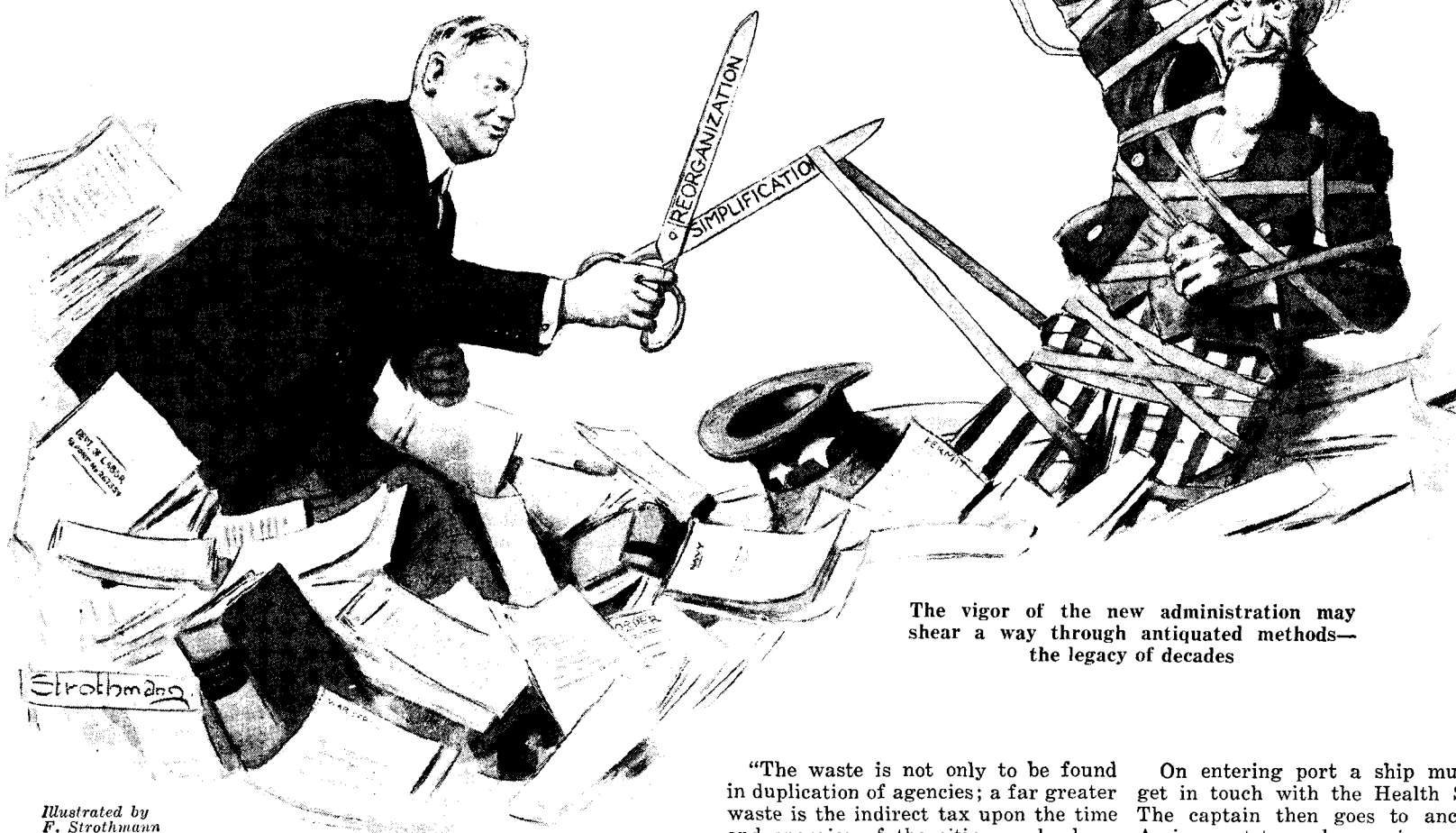


Uncle Sam goes Modern

By Merle Thorpe

Editor, Nation's Business



The vigor of the new administration may shear a way through antiquated methods—the legacy of decades

Illustrated by
F. Strothmann

Our national administrative methods, permitting actual competition between federal purchasing agents, nine inspections of a single ship by as many government departments, are a hundred years old, inefficient and costly. Mr. Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, championed simplification. So Washington is now watching for a drastic overhauling—and the end of red tape

UNLESS the signs are all wrong, you and I and some hundred and twenty million other stockholders will see a reorganization in the affairs of our largest business corporation.

