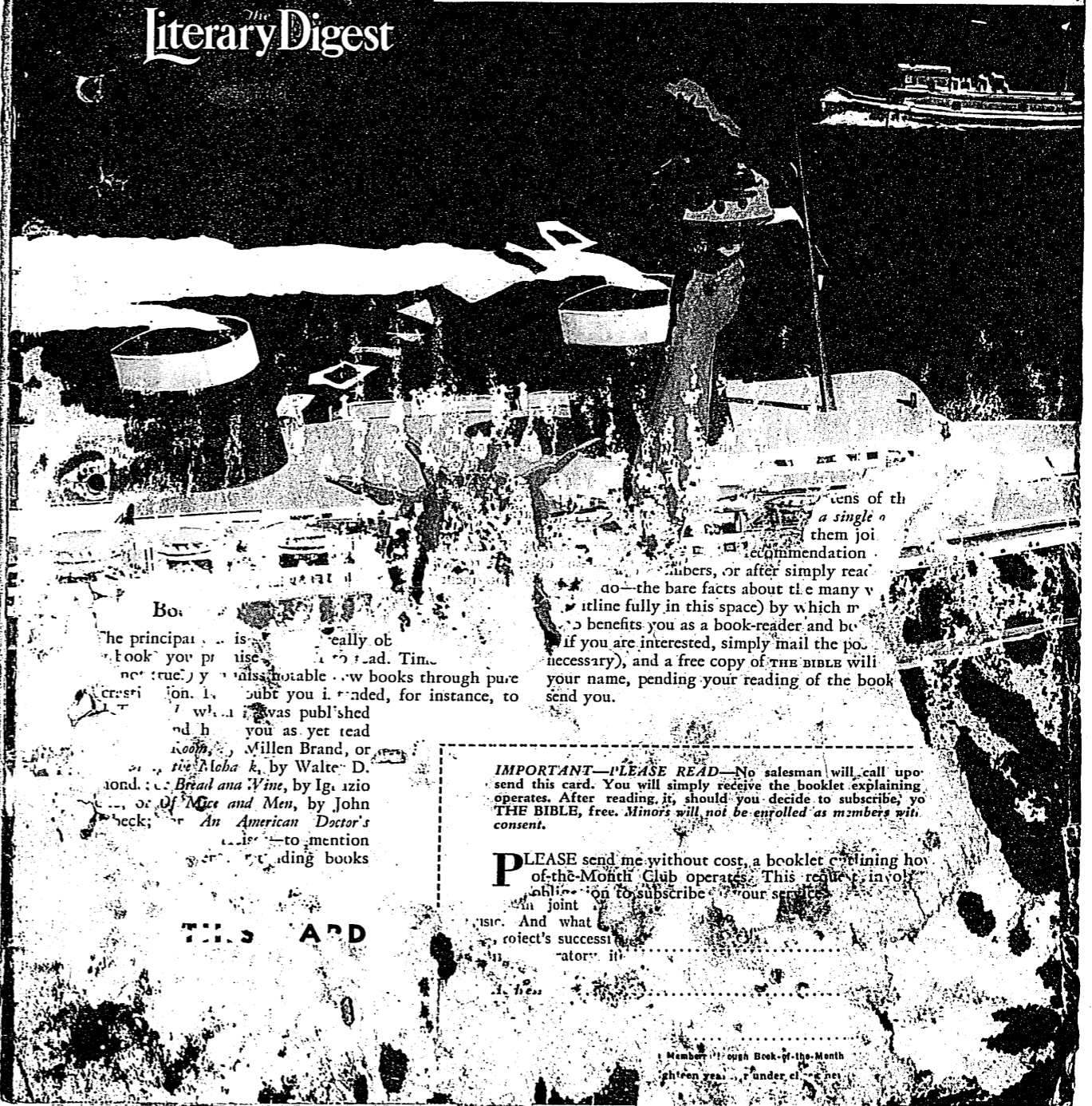
JULY 17, 1937 ★

The Digest

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Literary Digest



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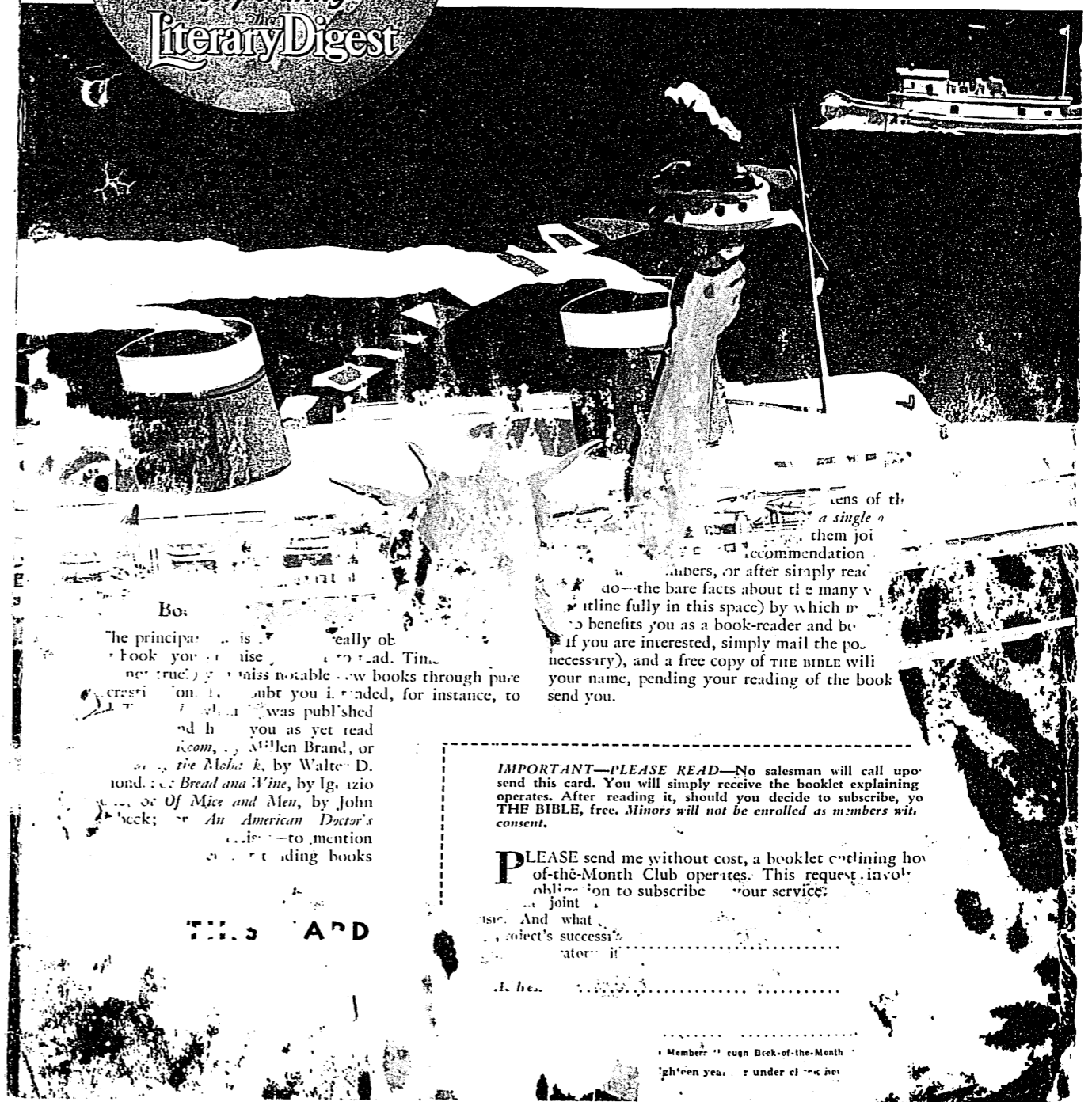
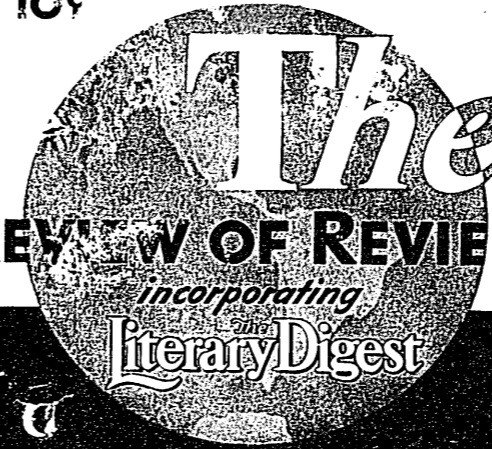
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JULY 17, 1937 ★

The Digest

REVIEW OF REVIEWS



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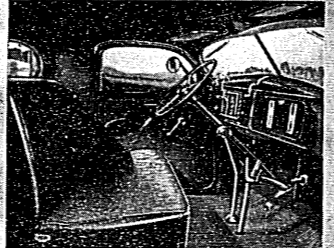
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Yours respectfully,

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To Our Readers

THIS MAGAZINE is new born. In it are merged the character and purpose of two sturdy parents—*Review of Reviews* and *Literary Digest*. It has good blood and is of clean strain.

THE DIGEST will strive to find its own place of useful service in a changing world—true to the traditions of its heritage but forward-looking and vigorous in its own youthful right.

Each issue will aim to digest everything of significance happening in the world, and everything in print most worthy of thoughtful reading. An able staff of editors is sifting from all sources the important from the trivial, and presenting it in a form for quick assimilation by busy people.

The only political affiliations of THE DIGEST are with the American public. It has no party bias, and pledges allegiance only to American institutions.

We are fortunate in having the publishing counsel and editorial direction of my father, Dr. Albert Shaw. No American editor has had a longer or richer experience with which to light the way for a new publishing venture; no man of any nation could with greater right assume the responsibility for understanding and safeguarding the interests of the readers of a magazine. In an editorial staff averaging less than half his age, there is no fresher, fairer judgment than his.

We hope that you will value THE DIGEST as a service, a guide to your reading and a means to save much hunting for the mental food on which you must rely for sound thinking and the conduct of your life and affairs.

Albert Shaw

INFORMATION

FORMER SUBSCRIBERS to both the *Literary Digest* and the *Review of Reviews* will have their subscriptions filled with THE DIGEST. The length of subscriptions will remain unchanged, but former *Review of Reviews* subscribers will receive 52 issues a year, instead of 12. *Literary Digest* subscribers will receive the number of copies due on their present subscriptions. Those who have been getting both magazines will have their subscriptions extended to cover the re-

maining months of both magazines. It is possible that a few subscribers will receive duplicate copies of the first few issues. If this should happen, they will not be charged for the additional copies; as the mailing lists are consolidated, all records will be adjusted as of July 17, 1937.

It will assist us in a difficult task if our readers will defer writing concerning their subscriptions until after July 31, except in cases of change of address or non-delivery of copies.



REVIEW OF REVIEWS
incorporating
The Literary Digest

Albert Shaw, Editor

Albert Shaw, Jr., Publisher

JULY 17, 1937

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VOL. I NO. 1

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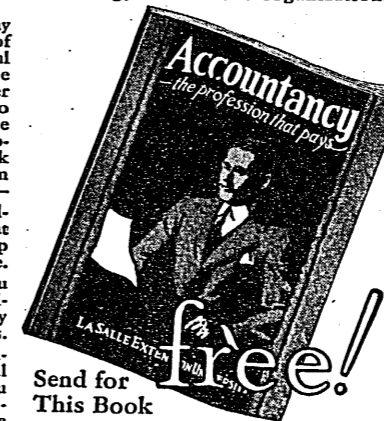
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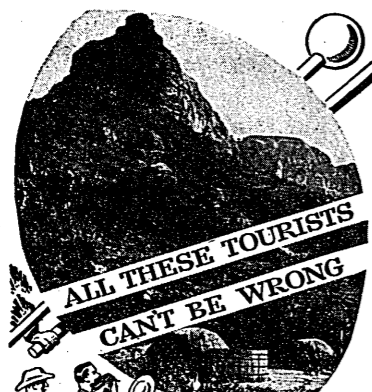
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JULY 17, 1937

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THEY traveled 35,700 miles . . . and then this whole group of seasoned globe-trotters, home from their world cruise, voted South Africa the most interesting country of the entire trip!

Let's take a brief "pre-view" of South Africa: First the charming Cape Province; then from Capetown around Cape Point and up the East Coast along the warm Indian Ocean, stretches a marvelous "Riviera"—prosperous towns and gay resorts, with charming country clubs, miles of smooth white beaches, surf-bathing, tennis and sporty fishing—

You will want to lounge awhile in glamorous Durban; visit Zululand and its primitive native life; then, by modern railroad or motor bus, tour inland to Victoria Falls, Rhodes' Tomb, the Zimbabwe ruins, Johannesburg and its great gold mines, Kimberley, famed for diamonds and other wonderful places.

After seeing the "Sunny Sub-Continent" you, too, will vote

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Once a Week

To the Editor:
I see that you have purchased the *Literary Digest*, and assume the two magazines will be merged into a weekly. I feel confident that with you at the helm the new periodical will become an important and rational influence in the moulding of public opinion.

Charles A. Brodek,
New York City

Combination

To the Editor:
As a reader of the *Literary Digest* for many years, I should like to congratulate and wish you many years of great success in merging with the *Review of Reviews*. I am most pleased to find that the *Literary Digest* will be in your care, for the reason that both magazines seem to aim the same way, and also for the many years of good, solid background both magazines have enjoyed.

Both you and I, and thousands of others, have seen many good publications pass either out of existence, or into other hands which so completely changed the make up that the old form passed out of the picture completely. This I hope will not happen to the *Literary Digest*. Having a regular periodical coming to the house over a period of years makes it more than mere sheets of printed paper. It becomes a friend—a weekly house guest. Therefore, old readers get more or less sentimental about their reading matter.

The above, I believe, are the sincere sentiments of thousands of readers of both the *Literary Digest* and the *Review of Reviews*.

I wish you the most complete success in your new undertaking of the combined publications.

Frederick J. Bleiler,
New York City

Horse and Buggy

To the Editor:
Many of the *Review of Reviews* readers will miss its monthly visits, but will be happy to have the weekly to take its place. The monthly, I suppose, is too much of the horse and buggy days for the present generation.

I am sure that the American public will welcome a weekly publication of the

character you will create—one that is terse and pungent, without being flippant. You have a wonderful opportunity to fulfill the appetite of the modern citizen for



the clear-cut presentation of facts, and a courageous and intelligent analysis of current happenings of the world.

Bryan Mack,
U. S. Maritime Commission,
Washington, D. C.

Education

To the Editor:
I am greatly pleased that you have taken over the *Literary Digest*, because I know of nothing more to be desired than to have your publication reach the greatest number of people possible.

Your editorial comments I consider to be the most constructive and enlightening influence in this country; for breadth, clarity, understanding and tolerance, unbiased by prejudice or predilection.

Your magazine is a liberal education, the broadest and best I know of between the covers of a periodical. May your life be long spared.

C. T. Conover,
President, Conover & Hawkins, Inc.,
Seattle, Washington

Who, What, When

To the Editor:
When the *Review of Reviews* and its absorbed compatriot *World's Work* were established as monthly periodicals years ago the keynotes of their editorial policies were intelligent interpretation, as well as narration of outstanding news events, and of the social, economic, and political trends of the day. They were successful because they did give their readers an understanding of the significance of great events and were not content merely to chronicle history in sprightly style.

In the weekly field today there is room

for such a journal of interpretative news reporting, a journal that tells not only who, what, when and how, but why. The tempo of the times demands a weekly, and the temper of the times calls for the old policies of constructive interpretation tried and proved through several decades.

Faithful to the old traditions of the monthly field and imitating no publication in the weekly field this new publication may look forward to a prosperous and useful future if it is true to the policies of its great forebears, if it abjures fads and fancies and does its job of educating with pride, dignity, and good humor.

Congratulations and best wishes to the new weekly, *THE DIGEST*, and its distinguished editor.

Carl C. Dickey,
New York City

Busy Indeed

To the Editor:
I realize these are exceedingly busy days for you, yet I would intrude for a moment to convey every wish for the best of good fortune in the "marriage" of the *Literary Digest* to the *Review of Reviews*.

These are strenuous days for publishers; and your acquisition of the *Digest* should strengthen your fine project handsomely.

John Oliver La Gorce,
National Geographic Magazine,
Washington, D. C.

Or Something

To the Editor:
Congratulations on your taking over the *Literary Digest*. That makes you a tycoon. I certainly wish you luck.

Ames Brown,
New York City

Natural

To the Editor:
I think this is fine, natural, and maybe a little bit overdue. The weekly news magazine audience will, I am sure, find that something worth while has grown out of such a logical combination.

Lee D. Brown,
New York City

Grand Plan

To the Editor:
The plan to make the new magazine a weekly is a grand one. In these hurried days your readers should not have to wait until the end of the month to get your viewpoint on the news.

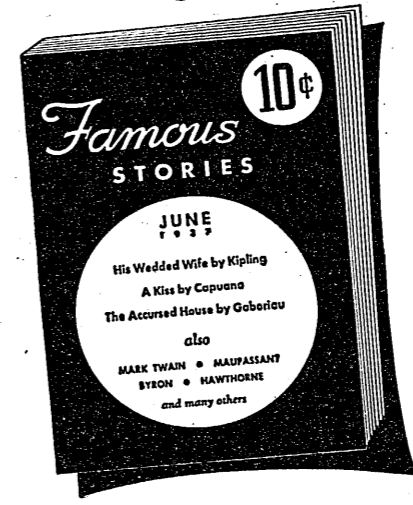
Stuart R. Stevenson,
Montgomery, Scott & Co.,
New York City

Not Superstitious?

To the Editor:
Congratulations and best wishes for the new adventure! I have just read the

JULY 17, 1937

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0361

THE DIGEST

0362

5

news in this morning's Boston Herald. I shall be at the newsstand early July 13th, to get the new edition and read it from cover to cover.

Eloise Woodford,
Boston, Mass.

Leadership

To the Editor:

It is a notable achievement in the history of American publications to have these two great periodicals merged into a national institution under your able direction.

We need this leadership at a time when honored institutions are being undermined. Under your statesmanship we, who have followed you throughout our lives in the *Review of Reviews*, feel that you are now performing the greatest service of your distinguished career.

Francis Trevelyan Miller,
Historical Foundations,
New York City

Congratulations

To the Editor:

I noticed that the *Review of Reviews* has acquired the *Literary Digest*. I hasten to extend my congratulations.

I am glad to see your organization take over the *Digest*, and I hope you will enjoy the great success with it that you deserve.

John J. Tigert,
President, University of Florida

Share Croppers

To the Editor:

I read your magazine, enjoy it, and believe in your viewpoint on national affairs without a shadow of reservation.

I am a Southern Constitutional Democrat, and a farmer—who believes in law and order, thrift and hard work. I know from personal observations that Mr. Roosevelt is promoting the relief theory in every way he can, for political ends; I have no faith in him, personally or politically, and think that he has assembled the biggest bunch of nit-wits the world has ever known. He is precipitating the destruction of the most perfect government the mind of man has ever conceived.

In your May issue you make some comment on the share-cropper situation, and mention our State. I fear that a great deal of the recent investigation and surveying is for the purpose of making another raid on the U. S. Treasury. When the goat-minded Wallace asked Congress to buy these people lands, leaving the title with the Government, the cat was out of the bag; for his proposal is contrary to the best interests of the people whom he wishes to help, as well as to the American tradition.

Even the Treasury of the United States is not big enough to cure the plight of the tenants. The obstacles are social and

mental, not alone economic. Education and self-respect, which will take a considerable time to develop, are the first prerequisites. Much more harm than good will come from any attempt to hurry the process beyond the capacities of the people involved.

R. W. Sibley,
Conway, Arkansas

Munitions

To the Editor:

In his article, "Neutrality and Common Sense," reprinted in your May issue, Mr. Bernard M. Baruch says:

"I have suggested that we sell anything to anybody who has the money, pays cash for it, takes it at our ports, and ships it away in its own bottoms. On this plan... we have no further obligation, and no chance of getting mixed up in a war."

He then offers as an excuse for such action the assumption that we may find ourselves in the position of a belligerent—needing war materials to repel an invading nation. In that case, he says, the refusal of other nations to supply us would severely cripple our defense.

