

## The Kansas Cut-Ups

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

IT IS a fatal thing to come to the Senate with a reputation. This was illustrated in the case of George Wharton Pepper, who fortunately for himself was defeated for renomination from Pennsylvania by William S. Vare.

Mr. Pepper came to the Senate arousing the expectation that in him at last had been found a member belonging to the great company of Webster, Clay and Calhoun. He talked like a bishop who had confused the Republican national platform with the second book of Deuteronomy. His thinking was a composite photograph of the mental processes of Jim Watson, Reed Smoot and Warren Harding.

It is being illustrated over again in the case of Henry J. Allen, recently appointed Senator from Kansas to succeed Mrs. Gann's distinguished brother. I can't pretend that Mr. Allen looked anywhere near so Olympian as he entered the Senate as the lamented Pepper did.

Mr. Allen is short, shiny on top of his head, protuberant below the diaphragm. His orifice for oratory is long and thin. His face has a quizzical look.

He acquired that quizzical look when William Allen White began writing about him that he was a humorist, probably when the Emporia joshier had reached about volume three of his classical series of books about "Henry and Me." For it was Bill White who created the reputation that preceded Henry to Washington.

Bill White and Henry Allen were the two end men of the minstrel show of Kansas politics, until the new political team, Mrs. Gann and Brother Charlie, crowded them off the stage. Their funniest stunt was performed while Henry Allen was Governor of Kansas.

### The History of a Great Law

Henry had a solution of the labor problem. It has long since been forgotten, riddled by the courts or something like that. But a solid reputation for statesmanship remains. Everybody realizes at once that Henry Allen is a constructive statesman, but he can't remember just why. Well, it was that law.

Now for the stunt of the two Kansas cut-ups. Henry was advertising his labor law, making speeches about it all over the land, thinking that big business would make him President as the man who had the industrial recipe for which all the ages had been waiting. So Henry threatened to put in jail any Kansan who laughed at his law.

This was too much for his side-kick

Bill, who stood out on the sidewalk of Emporia laughing loud and long at Henry's law, collecting a vast crowd and creating a scandal and inviting Henry to put him in jail. It was funny!

I am trying to build up piece by piece Henry Allen's reputation as it preceded him to Washington. First there was Bill White, a generous soul and furthermore a humorist in need of an interlocutor, a team mate. And then for statesmanship there was that law, nobody knows now what it was about. But it was a great law.

### An Added Distinction

But that is not all. The Kansas rural editors have for a long time enjoyed the reputation of writing with gusto and freshness. And Henry Allen was a Kansas rural editor. Moreover, he was an editor who could make a speech and that in itself was enough to mark a man as one of distinction. There has not been a public dinner in the last ten years that Henry Allen has not been invited to address.

The funny part of it is that a very good after-dinner speech sounds frightfully thin in the Senate.

The two cut-ups used to worry Charlie Curtis and Dave Mulvane back in the old days. Bill finally went Bull Moose and Henry wobbled around the edges of that great hallelujah movement.

So the Republicans began casting about for someone that they could elect, someone not so Bull Moose as to alienate the regulars and not so regular that the Bull Moosers would not vote for him. Henry seemed clearly indicated. Bill White had by that time reached about volume six of the "Henry and Me" series, so he was well press-agented.

Besides, as Dave Mulvane said, "He's abroad and can't get back until after the election and distance will lend enchantment to his charms." So he was nominated and elected while in Europe.

In the last campaign he was the publicity man for the Republican National Committee. In that capacity he had the happy thought to have Bill White attach his name to a scandalous attack upon Governor Smith, the Democratic candidate for President.

Bill attached his name and detached his name, then reattached his name, then redetached his name so often that Mr. Hoover's friends couldn't see the fun in it. However, they probably see the humor in the oft-repeated newspaper story that Henry is "Mr. Hoover's spokesman in the Senate."