It will affect us in two ways: First, it will reduce the expenses of our corporation. Second, all of us have business contacts in one way or another with this corporation. The reorganization will make it easier for us to carry on these contacts. In fact, the apparent and obvious saving will be small compared to the larger intangible saving. It will not only reduce the assessment which you and I and every other stockholder pay yearly to our corporation, but will give us larger returns in dividends.

You have already guessed what this corporation is. It is the government of the United States. It is not only the biggest corporation in the world but its methods and practices are most archaic and cumbersome.

President Butterworth, of the United States Chamber of Commerce, in a first-of-the-year 1929 statement to members, said:

"The federal government has become vast. It has upwards of 500,000 persons in its employ. Its organization is so complex that the current issue of the Congressional Directory uses thirty-two pages of small type to show the nine

executive departments containing more than 100 bureaus, with some of those bureaus in turn having sub-bureaus. It then is compelled to add twenty pages where, under the head of "Miscellaneous," it presents fifty-eight other agencies ranging from the Federal Reserve Board, the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the Federal Trade Commission to the Board of Surveys and Maps.

"Quite naturally there is the same tendency in the federal government as in state governments to multiply administrative agencies. Reorganization of the administrative side of state governments was undertaken in such states as Illinois, where more than 125 separate agencies were found in existence, and in New York where there were 187.

A Big Job for Someone

"Reorganization in the executive side of the federal government is a great task. Indeed, the task is so great that it has baffled many of the efforts which in recent years have been made to accomplish it. But the benefits to be obtained are so obvious that this task is worthy of any efforts, however prolonged and arduous, that may be necessary to bring about simplification in organization that will increase efficiency and make plain where official responsibility in fact lies.

"The waste is not only to be found in duplication of agencies; a far greater waste is the indirect tax upon the time and energies of the citizens who have business with the government, in finding their way from one agency to another."

Thoughtful men observed in the last campaign that both candidates for the Presidency had a similar outstanding qualification. The hope in Governor Smith was based on his record in New York State, where he had consolidated 187 departments and agencies with wasteful, overlapping and confusing functions into eighteen departments. Governor Smith said:

"I consider this reorganization of the State government the second most important accomplishment of my administration. Until that business reform was brought about we conducted the State's business as it was conducted fifty years ago."

President Hoover is likewise known to have a deep-seated conviction that the next step in government economies is a reorganization of federal agencies. On one occasion, as Secretary of Commerce, he expressed himself to the effect that the fine results of the budgetary system in producing economies "have now almost spent themselves unless there can be such a reorganization of government administrative structure as makes it possible to secure better appropriation policies to eliminate overlaps and unnecessary division of functions."

At the same time he pointed out that this saving to taxpayers, great as it is, would be small in comparison with the saving of intangible expense incurred by citizens traveling from one department to another in an effort to get action on matters affecting their particular business. He added that our industries and businesses are badgered to death by a host of non-coordinating agencies, each asking for the same information. I heard him tell how the captain of an American ship entering the port of New York is now required to come into contact with fifteen officials, spread over nine different departments of the government!

On entering port a ship must first get in touch with the Health Service. The captain then goes to anchorage. Assignment to anchorage is now in the War Department. He must report to a pilot; that is a state function. He must then obtain anchorage directions from one bureau; still another bureau inspects his boilers and life-saving devices; another helps to sign off his crew; another inspects his immigrants; another registers entry of his ship; and another bureau attends to customs on cargo. He must go to another bureau for changes that may have occurred in lighthouse and other signals; he must go to still another for charts of domestic waters and still another for charts of foreign waters. When he leaves port he has to go back through most of these departments in order to get away again. It creates a considerable tax on the efficiency and operation of ships.

Our Expensive Harbors and Ports

A reorganization in which would be concentrated the enforcement of the navigation laws, the signing of his crew on and off, the steamboat inspection, the marine division of the custom house, which handles the entry and discharge of ships, the various maps and sailing directions, and the anchorage control, would reduce by five or six the points of contact that the ship's captain must make.

In the port of New York alone the federal government expends \$200,000 a year for various craft in the harbor which are used by federal government officials. Mr. Hoover once reported to a Congressional committee that he had had one of his assistants make a study of the possible reduction of the volume of craft used within the harbor in transporting government officials about and in carrying out government functions, and the report showed that a consolidation of these functions with better cooperation among them would reduce the expense by something like \$110,000 a year. This (Continued on page 54)

THE newspapers reported, under a Washington date line,

"Yesterday, in the House of Representatives, the Congressman from Lynn, Massachusetts, strongly recommended a tariff on boots and shoes."

But read this . . .

"In Czecho-Slovakia there is a town named Zlin.