Let us look at this last point. If other

nations refuse to supply us with war materials, isn't it very probable that by the same token they would refuse to supply our enemy? I think so.

As regards his first point, I think Mr. Baruch should be informed that there are, surprisingly enough, some people who hate war—all war—for what it is; people who have a profound aversion for killing no matter where it takes place.

These people wish to refrain from selling to belligerents not merely because such action may draw us into the war, but because it would actually be making the war possible. The responsibility for the continuance of the war falls upon the one furnishing the means of warfare.

These people strangely believe that a good way for us to help safeguard the world against war is to refrain from giving nations materials with which to fight; even going so far as to prohibit the supplying of peaceful nations with war materials, because these materials have but one ultimate use—killing.

They are willing to endure economic sacrifice in their desire to see a sensible, peaceful world.

Alvin M. Rapp,
Averne, N. Y.

PRESS COMMENTS

Please!

The *Digest* is being taken over by the *Review of Reviews*, a publication of long standing whose policy at this time is devoted principally to tossing brickbats at the Roosevelt administration and tooting the horn of Big Business. It will be interesting to see what a mixture of the two magazines will bring forth.

—Little Rock Democrat

Sic Transit

The *Literary Digest* has been sold to the *Review of Reviews* Corporation. It will be merged with the *Review of Reviews* as a weekly publication. Let us hope that Presidential election straw polls and other polls will not be revived.

There have been two periods in the *Digest's* career. The first was something like this:

"The President's message was a bold, statesmanlike appeal for a much needed reform," in the opinion of the *Glasgow Democrat-Herald*, disagreeing sharply with the *Canandaga News-Index*, which criticizes the President for "utter vagueness, combined with a sinister appeal to class hatred." On the other hand the *Pensacola Republican-Examiner* sees in the President's message a "clear-cut program for the welfare of the whole people," while the *Readville Watchman* insists that the President's program, if carried out, would "ruin the very people whom he professes to seek to help."

The second was something like this: "New York's Franklin Delano Roosevelt, beaming, dynamic, zestful, shook Congress on Friday. Swiftly, suddenly, startlingly, unexpectedly, boldly, cleverly



sent he to the stunned lawmakers a bill to revamp the Supreme Court. No comment came from handsome, austere, bearded Chief Justice Hughes. No comment came from bearded, eyeglass-wearing Justice Sutherland.

"Idaho's Borah, stern, leonine, square-faced, rugged, thoughtful, vigorous, looked out of the window of his office. Carefully he placed a paperweight from one side of the desk to the other, rose, adjusted his eyeglasses, pointed dramatically to a picture of the famous statesman on the wall and spoke. Said he: 'I have nothing to say.'

"Cabinet members were swiftly involved. Connecticut's suave Homer Cummings and Tennessee's Cordell Hull paused dramatically on the steps of the Capitol. Breathlessly, crowds watched.

Swiftly arose the rumor that both of these men had eaten crackers and milk for luncheon. Tall, thin-haired, smiling Cummings, who works days and sleeps nights, spoke. Said he: 'Let's go.'"

—Worcester Telegram

Not So Odd

It was not surprising to many that the *Digest* should be sold. Oddly enough, the journal does not fall into the hands of one of the upstart, bright young men of the magazine publishing trade, but to a bewhiskered veteran editor who pub-



Moustache, yes—whiskers, no

lishes the staid and intellectual *Review of Reviews*, Albert Shaw.

Although Mr. Shaw seemingly is not in sympathy with some of the changes being made in magazine publishing, certainly, it is to be hoped that THE DREST under his direction will resume an important place in the world of periodicals.

—Birmingham News

We'll Try

The report is that the *Literary Digest* has been sold to Albert J. Shaw, Jr., of the *Review of Reviews*.

A journal like a newspaper, a bank, a farm, a shop, or a store cannot and will not live on its past glory. Modernization is the watchword of the day. Every kind of an institution, even the church, if it lives up to the demands of its day. We wish the new publisher well with his consolidated journal. Here is hoping that both journals in their consolidated form continue to render a great service to the people of this nation.

—Athens, Tenn., Post-Athenian

Thanks

The *Literary Digest* passes from the hands of its former publishers to the possession of that fine veteran, Albert Shaw, of the *Review of Reviews*. Mr.

Shaw will combine the *Literary Digest* with the *Review of Reviews*.

The standard of excellence which for many years Mr. Shaw's magazine has held makes reasonable the prophecy that the consolidation will create an outstanding news, interpretative, and review magazine.

The old *Literary Digest* had for a very long time a distinguished and successful career, but it missed some trick in the whirligig of time. It was always competent, providing a thorough, reliable, and workmanlike weekly digest of the world's events. But modern competitors in the hands of young collegians who knew their crowd, caught the public eye and swept the platter almost clean.

The excellent and time honored editors of the *Literary Digest* thought the people still read for the pleasure of reading, but the younger generation, with a surer interpretation of mass moods, knew that what the people in this age want are large pictures and short paragraphs.

—Topeka State Journal

Merger

Announcement of the sale of the *Literary Digest* to the *Review of Reviews* is epochal in the world of periodical publications. Each of the two publications pioneered its particular field. Each had its heyday in an earlier generation. Both have been household words throughout the states of the Union.

The *Review of Reviews* was established in 1891 by Albert Shaw. He has been its editor ever since. Now, at near approach to age eighty, he becomes editor of the consolidated publications and moves from the monthly to the weekly field. His has been a varied, a remarkable and a brilliant career. His son, Albert Shaw, Jr., is associated with him and presumably will carry the brunt of the new enterprise, but the indomitable spirit of the elder Shaw is, nevertheless, symbolized again in the new work he has undertaken.

The old *Review of Reviews* was one of the first, if not the very first, magazine to feature editorial interpretations of current events. The feature was written in the beginning, as now, by Albert Shaw. It was the principal factor in the magazine's early years in establishing it in public favor. And the *Review of Reviews* has survived through forty-six years.

The *Literary Digest* also made its name and fame largely through its weekly interpretations of the news of the day, and more particularly in its reflections of the trend and opinions of the daily press of the land. In its own field the *Literary Digest* was unique.

It will be interesting to watch the future career of these two old-time periodical standbys under their consolidation. They deserve the well wishes of everybody.

—Portland Oregonian

1,000 Really FUNNY STORIES

ARRANGED FOR INSTANT REFERENCE

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765—St. Joseph's Stamp, in a speech at the Chicago Club, expressed a hope that he wasn't talking too long. "I wouldn't like to be in the position of the person" he explained, "who, in the midst of an important sermon, suddenly looks off his discourse to chide: 'You know I don't mind a bit having you look at your watch to see what time it is, but it really annoys me when you put them up to your ears to see if they are still running.'"

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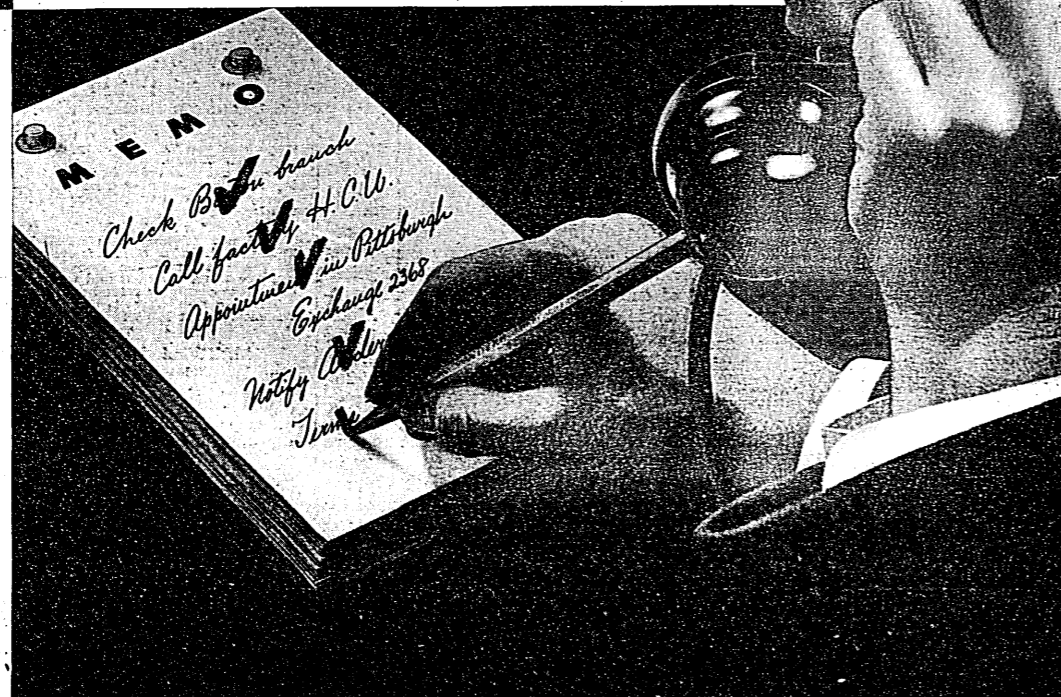
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0365

THE DIGEST



Story of a Week

THE NATION

OPEN REVOLT in Congress, violence snarling its head off before astonished factory gates, shouts of "Scab" and shouts of "Liar"—we've been having a time. No patriot is safe—a firecracker explodes in a Capitol cloakroom, well-spring of Fourth of July orators, burning a Representative's fingers. No dreamer is safe—at Zion, Illinois, fire breaks out in the home of Wilbur Glenn Voliva, who dreams that the earth is flat, and police suspect incendiarism. In the spirit of the times, a bear climbs a tree at Salisbury, N. Y., and bites a man on the leg. Rattled, a Negro in Milledgeville, Ga., eats 97 nails. Yet today has a softer side. There is a run on sun-tan lotion in the stores, happy idolators revel in Deans and Hubbells, W. C. Fields sets the nation giggling on a Sunday, and in Wildwood, N. J., the National Marbles Tournament is held according to schedule. All the while, from Dale Carnegie, millions of Americans learn how to make millions of friends.

Strikes: A Crazy Quilt

A LEATHER-LUNGED picket bellowing "Rat!" wakes a sleeping policeman and is arrested for disturbing the peace. A federal judge borrows a shotgun and stands guard over carpenters remodeling his house during a building strike. Big league ball players returning to the club house after a Sunday double-header find a letter telling them how downtrodden they are and urging them to organize. A battalion of WPA artists and writers hold a Federal Arts Project administrator prisoner for fifteen hours as a protest against cuts in relief rolls. The American Employees Guild, independent, opens

offices in New York City and starts enrolling white collar workers who want to organize but not in the rough-and-tumble manner of the overalled. A dynamite explosion shatters water lines feeding Johnstown steel mills and 6000 men who have just returned find themselves out of work again. The President of the United States, exasperated by the endless repetition of such items, lashes striker and employer alike—"A plague on both your houses!" . . .

That was the sort of thing the nation saw as it celebrated its Independence Day. We Americans do go on so.

Back to Work in Fact

"THE STRIKE continues unbroken!" C.I.O. leaders made the claim bravely, but even as they spoke hearth furnaces cold for a month were blazing into life. Men were back at work in the steel mills.

It was John L. Lewis's first taste of defeat. His eighteen-month-old Committee

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE WEEK

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for Industrial Organization had reached into textile mills, oil fields, and rubber factories. Its affiliate unions had signed contracts with General Motors, Chrysler, even the great United States Steel Corporation. C.I.O. was boasting of a membership of 2,000,000.

Then the so-called steel independents, Republic, Inland, Youngstown Sheet & Tube, and Bethlehem, agreed verbally to collective bargaining but refused to sign a contract. The C.I.O. cracked down; 75,000 workers quit their jobs.

There was violence almost at once: Rioting in Chicago and Youngstown, Ohio, sent twelve strikers to their graves: An army of coal miners threatened to march on Johnstown, Pa., for a sympathy demonstration. At this point the governors of Ohio and Pennsylvania clamped the troublesome areas under martial law. But public opinion, embittered by walk-outs and bloodshed, soon ended that condition. Soldiers who had kept plants from opening were called upon to escort



workers to their jobs. Before long the C.I.O. and one independent, Inland, had worked out a face-saving truce whereby the company recognized the steel union as the bargaining agency for its own members.

JULY 17, 1937

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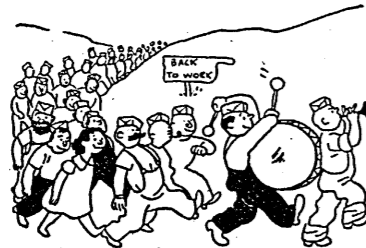
Meanwhile on another sector, the C.I.O. was falling back also. Ford employees set upon and drubbed organizers of the National Automobile Workers. The National Labor Relations Board called for an explanation, but Henry Ford and his son dug in for a finish fight. Willy-nilly, they won the backing of vigilante societies throughout Michigan. Girding for war with the C.I.O., supported by communities fed up with sit-downs, slow-downs, broken labor contracts and assorted violence, these groups concocted secret plans to smash any strike launched at Dearborn.

Newspaper publishers form a third powerful opposition to C.I.O. designs. Last month the American Newspaper Guild, C.I.O. affiliate, began a drive for a nation-wide closed editorial shop. Eleven publishers' associations declared "unalterable opposition" to the idea as foreshadowing the end of freedom of the press. It would be impossible, they said, for editors to present uncolored news "if some outside authority, beyond their control, determines whom they shall or shall not employ."

Back to Work by Law

POPULAR movements are quickly reflected in law. The back-to-work movement, following six months of C.I.O. strikes, was soon mirrored in legislation to preserve the worker's right to work and to limit the striker's right to strike, the picket's right to picket.

In Michigan, where C.I.O. members paralyzed the Saginaw Valley for fifteen hours with a power-house strike, held a labor holiday in Lansing, sponsored a rent strike in Pontiac, and staged celebrated sit-downs in Chrysler and General Motors plants, a bill of this sort has actually been enacted. It confirms labor's right to organize, bargain collectively, strike and picket peacefully. But it forbids mass picketing which blocks a highway or a factory gate. It prevents sympathizers from other cities, other industries, from bolstering up a picket line. It sets up an



Industrial Relations Board to investigate disputes and encourage mediation.

In Washington, Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican Senator from strike-scarred Michigan, sponsors three strike-checking amendments to the Wagner Act. One would permit employers, as well as em-

ployees, to demand elections for the selection of labor's bargaining agents. The second would penalize labor's violations of contracts—such as the 181 which General Motors experienced in 70 days—and sanction only those called by majority vote of employees. The third Vandenberg amendment would outlaw compulsory political assessments on union members and intimidation of workers into joining any labor union. Together the three amendments paraphrase the British Trades Dispute Act of 1927.

"It is time somebody hung up a lantern," says Senator Vandenberg. Last week, the fate of his amendments was still unsettled, but it seemed that he might have hung up a lantern which would light the Republican party to an issue for the rest of this session of Congress and perhaps for the 1938 elections. Lawyer, author, editor, publisher, with a sense of journalistic values, the Senator has been peering out of his octagonal glasses for a likely-looking issue since the session began. Some Democrats fear he has found one in union responsibility. To offset him, they urge that \$50,000 be raised to pay off the loan Mr. Lewis's Mine Workers made to the Democrats in 1936.

Meanwhile, the drive for union responsibility receives support from another source. On July 3, Frances Perkins condemned the sit-down strike weapon as one "which should be abandoned."

Revolt of the Angels

CONGRESSMEN who have been angelically accommodating during a President's first term may become impish after his reelection. Franklin D. Roosevelt discovered the fact on February 5 when he tossed his plan for enlarging the Supreme Court into the Congressional hopper.

Such New Dealers as Senators Edward R. Burke, Bennett Champ Clark, Burton K. Wheeler, and Tom Connally condemned the bill on the ground that it would make the judiciary subservient to the executive and pave the way for a dictatorship. Later they could argue that it was not only unwise but unnecessary, for the nine justices, in apparent about-face, handed down the famous "liberal decisions" upholding the Railway Pensions Act, the Wagner Labor Law, and Social Security. Furthermore, Justice VanDevanter resigned and left a vacancy for the President to fill with an appointee of his own.

In June the Democratic revolt reached a climax. The Senate Judiciary Committee, five-sixths Democratic, damned the Court enlargement bill in a bitter adverse report: "It . . . should be so emphatically rejected that its parallel will never again be presented."

Defection deepened and spread. Vice-President Garner suddenly went off to Texas on a "vacation"; gossips said he could not see eye to eye with "the boss." Majority Leader Robinson balked at

giving the President free spending privileges under the \$1,500,000,000 relief measure. He wanted to gesture toward economy by requiring municipalities to share 25 percent of the cost of local WPA projects.

Democratic Senators and Representatives grumbled that the President was gobbling up powers which belonged to Congress. They grumbled that he was seeking a third term. Asked by a reporter if he would accept another nomination, the President told his questioner to don a dunce cap and stand in the corner.

A rollicking week-end at Jefferson Islands in Chesapeake Bay, during which Roosevelt ate, drank and joked with Democrats in House and Senate, did not



exorcise rebellion from the party. Indeed, one Democratic daily, *The Macon (Georgia) Telegraph*, burst out with the startling suggestion that Franklin D. Roosevelt be impeached. "It can be done," said the paper solemnly, "and if our free institutions are further threatened, it must be done."

Summer School Ahead

IN SIX MONTHS of its first session the Seventy-fifth Congress has accomplished next to nothing. Early in January, Senate and House leaders planned to finish this year's job of law-making by June. Then came the Administration's Court bill, monopolizing Congress while a legislative log jam piled up behind it.

By July Congress had averaged about three hours' work a day. It had passed a Neutrality law, a Guffey coal act (to replace one invalidated by the Supreme Court), a \$1,500,000,000 relief bill, and a handful of appropriation bills. Otherwise—blank.

Many a Senator said "Amen" when Norris of Nebraska suggested that Congress adjourn for the sizzling summer and reconvene in October. But a House bloc, 100 strong and headed by the vimful Maury Maverick of Texas, scoffed, demanding that the session continue until all important bills were disposed of.

That is as big an order as Congress ever faced. At least seven major measures hang fire:

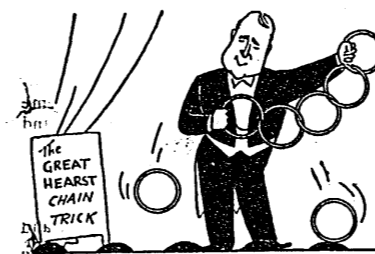
1. A Court enlargement compromise permitting the appointment of one new justice a year to supplement any member over 75 who fails to retire.

2. Executive reorganization, to reshuffle 90 independent agencies and create two new cabinet posts.
3. Wages and hours, establishing a labor standards board to regulate wages, hours, and child labor.
4. A hole-proof income-tax law.
5. A low-cost housing bill.
6. A new crop control program, with the "ever-normal granary."
7. A nation-wide system of TVAs.

The Press

WITH FREEDOM of the press, a Hearst organizational shake-up and a Hearst news scoop to talk about, the tongues of newspapermen have been clacking as busily as their typewriters. Expressing "unalterable" opposition to a closed shop in news rooms, newspaper publishers brought from Heywood Broun, president of the American Newspaper Guild, the charge that they are "holding to the philosophy of Tom Girdler."

The Guild also stood critically on the sidelines as a consolidation, a suspension, and a switch from evening to morning field shook the great Hearst chain. With 25 newspapers at the beginning of the year, that chain was the country's largest. The Scripps-Howard chain (24 newspapers) was second largest; the Gannett chain (17) was third. Then Hearst and Gannett joined to juggle links in two cities. Mr. Gannett killed his Albany *Knickerbocker Press*, leaving the morning field to the Hearst-owned evening *Times-Union*. Mr. Hearst folded his Rochester *Journal and Sunday American*, leaving the Gannett-owned *Democrat* and *Times-Union* without competition morning or evening. In New York, Mr. Hearst juggled a big link singlehandedly, consolidating his *American* (A.M.) with his *Journal* (P.M.) and his tabloid *Mirror* (A.M.). Mass circulation and department-store advertising had both eluded the *American*.