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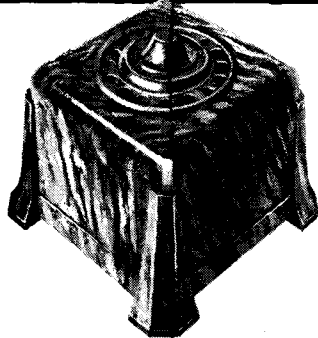
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move to hurry them. I won't even bill them until Swetfager & Co. is open for business. Yes, sir, Merrill has the business now, but he's only minding it for me; when I open up I'll lift the trade right across the street.

"Let's go downstairs, Pete. There are a few real people in the hotel, and you ought to meet them. I'll bring him back, Vee; don't look so worried."

The girl's eyes dwelt on Pete as the men walked to the door. The colonel was better than passable in black and white, but Pete was magnificent if shiny at the seams. He had found a suit that fitted him, and he looked like an ambassador.

"There's the governor," said Colonel Swetfager, when they were in the spacious foyer of the Belcain. "The man in gray who is holding his handkerchief to his mouth. He's worth knowing."

**H**E LED the way into a writing-room and to the tight little group of men around the chief executive of the state. He drew on his cigar, placed it carefully on a table, and went up to the governor and shook hands, disregarding a touch of hostility in the atmosphere about him.

"I didn't know you were in town, my boy," said the colonel with a hint of patronage. "Let me present a young friend—Galloping Pete Pemberwick, the great Harvard tackle of a few years ago."

"Hello, Pete," said the governor, giving Pete a brisk handshake.

"Break clean, my boy," murmured the colonel in Pete's ear. "We mustn't attract attention to him."

They returned to the foyer.

"There's a somebody," said the colonel, indicating a hard-faced and silent man who was the center of a loud-mouthed group. "That's Clendellin, the fight promoter, who is bringing the next heavyweight championship bout to New York. This sort of acquaintance cuts two ways, Pete. Still, one need never shirk a sporting acquaintance."

He slapped the taciturn sporting man on the back and caught his hand when he turned. "Clen," he said, "I want you to meet Galloping Pete Pemberwick, the great Harvard tackle of a few years ago."

"I saw you play, Pete," said Clendellin. "What's your racket now—pro football? Drop in at the garden."

Pete met successively an actor whose show was the reigning hit, a stunt flyer who had become overnight as famous as Steve Brodie, and a very wealthy young lunkhead who was being sued for a million by an anguished adventuress. The colonel knew everybody who was anybody, and, impressively, it was he who seemed to condescend.

"They're only half glad to see me," he said, chuckling. "They owe me money, Pete, most of them. Pete, I think I'll take you up on that proposition. Come down to the office in the morning, and we'll have it out, and if it looks good to you we'll sit down together, man to man, and get up an informal paper empowering me to negotiate the sale of Aunt Hannah's bag of tricks and transferring to you the book accounts as security. You to get a quarter interest in Swetfager & Co., Pete. Bring up every doubt; forget that I'm Jake Pemberwick's old friend. Shall we go back to Vee now?"

**O**F THE many splendid and colorful objects in the apartment of Hannah Jones Pemberwick, late of the county of New York, deceased, the most gorgeous

## Galloping Pete

Continued from page 7

and awe-breeding was a military uniform.

Late in the afternoon of the day following Pete Pemberwick's night out with Colonel Ernest Swetfager and his chestnut-haired niece, the aforesaid uniform was in the square foyer of the apartment. Its magnificence, which would else have cried out loud, was hushed by the decorously drawn shades; its excess of glory was obscured, and it shone dully, like the sun through the horizontal misty air, like a funeral trapping from the tomb of an ancient king. It was, at a swift glance, of Venetian green, with vermilion facings and with cascading shoulder things of Roman gold. It was seated in a chair, and its posture was slovenly. On a table before it was a whisky bottle of one-fifth gallon capacity. Inside the uniform was a man; inside the man was the whisky. The bottle was empty.

The black eyes in the man's flushed face were staring fixedly. They were staring straight across the foyer at a Frans Hals that was the jewel of Miss Pemberwick's collection and that had been respectfully hung in the center of a living-room wall. The subject of the picture was a guitar player in a costume of the olden time, with a lickerish laugh on his loose red lips and an impudent insinuation in the bold eyes that he was raising to the invisible object of his serenade. He was obviously a nasty fellow, but the centuries had absolved him, and it was now quite all right for him to leer and ogle and mock on the living-room wall of a proper and even prudish maiden lady.