"There was in Zlin a Czech named Bata. Bata made shoes by hand. One day, having heard of Lynn, Massachusetts, he migrated there. He entered a Lynn shoe factory . . . and carefully studied the machines that made the shoes.

"Then he returned to Czecho-Slovakia and resumed his trade. This time, he made his shoes on machines, too.

"Today, Mr. Bata . . . in Zlin . . . makes 65,000 pairs of shoes every day. He advertises his product throughout Czecho-Slovakia. Because of him, a multitude of Czecho-Slovakians can now wear shoes.

"And thus helping Czecho-Slovakia, he yearned to help America likewise. He observed that shoes enter the United States free . . . and he began to send shoes into this country. At first a few, then more, now lavishly. This year, his factories will turn out millions of pairs of shoes for American consumption.

"Graduate of Lynn, Mr. Bata has become the terror of Lynn. On any class day reunion, he would be elected unanimously Lynn's most unpopular alumnus. The degree of his unpopularity is measured by what the Representative from Lynn recently told his brother Congressmen in Washington. He said to them, in part,

"I want to tell you gentlemen that if you do not put a tariff on boots and shoes, you are going to wipe out of existence the main industry of Lynn.



Two WAYS to Tell a STORY



During March of this year, 450,000 pairs of shoes were imported into this country from Czecho-Slovakia free. I appeal to you to give us justice.' "

Two ways to tell a story. Which do you prefer?

The second is taken from the pages of *Nation's Business*, official publication of the United States Chamber of Commerce. It is a typical example of one of the dominant editorial policies of this business man's magazine . . . not merely a cold reporting of the facts, but the reasons behind those facts . . . not merely the "what" of the matter, but the all important "why" of it, too.

Many times discontented with surface facts, *Nation's Business* in this way goes behind the scenes, digs deeply beneath the obvious, unearths and brings to light otherwise hidden information that helps to stimulate and clarify your understanding of pertinent business trends and problems.

Because this is true, the readers of *Nation's Business* are each month receiving on their desks and in their homes the *real* news of business. It is *real* news because its significance is interpreted for you, because the things back of it are explained, because its possible effect on you and your business is clearly indicated.

Perhaps this is why the circulation of *Nation's Business* has grown to more than 300,000. Perhaps this is why the President of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, Mr. J. J. Bernet, says,

"I read *Nation's Business* because I can not afford to miss it."

Perhaps this is why you should be reading *Nation's Business* every month yourself. Its cost is \$7.50 for three years. On the newsstands, twenty-five cents. Or send to Washington today for the booklet "*Ten Reasons Why*" that will tell you more about it.

NATION'S BUSINESS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY



THE UNITED STATES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

More than 300,000 circulation

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ MERLE THORPE, Editor ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Why should any



THIS monogram is the finest reference an electric servant can have. Whether on a fan, a MAZDA lamp, or a versatile helper such as a Hotpoint automatic electric range, the G-E monogram assures you of faithful, dependable, and economical service.

GENERAL

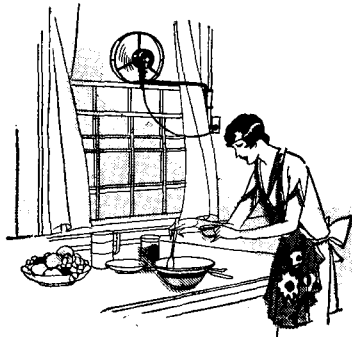
woman have a hot stuffy house *when electric fans can be operated for about 4 cents a day.*

IN FACT, why should any woman be satisfied with less than the dependable comfort and convenience of the *completely* electrified home?



Breeze through the night with a bedside fan

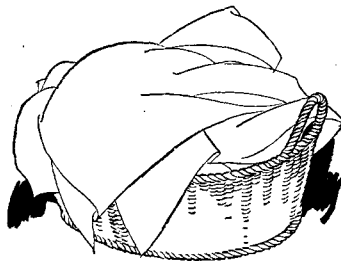
How they "fag" you . . . these sweltering nights when there isn't enough breeze to stir a spear of grass! Make your own breeze. G-E electric fans are as easy to own and operate as floor lamps. Just plug them into convenience outlets. Give yourself and your family refreshing rest at night; and make your home a pleasant place to visit all day.



This air isn't free but it's well worth half a cent an hour

A G-E fan keeps the air moving without making a draft and costs less than half a cent an hour to operate. Human beings are more human if they have their air changed 3 to 4 times an hour. Kitchen air

should be changed 15 times an hour. Here the regular G-E household utility electric fan should be in constant use.