Meanwhile, in Chicago, Mr. Hearst's *Herald and Examiner* performed a feat which it called "the most notable newspaper achievement of the year," but which, in many minds, fused the freedom-of-the-press issue and Hearst newspaper activities into a single subject. Robert Irwin, self-confessed murderer of a man and two women in New York, walked into that newspaper's office, talked freely to

its employees and, while police man-hunted him, remained in their custody until their exclusive story hit the street. In 1928, Hildy Johnson, reporter and "happy-go-lucky Swede with a pants-kicking sense of humor," attempted something like that for another Chicago *Examiner*. He captured a jail breaking anarchist murderer and locked him in a desk "so's the *Examiner* can break the story exclusive." But he did it all imaginatively in "The Front Page," a play by Hecht and MacArthur.

Ten states have laws permitting reporters to withhold sources of news stories but not Hildy's way.

Scooped on the Irwin story, New York newspapers did not chide Chicago for abusing the freedom of the press. Yet they themselves have been rebuked for headlines run while Joseph Gedeon, father of one of the slain women, husband of the other, was treated as a suspect. "Gedeon Tells Confused Story," "Upholsterer Lacks Proof for Several Hours of Alibi." "Upholsterer's Needle Possible Weapon." So they regrettably ran.

We Spend

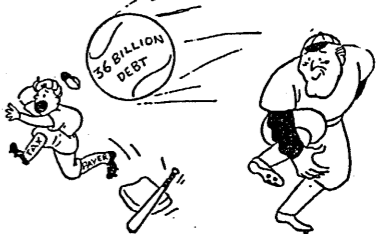
"WE SPEND and we spend and we spend," cried Joseph T. Robinson on the floor of the Senate recently. "We can not go on forever doing it!"

A fortnight later the United States Treasury illustrated the point with a hair-raising collection of figures. The public debt was at an all-time high of \$36,424,613,732, on June 30, the end of the fiscal year 1937. That represented an increase of \$2,646,070,238 over the \$33,778,543,-

494 figure of 1936, a jump of \$10,942,579,313 from the war-time (1919) high of \$25,482,034,419. The public debt picture in recent years:

1929	\$16,931,197,748
1932	19,487,009,766
1933	22,538,672,164
1934	27,053,141,414
1935	28,700,892,624
1936	33,778,543,494
1937	36,424,613,732

For the economy-minded, the figures on the national budget were no more encouraging. Receipts for the fiscal year were \$5,293,840,236, the expenditures, \$8,105,158,547. That meant a sizeable



deficit for the seventh consecutive year. Not since 1930 have the government's receipts been larger than expenditures. Here is how seven lean years of depression have affected the deficit:

1931	\$ 901,595,080
1932	3,147,919,458
1933	3,063,256,885
1934	3,989,406,035
1935	3,585,779,434
1936	4,763,841,643
1937	2,811,318,310

Ugh!

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THIS week the world pauses for a moment to note the first anniversary of its most disastrous civil war since the conflict between the American states. Exactly a year ago 1931 revolution and 1936 reaction clashed in luckless Spain. On July 17 the army rose against the liberal republic in Spanish Morocco, crossing the Gibraltar straits to capture Cadiz two days later. Thus the war began—with the Bilbao-Santander operations as its latest movement, this being carried out by rebel chief Davila, following the June death of Mola in an airplane accident.

Looking backward again: Following Cadiz the rebel reaction captured Badajoz by the Portuguese frontier; then Irun and San Sebastian near the French frontier. Toledo, south of Madrid, came next. In late October the siege of Madrid began and the loyalist government moved to east-coastal Valencia. Madrid held out, due largely to Kleber's skillful international brigade, and most of the rebel Moors (Franco's only good fighters) were decimated in the city suburbs. "Volun-

teer" Italians replaced the late lamented Africans. The blackshirts somehow took south-coastal Malaga in February.

Around Eastertide came loyalist victories at Guadalajara, northeast of Madrid, and Pozoblanco, southwest of it. Here the Italians were badly beaten. In June the rebels (and Italians) reasserted themselves and took northcoastal Bilbao, capital of the Basque free state.

Rebel boss Franco now controls close to two-thirds of Spain, with his capital at Burgos. Loyalists still hold the three big cities of central Madrid (the old capital), east-coastal Valencia (the new capital), and east-coastal Barcelona (capital of the Catalan free state). Dr. Juan Negrin heads the sixth loyalist cabinet since the war began (a Popular Front affair, as in France) while militarissimo Franco continues as rebel dictator, having shot or arrested his rivals in the rebel ranks.

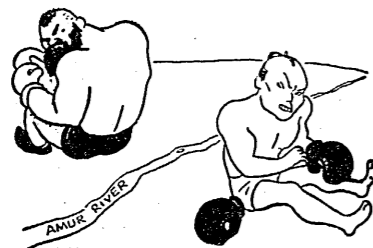
To date, only the Moors and Kleber's grim internationalists (on opposing sides) have done anything heroic to write home about. Franco's Irish went back to Eire;

the loyalist Basques, good Catholics too, are down and out.

Behind Russia's Veil

IN LESS THAN a year there have been 190 official shootings in Russia for treason, sabotage, secession—plus suicides, jailings, demotions, and party purgings. Marshal Mike Tukachevsky, Redarmy hero, and seven other eminent generals were executed. The state presidents of White Russia and Uzbekistan are out. The crack journalist Radek is in jail. Secret-police and aviation heads are under a cloud. Workers in far Siberia and the wild Caucasus have been shot en masse. Old Bolshevik statesmen and administrators like Kamenev and Zinoviev have laid down their lives. Only the diplomatic corps (which trembles) and the navy (which is weak) remain unliquidated to date.

What does it all mean? The Redarmy—its planes and parachutes—stood at the peak in reputation, but now is weakened and unsure of itself. National morale



is at a low ebb; surviving officials shudder. France ponders uncertainly over her Russian alliance, while Russian influence in Spain decreases. Stalin alone remains on the gloomy Russian scene, supported by President Kalinin (an aged zero) and Marshal Voroshilov (Redarmy top and Stalin yes-man).

There are varied explanations: Stalin is mentally quirky. He is weeding out all his political opponents. It is a mammoth Trotsky plot against him. He fears an attempted coup by the Redarmy. The Jap-Germans have bribed everyone in Russia. Stalin champions the broad masses against the exclusive communist party, via his new "democratic" constitution.

There are elements of truth in some of these versions. Stalin is a moderate, opposed to red Trotsky radicalism, and feared the napoleonic Tukachevsky group at the same time. Stalin is for Stalin rather than for Marx, and therein differs from the sainted Lenin. The Asiatic Gentleman from Georgia is functioning as a personal, nationalist dictator who resembles his enemy Hitler rather than his predecessor, who slumbers (on exhibition) in the Red Square.

Japan is quick to recognize current Russian weakness. The Amur River, di-

viding Jap-directed Manchukuo and Soviet Siberia, provided her with a July test case. Two river islands, economically worthless, strategically of some importance, were in dispute: Bolshoi and Sennufa. There were hostilities. Japanese and Manchurian troops were reported to have sunk a Russian river gunboat, disabled another, put to flight a third. Meanwhile, Russia floated an \$800,000,000 defense loan as far-eastern swords rattled.

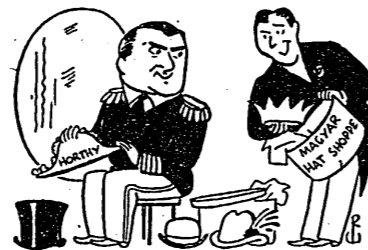
Happily that affair blew over; the moment was not ripe for going beyond the bluffing stage. But sometime, some other incident will set off the powder-barrel.

Bits from Budapest

HUNGARY, unhappy kingdom without a king, governed by a royal regent (Admiral Horthy) since 1920, changes its constitution to regulate "royal" succession to the "throne." The Allies after the war vetoed a Hungarian Hapsburg monarch, and Hungarians since have been unable to agree among themselves. Horthy cannot live forever. The plan is unique: Regent Horthy designates now three secret candidates—no more, no less. Upper and lower houses of parliament at his death pick 1 to 3 candidates of their own. Then the joint parliament elects a new regent from among Horthy's and its own nominees. The winning candidate must receive a majority on the first ballot or a plurality on a subsequent vote.

In medieval times and after, Hungarian kings were elected by the innumerable nobility, a rampaging lot who wanted no hereditary monarchy to cramp their Rugged European Individualism. Thus the new Hungarian setup is a throwback.

Meanwhile, Hungary rapidly rearms in the German and Austrian manner, though forbidden by World War peace treaties. Czechoslovakia, Hungary's mortal foe, winks at this rearmament in the hope that her generosity may placate the implacable



Hungarians (who lost 70 percent of their territory in 1919). Germany is trying to barter expensive weapons for Hungarian agricultural products, freezing \$4,500,000 of Hungarian credits in Berlin banks to pay for them; but Hungarian generals hesitate to purchase German arms because of their poor performance in Spain.

Navalissimo Horthy, incidentally, kings it over a lubber-land without a coastline. Middle-class Protestant though he is, the new setup gives him full royal powers,

save for religious patronage and the bestowal of noble titles. Eight days after his death (when and if) there will be another regent elected to guard the ancient Crown of St. Stephen.

Hungary is Tory, not really dictatorial or fascist. There are reasonably abusive opposition parties, strikes, a semi-free press; and the secret ballot is being introduced into rural communities.

Pacific Holland

PROVERBIAL peaceful Dutch East Indies have just become our largest customer for war materials: planes and machine-guns. Strange that these equatorial islands, usually "tucked away on the back page of an old school atlas," should lie in the center of the Pacific danger zone—possible headlines after Spain.

For 300 years Holland has held these densely populated, highly strategic, remarkably wealthy islands. Supplying the world with most of its rubber and quinine, half of its wrapper tobacco, large quantities of tin, oil, copra, tea, coffee, gum and spice, and 45 volcanoes—this treasure chest is coveted by map-making, treaty-breaking Japan. The recent Manchurian adventure of Japan unearched no oil. The Japs need it, the Dutch have it. Japan's ally, Germany, would, moreover, prefer to have the next fireworks break out in the Far East.

Facing Greater Japan, with its Janus-like economic and military imperialism, the Dutch are sharpening their wits and weapons, unmasking Jap spies, restricting Jap merchants, strengthening their weak defenses. Jap trade, which reached its high-water mark during the depression (when it practically drove the mother country's goods into the sea) is being gradually reduced.

Backed by the British Lion, firmly caged behind Britain's new and vast Singapore fortifications, Holland is bent on defending her neutrality. Even socialists O.K.'d the new \$10,000,000 military program. The Indies will get 200 planes, new cruisers for their small fleet, modern fortifications on the coast of New Guinea and around the oilfields of Borneo, Balikpapan, and Pontianak. Some 242,000 Dutchmen and half-castes do military service, though the authorities are wary about arming the 61,000,000 natives whose nationalism is rising.

Actually Holland's best defense is diplomatic. Dutch-English interests interlock in oil, coincide in protecting the vital bridge which Singapore and the Indies form to connect Australia and India, and join hands in a common White Man's front vs. the latent Yellow Peril.

England vs. Germany

ON THE eighteenth anniversary of the Treaty of Versailles, England and Germany still faced each other trying to

keep their balance at opposite ends of the international tightrope that has been badly twisted by the knotty Spanish war. Their fleets, stationed off Spain and Portugal, presented a black cloud; so did their leaders, taunting each other with verbal thrusts.

Neville Chamberlain, in his first public utterance on foreign affairs, warned Hitler from taking any high-handed action against the loyalists after the nazis (and their Roman allies) had withdrawn in a huff from the international non-intervention patrol around Spain. Hitler retorted bluntly: "Speeches in parliaments or talk of statesmen will not befuddle us. We will take the liberty, independence, honor, and security of our own nation into our own hands and know how to protect ourselves!"

German and English World War veterans, remembering the last war and fearing the next, presented the only silver lining of the Treaty's anniversary. King George, in morning-coat and top-hat, told 80,000 British veterans that war was a calamity "for the victors and vanquished" alike. On the other side of Flanders, 150,000 German veterans cheered lustily as two unheralded British ex-service men pleaded for mutual peace and understanding. A delegation of Italian war veterans looked on, unimpressed. Most interesting twist to the unexpected speeches and spontaneous cheers was the precedent they broke, since such nazi rallies normally end with "Heil! Hitler!" not "Heil! Dem König, George!"

Meanwhile, diplomats reached a serious impasse, unable to hit upon a compromise that would keep the Spanish volcano from blowing the lid off of Anglo-French, German-Italian relations.

What Price Dictators?

NAZI Adolf Wagner, Bavarian sub-dictator, attacks Cardinal Michel Faulhaber of Munich, German Catholic No. 1, for his too-high salary. The Herr Prelate gets \$11,500 per year, at a time

when napoleons cost little on a salary.

Dictators come cheaper than democratic leaders, believe it or not. Most of them have power complexes which compensate for the eighteen-hour days they labor, and their dictatorial wages are low in consequence. Not so the democrats. President Roosevelt pulls down \$75,000 a year. Anglo-premier Chamberlain gets \$25,000. French premier receives \$135 per week; his tenure of office is measured better in days than in years.

Paid in blank checks of power, Hitler draws no official salary at all. He has become independently wealthy as an author ("Mein Kampf") and publisher (Voelkischer Beobachter). Mussolini gets \$5,250 per year, and owns the Popolo d'Italia newspaper on the side. Stalin of Russia gets \$3,000; Schuschnigg of Austria, \$5,700. Newest and ineffectivest of the Benevolent Despots, Smigly-Rydz of Poland draws the most by far: \$11,400. Kemal of Turkey, dictator de luxe, has donated his entire personal fortune—said to be millions—to the Turkish people via



their grateful National Assembly. Needless to say, all these short-of-cash napoleons draw down plenty of governmental or ex officio perquisites.

Hitler's famous book, "Mein Kampf," is official nazi bible and has been translated into ten languages, ranging from Danish to Arabic. It has sold 2½ million copies, profitable enough on a royalty basis. Nevertheless, the Fuehrer boasts that he has no bank account.

BUSINESS

WE ENTER the second half of 1937 with business management stepping on the gas and labor leadership pulling the emergency brake. In spite of this strained situation, industrial production approximated 108 percent of normal in June (N. Y. Times index). Just a year ago it crossed the line into the above-par zone that had been unoccupied since 1930. The first half of 1937 records two mild sinking spells—one due to automobile strikes, the second due to steel strikes.

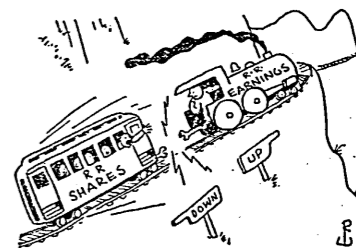
Except for this, there still are no serious clouds on the business horizon. Take railroads as an example: Carloadings of freight for the first 24 weeks of 1937 ag-

gregated 17.4 million, compared with 15.2 million in the same period of 1936. Business is good; up nearly 15 percent by this carloadings index. But what happened to railroad shares in the stock market?

New York Central, a convenient example, passed \$55 in market value on March 17 this year and sold below \$35 on June 28. Why? Its net operating income, first five months, was up 32 percent over last year. Yet its market value falls by 36 percent within the last four months. It is indeed a strange world.

Most convincing explanation is: (a) that railroads would be first to feel the effects of a serious strike in either auto-

mobiles and steel; and (b) that the roads themselves face a strike vote by the Brotherhoods. There cannot be any halt in operation, under federal law, unless the Brotherhoods join C.I.O. and C.I.O. runs riot. But there can be a wage award—in



addition to recent restoration of depression wage cuts—that would dissipate increased earnings upon which shareholders have been casting flirtatious glances. New York Central's last dividend was paid in 1931. Six lean years.

Lowly Franc

THE INTERNATIONAL financial situation, long simmering, finally boiled over when, in France, seven days after the fall of the Blum government, Georges Bonnet took over the role of finance minister to extricate the franc from its perilous perch.

From the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate, France's new Premier, Camille Chautemps, received (1) a vote of confidence in his government, (2) permission to make further advances of 15,000,000,000 francs from the Bank of France, (3) the right to levy additional income and excise taxes, and (4) for his finance minister, broad powers to preserve the franc.

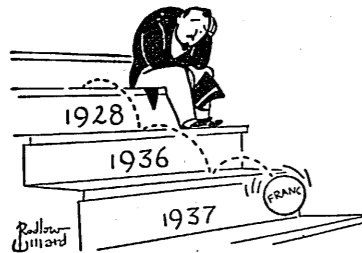
Given his extraordinary powers, M. Bonnet intimated that the franc would be devalued (a second time in nine months) from 4½ to 4 cents. The first devaluation, last September, reduced its gold parity from 6½ to 4½ cents. The franc will be set free from its pegged price, to find its own level.

To financial observers the world over, M. Bonnet's action came as no surprise. For more than two years capital had been sent scurrying out of France (and into the United States) by war-scarred French nationalists seeking a haven for their wealth. To safeguard their capital, they disposed of their French holdings in the home market, sold the francs thus obtained for American dollars, then re-invested the dollars in American securities. Such mass action by investors large and small depressed French markets and exhausted financial resources.

Also, there had been a continuous flow of gold from France (and other countries) to Uncle Sam because of the all-time high price of \$35 an ounce he is paying for

the yellow metal. With the money received for their gold, Frenchmen invested in American securities.

To cap it all, increased costs of production saddled on French producers by social reforms (i. e., 40-hour work week) instituted by the Blum government had



hiked living costs and raised price levels above wage levels, canceling the benefits of devaluation. This, together with the fact that in exporting non-earning gold to the United States there was no return flow of the purchasing power of dollars received for gold, culminated in an unfavorable balance of trade for France.

Too Much Gold

THE MOUNTAIN of gold coming into the United States, growing higher day by day, now pushing our gold stocks above 12 billion dollars (more than half the world's visible supply), has proved of no little embarrassment to our Government. By December last it had reached such staggering proportions that the Treasury decided to "sterilize" it.

Through its sterilization scheme, the Treasury continues to buy gold as before, but pays for it either through short-term borrowing from the banks or from its general fund, and buries it in its inactive gold account. Thus it puts an end to the undue credit expansion previously caused by the influx of gold.

To minimize fluctuations and thus to stabilize their currencies, the United States, Great Britain, and France last October entered into a tri-partite agreement (later joined by Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland). Through use of their stabilization funds—created by each country out of the "profits" made when its currency was devalued—they sought to maintain parity among the three currencies through transactions in gold, silver, currency, and foreign exchange.

Despite devaluation of the franc, Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau announced that the tripartite agreement would still continue in force as before.

Stabilization

EVENTS now bring to light hitherto unrevealed salient facts about two of the three stabilization funds: France's and England's.

M. Bonnet, in receiving permission for

a new loan from the Bank of France, admitted that practically all of the 10,000,000,000 francs (\$450,000,000) of gold in the French fund had been depleted by selling gold to bolster the franc.

At the same time, in England, Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir John Simon asked the House of Commons for an additional £200,000,000 (\$1,000,000,000) to add to Britain's fund of £350,000,000 (\$2,000,000,000).

By these two disclosures, it came to light that the brunt of stabilization had been carried on by Britain and America.

About our own \$2,000,000,000 stabilization fund, Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau kept his own counsel, maintained the strictest secrecy about its operations, merely commented that it was "adequate" and would not be increased.

To bring relief to the Government from its gold buying policy (and to other nations) observers saw four outs:

1. A reduction in the price of gold. This would make the dollar more valuable in terms of gold, but would automatically decrease and possibly wipe out the \$2,800,000,000 "profit" that accrued to the Treasury when the dollar was devalued in 1934. More important, it would be a vast deflationary move, bringing about a huge drop in commodity prices. To this suggestion, President Roosevelt commits himself to a policy of maintaining the present price for gold.

2. An agreement with gold-producing nations to limit the output of gold.

3. Setting up of an open market for gold in the United States.

4. The levying of a wholly new tax on gold profits.

To all these suggestions, the Government has been noncommittal. Nevertheless, the inactive gold account, now swelled above \$1,000,000,000 and increasingly dislocating the budget, provided the Treasury with food for thought.

Wheat Prospects

IN SHARP contrast with the lethargy prevailing in stocks, certain divisions of the commodity list have furnished their usual mid-summer quota of thrills.