That is, Miss Pemberwick had found him quite all right, had been proud of his company, had brought her friends; but he was on no such comfortable footing with the man in the uniform in the chair. The man was not feeling gay and tuneful, and he wanted company in his misery and not mocking laughter.

"You burn me up," said the man. And he picked up the bottle and hurled it. The bottle hit the guitar player between the eyes, shattered itself against the wall, and, in the act of dissolution, obliterated the head of the guitar player.

"On the beezer!" said the man, feeling better, but not much. In his left hand was a naked ham bone. He hurled it at a pink vase of the Ming Dynasty that was artfully wired to a slender pedestal of green marble. The vase flew into shards and flinders.

**T**EN minutes later the man closed the service door of the apartment behind him, descended the service stairs, hung a pass key on a nail inside the superintendent's door in the basement, ascended to the main hall and stood at attention beside the bronze entry doors. "Ten minutes late, Matt," said the superintendent, who was a martinet.

Matt Lowery said nothing, did not even glance aside. The spell of his calling was again upon him. He was again one of those unfathomable beings whose presence gives prestige to great houses.

A taxi came up Park Avenue; behind it followed a small motor van. The vehicles halted before the apartment house. Matt Lowery marched out to them. He opened the cab door and stood rigidly at attention while Pete Pemberwick and Colonel Swetfager alighted.

Pete said to the superintendent in the main hall, "We are going to move out the things that are mine." He had been at the house in the morning.

"Yes, sir," agreed the superintendent. "You have your key, sir?"

Pete and the colonel entered the Cir-

cassian walnut elevator car and vanished. Matt Lowery stood erect and brooded over a vacuum.

The elevator door reopened. Pete and the colonel reappeared. They were haggard, aghast, incredulous. Pete said hoarsely to the superintendent, "Is there a madman in this house?"

"Mad about what?" asked the superintendent.

"Miss Pemberwick's apartment is a total wreck! There isn't a single article of all my belongings there that hasn't been smashed to smithereens, and deliberately. Get in the police! No—here, I'll go around. Where's that cab?"

"Cab," said the superintendent.

"Yes, sir," said Matt Lowery, and he marched into the street. The cab whirled up in answer to his whistle. And then something amazing happened: Matt Lowery, clad in full regalia with fourragère, got into the cab that he had been ordered to call, slammed the door behind him, and departed into the unknown.

"I'm blessed!" said the superintendent, running out.

"Bless him," cried Pete at his elbow. "It was he!"

"I'll thank you, Mr. Pemberwick," said Colonel Swetfager with emphasis, "for that assignment of the book accounts that you had of me this morning."

"You shall have it," said Pete, quietly despairing. "I'll go right down to my lawyer and get it."

"Cab, sir?" suggested the superintendent.

"Yes," said Pete. "No," he said, after feeling for money. And he plodded to the plebeian subway.

**I** HAVE the papers you left for me, Mr. Pemberwick," said Mr. Pye when Pete was closeted with him: "the copy of the bill of sale and the assignment."

"Bill of sale!" said Pete. "I signed no bill of sale. It was—"

"Who was your lawyer?"

"I was my own lawyer, Mr. Pye."

"You had a fool for a client, Mr. Pemberwick. The paper you signed was a bill of sale, if the copy is to be believed. It is better to read what you sign, Mr. Pemberwick. You parted with the title to your property when you delivered that bill of sale and became the owner of these book accounts."

"Then Colonel Swetfager was the owner of those things when that lunatic smashed them up! Ah, but that doesn't help me. I can't take that assignment."