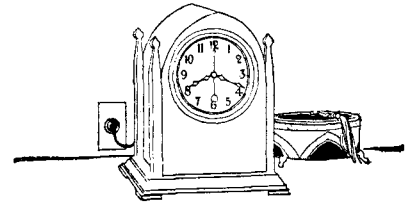
In, Dry and Dirty— Out, Clean and Dry

Why not wash and dry your clothes by the same method that has been used in commercial laundries for years? Now a home-size machine gives you the same convenience. You wash and rinse with electricity. Then the same motor whirls your clothes dry . . . ready for ironing. Wash *day* can be turned to wash *hour* for about 50 cents a week (including the cost of the machine).



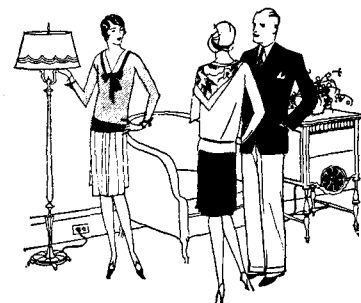
Gloomy rooms—gloomy thoughts

Your eye muscles have to work more than any other muscles in the body. Eyestrain caused by inadequate and improper lighting has a direct relation to nervousness, despondency, and "moods". A portable reading lamp placed behind the left shoulder should be supplemented by light from fixtures or additional portables, all properly shaded so as to supply diffused illumination for the whole room. G-E MAZDA lamps cost so little—about half as much now as six years ago—and they're twice as efficient!



New Magic!

What time is it? The Telechron always gives you an accurate answer, and it never needs to be wound, oiled, cleaned, or regulated. It contains no springs or escapements—only a tiny motor operated by the alternating beat of the same current that lights your home, browns your toast, and powers your radio. Telechron is furnished in a wide variety of styles adapted for living room, study, dining room, or bedroom. Ask your Telechron dealer to explain in detail how Telechron works, and why it is always accurate to the second.



If you ever want to rent your house

Won't electric convenience outlets be among the first things your "prospects" will look for—one of the chief things that will determine its rental value? Or if you are building a new house or renovating an old one, what more essential investment than the electric system? New and better electric appliances are being developed all the time—every room should be equipped to plug them in. Also, the installation of new outlets costs comparatively little and doesn't mean tearing up floors and plaster. If you specify "G-E Wiring System" you can be sure that it will be efficient and adequate.

Any woman who does anything electricity can do for her is working for a few cents a day.

ELECTRIC

JOIN US IN THE GENERAL
ELECTRIC HOUR, BROADCAST
EVERY SATURDAY AT 8 P.M.,
E.S.T. ON A NATION-WIDE
N.B.C. NETWORK

Still Waters

By Frederic F. Van de Water

The Story Thus Far:

RICHARD YORK of Aristides, N. Y., is accused of the murder of his uncle, Adrian York. Driven to desperation by the brutality of Chief of Police Clow, Richard breaks free and finds refuge in the attic of a deserted cabin in the mountains. He sees a load of liquor stored in the cabin and hears arrangements made for its disposal. Convinced that the bootleggers are responsible for his uncle's murder, he sends an urgent message to Desire Minot, formerly his fiancée and daughter of the district attorney, to send State Trooper Tarleton.

Desire and Tarleton arrive together. As they enter the cabin they are held up by a bootlegger, left to guard the liquor. Richard, dropping from the attic, overpowers the man, but in so doing badly wrenches his ankle. Tarleton recognizes in their prisoner Skeen, former top sergeant of the troop of state police to which he belongs. Skeen has taken to drugs. Unable to move Richard in his motorcycle, Tarleton leaves him in the custody of Desire and takes Skeen to jail. Richard tells Desire to put a light in her window if she ever wants to see him again. A few minutes later McGrogan's gang approaches. Richard hides Desire in the attic. He is captured and taken to the Hole in the Wall.

Meanwhile in Aristides Ebud Meister, secret confederate of Chief Clow in bootlegging and his rival in love, has been murdered. Captain Wilgus, Clow's assistant and the secret partner of McGrogan, turns suspicion upon his chief. Clow confesses the murder. He wrecks the car in which he is being taken to jail, but is fatally injured in the crash. On his deathbed he confesses that he shot Adrian York.

Tarleton returns to the cabin and finds Desire alone. She tells him McGrogan is at the Hole in the Wall. He summons the state police. Wilgus refuses to help. He interviews Skeen, who warns him to keep away from McGrogan. Single-handed, Tarleton sets out to stop the bootleggers from escaping. Wilgus reaches for the phone.