SCIENCE & RESEARCH

TO SAVE one woman from cancer's lethal horror vast wealth is amassed, many times the price of medicine's most cunning experts, many times the cost of focusing upon a qualification all the scientific understanding of neoplasm's frenzied propagation. This wealth, this knowledge, these experts are in vain. She dies. The Jane Coffin Childs Memorial Fund for Scientific Research comes into being: a \$10,000,000 gift to Yale to be devoted primarily to medical researches into the causes and origins of cancer.

Wheat, of course, has monopolized the spotlight to a large extent, although the coarser grains have participated in the activity. An advance of approximately 20 cents per bushel in about two weeks reflects the tight supply situation in the world's chief bread staple, and the anxiety with which the Western World views the outlook.

This phenomenal rise in wheat was intensified by the complacency with which the prospect previously had been viewed. Ample, if not bumper, yields were expected for North America. The Secretary of Agriculture, presumed to have at his command all factual even if only potential data regarding yield indications, had expressed fears of a production that would put prices to a point so low that only the adoption of the "ever-normal granary" idea would avert disaster. However, along in the early part of June a veteran crop observer had given warning of the black-rust menace. Infestation was discovered over scattered but widespread areas, and this paved the way for "crop experts" to sound the tocsin of disaster.

In all probability the advance in wheat prices would not have been so pronounced had it not been for the admittedly tight world supply situation. Even assuming an increase of approximately a quarter of a million bushels in the North American crop, including the United States and Canada, world stocks of wheat will show little change from last season. World supplies of wheat, including this season's production and the carryover (but excluding Russia and China), will be only around 4,350,000,000 bushels, or slightly larger than the 4,295,000,000 bushels for the 1936-37 season.

This showing is based on the assumption that production of the United States and Canada is unimpaired from prospects of a month ago. Should claims of black-rust damage be even approximately confirmed, and if it is assumed that the drought in the Saskatchewan district of Canada has seriously curtailed the output there, the world position of wheat will be as tight as last season unless the Southern Hemisphere comes forward with big crops in Argentina and Australia.

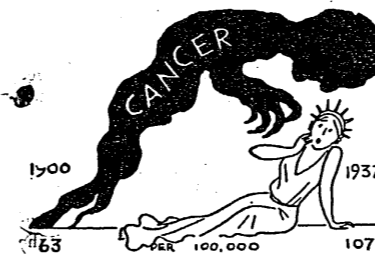
In 1900, this modern plague killed 63 per 100,000 of population—tenth on the mortality list. Now the yearly toll has leaped higher than 107 per 100,000—second only to that of the diseases of the heart and blood vessels. This year, in the U. S. alone, 150,000 persons will die of cancer. And experts are predicting that its mortality will not become stationary until after a further rise of 50 per cent—attained probably by 1987. Cancer research lags far behind research in other fields of medicine.

In 1900 our expectation of life was less than fifty years. Today it is more than sixty. Diminishing numbers fall prey to typhoid, diphtheria, tuberculosis, and other plagues formerly of prime importance. Hence, increasing numbers are being delivered over to cancer—which strikes mainly in the older age brackets. A blight known for 3,000 years becomes at last the second most murderous, remains the most horrific, remains the most mysterious.

Widespread and fear-allaying is the impression that thousands of foremost scientific brains—in large institutions with ample funds—are magnificently advancing toward early control of man's vilest ill. Yet no such big foundation yet exists. Meanwhile, industry lavishes scores of millions upon its laboratories. By the tens of thousands our keenest scientific detectives, who perform must consider their dependents, turn more profitably to creating cellophane, synthetic rubber, new lamps, and anti-knock gasoline.

Cancer is the nation's most stupendous problem: but our national treasury earmarks (1936) more than \$500,000 for investigations on the diseases of domestic animals, \$846,000 for research on cotton, billions for projects ineffable—and against cancer, \$100,000, most of which does not go to fundamental research.

In 3,000 years, no new principle of treatment has been devised against



malignant neoplasms—cancer's wildly multiplying cells. The surgeon's skillful knife? The ancients thought to cut out berserk growths. The penetrating beams of radium and of X-ray? These have their counterpart in the powerful caustics applied millennia ago. Nevertheless cancer, if treated early, is among the most curable of diseases.

This Childs Memorial Fund not only triples our total endowment for cancer research; it at last provides adequately for a real cancer-research center. For all its stupefying intricacy, for all its darkest shrouds, cancer is but a biochemical enigma. It is entirely susceptible to laboratory coöperations not unlike those which have turned up insulin, vitamins, hormones, viruses.

Will medicine continue to be superstitious for the advent of cancer's Darwin—and cling to individualistic ineffectiveness? Or will the new fund be used to

construct a unified mechanism—a mighty robot—for grinding out discoveries that pierce vitally to cancer's origins? Industry thrives amazingly on huge but precisely organized laboratory machinery. So can cancer research.

For 1938: Spots!

ASTRONOMERS turn from their lenses to tell us that as 1938 approaches the number of sunspots is rising to a novel maximum. Perhaps 1938 will top 1870, spottiest year in celestial annals.

Practically everything under the sun has at one time or another been attributed to the ageless, eleven-year cycling of solar activity. Yet scientific certainty as to the actual terrestrial influence of these solar tornadoes extends only to relatively minor electromagnetic disturbances.

SPORTS

TO A WHOPPING majority of American sports fans, the most nerve-tingling event in a championship track meet is the mile run, generally conceded tops as an all-round test of foot-racing stamina, speed, and strategy.

Running a mile in less than 4 minutes 10 seconds is as rare as pole-vaulting higher than fourteen feet. Only eleven times in history has a mile race been won in less than 4:10. The world record, set in 1934 by Glenn Cunningham, is 4:06.7.

When, at Milwaukee on July 3 Cunningham won the National Amateur Athletic Union 1,500-meter run in 3:57.8, many a mathematically-minded track fan got out paper and pencil, tried to figure the corresponding time for a mile. The yardage system of running races, long (1876 to 1931) the standard for A.A.U. meets, still is more popular with fans.

Comparisons are complicated by the fact that 1,500-meters is 119 yards, one foot, 7 and 3/4 inches short of a mile. The 1,500-meter record, set at the last Olympic Games by New Zealand's Jack Lovelock, is 3 minutes 47 and 8/10 seconds.

To establish that record, the frail Lovelock had to beat Cunningham, burly, barrel-chested, who for four years had been racing against, and usually beating, the world's fastest milers. The previous champion, Princeton's William R. Bonthron, also had to outdistance Cunningham (1935) to set the old mark of 3:48.8.

In mile and 1,500-meter running, top-flight competition is essential to record-making. A man can't go out alone and crack a world mark. He has to have fast company to spur him on.

With the retirement last year of Lovelock and Bonthron, the world's fastest competition at the mile and 1,500 meters is supplied by Cunningham, now running for the New York Curb Exchange; Archie

Thus, this winter, northern lights should shimmer with more beautiful brilliance. Magnetic compasses should swirl crazily. Radio and long-distance phone service should suffer some disruption.

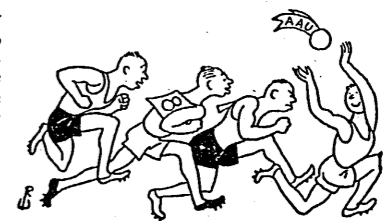
As advance notice of strange events to come, short-wave police-calls with a maximum range usually of a mere fifty miles are being readily heard across the Atlantic. And the most vicious and lengthiest (five-day) magnetic storm on record has lately shown up, to the dismay of broadcasters.

Weather? Tree-rings, glacier-clay deposits, rainfall records, impel Dr. Charles G. Abbot, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, as well as other leading scientists, to prophesy that next year will be wet.

Earthquakes? Hurricanes? Depressions? War? Science does not know.

San Romani, of Kansas Teachers College; Donald Lash, of Indiana University, and Gene Venzke, whose jersey bears the winged foot of the New York Athletic Club.

Most promising pretender to the throne now held by the veteran Cunningham is San Romani. Last month (on the Palmer Stadium track at Princeton, New Jersey) San Romani covered the mile in 4:07.2, so closely followed by Lash that it took the judges five minutes to decide the winner.



In the 1500-meter at Milwaukee, as San Romani challenged Cunningham, suddenly Cunningham was left alone. San Romani lay writhing on the ground. He had stumbled, hurt his leg, met defeat.

Raceway 300

ROOSEVELT Raceway at Westbury, Long Island, promises to become America's premier auto course, even eclipsing the Indianapolis Speedway, hoary with age and prestige. Roosevelt races of last October and last week drew a flock of Eminent Europeans—not so at 1937 Indianapolis, though once the Hoosier capital swarmed with foreign flashmen.

Last week's cars from abroad included three German Auto-Unions, two German Mercedes, and three Italian Alfa-Romeos.

The German machines were massive and noisy. The Auto-Unions had their 16-cylinder motors in back, behind the driver, for better balance. The Mercedes, famed in American race history, were 8-cylindered and more conventional. German racing color: silver, instead of the old white. The "German" drivers were German, Italo-German, and English.

Italian Alfa-Romeos (Mussolini's pet make) were smaller in size and red, historic Italian racing color. They were 6-wheelers, with double wheels in back in case of tire trouble. Famed Tazio Nuvolari, Italian Roosevelt winner last fall, drove one. Other A-R pilots were Norwegian and American. Europeans' cars

were factory ads, by and large, while the little Americans were home-made, individual jobs or else polychrome products of Harry Miller's California racing shop.

This Roosevelt "pretzel" course, a combination of road and speedway racing, had been simplified; the distance was round and round for 300 miles. Despite 45-year-old Nuvolari's fame, 27-year-old Bernd Rosemeyer (Auto-Union) was pre-race favorite, coached by his pretty, blonde new wife, Elly Beinhorn, internationally famous German aviatrix. American champ was Wilbur Shaw, 1937 winner over the slippery Indianapolis bricks. His was a borrowed red Italian Maserati. But victory went to Rosemeyer.

PEOPLE

HUSKY as one of his state's own coal miners, and as energetic, Governor **George H. Earle** of Pennsylvania has a flair for dramatic gestures. He plays polo, flies an autogyro, breeds dachshunds. He recently dived overboard fully clothed to rescue a favorite dog.

A wealthy Philadelphia business man, he is nevertheless an ardent New Dealer with a mile-wide social conscience. He says he enjoys the governorship now that the legislature has passed a Little Wagner Act, a 44-hour-week law and a wages-and-hours law for women and children.

For three generations his family had been Republicans, but Earle plumped for Roosevelt in 1932. His reward, the position of Minister to Austria, might have quieted another man, but Earle kept his name in the headlines with denunciations of Hitler. When in 1934 he became the first Democrat in forty years to win the governorship of Pennsylvania, the headlines screamed in earnest.

Promptly, Democratic politicians evaluated his assets as presidential timber. He was a friend of President Roosevelt, had the support of John L. Lewis, had showed ability to carry a state with 36 Electoral votes and, Heaven knew, had the knack of staying in the public eye. It was characteristic of him, they decided, when he dramatically declared martial law to close the struck steel plant at Johnstown, then quickly called it off and, on July 4, flew through a rainstorm to tell strike sympathisers at Johnstown that "you don't need violence when you have . . . Roosevelt . . . and a governor like me."

In view of his somewhat theatrical record, they cannot take him seriously in his shrinking violet role toward the next Democratic nomination for President. "I am for Roosevelt in 1940," said Earle late last month. Two months earlier he had deplored "Governors who are bitten by the presidential bug." But between-times, addressing a banquet of the Southern Society in Washington, he had praised the South for giving him his wife and giving the country Jeffersonian

Democracy. Politicians saw that speech as a delicate bid for Southern support.

John Blythe Barrymore pursues his radio exploitation of "streamlined Shakespeare" every Monday with the solemn conviction that even stoic old trouper, Uncle John Drew, were he alive, would hesitate thirty seconds before drawing, "So the last two male Barrymores have become prostitutes!"

Barrymore has long believed that Shakespeare wrote with an eye to the public, gave to his works a melodramatic appeal seething with life—not ancient, but forever modern. "If Shakespeare could see the reverence with which his plays are treated," Barrymore once snorted, "his bones would rattle like dice."

Tall, handsome, impetuous, though now 53, Barrymore first conceived his notion in 1920 when he rendered "Richard III," and again in 1924 when his portrayal of "Hamlet" brought Shakespeare back to the tradition of popular drama. Cramped



by limitations of the stage, the actor took his idea to Hollywood but had to put it to bed for a few years. Cinema magnates preferred to bewhisker the handsome profile and contort the slender Barrymore frame to suit weird, melodramatic parts then in vogue.

Of his first silent picture days Mr. Barrymore comments: "I made a picture called 'The Mad Genius,' and little children fled screaming from the theaters. I

did 'Svengali,' and the only effect it had upon audiences was to make them declare that John Barrymore had gone nuts."

After 1925, producers realized their mistake, began to exploit the dormant talents and charm hitherto concealed beneath crepe hair and make-up disguises. His suggestions concerning Shakespearian productions were heeded. The great master's plays were censored, whittled down, and produced. Barrymore rejoiced. The pictures brought fair box-office receipts from the very first, culminating in the recent overwhelming success of "Romeo and Juliet."

Then came the present call from radio. National Broadcasting Company outlined a series of programs in which John Barrymore and his reconciled fourth wife, Elaine Barrie, will carry the glorification of a modern Shakespeare to new heights.

Thus the Barrymore tradition carries on. Still further to pacify the bones of trouper ancestors, Ethel Barrymore will return to the stage next fall in Sidney Howard's new play for the Theater Guild, "The Ghost of Yankee Doodle."

Obituary

Charles Lathrop Pack, president of American Tree Association, 80, June 14.
William P. Connery, Jr., Representative in Congress from Massachusetts, 48, June 15.

Ambrose Swasey, precision tool maker, 90, June 15.

Morgan J. O'Brien, former Presiding Justice of the Appellate Division of the N. Y. Supreme Court and prominent Catholic layman, 85, June 16.

Gaston Doumergue, ex-President and former Premier of France, 73, June 18.
Sir James M. Barrie, English author and creator of *Peter Pan*, 77, June 19.

Franklin W. Fort, former Representative from New Jersey, 57, June 20.

Sir Eric Geddes, British industrialist, First Lord of the Admiralty 1917-18, 61, June 22.

Hugh L. Cooper, hydroelectric engineer, designer of Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals and Dnieprostroy Dam in Russia, 72, June 24.

Adolfo Alejandro Nouel, former President of Dominican Republic, 75, June 26.

William McAndrew, educator, who left his imprint on New York and Chicago public school systems, 73, June 27.

Frank A. Vanderlip, New York banker, 72, June 29.

Frederic A. Juilliard, president of the Juilliard Music Foundation, 70, June 29.

John Thomas Underwood, inventor of the first "visible" typewriter, 80, July 2.

John Albert Cousins, president of Tufts College, 62, July 2.

Jacob Schick, retired army officer who invented the Schick electric dry shaver, 59, July 3.

Walter Cary, vice president of Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, 66, July 3.

UNFAIR

to mediation boards!



Other Cabinet officials remain silent while the Secretary of Labor speaks out boldly on sit-down strikes.

Frances Perkins pays a visit to a Pittsburgh steel mill, finds friends among grinning, grimy puddlers.

PHOTOS BY INTERNATIONAL

FRANCES PERKINS would be the first to admit that 1937 has been the most trying year of her administrative career. First there was the sit-down craze, fanning out over the country from the Detroit auto plants. Then came the walk-out in the independent steel companies—Republic, Inland, and Youngstown Sheet and Tube. Next, it is predicted, will come the tie-up of Henry Ford's assembly lines.

When that day arrives, what can the head of the Department of Labor do that she has not already attempted in the way of mediation, doggedly but without success? In January, she coaxed, wheedled, and demanded, but could not hold Alfred P. Sloan in one of her red-leather office chairs long enough for a conference with John L. Lewis.

Almost on the point of tears, she burst out to reporters: "He ran out on me!"

Informal mediation having thus failed dismally, she asked Congress for power to act in more formal manner. It would be helpful, she observed, if the House and Senate would pass legislation authorizing her department "to issue subpoenas for the

production of books, papers, records, and witnesses" for inquiring into strikes and other phases of industrial warfare.

Congress, ever jealous of the privilege of conducting its own investigations, was polite but uninterested. Labor itself was downright indignant. Said William Green, president of the A. F. of L.: "It is only a step from compulsory attendance at hearings and the compulsory submission of testimony under oath . . . to the compulsory acceptance of departmental decisions. That would be compulsory arbitration."

Miss Perkins next climbed on to the front page of the nation's press by speaking boldly on a subject which other administration officials did not even like to whisper about—the sit-down technique. No word of approval or disapproval came from the White House when General Motors workers used this potent strike weapon. No cabinet official lauded or condemned the men who lounged on automobile cushions in the Flint plants. Until, that is, the Secretary of Labor announced: "There was a time when picketing was

considered illegal and before that strikes of any kind were illegal. The legality of the sit-down strike has yet to be determined."

Conservative leaders in public life stormed. Editorial writers who had been denouncing the U. A. W.'s "Communist importation" jumped to their typewriters to heap scorn on the first woman Cabinet member.

Having experienced so stormy a sea in the early part of the year, Frances Perkins decided in mid-June to entrust the fate of labor mediation to other hands. The men she picked to bring peace to the strike-torn steel mills could not have been more adroitly selected. Charles P. Taft was the son of the late President, and a highly respected liberal Republican. Lloyd K. Garrison had once been chairman of the National Labor Relations Board. Edward F. McGrady was the Labor Department's most accomplished trouble-shooter.

It is not Miss Perkins' fault that this board has not been able to budge either the steel officers or the strike leaders from their positions. But it leaves her facing once more the question of where to go from here.



PHOTOS BY ALAN S. HACKER

The East Side Union Club parks its members in an open air lobby. The dancers below eye the pianist



Cellar Clubs

BREEDING PLACES of crime and a menace to morals," says a tenement house commissioner.

"Absolutely necessary to underprivileged youngsters so long as social agencies fail to provide for them," say social workers.

"Ought to be licensed by the police," says a resolution before New York City's Board of Aldermen.

"In their desire to get away from the drab existence of their homes," says that city's Associate Superintendent of Schools, "these youth groups in a true cooperative spirit build for themselves a second home. We must attack the problem in a positive way rather than in a negative way."

The object of these swirling words is the depression-born cellar social club, where city youngsters of America have hung out a shingle and become practicing physicians intent on relieving their own ills. The shingle is not graced by a chaste M.D. or by any other degree. Its lettering is usually garish. "Manhattan Nut Club," it is apt to read, or "Hotcha Debutantes."

Today the tens of thousands such clubs are being told that their ministrations to the community are unnecessary, unwanted, even menacing.

Though New York City is the current storm center of the controversy the phenomenon of cellar clubs is not confined to a single city nor even to a single region. Educators and social workers know that this peculiarly American practice exists,

in one form or another, in every industrial center in the nation, in every slum area, wherever persons between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five find no other outlet for normal recreational needs. Even in rural sections there is a social club membership running into millions, not cellar clubs but groups corresponding in essentials to the city club that uses a tenement cellar or a basement store for its quarters.

Today cellar clubs are found in every neighborhood where low-priced apart-

ments are in the majority. Lieutenant McGillicuddy of the Juvenile Aid Bureau (New York City) tells of a single Brooklyn block where forty-odd social clubs flourish. One block of St. Marks Place, on the East Side, houses more than twenty social clubs. All of these, demand some officials, ought to be wiped out, cleaned up, put directly under the supervision of the police department.

What are the dire crimes perpetrated by the cellar clubs and their memberships? Opponents have their answers pat: all sorts of laws are broken, sex crimes "originate" in the clubs, gambling goes on, boys and girls spend evenings in the dimly lit rooms without chaperons of any sort.

One East Side police precinct, says a spokesman there, "can trace 500 sex

Lectures and classes for those who look to the future



0375

THE DIGEST



It's the pitcher's wind-up that counts



Man, O Man, would you look at that ball

crimes as having originated in cellar clubs." But no arrests have been made for these 500 crimes, and few complaints have been filed by mothers of young girls.