"As to that," said Mr. Pye enjoyably, "you have two recourses since the transaction was tainted with fraud. You can accept and confirm the deal or you can denounce it. There has not been a Swetfager in Swetfager, Merrill & Tilford for forty years. The partnership was dissolved recently on the death of Mr. Joseph Tilford, quite as you were told—with this difference, that the \$190,000 in accounts receivable consisted exclusively of bad debts. On the reorganization these accounts of deadbeats were sold off to a Mr. Ernest Milton for \$600. There is on record an assignment from him to an Ernest Swetfager, consideration unnamed. He is probably your colonel. Almost certainly his name is not Swetfager; he adopted that name to work some fraud. That does not affect your ownership of these worthless debts; a name is only a means of identification. How did you fall into his clutches?"

"Never mind that angle. But he knew



everybody! Why, he introduced me to the governor and big people like—"

"He introduced you to men who meet people in droves and don't remember half their acquaintances. I dare say he is a professional sharper. Can I do anything further for you, Mr. Pemberwick? You may retain the advance of \$25 that I let you have until payment is convenient."

He shook hands. "I still advise you, and even more urgently, to go into business. Opportunity, Mr. Pemberwick—"

"Is snatched bald-headed, Mr. Pye," said Peter with a dreary smile. "I'll paste that in my hat. Good day, and thank you for what you tried to do."

ON HIS way uptown in the crowded and sweaty subway he counted his ready cash. He had \$4.15. His big fist tightened over it in a momentary spasm of panic. And then he grinned involuntarily and threw back his big shoulders; a sense of exhilaration flooded him as he looked forward to the impending battle for existence.

"Hang it," he chuckled, "is a fellow broke when people owe him \$190,000?"

He got out at 125th Street and Lenox Avenue and walked over to the house of Mrs. Schimpf by the Park Avenue tracks.

A lady was sitting on the worn brownstone steps. It was Octavine Milton. "Oh, Mr. Pemberwick," she cried. "I was afraid you wouldn't come here. I've been waiting for hours." She jumped up with a glad cry, came down the steps like a mountain goat and raced to him. "Look—I have the bill of sale! I took it from

my uncle's desk. There, take it back—it's yours. It was all a cheat. I didn't really understand—"

"You didn't understand what?" he said, holding her off, his eyes battling hers. "You didn't understand that the property had been destroyed, eh? But you do now. And you want your end of the swindle back, eh? You're afraid of prosecution, eh? Keep your bill of sale. Frame it and make eyes at it."

"The art things are destroyed?" she asked, and her heavy mouth widened.

"And well you know it," he said fiercely. "That's what brought you here."

"And you think that I—" She quavered. Then her face went white; her eyes seemed to turn black. She stamped her foot beside him, bringing it down like the polished hoof of a blooded mare, and swung her right hand. Before he could guard himself it met his cheek with a stinging smack.

"Sucker!" she said through clenched teeth. Then she whirled and went swiftly toward Park Avenue.

He stared after her. "Miss Milton," he called uncertainly. Then loudly, "Octavine!" She rounded the corner without looking back.

Mrs. Rowena Schimpf coughed on her threshold. "Were you calling, Mr. Pemberwick? No? But it's just as well. Mr. Pemberwick, I know you're rich now and all that, but if you could let me have that nine dollars—"

"Certainly, Mrs. Schimpf," said Pete comfortingly. "Don't worry about that. I'm expecting a check almost any day now."

(To be continued next week)

## Wichita's Chillun got Wings

Continued from page 9

Two bits of terrible irony mark the closing chapter of Jake's career in aviation: the first, that the man who had fought nearly a decade in the interests of safe flying should finally go down, a business wreck, because of his connection with a stunt flight—the race to Hawaii; the second, that he reached the end of his resources at the moment commercial aviation emerged into public recognition in the wake of Lindbergh's flight.

The Mollendicks were intimate friends of the Erwins—that is, Captain Bill Erwin, the Army ace, and his wife. So when Erwin decided to enter the Dole race he went to Jake. Erwin explained the sort of ship he wanted, and Mollendick assigned Waverly Stearman, who had succeeded his brother in Jake's employ, to design it.

The first wave of the post-Paris flight interest was washing over the commercial aircraft factories of the land. Mollendick's plant, for the first time, was behind its orders. Yet he swept the benches and dies and jigs clear of all work in process and turned the facilities of his entire organization toward building the Dallas Spirit for Erwin.