Conclusion

THE clamor of the bell pulsed through the dark silence of the Hole in the Wall, insistent as the ache that throbbed in the ankle of Richard York, half sitting, half lying on the foot of an unmade bed in a close little room where a candle burned, fighting off, for no clear reason, a weariness luring him to slumber.

From the yard at the rear of the building, a truck roared throatily and was checked. The muffled noises of a surreptitious activity continued; the grunt of straining men, the clatter of metal, suddenly stilled. The reiterated shrill of the telephone went on. Someone called. A door slammed. Feet ran upstairs and went past his room. The bell was hushed and he heard the purr of Izzy McGrogan's voice.

The imprisoned man listened, staring abstractedly at the yellow tongue of the candle flame. He yawned and wiped watering eyes. In the stillness, the gang leader's speech came through the partition, unmistakably distinct, and York fancied he detected in the wide-spaced monosyllables quickening tension. Other feet came quickly upstairs but above their sound the listener heard McGrogan promise:

"Sit tight; we'll get him." There was sinister portent to the brief promise, casual deadliness that made the listener blink. He heard the receiver returned to the hook as hasty footsteps sounded in the hall. Directly outside his locked door, a voice spoke:

"Izzy, if we load that still on first, there ain't gonna be room for—"

The feline softness of McGrogan's voice smothered the other's speech.

"Listen," it commanded. "Nemmind that now. That damn' trooper's horn-ing in. By himself. Can you imagine that?" His laugh was a little gloating

whine and he went on more quickly. "You know where Benny is? Beat it down an' tell him. The big dose, Jerry." Through the sound of the other's departure, he added, "And don't leave him in the road."

York sat rigid, incredulous. Beyond that locked door he had heard murder planned with a matter-of-fact brevity. Gradually his mind absorbed what it had received. Tarleton was coming. Someone, this "stool pigeon" of whom McGrogan had spoken, had betrayed the trooper. McGrogan's gunmen would kill him, sweep him out of the way as one destroys a bothersome fly.

He fought back horror urging him to vain outcry. That telephone in the next room! If he could only reach it! His helpless gaze searched and found no resource. McGrogan's footsteps went softly along the hall. York shouted, an inarticulate sound of anguish not entirely feigned. He heard the gang leader halt, hesitate, and called again, seeking desperately for plausibility as the key rattled in the lock and he confronted McGrogan with pale, wavering composure.

"I take it back," he faltered with an uncertain grin. "I need a shot, McGrogan. This ankle's raising hell with me."

Illustrated by
Ernest Fuhr



Wilgus' yell was broken by the thud of flesh on steel. With a terrible smile, Skeen fastened his free hand on the uniform collar

"It's on the bureau," the other replied, nodding, and York observed with an inward qualm the liquor bottle standing almost within arm's reach.

"I KNOW it is," he retorted, concealing perturbation with pretense of agony. "But I can't reach it without moving and if I stir—"

With a furrow of impatience above his black eyes, McGrogan stepped into the room and York, pitching head foremost from the bed, caught him about the knees and heaved. The gang leader yelped. The crash of his fall shook the house. From the yard below, someone called in alarm. McGrogan's answer was a wordless gurgling, for York, the pain in his abused ankle lashing him to more furious effort, had clamped a crooked arm beneath the other's plump chin and was strangling him.

The gang leader strained and writhed. York set his teeth and hauled back the sleek head. The smell of hairgrease was strong in his nostrils. He dodged clawing fingers, a thumb that jabbed expertly for his eyes, and felt with a qualm the unwholesome softness of his antagonist. This killer, this desperado was the spongy, unmuscled body of a woman.

McGrogan's lashing feet beat on the floor. A heel struck York's injured ankle and drew a gasp. In chill, enveloping fury, he proceeded with the work of killing. His free hand reached for the rum runner's chin and McGrogan's teeth drove through his thumb. Rage, coupled with agony, unsettled York's cold intention. He tore the hand free and thrice drove a bleeding fist against the other's prisoned head. Beneath him he felt the body collapse, lie

still and below heard a door slam and feet begin on the stair.

The sound restored sanity. He relinquished his grip on McGrogan and scuttled on all fours toward the open door. The anguish of his ankle burned upward through his leg. His knee struck a clattering obstacle. It was McGrogan's pistol and he gripped it and with clumsy, noisy haste, crawled through the hall to the darkness of the next room.

A VOICE squalled behind him, as he hauled himself across its threshold. With the blundering slowness of the nightmare-ridden he swung his body out of the way, slammed the portal and with a shaking hand felt the key in the lock and turned it.

From the hall came a howl of outrage. As York, (Continued on page 44)