As soon as the drive against cellar clubs began, parents, as well as the quarter-million club members of New York City, began a counter-drive to enlist public interest toward providing leadership and guidance for the clubs instead of eliminating them.

Parents realize that housing laws, or health and fire laws, are being violated in some measure. They know that occasionally sex crimes are committed in the clubs. They know that there is some gambling. They know that youngsters sometimes go to extremes. But they know why the clubs exist.

A typical place is the Manhattan Nut Club, at 277 East Seventh Street. Its members, young men between eighteen and twenty-three, grew up together, went to school, and were fellow-members of settlement house clubs in their neighborhood. All the members live within three blocks of the club, which has been in ex-

istence for two years. It was formed when the boys (most of whom had left high school after a year or two, in order to help support their families) found themselves in desperate need of a place where they could gather to play cards or checkers or pingpong, to listen to a radio; a place to which they could bring their girl friends for an evening's dancing or loafing.

Tenement homes provide meager facilities for any sort of social life. Families are crowded into cold-water flats where, even when the combined living-room-dining-room-kitchen is not used for sleeping room, there is neither space nor equipment for games or dancing, nor for more than two or three visitors at one time.

The boys held a conference two years ago. They didn't like to spend their evenings on the dismal, garbage-scented street corners of the neighborhood. They couldn't afford movies very often. They wanted to go dancing with the neighborhood girls but they couldn't afford tickets for two oftener than once a month, perhaps. They formed their own club.

The clubrooms, the basement of an

ancient brick house, costs \$22 a month plus a few dollars for light. Dues are thirty cents a week. The boys, almost all of whom are employed, work as errand boys, clerks, electricians' and truckmen's helpers: all low-paid jobs, what social workers call "blind-alley jobs." They can spend thirty cents a week on entertainment; not much more, because their salaries pay the rent and provide the food for their families.

With a few odds and ends of furniture, bought from a secondhand dealer, a radio, a piano left behind by a family too poor to pay for moving it, the clubrooms were furnished. For months the boys spent all their spare hours plastering the walls, painting, wiring for lamps and ceiling lights. A typewriter was acquired during a particularly prosperous period.

The Manhattan Nut Club is not a startlingly beautiful, not even a well equipped recreation center. But to the youngsters concerned it is an answer to their problem. It is their way to keep themselves off the streets. It is the only place where they can spend their evenings

(Continued on page 38)



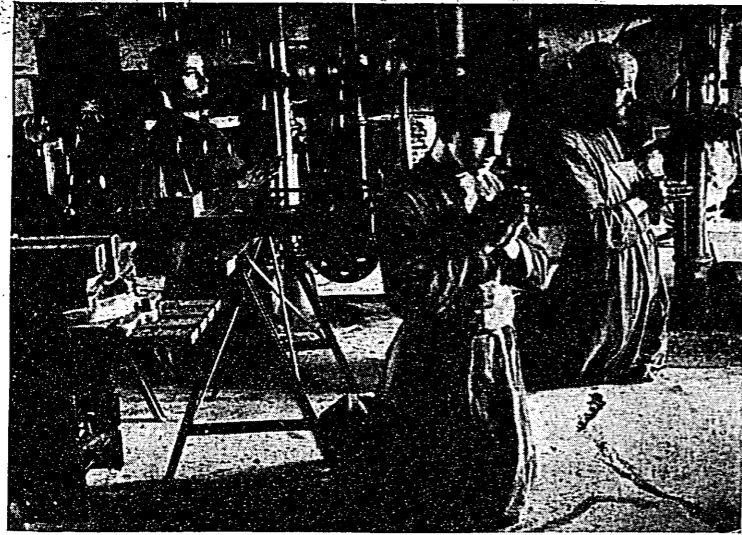
JULY 17, 1937

Shall we dance? But dancers wait while others argue over just what is Cellar Song Hit No. 1



0376

19



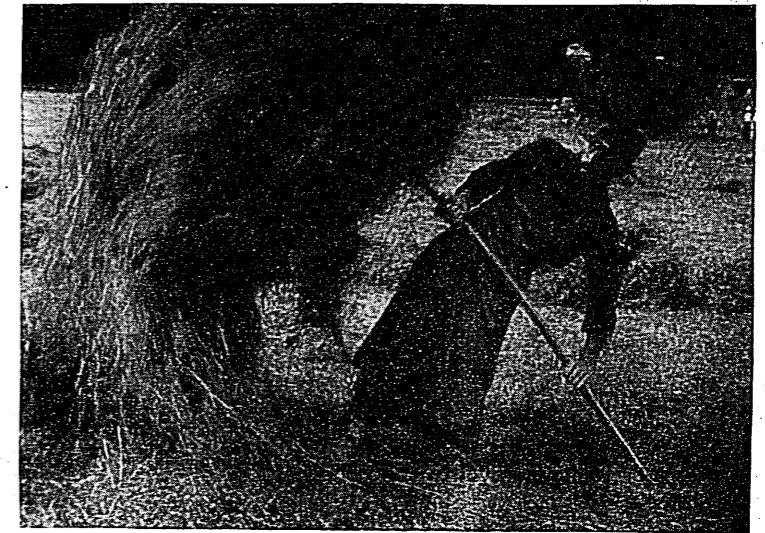
Left—The modern Angelus brings Benedictines to their knees midst lathes and machine tools. Below—A sup of milk for teamsters



PHOTOS BY BLACK STAR

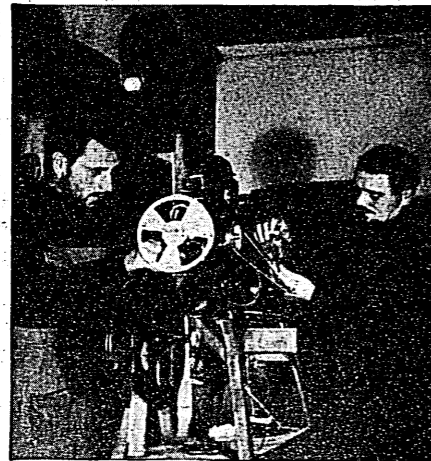


"By the work of their hands" are the Benedictines known



A bearded typist taps "Please remit"

Monks make movies—without a heroine



An earthly shepherd

BLACK

Field workers are hearty eaters whether they be monks or peasants

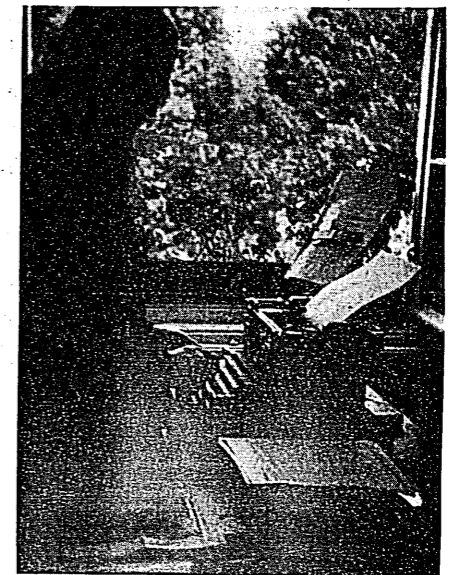


THE DIGEST

MONKS

The quiet German orders make bold news in the speeches of Goebbels

ACCUSED by the Hitler faction of immorality and of infidelity to Germany, the monasteries of that country are undergoing a campaign of persecution. Here is a picture-story of the Benedictine (Black) Monks of St. Ottilien, the largest monastery in Germany. It is located near Munich in Bavaria, the Catholic stronghold and the locale of most of the Hitler attacks on the Catholic clergy and the monastic orders. These monks, with a 1400-year old tradition, live under a monastic life which forbids them laughter—a not difficult vow in the present political situation. Hitler notwithstanding, the monks lead simple, hospitable lives devoted to work. The Benedictine order was founded by St. Benedict about 529. It was at first intended to be only a philosophy of life, but within its first century the order was formed. The Benedictines, famous for their manufacture of a liqueur, were the saviors of Christian art in Western Europe. At St. Ottilien, their vows of industry have taken them from crude handwork to highly mechanized production.



The horseshoer plies an ancient trade



JULY 17, 1937

0378

P R O

Supporting government labor policies in the steel crisis

WE HAVE trouble grasping the logic of our conservative contemporaries who demand that President Roosevelt remain neutral in the Little Steel-CIO, Tom Girdler-John L. Lewis fight. It seems the President has some sacred duty to be neutral.

These conservatives have apparently forgotten the campaign of 1936. In that campaign, Mr. Roosevelt declared himself on the side of organized labor as against the "economic royalists"; on the side of higher living standards and sustained mass purchasing power to be achieved through labor organizations bargaining collectively with employers. He didn't promise to be neutral. He had long since signed the Wagner Labor Relations Act, July 5, 1935.

The President has not pretended to be neutral on collective bargaining, and we don't see how the conservative press can expect him to change now. These papers, incidentally, bargain collectively with closed unions in their own plants, without the injury to their Americanism which they fear Little Steel would suffer under a CIO contract.

—New York Daily News

The four steel companies which are refusing to bargain with the union had a legal right to try to open their plants, in the face of the union's efforts to stop them, and it is natural that they should have wished to take advantage of that right. At the same time, we are glad President Roosevelt, acting at the request of Chairman Taft of the Federal mediation board, successfully urged them to shut down. In all likelihood, more lives would have been sacrificed, if the companies had proceeded with their plans to operate the mills.

One can readily understand the reluctance of the four steel companies now involved in the strike to sign a contract with the C.I.O. in view of the fact that the C.I.O. officers apparently are unable to control some of their subordinates. No one wants to sign an agreement, if the other party to it cannot be relied on to abide by its terms.

At the same time, a question arises as to the legality of the position now assumed by Mr. Girdler and the heads of the three other companies who say they are unwilling to make any sort of agreement with the C.I.O. Under the Wagner act, which has been upheld by the United States Supreme Court, employers must bargain collectively with their employees. What is one to say, then, of the legal status of corporation executives who announce in advance that they will make no agreement, either written or oral, with an organization representing a substantial percentage of their workers?

—Richmond Times-Dispatch

Pleas for the "right to work" would come with more persuasion from the workers who want to work than from Tom Girdler.

Every worker wants the right to work, but does every worker want it during this steel strike? Obviously some thousands don't. How many do? Nobody knows—there has been no vote. Who is to speak for the anti-strikers? Not Tom Girdler—he doesn't believe in workers having any collective voice wholly independent of the company. Who then? That is Tom's dilemma. Since he doesn't want workers to speak in undomi-

nated collectivism, there is no voice but his to say how many workers don't want to strike—and his voice can't be clearly accepted as the voice of labor.

If ever a situation needed a peaceful election as an alternative to hard-boiled rough stuff and consequent bloodshed, this is it. Phil Murray says he will abide by an election. Tom Girdler says he will raise apples first.

This problem can be solved through an election by the workers to see what they want to do, and that is the only way it can be solved without more labor bloodshed than this country has ever seen—Homestead not excepted.

This is no time for that. There is too much ballyhoo for class warfare already. Killing workers in the street isn't ballyhoo for class war. It is the beginning of it.

—Hugh S. Johnson in New York World-Telegram

There is only one time to prevent an explosion. That time is—before it occurs.

An explosion was in the making at Johnstown. Governor Earle of Pennsylvania courageously proclaimed a form of martial law before the explosion took place.

So, instead of bloodshed, rioting, murder—anarchy—peace reigns in Johnstown today.

Thanks to the determination of a brave Governor, there will be no bloodstains either on Bethlehem's doorstep or upon the public conscience.

Above all, Governor Earle has preserved that fundamental requirement of a civilized country—law and order.

And he has done so by insisting that both sides yield for the public good.

Peace reigns today—because Pennsylvania, luckily, has a liberal Governor who is willing to put the public welfare above not only the rights of labor but also above the rights of selfish magnates to whom the admixture of steel and blood seems neither abhorrent nor even disturbing.

The phrase "law and order" has been given new significance in Pennsylvania. It means the same thing for employers as it does for workers.

—New York Post



To the rescue—Richmond Times Dispatch

Those who have become gravely disturbed over the present labor situation have, within the year, witnessed the Secretary of Labor, along with other federal officials, condoning the seizure of property in sit-down strikes. They have witnessed mobs, frequently comprising but a small minority of the workers concerned, forcing the closure of plants and preventing men who wish to work from attaining a livelihood. They have seen whole communities paralyzed by the edict of labor leaders. And they have seen even the carriers of the United States mails stopped and subjected to search and scrutiny.

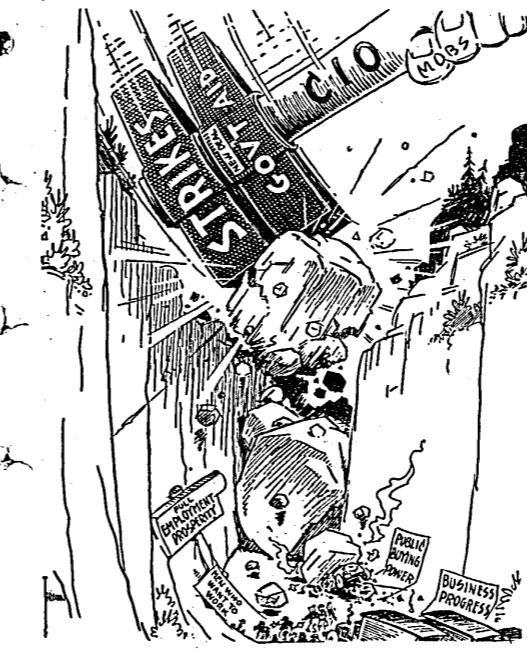
And they have wondered what will come next. They are wondering whether an irreparable damage is not being done to American democracy—resting, as it does, on a basis of law and order—when those in high places either ignore lawless actions or encourage them by permitting the use of their names in connection with them or by indulging in ill-conceived remarks.

—Franklyn Waltman in Washington Post

The National Guard of Ohio and Pennsylvania in the disordered areas is on duty with its guns trained not on the insurgents who cause the bloodshed and violence but on the local enforcement officials, police, and sheriffs, and on company employees who have been at work or would go to work if the public peace would be preserved.

There is no strike. There are no strike breakers. The workers are the company employees. The C. I. O. is not a labor union. It is an organizing committee. John Lewis, leader of the insurgents against the law, is a political figure who intends to increase his stature and expand his power. He already controls the mails, runs the department of labor, and has the troops of three states at his disposal. Soon he will be a cubit taller than the President. He has troops of his own and can abrogate laws.

In every instance of recent labor controversy where the state has yielded to the instructions from Washington an outlandish and anarchical perversion of law has resulted. When



Adding another sledge to the handle—New York Herald-Tribune

C O N

Opposing form of governmental intervention in labor dispute

men have illegally occupied property the governor of the state has used force to prevent the service of writs, to require the service of good supplies, heat and light, and to defend the violent element from ejection. When the plants are legally occupied by workers who want to work, the government has used its forces to starve them out and to prevent the dispersal of the mass picketing which imprisons them.

—Chicago Tribune

Whatever may be the outcome of the current controversy in steel, it will not be forgotten that government, national and state, fought on the side of the strikers. Instead of maintaining an attitude of neutrality, protecting the constitutional rights of workers and employers, it has thrown the weight of its power to the side of Lewis and his aggressive organizers.

When all this is said, however, the fact remains that the part government has played is the part of a partisan, not a neutral. It has winked at the illegal sit-down strike. It has ignored the violation of law involved in the wholesale arming of pickets. It has closed the mails to those who would send packages to beleaguered workers. It has taken no action against men who by violent means interrupt rail transportation.

We thought Chairman Girdler of the Republic was wrong in refusing to sign a contract with C.I.O. Now that he has extended the refusal to include even an oral agreement, we think him doubly wrong. This is not the way to invite peace in the steel world. It is not the kind of treatment due a federal board set up to find a formula to end the war. This does not, however, excuse a partisan policy on the part of the public authorities.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer

The New Deal, Federal and state, is fighting for Lewis. This, of course, has been apparent from the beginning of the strike epidemic which Lewis precipitated six long months ago. But from supplying him with negative aid in refusing to enforce the law against his sit-down strikers or his strong-arm pickets, it has now come to his rescue with positive support. Lewis, despite his freedom from anything but local interference to spread his terror as he pleased, was obviously losing the steel strike when the President stepped in with his mediation board, prefacing his intervention by openly taking sides.

Governor Earle immediately accepted the cue in forcibly closing the Bethlehem Steel plant at Johnstown. Governor Davey, reinforced with the President's own plea to the steel makers, has followed suit with similar action at Youngstown. In both Pennsylvania and Ohio the government has ordered its military to the scene of trouble—not to protect the willing worker from Lewis's mobile army of gangsters, but to prevent him from exercising his right to work. Little wonder the Youngstown pickets cheered the soldiers.

Thus we find the New Deal, author of the principle that all workers shall be free to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing, abetting a prodigious effort, in defiance of civic order, to deprive them of this very right. One gropes in vain for an explanation unless it is that we are witnessing a deliberate bid for dictatorship.

—New York Herald-Tribune



"The Popular Front government was committed to satisfying the working masses"

New Deal in France



Leon Blum, France's first socialist premier. He gave his country a new suit of clothes

IT IS AN OLD French custom to complain and protest, as the French complained and protested from the time Léon Blum formed his Popular Front government a year ago until it gave way last month to the cabinet of Camille Chautemps.

"Growlers," the soldiers of Napoleon were called. They never stopped muttering for a minute. But they always marched along. Now that the sagging franc, the need of restoring French credit, have shifted the country's attention from social welfare to fiscal considerations, the French have opportunity to look back and note just how far their grumbling marches took them during the twelvemonth which ended with Blum's resignation in June.

President Roosevelt began his New Deal in the United States more than four years ago. Léon Blum was forced to compress his New Deal for France into fifty-four short weeks. Some reproach Blum with not having led them far enough during these eventful weeks, with not having "made a revolution." Others on the opposite side of the fence see in this intellectual Parisian, with his wide black hat, bright striped tie and limp moustache, the veritable embodiment of the Antichrist. But all sides agree that during the past year something fundamental in France has been changed.

The French are a people who love to eat home-made jams and stews and to practise hand-sewing. They are a people who wear their clothing down to the thread. Nowhere else, as in France, do housewives know how to patch, mend and sew up again. This talent sometimes gives rise to curious works of art, for instance the Breton fishermen's costumes, made of pieces of red, blue and yellow cloth. But even in France there arrives a time

(Continued on page 36)

PROGRESS

OF THE MAKING of magazines there is no end. There are already more than any one can find time to read. In the mighty maze of modern periodical literature the busy man wanders confused, not knowing where to find the precise article that he requires; and often, after losing all his scanty time in the search, he departs unsatisfied. This magazine will honestly endeavor, without fear or favor, without political prejudice or religious intolerance, to represent the best that is said on all sides of all questions.

The foregoing paragraph might well be written today. Actually it was written forty-six years ago, the introductory sentences in my "Programme" printed in the first issue of a new monthly periodical that was to be known as *The Review of Reviews*.

A year earlier, and just around the corner in that same metropolis of New York, the publishing house of Funk & Wagnalls had launched a weekly periodical with a remarkably similar though more limited aim, *The Literary Digest*. "The need for this journal," they said, "is apparent. Very much of the best thought, investigation, and discovery appears in the current periodical literature of Europe and America. The greater part of this is closed to a very large majority of readers. Yet every man who wishes to keep in touch with modern progress must know the subjects discussed in the various magazines, reviews, and leading newspapers of all countries."

It has long been a harmless custom, and withal a pleasant one, for founders of newspapers or magazines to present in baptismal issues their declaration of policy, their justification for launching a new publishing venture. But the easiest part of making a magazine is to make a good statement of policy; it is much harder to live up to it through the years. Probably there never was a bad statement of policy, though there have been bad magazines. This first issue of *THE DIGEST* furnishes opportunity for a reaffirmation of editorial principles.

It is not a new periodical that is being launched, to fight for a place on crowded newsstands or library tables. *THE DIGEST* hopes to be welcomed in the place so long accorded to its forebears, *The Review of Reviews* and *The Literary Digest*. The offspring on its very first appearance will enter more than half a million homes. It will receive the critical attention, and we hope approval, of old friends on both sides of the family. It will attract new friends who never really knew either of its parents.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS readers will find few surprises in this initial issue, though they should remember that the next issue will follow after only a week's interval, rather than that of a month.