The ship was a new design, and an utterly new problem to the factory, yet old Jake's driving force blasted it through from the first fuselage jig to the flyaway apron in five weeks. Night and day during that time Jake and Captain Bill worked and cursed elbow to elbow. Over and above the family friendship these two hard-bitted men came to love each other. The Dallas Spirit, the crowning achievement of Mollendick's airplane building, flew out over the Pacific with his best friend at the stick.

That night out of the darkness and storm came the famous radio message: "We are in a tail spin—" And nothing

more was ever heard of Erwin, his crew, or his ship. And that night old Jake Mollendick was carried to a sanitarium.

He was there two months. When he shuffled back to his factory—a quiet, aged man—he found his business in pieces about his ankles. His generous act of friendship and loyalty in stopping his factory to build the Dallas Spirit had enraged his dealers and customers all over the country. Sheaves of cancelled contracts were shoved into his hands; and a notice of receivership. He was shunted aside, with five thousand dollars cash coming to him out of the millions he had sunk.

### Six Other Important Mileposts

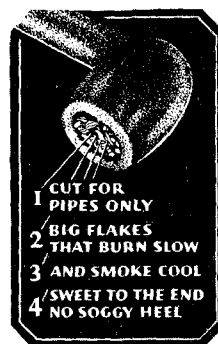
He was ill in a hospital while I was in Wichita. It is said that he is penniless. His fellow pioneers are wealthy men. The fruits of his work are written in gold in the prosperity and fame of Wichita. Upwards of sixteen million dollars will come to it this year for the airplanes it produces. Yet it seems to me that Jake Mollendick's significance is greater to the nation at large than to Wichita in particular; he typifies the instinct of the American race for progressiveness: he first discerned the possibilities of the airplane as an expression of his countrymen's passion for speed in business and social activities.

We have already considered fuel as an important factor in every industrial derby—and have seen Wichita's advantage in the endless resources of oil and gas it can tap in its own backyard. But there are six other important mileposts to be checked before the city's future in aeronautics may be reasonably estimated: the progressiveness of local bankers, strategic location, labor, ship-

(Continued on page 52)



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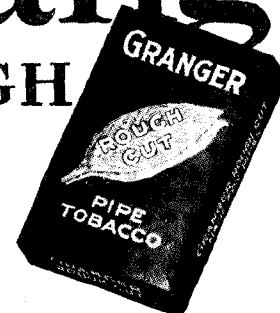
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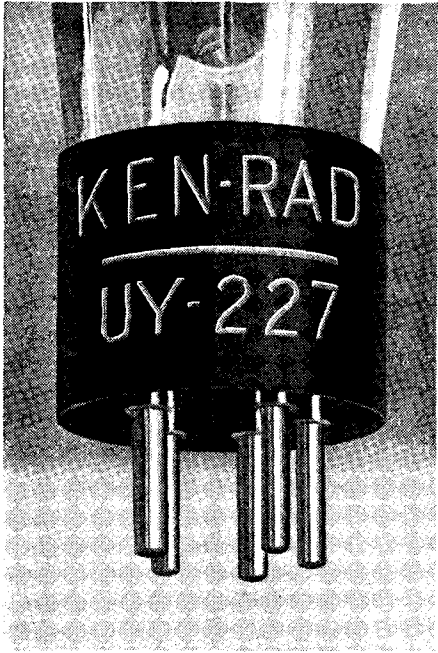


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# KEN-RAD

## RADIO TUBES

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(Continued from page 51)  
ping, geography and weather, civic interest.

About all these things I questioned William B. Harrison, president of the Union National Bank. The man and the institution are typical in outlook, activities, and capitalization of the city's banking life. He said:

"Are we local bankers behind the local airplane companies? I should say we are—to the hilt of reasonableness and common sense. I don't think there is a bank or banker in Wichita who will hesitate to back an aviation enterprise that is sound in plans and personnel. And I believe we merely reflect the spirit of the citizens at large. I guess there isn't a business man of any means or standing in this city who hasn't some money invested in local aviation. And many of the workmen in the airplane factories own stock in the companies they work for. Some of the old hands at Travel Air, for instance, have made nice profits on the stock they bought when Walter Beech was peddling it from bench to bench.

"The Stearman Company is a case in point. When Lloyd Stearman quit Travel Air several years ago he went to California and tried to start his own company there. But he couldn't get the backing. He came back to Wichita, and in one day over the phone raised about \$60,000—enough to get him started. That's one of the country's most important factories now.

"The aeronautical industry started to grow so fast last year that we had to go to some of the great eastern banks for cooperation. I've just finished the refinancing of Cessna, with the Shawmut Corporation of Boston, for example. But Wichita's airplane factories are still largely home-owned, and wholly home-managed. Not one of them owes a dime. That's a remarkably sound beginning for any industry. Growing? Lordy, six months ago we rebuilt Cessna and figured we had enough factory space and sufficient personnel for five years. Today we're preparing to move into new quarters six times as large—and we're not saying what we expect in five years."

"Can you get the labor to cope with this expansion?" I asked. "Surely a little city away out here on the prairies can't keep step with the big industrial centers when it comes to man supply."

### It Pays to be Careful

"In 1927 there were forty-two persons employed in the aircraft industry here—two of them being women. Today we have about 2,000 workers—practically all skilled workmen, as you know they must be in airplane factories. Roughly, there are three major phases of airplane processing. The carpenters who work on the wings, putting on the mahogany plywood leading edges and so forth, must be experts. A rib, for instance, for an ordinary biplane wing weighs nine ounces. That represents delicate work. Then the painters who dope the wing fabric and build up surface imperviousness to weather and wear can't

be slap-dash fellows. Lastly, the Department of Commerce requires that the tubular steel fuselage members be welded with the process known as wave welding. That's for strength—and requires first-class welders. Now, any prime carpenters, painters, and welders can be swiftly converted into mighty useful members of an airplane factory. We haven't had any trouble in getting them. Journeymen are coming here fast, and we're absorbing them—because the reputation of the city, its opportunities, the pleasant living standards it offers, are spreading around the country to places where workmen of these three types are unemployed. There is no unemployment in Wichita.

### Intelligence Unusually High

"Tradition is important in every craft. I'll wager you can't go into an airplane factory here or any place else in the country without stumbling into a foreman who got his start in the old Swallow factory in Wichita.

"This is important, too. Ninety per cent of our citizens are native whites, and you'll find as you go through our factories that the intelligence of our workmen is unusually high. Pick one at random and talk to him about his job—his company. You'll be surprised. English is the only language spoken among our workers, and we haven't any record of serious labor trouble: I don't mean that as smugly as it sounds, but you asked for facts and there they are.

"Intelligence is important in an airplane factory because the workmen are dealing with factors upon which public safety depends as well as public service in terms of transportation. Department of Commerce inspectors are liable to pop up at any time and quiz a worker. But as an extra precaution against slipshod and unintelligent work we have a special system here in Wichita. Every once in a while every one of the employees in the factories is singled out and compelled to take a flight in a newly turned-out factory stock job. So a man never knows when his life may depend upon the weld he is making, or the rib he is nailing."

"How about strategic location? That's one of the things to which Detroit owes its automotive wealth."

"Bill Stout, who builds the Ford plane, has said that Kansas is the nation's landing field. Well, Wichita is in the center of it. Airplane factories must have backyards big enough for test flying. Otherwise there's a lot of waste motion—planes being built, then knocked down and hauled away to a flying field, and reassembled for testing. None of the big eastern industrial cities can match us on factory space—every one of our factories, all within a few minutes of the center of town so that transportation is no great problem for the workmen, has a private landing field larger than most municipal airports. Why, at the Swallow factory a pilot took off and landed fifteen times in a straight line."

"Geography and weather are closely related to strategic location, I guess.

How does Wichita fare with them?"

"The Central Air Lines, which maintain daily passenger service to Tulsa, have missed only two trips so far as I can remember—and then the ceiling was O. K. in Wichita, but tight at Tulsa. Visibility is exceptionally fine as a rule, because there's no coal-smoke haze here. The great eastern fog belt turns tail before it gets to Kansas. Wichita never gets snow too deep for take-offs and landings with wheels, and our average annual rainfall is twelve inches less than New York's, for instance.