Literary Digest readers will note three major departments: the first, the Story of a Week, is necessary for an understanding of the others. Its function is to record contemporary events, quickly, briefly, with attention to their origins and trends and to the individuals who father them or are fathered by them.

The Editor Defines the Purpose of "The Digest"

In the second section, and with the "longer view," these events, origins, trends, and individuals will be explored and, we trust, illuminated by experts writing original articles for *THE DIGEST*. But an adequate mirror of modern history may well reflect more than the ideas and observations of its own editors and contributors. It may well reflect those in other publications as well. Hence our third major department, Reading Around the World.

In this three-sided mirror we believe that it will be possible for our readers to see contemporary history steadily, and to see it as a whole.

OUR 1891 program announced those same distinctive features: "A carefully written survey of events at home and abroad. . . . A readable compendium of all the best articles in the magazines and reviews. . . . A character sketch of some man or woman who has figured conspicuously before the world, written with sympathy and a desire to present the individual as he seems to himself in his best moments rather than as he seems to his enemies at his worst." That was the original purpose of *The Review of Reviews*.

THE DIGEST reaffirms those first principles, and believes that no sounder formula has been invented though thousands of periodicals have come into existence in the intervening years. Our editorial task, now as always, will be to winnow away the chaff and reveal the grain; and our work of selection will be concerned solely with the relative value of the news events to be interpreted, with the merit or demerit of articles to be digested.

With this our new product, which it will be our constant purpose to improve, we have determined to put ourselves in step with the fast-marching publishing age in which we live, to seize what we regard as an opportunity and to meet what we consider a need of that age. Streamlined eight-cylindrical automobiles have outmoded the old reliable horse and buggy.

Basically, in fact, that is the need of any age. "To enable the busiest and poorest in the community to know the best thoughts of the wisest; to follow with intelligent interest the movement of contemporary history; and to understand something of the real character of the men and women who rank among the living forces of our time—that is the aim which will constantly be kept in view."

So we said in Volume I, Number 1, of *The Review of Reviews* when that magazine was born in April, 1891. It is still our aim. It will be our aim in *THE DIGEST*. It is for our readers to say how well, or how badly, we approximate that aim in the years to come.

Albert Shaw.

Reading Around the World

Hunting Fire-Bugs

Andrew Boone in
Popular Science

THERE are more than 8,000 arson fires every year, and because of them you pay higher insurance premiums on your own home. Some authorities say one fire in five is incendiary.

One man, deciding he would burn his own establishment and collect some \$60,000 insurance, made detailed plans for the conflagration, rehearsing many times every step except the actual blaze. When everything was ready, he left town and crossed the continent from Los Angeles to New York to build up an alibi.

From the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York City, one night, he put in a telephone call for his fur store in a downtown Los Angeles building, checked off the seconds on his watch until he was sure the bell had rung fourteen times, replaced the receiver on the hook, and sat down to await results. Three hours later he was handed a telegram reading, "Fire of unknown origin completely destroyed fur stock this morning Loss sixty thousand Hurry home."

Little did he suspect, on reaching California, that firemen had found evidence which soon was to send him to prison. He was permitted to go ahead and file claim for insurance.

But the trump card which was soon to start him toward prison had not yet been played.

One day, two police officers walked into his office.

"We have come to tell you about an interesting mechanical development," they told him. "It consists of a sliver of bamboo notched to fit over a telephone-bell clapper. At the other end of the sliver is a razor blade. When the telephone rings fourteen times, the blade severs a string leading to a spring which, when released, scratches a cluster of matches on the concrete floor and dumps them in a pile of papers. Do you follow us?"

"You've got me boys," he replied, his face blanching.

Uncle Sam's fire bill surpasses that of any other nation. Slowly the fire-bug hunters are winning. In one city, fire-insurance premiums have dropped from \$18,000,000 to \$9,000,000 in two years—partly because of the war on arson.

The Pope Confesses

Illustriertes Blatt,
Frankfurt-am-Main

ON FRIDAY of every week in the year, instead of visitors' kneeling before the Pope in the magnificent apartments of the Vatican, His Holiness himself kneels down before another ordinary, fallible mortal. A simple little priest, who enjoys no glittering rank in the ecclesiastical hierarchy, slips silently up the stairway to the papal private apartments and in the chapel which adjoins even the most magnificent apartments, hears the confession of His Holiness's sins and gives him absolution.

For the Pope himself—infallible though he may be when he is proclaiming *ex cathedra* a dogma of the Church—is also a human being, and as a human being he is capable of sin. This weekly confession



One Man Show.—
Chicago Daily News

FROM CURRENT PUBLICATIONS

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is the supreme expression of the Pope's humanity.

When, however, the obscure priest, unknown to fame, has given absolution to the man who for millions of Catholics is the representative of God Himself, he in his turn kneels down; and in his turn receives a blessing—the blessing of the Pope.

Uncle Sam, M. D.

Drew Pearson and Robert
S. Allen in *Merry-Go-Round*

THERE was considerable excitement when Senator Jim "Ham" Lewis proposed a plan for federalized medicine to the American Medical Association. There would have been much less if it had been realized that Uncle Sam, with his doctor's bag in his hand, already has a thriving practice.

This latest development of the New Deal was conceived by the Resettlement Administration. It was done not for the sake of revolutionizing medical practice, but for the sake of saving Resettlement investments.

RA has made thousands of loans to farmers. A sick farmer can't raise a crop to pay back a loan. So RA considered it good business to keep the farmer well.

Two different plans have been tried. Under one of them, money was lent to farmers to pay doctor bills, and a corporation was created that entered into an arrangement with doctors whereby they

cut their fees one-third. This has been done widely in North Dakota.

The other is socialized medicine, pure and simple. Resettlement sets up medical co-operatives, each member paying a certain sum, and the doctors receive a fixed income.

How the system works is illustrated by the case of an RA community in Mississippi. There are 386 families in this colony, of whom 246 are members of the medical co-operative. Each family pays \$2 a month—\$1 for the doctor and \$1 for medicine. At the end of the month, the secretary of the co-op pays off the doctors and the druggists by dividing up the money in hand.

In Arkansas, a co-op has been set up on terms of \$30 a year per family. This takes care of home and office calls. For hospitalization, rates are cut 50 per cent.

Chasing Away Customers

Peter Molyneux
in *Texas Weekly*

WHEREAS foreign countries are consuming about four million bales more of cotton this year than their average consumption prior to the depression, they are consuming about three million bales less of American cotton. That is why Texas cotton farmers continue to face the choice of restricted production on the one hand or prices below the cost of production on the other. There is no outlook that this situation will improve in the near future. On the contrary, the outlook is that it will grow worse. There is no reason to expect the process of substituting foreign cotton for American cotton to slow up. There is every reason to expect it to continue at a rate determined chiefly by the supply of foreign cotton. And there is every reason also to expect the production of foreign cotton, which has increased from less than 12,000,000 bales in 1928 to more than



Ireland to England: "Is that a private peace?—or can we get in it?"—London Daily Herald

17,000,000 bales this year, to continue to expand. We say this, because we see no reason to expect the American Government to change the policies which are chiefly responsible for this situation.

A striking example of how completely ignorant of the present situation even some Texas editors are, and how they lend their columns to propagandists of policies which are calculated to aggravate it, is provided by a "canned" editorial which is just now going the rounds of the Texas press. We have noted it in several county weeklies during the past month, printed as the local editor's own expression in each case, with not a word changed except the name of the town.

It is headed "Buy American" and it reads as follows: "Probably not one Podunk citizen in a hundred ever looks to see where the article he is purchasing was produced, though if more would do so,



Spoiling a good story.
—N. Y. Herald Tribune



The end of a great tradition?
—Phoenix Arizona Republic

and more refuse to buy products shipped into this country from abroad, conditions over here would quickly improve. In China and Japan a wage equal to 15 cents a day in our money is considered fair; Germany is not much better and Russia and Belgium are not far behind. How can an American workman compete with wages like that, and how can living conditions over here be kept at their present standard if he has to? If more Americans would look to see where the merchandise they are about to buy was produced, and then refused to buy it if it came from a country where starvation wages, long hours, sweat shops and unsanitary conditions are the rule it would go far toward solving this country's employment problems, and do much to prevent future depressions. "Buy American" should be every loyal American's slogan from now on.

This is a conglomeration of false logic, unsound economics, adroit misrepresenta-

tion, and also of some down-right lying.

The real trouble is that Americans do not buy enough goods from abroad. Their purchases of "finished manufactures" from all the countries of the earth put together last year amounted to less than four dollars per capita, or about one cent per person a day. And all countries mentioned in the "canned" editorial quoted above, except China, bought more from the United States than the American people bought from them.

Of course the "canned" editorial mentioned Japan, for Japan is just now the chief bugaboo which the high tariff propagandists are using to frighten economic children in the United States out of their wits. Well, it happens that Japan is far and away Texas's best customer. And since the first of last August, a period of more than ten months, Japan has bought about three and a half bales of American cotton every minute of the twenty-four hours of every day, including Sundays, most of it from Texas. And yet Texas newspapers are printing "canned" editorials, prepared by some lying propagandist in the East, calculated to rob Japan of the means of paying for Texas cotton. Moreover, they are palming off these "editorials" on their readers as the opinions of their own editors.

Barbarian Food

T. S. Young in *The
China Weekly Review*

OF THE many edibles introduced to our people from foreign countries, possibly no one is more popular than ice cream—an invention of the American genius. Just like chop suey to the Americans, ice cream has in recent years become a very favorite food to our people, especially to the people of the younger

he's a bandit, they use the following dialogue.

Q. Where are you coming from?—A. I am coming from where I come.

Q. Where are you going to?—A. I am going to where I shall go.

Q. What do you bring with you?—A. I bring three pieces of incense and 500 cash.

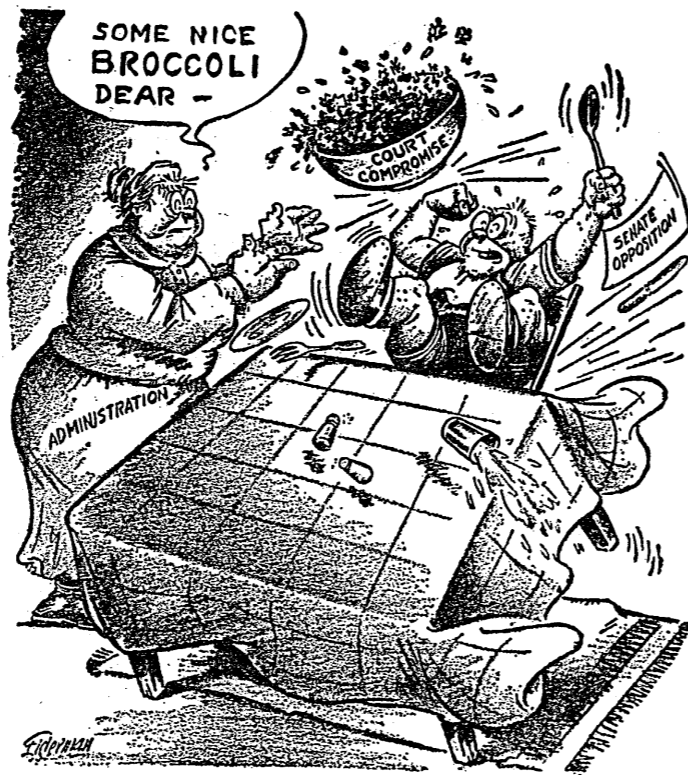
Japan's Spy System

A. Hamadan in
Pravda, Moscow

ESPIONAGE and intelligence occupy an exceptional place in every sphere of Japanese policy.

The principal objects of the Japanese espionage and intelligence service are China, the United States, England and the Soviet Union. An enormous army of Japanese spies and intelligence men is active in almost every country in the world; even in countries remote from Japan and, it would seem, without military or political interest for her, such as Iran, Afghanistan, Turkey and Greece. The Japanese spies and intelligence men abroad act under the most various disguises,—as diplomats and barbers, priests and military attachés, businessmen and photographers.

The direction of espionage and intelligence is basically in the hands of the general staff. A department of the general staff directs, regulates and organizes all spying and intelligence activities. The functions of that body are not limited to military information. It also coordinates political and military-economic espionage, the organization of conspiracies, and the training of personnel for the most "delicate" branches of its activity. Besides this, it controls the work



I say it's spinach, and the bell with it!—Washington Post

of the corresponding civil departments and of the so-called "social" organizations. Among the latter is the largest and most powerful terrorist, fascist secret society, "Kokuriukai" (meaning "Beyond the Amur" in translation), widely known under the name of the "Black Dragon." Because of the significance and the scope of its activities, this organization,

subsidized by the general staff, deserves a detailed characterization. The Black Dragon appeared on the political scene of Japan in 1901, as an ultra-patriotic, right nationalistic organization headed by the reactionaries Toyama and Utsida, closely connected with the general staff. The program of this organization aimed at a maximum of support for the Imperialistic Japanese penetration on the continent of Asia.

The Black Dragon played an important role in the period of the Russo-Japanese war by organizing espionage, intelligence work, and diversions in the rear of the Tsarist army. After the war the political influence and the sphere of operations of the Black Dragon became enormous. The espionage network of this organization has grown to include several thousands of agents. The organization disposes of special courses, schools and institutes that concentrate on training spies.

Many of the present political and military leaders of Japan have passed thru the Black Dragon school. The former Japanese Premier Hirota, began his career as a rank and file agent of the Black Dragon in Korea and Manchuria, in 1905, while he was a student.

Japanese intelligence works according to a strictly defined system and uses specific methods. In the arsenal of Japanese spies and scouts may be found the most various means of "work": black-

mail, bribery, terror, poison, robbery, murder, explosions, arson and train-wrecks. The activity of Japanese in China and other countries gives vivid examples of the employment of all these methods. In every city of China, without exception, there are Japanese spies. Seemingly, they are engaged in the most innocent pursuits. They are photographers, barbers, Buddhist monks, shopkeepers, keepers of public houses and of opium dens. Actually, they study thoroughly their sectors, draw detailed maps, gather information and photograph the most important strategic positions. Bigger agents represent cultural societies and commercial houses.

Desert Plum Pudding

Lin Yu-Tang in
World Review

THERE goes the Englishman, with his umbrella and unshamed of his umbrella, refusing to talk any language but his own, demanding marmalade in an African jungle and unable to forgive his boy for not producing holly and a plum pudding in an African desert on Christmas Eve, so sure of himself, so terribly cocksure of himself, and so terribly decent. There is an inevitability about his words and actions and gestures when he is not looking like a dumb persecuted animal. You could predict exactly what an Englishman would do even when he sneezed. He would take out his handkerchief—for he always has an handkerchief—and mutter something about the



Ghost of a petroleum king: "You must send representatives to cover this market."—Kladderadatsch, Berlin

"beastly cold." And you could tell what is going on in his mind about Bovril and going home to have a hot bath, all as inevitable as that the sun is going to rise in the east next morning. But you could not upset him. That cheekiness is not very lovely, but is very imposing. In fact, he has gone round conquering the world with that bluff and that cheekiness, and his success is his best justification. For myself, I am rather intrigued by that cheekiness, the cheekiness of a man who thinks that any country is dog-gone

and God-forsaken whose people do not take Bovril and do not produce an inevitable white handkerchief when the correct moment comes. One is lured to look behind that extremely brazen front and take a peep at his inner soul.

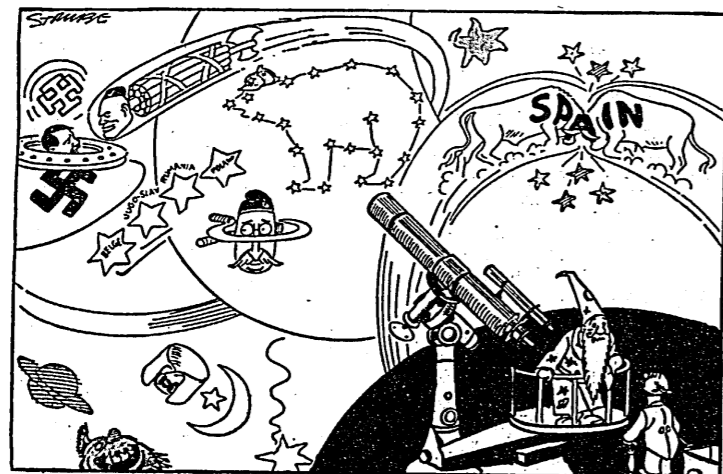
Of course, there is something in it. His soul is not such bad stuff and his cheekiness is not just side and airs. I sometimes feel that the Bank of England can never fall just because the English people believe so, that it can not be closed simply because "it isn't done." The Bank of England is decent. So is the English Post Office. So is their Manufacturers' Life Assurance. So is the whole British Empire, all so decent, so inevitably decent. I am sure Confucius himself would have found England the ideal country.

Now for the welding.—N. Y. Post



JULY 17, 1937

THE DIGEST—JULY 17th ISSUE—Dead Slug



Any signs of peace?—N. Y. Times

Simple Arithmetic

Hugh S. Johnson in
The World-Telegram

WHEN national income was about \$77,000,000,000 the lowest 42 per cent of us got only about \$10,000,000,000 of it, which is less than \$870 a family. The highest 58 per cent got \$67,000,000,000, or \$4,200 a family. To shift enough to the lower 42 per cent to make somewhere around the third New Deal goal of \$2,400 a year you would have to take from the upper 58 per cent about \$18,000,000,000 a year in taxes and give it to the lower bracketeers. They would then have \$28,000,000,000, or a little more than \$2,400 per year per family. The upper 58 per cent would then have \$49,000,000,000, or a little more than \$3,600 a year per family.

Push these figures a little further and see what you get. Instead of \$2 of average income in the low brackets to \$3 in the high you could make average income



When the Russian worm turns.—Il 420, Florence

in both brackets equal. Just tax the families in the upper half \$28,000,000,000 a year and give it to the lower. Everybody would receive \$2,800 a year and what would you have?

You would have Communism, complete



and pure. If the principle is ever adopted at all, would it not instantly be pushed to that full point? What argument would there be for not going the whole way? If national income is to be put in a pool and divided up on any rule, what other rule could be defended except the rule of equality?

Herr Hitler's Horrors

Robert d'Harcourt in
Revue des Deux Mondes

THE inhabitants of a little German town gather in the main Square. A queer looking structure, sprung up overnight, attracts general attention. Twelve heavy trucks, painted blood-red and with the inscription "Public Enemy No. 1" on their sides, have arrived the day before. Now, placed side by side and their inner walls removed, they form a single whole. The travelling anti-Soviet exposition has come to town.

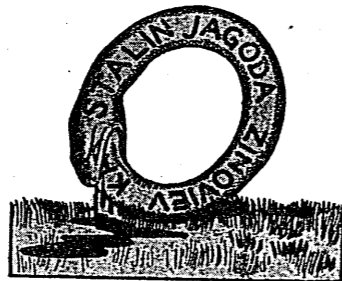
Bolshevism, as Public Enemy No. 1, is the sole exhibit. Inside, presented with all the skill in propaganda of which the Nazis are past masters, is a very simple story in pictures.

Here is a huge map of the world with the continents and seas easily seen though covered with mist. A black and grey giant stands over Moscow. He is scattering white leaflets over the world—Communist propaganda. These leaflets bear different words according to the country intended. Those falling over Africa say

"Down with the Whites!" Those flying over India cry "Down with the British!"

Another panel shows what stands behind the propaganda. On a large map, next to a tiny Germany, we see the immense Russian Asiatic plain, an inexhaustible source of soldiers and materials. Numerous dots fill the map. Each represents a regiment of the Red Army backed by tanks, airplanes, heavy artillery, and machine-guns. Germany is the defender of Western civilization against this menace from the East.

Further on we see pictures of Soviet actualities as compared to their promises. Tired, bedraggled women are shown dragging hand-carts; others are performing manual labor in factories. Then comes a comparison of prices. An ill-made Soviet shoe sells for 135 roubles a pair; a pair of stout German shoes sell for 12 marks.



Specimens of Bolshevik anti-religious propaganda complete the exhibition.