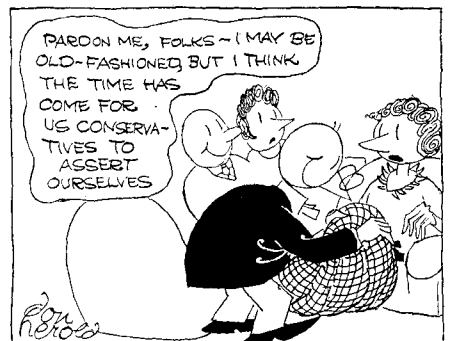
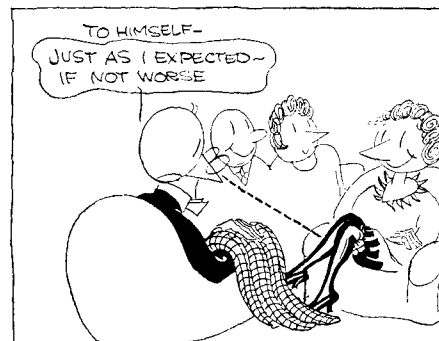
"How about shipping? I'll mention Detroit again because its early aspirations in the automobile industry were what Wichita's are today in the air. And an enormous part of Detroit's success was due to its shipping facilities—railroad and lake.

"Well, the raw materials of airplane manufacture, roughly speaking, are spruce and steel. Now you can't just pick up the great spruce forests of the Northwest and transplant them to Kansas; nor pack up the big steel foundries of the Alleghenies and move them to Wichita. But you can warehouse great gobs of both. A bright local youngster named E. S. Stephens is developing this matter right now, I understand. It will obviate incoming delays and save floor space for the factories. But just taking shipping facilities as they stand—we're halfway between the two coasts, on several important transcontinental railroads, with extensive and adequate rail transportation in all directions that was developed for the cattle and wheat industries hereabouts long before the day of the airplane. We're a day or more nearer by freight to the spruce forests than the industrial cities of the Northeast are; and we're only a day from the heart of the steel country."

### Is Air-Conscious

"Do you see a great future for Wichita in the air?"

"I think it has an inevitable future, because air transportation is inevitable and Wichita has a sane and sound start. There are no stock-sales schemes or fly-by-nights in its air history. I'd say that it has passed air-mindedness and is now air-conscious. By that I mean that our people no longer take air rides as a matter of mental medicine, or to be in style. I mean they take airplanes casually, as merely another and newer form of transportation. I can talk about myself best, though I don't think I'm different from any other business man here. Well, last week I had a luncheon speech to make in Oklahoma City. That's all night by train. I worked here in the office until eleven, flew down, had lunch and made my talk, and was back here at work by three o'clock. Now, when business men all over the country realize they can do that sort of thing with safety, how are you going to stop a nation as intelligent and progressive as ours from using and developing the air far beyond any other country, just as we have used and developed the automobile more than all the rest of the world combined?"



The start of the indoor laprobe movement



Feeling that Mr. Harrison had completely covered the business aspects of Wichita's place in aeronautics, I went out to get an impression of the industry itself. I stood in the central building of a factory that is going top speed twenty-four hours a day and still cannot keep up with its orders, and watched the conveyor system of the automobile factories applied to airplane assembly.

In one long wing of the factory a bit of tubular steel starts at the dead end and moves steadily down a line, from jig to jig, workman to workman, until it reaches the doorway a finished fuselage.

In another wing, long spruce spars start down a line, receiving ribs and edgings as they move, until the skeletons are ready to have fabric slipped over them and sewed on by girls. They reach the doorway as completely assembled wings.

#### Removing the Chief Obstacle

Down a third shed the wings and fuselages move, getting first dope, and then paint, the elevators, stabilizers, fins and rudders being attached to the fuselage as it passes. And in a final assembly shed the wings are secured to the fuselages; the motors, which come down a receiving and checking line, are lowered into place and secured, the hoods and props fixed on—and the finished plane rolls off the line and out upon a cement apron in front of the central shed, ready for its test flight and its flyaway delivery.