Four-Bit Estate

Henry Ozanne in
The New Masse

I BELIEVE the largest service of the American Newspaper Guild in the nearly four years of its existence is its debunking of this trade, the press. I suppose only an Odd McIntyre knows how that myth called Newspaper Romance ever grew up in America, but it was well on the way to becoming a national legend when the Guild put the skids under it. You know the conceits of the old fable, something like this:

Reporter: a devil-may-care young chap of hidden native genius; capable, as occasion requires, of smashing out the story of the year; doesn't care a damn about such prosaic questions as salary, hours, and conditions of work; can go anywhere

on five minutes' notice, and at any instant may burst forth with the Great American Novel.

Copyreader: one of those half-mad, grumpy fellows with a green eye-shade; an arch individualist who doesn't give a hang for job or boss; a sort of squatting encyclopaedia, liable on a moment's notice to jump up from his desk and stomp off to a better job.

City Editor: a surly, pencil-chewing potentate who snarls orders at the staff, but who preserves a secret tenderness for the Cub Reporter; possesses some indefinable genius that sets him apart from the rest of humanity.

Publisher (the Old Man): a tough business man with a great social vision who mingles with his paternal love for all his employees a burning passion to set the town right; ranks next to the preacher as the divine agent for administering to the community.

There were many other components of the legend: Gal Reporter, the Cub, Slot Man and Columnist. (Despite Heywood Brown, the Guild has not yet quite debunked that last.)

But the isolation of a professional class has been smashed by the American Newspaper Guild.

Let's revise the old myth:

Reporter: an experienced newspaper man of many years service, father of a family, paid about \$30 a week, who has been in constant fear of losing his job as he grows older, and who hasn't met any "interesting people" since the bootlegger.

Copyreader: one of those all-too-prosaic chaps who sits on the "rim," and has tried for years to stretch his \$40 to cover a living for his family; hasn't seen a green eyeshade in the office since they fired old man Jason when he couldn't read the datelines any longer.



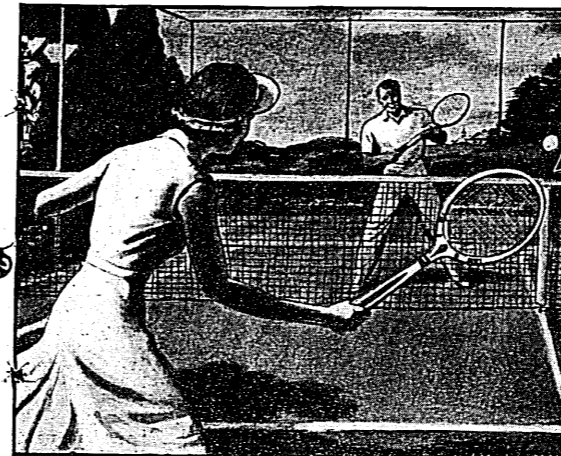
City Editor: a young hopeful whom the office has just "advanced" by dumping the grief on him and raising his pay \$2.50; is acquiring a rush of ideas.



THE DIGEST

Planning your vacation?

Know your Heart



DON'T be reckless on your first day of vacation. You don't have to play six sets of tennis, thirty-six holes of golf, or swim a mile. The trained athlete doesn't. He knows better. He breaks in gradually.

Exercise which is taken too strenuously at the beginning may strain the heart. The chances are that your heart is good for all the reasonable exercise you will want on vacation. But why guess about it? Let your doctor examine you before you go away on your summer holiday.



Some hearts, even in younger people, are dependable for the usual routine of life but do not stand up under unusual or prolonged effort. The cause may be a previous infection which has been entirely forgotten. Rheumatic fever—"growing pains" in childhood—may have left the heart permanently impaired. In middle-aged persons, particularly those who are overweight or who have a tendency to high blood pressure, important changes often occur in the arteries of the heart which definitely limit its endurance.

A heart that is somewhat below par, if used with care and discretion, may outlast a much stancher one that is abused. Each year many people die of heart disease which might have remained just a heart "condition" if they had realized the need for caution. Sometimes indigestion, nervousness or lung ailments are mistaken for heart trouble, causing needless alarm and anxiety.

Drop in to see your doctor before you go away. Be prepared to get all the enjoyment and health you should out of your vacation. *Know your own heart.* The Metropolitan booklet "Give Your Heart a Chance" contains much valuable information that you should have. A post card will bring you a copy. Address Booklet Department 837-V.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER LEROY A. LINCOLN
Chairman of the Board President

ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Dietrich as a Russian countess in *Knight Without Armor*

MOVIES

THE LONG awaited result of Marlene Dietrich's junket across the Atlantic Ocean is somewhat disappointing. Alexander Korda lured her from her native Hollywood last winter to star in James Hilton's *Knight Without Armor*, promising her and the rest of the world a Super Class A product.

Probably the most notable items about this English film of Revolutionary Russia are that Robert Donat, her co-star, appears without his moustache and Miss Dietrich appears during one sequence in a bubble bath, a touch which is far too charming to be disconcerting.

These two news notes by no means imply a flippant attitude toward Mr. Korda's product. Rather a sense of sadness that he has let his public down a bit. One expects so much more from the producer of *Rembrandt* and *The Private Lives of Henry VIII*.

Treating him as a mortal, however, his mass production blood and thunder adventure story is more than adequate summer entertainment. Like all the rest of the pictures that have been turning up lately it is cram full of fighting men. *Captains Courageous* and *Slave Ship* are marine yarns in which the ladies figure unimportantly or not at all. *Slim* dedicates itself to the vast army of brawny heroes who attend high tension wires. *The Road Back*, Remarque's sequel to *All Quiet on the Western Front*, limits itself to masculine post war disillusion.

Now comes *Knight Without Armor* to paint a romantic and often very confused portrait of what the Red armies did to the White armies and vice versa. True, Miss Dietrich appears frequently on the screen, enchanting as ever to all the peo-

ple she automatically enchants, but she barely speaks fifty words throughout the performance. Can this sudden stress on sinewy, out-of-door, overcrowded films be indicative of anything? Have we another trend in our midst, or is it perhaps a sop to a currently fighting minded world?

The story, by the way, concerns Mr. Donat's efforts to save the life of Marlene. Since he is a British spy acting as a Bolshevik and since she is a die-hard countess, the job is no joke. The picture has a little bit of everything, including a Siberian prison camp and that famous Russian ghost train which went invisibly through the station making an awful hullabuloo at the same time every day. There are countless firing squads. Sometimes the Whites mow down a gross of Reds. Sometimes the Reds mow down a gross of Whites. After a while this becomes as familiar as an old razor blade.

London Films, for some reason or other, pays a glowing tribute to the United States in the end. The American Red Cross appears all of a sudden, crisp and white after reels of bearded Russians, to effect the final rescue.

Jacques Feyder's direction is commendable, particularly as he had so many people to keep under control. Through no fault of his own, however, it is not as subtle as his direction of *La Kermesse Heroique*. *Knight Without Armor* is, after all, an honest, straightforward picture intended for every one but students of Russian history and cinema sophisticates. Though they all give sound performances, nobody in the cast except the stars will be familiar to American audiences. This is not a drawback for, as the advertise-

ments in a trade paper so aptly put it: "Dietrich plus Donat equals Dough."

ENGLISH pictures seem to be usurping American screens these days. Gaumont-British has just released *King Solomon's Mines*—also packed with extras, adventure and fighting.

There isn't any need to recapitulate the story for as every one knows, H. Rider Haggard wrote it. Like all his pseudo-mystical tales, it concerns a chase for treasure in a forgotten corner of the world. In this one, you will remember, three white men, a white girl and a Negro trek across three hundred miles of African desert in search of Ophir where Solomon seems to have left a pretty lucrative gold mine. They don't know until they arrive, of course, that swarms of ominous, war-dancing natives keep sullen, cannibalistic watch over the mine.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke, John Loder and Roland Young play the three white men. Hardwicke does a more than creditable job considering he is the one who has to deliver all those pompous Haggardian speeches. Anna Lee, word of whose beauty has already seeped into these shores, lives up to expectations. She is a blond ingenue with no irritating characteristics.

Best of all, however, and the real reason for going to the picture no matter how much 1937 has outgrown Mr. Haggard's naivete, is Paul Robeson. The director, Robert Stevenson, very wisely used every device in his kit to play up Robeson's possibilities. Big, mighty Paul swaggering across the desert; his torso outlined against the sky, is a photographic masterpiece. He sings three songs too. There's no use going superlative about this. It looks silly in print. Just let it go that Robeson sings, with the additional comment that he is in magnificent voice and that the sound director deserves quite as many bouquets as Mr. Stevenson. The full orchestral accompaniment to his desert solos doesn't, for some unaccountable reason, seem particularly ridiculous.

There are several things that do seem ridiculous, among them the fact that Mrs. Lee's screen father walks away at the end of the picture just as though he hadn't broken his leg an hour before. It's all right, though, more all right than *Knight Without Armor* as far as this department is concerned. That may be unfair, since Paul Robeson's presence gives it a pretty terrific head start. In case any one remembers an incredibly dreadful picture called *She* which toured the country several seasons past, don't be frightened. Mr. Haggard was also responsible for *She*, an item which terrified most of the critics when they were faced with attending *King Solomon's Mines*. Their fears were quite unfounded. Gaumont-British did justice to its fantasy.

Incidentally, Geoffrey Barkas, the director in charge of location filming in Africa, kept a log during the company's three months stay. Among other curiosities, he reports a tough time signing up natives for the picture. They were suspicious, and for a long time resisted enticing offers. Reason: They thought the Britishers wanted to sign them up to fight in a real war.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Witchcraft Today

By Montague Summers:
A Popular History of
Witchcraft (Dutton, \$2.75)

SATANISM is alive today. It is a power in the land. Mysterious, unseen, wholly evil.

In 1899, M. Serge Basset, a well-known French journalist, was present at a Black Mass. He was ushered into a lofty room of some size fitted up as a chapel. About twenty persons were present of whom seven or eight were women.

At the far end of the room, dimly lighted by one faint lamp, he could half-discern an altar, and when six black candles were presently lit he could see that they were ranged on either side of a monstrous figure, a hideous goat with great red staring eyes. The walls of the room were painted with esoteric designs with scenes of the most shameful obscenity.

A somber chant was heard in low mournful tones. More candles were lit and there approached the altar a man in a richly laced alb and a cope of flaming scarlet. The server was a woman, a horrible hag. The voices of server and celebrant alternated in low muttered tones.

Suddenly a girl hardly beyond her teens darted forward, and stripping off her clothes knelt stark naked before the altar. She mounted the altar where she lay at full length covered by a black veil. In hideous parody of the Offertory a jeweled ciborium was presented whence the celebrant drew a large black host and elevated it with the ritual prayer. From time to time the woman on the altar screamed and moaned.

By this time all were in the state of nudity. It seemed as if worse horrors were to follow. M. Basset clasped his hands before his eyes. Two men who had been intently watching his every movement sprang forward and caught him by either arm and hustled him towards the door. "Get out," they said, "You've seen too much already."

Undressed Diplomats

By Colonel T. Bentley Mott:
Twenty Years as a Military Attache
(Oxford University Press, \$2.50)

HOW THE uniforms which our diplomats wore in the days of Washington and Jefferson, Monroe and Jackson,

came to be abolished by Act of Congress has an amusing side. The incident which brought it about is said to have occurred in Florence, a gay capital in the 'fifties. Our representative there was something of a dandy who wore his uniform with distinction as well as with pleasure. He spent much of his time and money lavishly entertaining the Italian aristocracy.

A visiting congressman, however, failed to receive from him the kind of attention he desired and thought he deserved, so, upon his return to Washington, he set about taking his revenge with considerable subtlety. He introduced a bill prohibiting diplomatic officers from wearing uniforms, and the arguments with which he supported it can readily be imagined, for we have heard them repeated many times since. His proposed law, exciting little interest or opposition, was easily passed and has remained to this day unaltered on the statute books. It is a mistake to imagine that the efforts to get around this ban upon uniforms originated in the breasts of diplomats.

Unfortunately, the example set by the greatest republic in the world has been followed by other countries which have adopted the republican form of government. Even Germany, with all her love of uniforms, has, since the War, put her diplomats into evening dress. But I think Goering can be trusted to alter this practice, unless indeed, he decides to prevent all competition with his present pre-eminence in the matter of raiment. And then, also, it must be borne in mind that the Treaty of Versailles is silent as to German diplomatic uniforms. If it had prohibited them, we can be sure that a great stir would now be made to restore them.

In 1905 the evening clothes of a republican envoy led me into an unfortunate break. Mr. and Mrs. McCormick were giving a great reception in Paris and all the diplomats had come in full uniform. It grew very hot in the ballroom and Mrs. McCormick asked me if I did not think a window ought to be opened. I had started off to have this done when I ran plump into a colored man dressed in a butler's black coat. Being used from my childhood to negro servants, I said to him: "Please go and open each of those windows just a few inches."

"Je vous demande pardon," replied the colored man, "mais je ne parle pas anglais."

"Oh," I answered in French, "I only wanted to know if your Excellency did not think it was altogether too hot in this room!" He was a minister from one of the negro republics.

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The Morning After Taking
Carter's Little Liver Pills



"Radical-Socialists are neither radicals nor socialists." Above—delegates to the party convention: one bristles, the other sleeps

NEW DEAL IN FRANCE

(Continued from page 24)

when there is nothing left to do but throw out these old clothes and get new ones.

Carrying the characteristic of French seamstresses into French political life, the cabinets which succeeded the Poincaré National Union ministry in 1926-28 gave themselves to the work of patching with all the adroitness of a housewife. Zealously they tried to repair the well-worn old state with the pieces which would show the least.

For the most part, the patching was directed by the Radical-Socialists, who meanwhile were forced to play a game of balance and teeter constantly back and forth between the Right and the Left.

Coalition governments have been the rule in France, where at least a score of parties—sometimes twice that many—send representatives to the Chamber of Deputies. Before 1924, governments were based on coalitions of parties representing the Center and the Right. After that date they were usually controlled by the Radical-Socialists, who, however, lacking a clear majority in the Chamber, had to invite the support first of the small Center parties and secondly of the Socialists. The Socialists tendered general support, but only so long as the Radical-Socialists did not sponsor laws contrary to Socialist aims. They did not take part in the actual government.

Radical-Socialists, be it noted, are nei-

ther radical nor socialist. They are middle-of-the-roads; they correspond to the Liberal party of Lloyd George in England. To use the words of Edouard Herriot, long their leader, they are "neither reactionary nor revolutionary." Herriot's principle was not to have any principle.

The Radical-Socialists were long the dominant party in France and the largest numerically in the French Chamber, because they expressed a basic French reality. Just as France is a country of thrifty and nimble-fingered housewives, so it is also a country of craftsmen, of small landholders and shopkeepers, of employees who have difficulty in adapting themselves to mass-production, to trusts, or to big financial and economic combines. At the same time, they are the inheritors of a long tradition of social struggle and of a democratic ideology which is summed up more or less happily in the three words, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," and which obliges them to take a consistent and progressive interest in public affairs. All these facts and factors find expression in the party of the Radical-Socialists.

But the big fact of the 1936 general election was the triumph of the Socialists, led by Léon Blum—the Radical-Socialists had been hard hit by the Stavisky scandal of 1934 and the subsequent riots. Yet, elevated to the top, the Socialists

were still dependent upon the support of other groups in the Chamber. Quickly they linked arms with the Radical-Socialists. Soon they had allied themselves with the Communists, who had suddenly about-faced after years of refusal to support any government. On June 6, 1936, Premier Blum appeared before the Chamber of Deputies with his three-sided Popular Front government to declare: "Fidelity to commitments will be our rule. The public welfare will be our goal."

The era of patching had come to an end. France was to have some new clothes, of colors predominantly pink.

Above all, the government of the Popular Front was committed to satisfying the working masses who brought it to power. Had Blum tried to defer these reforms, he would not have succeeded. From the time the new Chamber of Deputies convened, 1,350,000 workers occupied the factories, developing a new technique to drive home their demands, the stay-in, sit-down strike. Surprised during breakfast as it were, the employers were obliged to agree to the raising of salaries as demanded, while Parliament voted the 40-hour law designed not only to shorten the hours of those already employed but to give work to the four or five hundred thousand who were jobless.

This 40-hour law is in the course of being applied. One of the first moves of the Chautemps cabinet when it succeeded Blum's last month was to publish a decree ordering its application in hotels, restaurants and cafes.

Big bosses object because it increases their production costs, little bosses because it breaks the quasi-family relationship between themselves and their employees. Housewives do not know what to do with themselves on Mondays when all the food-shops are closed, and society women no longer receive on that day. Meanwhile, city workmen enjoy their new leisure by invading the countryside in numbers. Those who have gardens cultivate them. Others give themselves over to sports. Not a few succumb to additional rounds of drinks, which often create family disorders.

Time alone will clarify the full effects of the 40-hour law. Apparently, it will have pronounced advantages for certain employers, notably those in the tourist trade. Certainly it makes France one of the most socially advanced countries in Europe.

Along with the 40-hour law, Parliament voted the law of paid holidays, which permits the masses of people to have a life not completely absorbed by work. To spread the benefits of this law, the highly popular annual-holiday railway ticket was invented, giving the bearer a 40 per cent reduction on all railroads.

In the twinkling of an eye, the invention lodged itself among the established customs of the country; more than 600,000 workmen already have taken advan-

tage of it. New trains were put into service with greatly reduced fares. A number of cruises to Algeria were organized, and many workers crossed water for the first time in their lives. Agreements with hotel operators permitted the workers to take trips into tourist centers which previously had been practically inaccessible to them. The Riviera, beginning with the months of August and September, knew an unheard-of prosperity.

But the deck for the French New Deal was still far from full. Many other social welfare laws were passed to complete it. There were laws defining the relationship between employers and employees, laws easing the lot of war veterans, miners and many others whose salaries or pensions had been cut under preceding ministries in order to balance the budget. To absorb the unemployed, a public works law was voted, authorizing the expenditure of 20,000,000,000 francs over a three-year period. There were also laws on the nationalization of war industries and subsequent decrees of expropriation against such firms as Brandt, Renault (construction of tanks), Hotchkiss, La Pyrotechnie Française, Ateliers Mécaniques de Normandie, La Société des Torpilles de Saint Tropez.

The most important financial measure taken was the reform of the Bank of France, which was not an organism of the state but a private establishment belonging to 40,000 stockholders. For practical purposes, it had been directed by 12 regents—the majority of the Bank's general council—elected by the 200 biggest stockholders, the symbolic Two Hundred Families who were made an issue in the elections. A Popular Front law promulgated July 24, 1936, has revolutionized this general council of the Bank of France. It now contains repre-

sentatives not only of the stockholders but of the social and economic interests of the nation (agriculture, commerce, the crafts, unions, coöperatives, savings banks) and of the different departments of the government.

Having rounded out his New Deal, Premier Blum's government stepped out of office when the French Senate refused to give him the considerable fiscal powers he demanded. But it was noteworthy that he took the vice-premiership in the cabinet of the Radical-Socialist Chautemps and that he made the Chautemps government possible by exhorting his Socialist followers to support it. Decidedly, he is still a man to be reckoned with.

Likeable, cultivated, friend of the more famous French litterateurs, Léon Blum has something of the double nature of all men who attempt to combine dreams and action. In his youth, before he gave himself to politics, he was a poet who both exalted the past and sympathized with present weakness.

"I do not know," he once wrote to Pierre Louys, "if I will ever be able to direct either a work or my life according to a well-defined method with a firm will. It seems to me that there will always be in me, as much as I can know it, a quality of indecision and of failure to achieve."

His enemies have used such phrases to picture a soft man without will power, a sort of ghost with no faculty for getting things accomplished. But today, looking back over the long road they traveled during the year of his premiership, few citizens of France would say that Léon Blum lacked will power—whatever else they might say of him. Fewer still would say that he lacked the ability to get things done.

—Jacques Baron, Neuilly-sur-Seine



French sit-down girls pose a sit-down atop a Paris factory

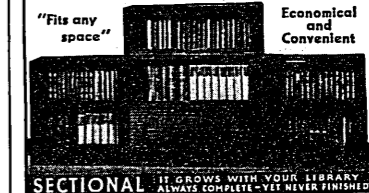
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CELLAR CLUBS

(Continued from page 19)

without spending their families' rent money—and without getting in trouble.

Their girl friends drop in or are brought in. They sit around, playing chess or checkers. They listen incessantly to the swing bands on the air. They dance. They play pingpong. Or they simply moon and talk about life from the depths of a deep if shabby chair. They plan a benefit dance to help out a neighborhood family in need. They run a party to help flood victims, or victims of every winter's tenement fires. They arrange Sunday baseball games, picnics, hikes, boat rides.

Romance blossoms. It would anyway, even on the windy street corners. Romance is part of every cellar club, one reason why they exist. A fellow can't bring his girl to his home. There simply is no space for them.

Couldn't they do all this, and in better surroundings, at the nearest settlement house? If they could the club members wouldn't readily part with thirty cents a week. They want bright new shirts and gay ties and movies quite as much as any bunch of boys their age.

"We're here, near Avenue D," says one of the Nut Clubbers. "There's no settlement house right near. We work hard, manual labor most of us, and we're tired nights. We need a place near home. The settlement house is full of kids. Besides, we can't have a place of our own there. We can use a room one night a week—but we got to have a meeting. We can go to gym once a week. Most of us do that now. And at the settlement we can't run things exactly. Here we elect our own officers, we raise money when we need it. We do things we want."

At another East Side club, the Soliath on East Broadway where all the members are high school graduates and many of them take college courses in the evenings. All the boys were members of a settlement house club during their high school years.

"We had arguments among ourselves for a year before we decided to leave the settlement," the president of the club explains. "We finally had to leave. We can't just sit home evenings. And we can't depend on the settlement where we get a meeting room once a week and gym once a week. Where did that leave us? Hanging around on the corner the rest of the week! We're not loafers. We don't want to hang around on corners like bums. It isn't good for us."

"We don't blame the settlement houses down here. It's the same thing in Brooklyn, in the Bronx, everywhere. Every once in a while we give a benefit dance for the house we graduated from. They need help. But we do too."

"We need a real youth center, a place better than a cellar, no matter how nice a

cellar it is. We got murals, two rooms, a pingpong table. But when we get a real center, just for fellows and girls our age, the cellar clubs will disappear. Until then we'll keep our cellar, and so will the rest of the boys. We need a place to hang out."

The clubs are open evenings, generally from seven o'clock to midnight, seven nights a week, fifty-two weeks a year. Summer months merely change the complexion of the activities; boys who belong to cellar clubs rarely get out of the city except for a few Sundays at a beach.

"We're going to have deck-chairs out in the back alley," said one East Side club member proudly, "and get a couple of boxes to plant flowers in. That's for our vacations."

Life in a cellar

That is life in cellar clubs as it looks to a reporter spending weeks of evenings on those drab orange- and rose-lit basements where a quarter of a million New York boys and girls spend their evenings.

As warmer weather approaches, tenement windows are opened to admit the little puffs of air that brave airshafts, the dusty breezes of slum streets. Open windows also admit the sounds of radio and piano, sometimes late, too late in the evening. Girls squeal and giggle. The boys argue loudly. Neighbors call the police.

Every spring means raids in cellar clubs. But this year the raids were more consistent, more widespread, openly aimed at destroying the clubs. A crisis had come to the cellar club.

"We have just had a favorable decision, rendered by Magistrate Troy," says Harry E. Prince, first deputy tenement house commissioner of New York, "in a test case that gives us a weapon against these cellar clubs. Now I am going ahead and close them up. We are going to clean the city of these clubs."

Prince believes that the clubs are breeding places of crime, that liquor is taken inside, that young girls are attacked, that marijuana is smoked—in short, "these clubs have no place in our social setup."

The boys in their cellars are up in arms. Many of the parents support their fight, sign petitions, visit police commissioners to present their side of the case, for there is another side.

"Not all social clubs," the president of one club admits, "are what they ought to be. But that stuff about crime—do they mean us? We play cards, but not for money. No club should allow it—for their own good. Some clubs, too, have members who live in the Bronx and belong to a club in Brooklyn. They don't live there, nobody knows them, they don't care what they do. Clubs ought not to allow members who don't live in the neighborhood."

"We're all boys from this neighborhood," says the Nut Club. "The cops on this beat know us all since we were kids. They know we're not fellows to do anything wrong. We don't allow gambling. We made it a rule because some fellows haven't got the control they ought. They lose money their families need in the house. Not even bets are allowed in our club. Another thing, we don't admit outsiders unless we give a dance."

These particular boys recognize the problems and are looking for solutions. In the past year they have been able, long before the current drive began, to remedy their own shortcomings. Last year their activities were confined to those listed above. This year they have been holding forums, lectures, discussions once a week. Parents are invited and attend. Occasionally they give parties for their parents. They have group studies. They attend WPA theaters in a group. They publish a newspaper twice a month. Their club is in the local federation of social clubs and when they are confronted by a problem applying to their own membership, to the club federation, to the community, they map and follow through action of some sort.

This club has found use for what might be called a "faculty adviser," a trained teacher and youth worker, a member of the Youth Service Division.

Until recently no social agency of any sort reached the hundreds of thousands of youngsters organized in clubs of their own making, their own regulating, their own sometimes unimaginative and helpless planning. They were drifting. No leadership, no effective use of educational opportunities still within their reach, no workable plan of tackling their separate and group problems.

Even today only one city, New York, attempts to provide the unostentatious leadership needed by these drifting boys and girls with small future, small salary, large problems. In some cities existing agencies such as the Y.M.C.A. or men's clubs had gone into tenement areas to organize boys in recreational and educational clubs that centered in their home neighborhoods. But the need of leadership is great and wide.

Youth Service

A little more than a year ago the Youth Service Division, a WPA project under the New York Board of Education, was set up. The object was to reach in an educational way the out-of-school youth of the city. The hope of the project was to demonstrate that young men and women could be led to solve their own problems, could help to solve community problems.

"If we could have 6,000 teachers for New York alone," says Frank Kaplan, supervisor of the project, "we could hope to begin to meet the needs of young people now in groups independent of and without trained leadership." These young people, of course, have long since quit

school, though Mr. Kaplan represents the Board of Education.

The project found that there are close to 10,000 social clubs in the city, 6,000 in their own clubrooms, chiefly cellars except for Harlem where practically all cellars are being used as dwellings. Additional thousands of clubs have quarters in rear-ground-floor apartments or in stores; many have no permanent clubrooms but meet in members' homes, in political clubs, in churches.

Of all the clubs, 85 per cent are actually rooted-in, a definite part of the life of the community where the club is located. Some have special interests such as study circles, athletics, choruses, dramatics; one exists for the purpose of raising enough money to open and run a cooperative millinery shop for the girl members. But the great majority of the clubs are based on the need for social activities.

Unemployed members

Of the members, chiefly boys though there are some girls' clubs, a few coeducational and some girls' auxiliaries to the boys' clubs, approximately 15 per cent come from homes where relief is the only support of the family—excepting Harlem again where a much greater percentage come from relief homes. About 30 per cent of the club members are unemployed. Fifty to sixty per cent of the membership are in blind-alley jobs, working in factories or stores, as clerks, laborers, in the lowest paid positions. Only 10 to 15 per cent are skilled workers.

Few of the employed club members are in unions. Many of them are too young or else hold positions of a type not unionized. Almost all the club membership of New York belongs to no other organization.

The average education does not go past two years of high school. Those who have completed technical training, or even high school courses, have been unable to find work in the fields for which they are equipped.

Given this background, the limited educational opportunity, little hope for the future, bitter need for recreation, the boys and girls have quite naturally set up their clubs. This is their way to keep off the streets, to furnish for themselves what the community has denied them. And, quite as naturally, the clubs just about stop there—unless leadership is forthcoming.

Mr. Kaplan finds that while the clubs have been meeting only the most obvious needs of their members, the boys and girls respond readily to a kind of guidance designed for their special situation. They need such help, and usually they know it.

"To the youth worker who spends considerable time learning to know the group in the club," says Kaplan, "an analysis reveals a more or less shell-shocked youth. He finds young people escaping from life by incessant dancing, card-playing, movie-going, listening to radio comedy and thrillers. It is not unusual to find among the

group prejudices, superstitions, racial antagonisms (and anti-social attitudes) of an adolescent variety."

But it is unusual to find a club where response to leadership is lacking. The fifty-two youth workers now in the field have concentrated on the city areas where the cellar clubs are most numerous: Harlem, the lower East Side, the lower Bronx, and the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. The individual problems of club members, group problems, everyday difficulties and needs have been attacked from many angles. And in almost every case the results have justified the effort.

Local resources, adult education classes, vocational training, cultural activities, have been brought into the picture. The Youth Service Division workers get speakers for the club forums. They encourage and gently guide the club meetings toward facing problems realistically and finding community agencies to help in the solution of those problems.

Thus a girls' group in Harlem, interested in sewing, made a fairly thorough and factual investigation on "What could we sew that is needed by people in our neighborhood?" They decided on children's clothes to donate to the hospital, made a tour of the hospital, found things they thought should be changed, and set about changing them.

Another group found itself, after trained leadership had made its quiet way into the group, sponsoring classes to teach English to foreigners. The foreigners were the parents of the members.

In practically every club where the Youth Service Division has a worker, the young people are well aware of the reasons for the drive against cellar-clubs in general. They recognize that occasional extremes, of a sort found both in and out of youth clubs, create a false and harmful opinion. They want to avoid even those rare extremes.

"We'll take care of things," they say honestly and confidently, "if they just give us a chance."

What they mean by a chance is: first, youth centers designed to fit the needs of their own groups; second, no police interference and more assistance such as they have been getting in small doses from their "faculty advisers."

Meanwhile the police department and the tenement house department of the city are ready to oppose cellar clubs as plague spots, ready to abolish them or put them in the hands of police under regulations requiring that no girls enter club premises, that a list of members be furnished to the police with full information on each one, that licenses be issued by the police department.

Maybe the clubs could function under such imposed censorship.

"We don't give up our cellars," the boys say flatly, "unless we get something better. And we don't mean reserved space on the corner."

—By Frances Fink

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Perfection—The young couple sat at a night club table and cooed heavily.

"We could get married easily," whispered the boy. "My father's a minister."

"Okay," returned the girl promptly. "Let's try it. My father's a lawyer."—*Mark Hellinger in New York Mirror.*

A Tribute—Danny, along with many other little lads, went to school for the first time, and like many other little boys' fathers, Danny's father asked him how he liked his teacher.

"All right," was the reply.
"Is your teacher smart?" teasingly persisted the questioner.
"Well, she knows more than I do," admitted Danny.
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Pun—My Word!—"What's worse than raining cats and dogs?"

"I don't know, unless it's hailing a street car."—*West Point Pointer.*

Soleless Soul—A backwoods woman, the soles of whose feet had been toughened by a lifetime of shoelessness, was standing in front of her cabin fireplace one day when her husband addressed her:

"You'd better move your foot a mite, maw, you're standin' on a live coal."
Said she, nonchalantly: "Which foot, paw?" —*U.S. Coast Guard.*

Oops!—Professor: "I won't begin today's lecture until the room settles down."

Voice (from the rear): "Go home and sleep it off, old man."—*C.C.N.Y. Mercury.*

The High Sign—"What do the three balls in front of a pawnshop mean?"

"Two to one you don't get it back."—*Farm & Ranch, (Dallas, Tex.)*

Hollywood finds just the right type.—Il Travaso. Rome

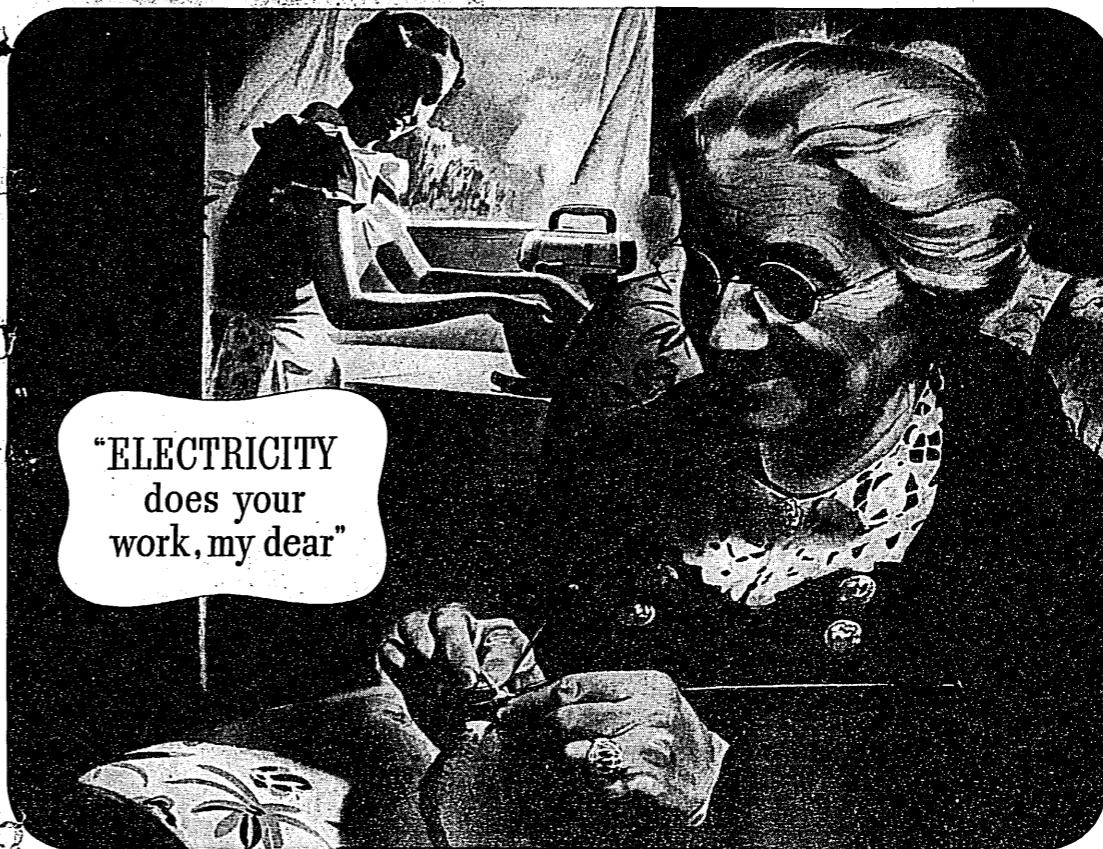


0397

THE DIGEST

THE CURIO PRESS, INC., U. S. A.

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY • EAST PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA



"ELECTRICITY
does your
work, my dear"

When granddaughter says she "does her own work," Grandma chuckles!

"CHILD, did you ever touch a smelly old kerosene lamp?" Grandma asks. "Every morning I used to collect a dozen from all over the house, fill them and trim the wicks. The smoky glass chimneys had to be washed in hot suds, rinsed and polished. You make your rooms light as day by just snapping a switch."

"My home had coal stoves in most every room, with a carry and ashes to empty. With your automatic heat, there's no lifting and no dirt. Before I was your age, my back had been trained over a washboard. Washing's hardly work at all with the electric laundry of yours. It's a relief. My father hated carrying up those heavy carpets and cleaning them! You can spring-clean

in a few minutes once a week with your vacuum cleaner. "Electricity does your work, my dear. You just boss the job!" And the electricity which frees granddaughters from drudgery, and gives them leisure, light, radio and refrigeration, costs only about twenty cents a day, or less than a penny an hour.



Westinghouse

The name that means everything in electricity

0398

The Spice of Life

(Title registered U. S. Patent Office)

Perfection—The young couple sat at a night club table and cooed heavily.

"We could get married easily," whispered the boy. "My father's a minister."

"Okay," returned the girl promptly. "Let's try it. My father's a lawyer."—*Mark Hellinger in New York Mirror.*

A Tribute—Danny, along with many other little lads, went to school for the first time, and like many other little boys' fathers, Danny's father asked him how he liked his teacher.

"All right," was the reply.
"Is your teacher smart?" teasingly persisted the questioner.
"Well, she knows more than I do," admitted Danny.
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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Gillette Go!—*Barber:* "What's the matter? Ain't the razor takin' holt?"

Victim: "Yeah, it's taking holt all right, but it ain't lettin' go again."—*U. of P. Punch Bowl.*

His Fault—An Aberdonian went to Australia. When he returned three years later he found his three brothers, all with beards, at the railway station.

"What's the big idea?" he asked.
"Ye ken quite well ye took the razor awa' wi' ye," was the reply.—*The Watchman-Examiner.*

OR SO THEY SAY—

Justice Van Devanter: "The voice of the steel industry does not reach to the Potomac."

Sir Arthur Keith: "War is a factor of progress. Nature keeps her human orchard healthy by pruning."

Charles E. Hughes: "Publicity is a great purifier."

Theodore Parker: "Democracy means not 'I am as good as you are,' but 'You are as good as I am.'"

Anne O'Hare McCormick: "The English say Germans are most formidable when they are on a diet."

Lady Nancy Astor: "The only worthwhile thing in the world is the English way of thinking."

Emir Abdullah of Transjordan: "Why must Moslem countries always quarrel? Why can't they live peacefully like Christian nations?"

Simon Eddy: "Wally Simpson? Gone with the Windsor!"

F.D.R.: "Humanity is not Society. Humanity is just Plain Fol!"

Hollywood finds just the right type.—Il Travaso, Rome



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THE DIGEST

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REEL No. A-0405

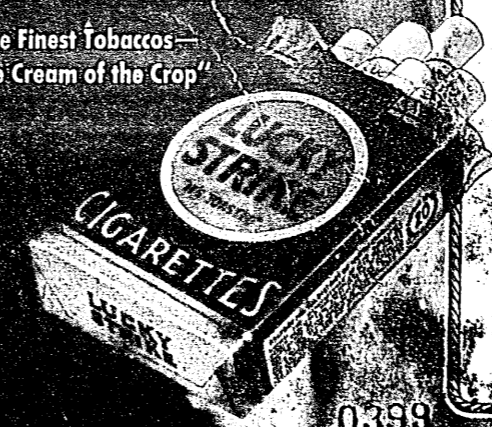
アジア歴史資料センター



Gary Cooper
 SAYS:
 "It's common sense
 for me to prefer
 Luckies"



The Finest Tobaccos—
 "The Cream of the Crop"



"A little over a year ago I changed to Luckies because I enjoy their flavor. Ever since, my throat has been in fine shape. As my throat means so much to me in my business, it's plain common sense for me to prefer this light smoke. So I'm strong for Luckies!"

Gary Cooper

Star of the Paramount Picture "SOULS AT SEA"

We recently told a smoker what Gary Cooper says about Luckies. The smoker replied: "Then they ought to be easy on my throat, too!" We told him how other leading artists of the screen, stage, radio and opera—together with professional people such as doctors, lawyers and lecturers—also prefer Luckies. We explained that Luckies are a light smoke because the process "It's Toasted" removes certain throat irritants naturally present in all tobacco. The smoker said: "That sounds sensible. I'll try Luckies!" Why don't you try them, too?

A Light Smoke
"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection
 AGAINST IRRITATION—AGAINST COUGH

0399

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アジア歴史資料センター



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アジア歴史資料センター

寫送先

東亞 歐亞 米洲 通商 條約 情報 文書 調查 文人 會計 會社 秘書官

(河相)

門字類分項目

極秘

電信課長 森

大臣

次官

昭和12 三二一二五

暗 紐育 十二月九日後發 十日 前着

精

廣田外務大臣

若杉總領事

第二七六號、極秘

貴電第一四〇號ニ關シ(雜誌「ライ」送付方ノ件)

四日附機密第四三五號拙信ヲ以テ三部郵送セリ

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外務省

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極秘

部 (分類 13. 5. 0. 3)

情報部	昭和三十二年十二月四日	在紐育	總領事 若杉 啓	外務大臣 廣田 弘 毅 殿	雜誌「ライ」送付ノ件	本月三日當地ニ於テ發賣セラルル週刊寫眞雜誌 (其月番号)ニ關シテハ取致ス電報ヲ以テ御報告申上ルニ處テ雜誌別添ニ却テ御送付ス
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在紐育日本總領事館

外國新聞雜誌同係雜誌

才課長

昭和三十二年十二月十四日 接受

0400