There remained the matter of civic interest. The Wichita Flying Club, with more than 500 members, is significant. This is probably the largest flying organization membership in the country for a city of Wichita's size—about 110,000. Jack Turner, who founded the club twenty-five years ago to foster interest in ballooning, is still its president. An Englishman who migrated to Kansas and struck a fortune in oil, Turner typified the spirit and faith of the town by investing heavily in many of its aircraft industries without himself engaging in manufacture.

But the most arresting thing among the factors that seem to set the city apart is the women's flying organization. In St. Louis Colonel Halsey Dunwoody, who was chief of the Air Corps in the S. O. S. in France and is now executive vice president of the Universal Air Lines, remarked to me: "The chief obstacle to the growth of passenger-carrying commercial aviation in the United States right now is the attitude of the women. Seventy per cent of business men would use the air regularly, but their wives won't let them."

In the light of this situation, the activities of the women of Wichita are extraordinarily significant.

Officially their club is a branch of the National Women's Aeronautical Association; but their plans seem to have carried beyond the recommendations of the parent body. With a charter membership of more than fifty, these women have set themselves four major chores. They are raising a fund to establish a five-foot shelf of technical books at the city library; they have established a gliding club in high school, and are backing a vigorous campaign to foster use of the local air-mail services; and they have begun a series of model-building contests—for girls as well as for boys.

The pet idea is—any one of the fifty will tell you—to teach air-mindedness from the cradle up: to make the girls, the future wives and mothers, as air-conscious as the boys. One contest is held each month, and each contest is

based on a local plane. The women arrange for the chief designer and engineer from the factory represented in the contest to meet the youngsters at the library on Saturday morning, hold a discussion and quiz and subsequently act as judges. Arrangements are made, too, for the children to visit the factories.

"It takes a lot of patience to deal with kids," the manager of one factory told me. "They wrench off door knobs and scratch paint and dig their heels through wing fabric. But the women have convinced us that the cost of this damage is just money invested in the future of aviation."

In four of the major factories I found women executives; girls, rather. Olive Mellor is office manager for Travel Air; Mary McCabe is the same for Stearman. Jewel Knorp is head of Cessna's accounting division. And Kathleen Kelly is purchasing agent for Swallow. Every one of these jobs requires technical insight as well as business ability. There isn't a part of an airplane or air motor that isn't an offhand matter in nature and name to Miss Kelly.

Colonel Lindbergh, talking before a Congressional Committee, recently described an ideal municipal airport as being approximately a mile square, free from adjacent obstructions, well-drained. He might have had Wichita's in mind. A whole "section," or 640 acres, it is composed of native grama, or buffalo grass, sod that has never known a plow. The buildings are Spanish type and provide rooms for air travelers to remain overnight—dormitories for men and women traveling alone, rooms or suites for families. There are roof gardens, restaurants, post office, infirmary, shops—and a rapid-transit highway is being constructed on a dead line from the center of town to the airport, three miles.

Even in Kansas this field has exceptional qualities. I drove upon it after a heavy rain, and the auto wheels left no tracks. The only work necessary to laying out the runways was the marking of white lines on the grass. The field was "found" in a curious way. Students from the several flying schools in Wichita used to disappear when they were allowed to solo, and nobody knew where they went. Finally the school people investigated, and found them sitting down and playing around on a plot known as "the California section," because the heirs who owned it lived in California. The flying experts and the municipal authorities saw its possibilities and arranged to secure it. It is a main station on the T. A. T., the Western Air Express, and other important lines, and Wichitans point it out as another proof of the destiny of their city.

#### Have One, Mister?

Filled with the wonders of the countryside, the hum of factories, the smiles of prosperous workers, the buzzing of statistics, I sought an obscure confectionery shop on a side street. Here, at least, air-consciousness would not have penetrated—

"Howdy," said the proprietor, passing out the menu, "nice hot day. Been out to see the Flyers?"

"Are there anything but flyers in this town?"

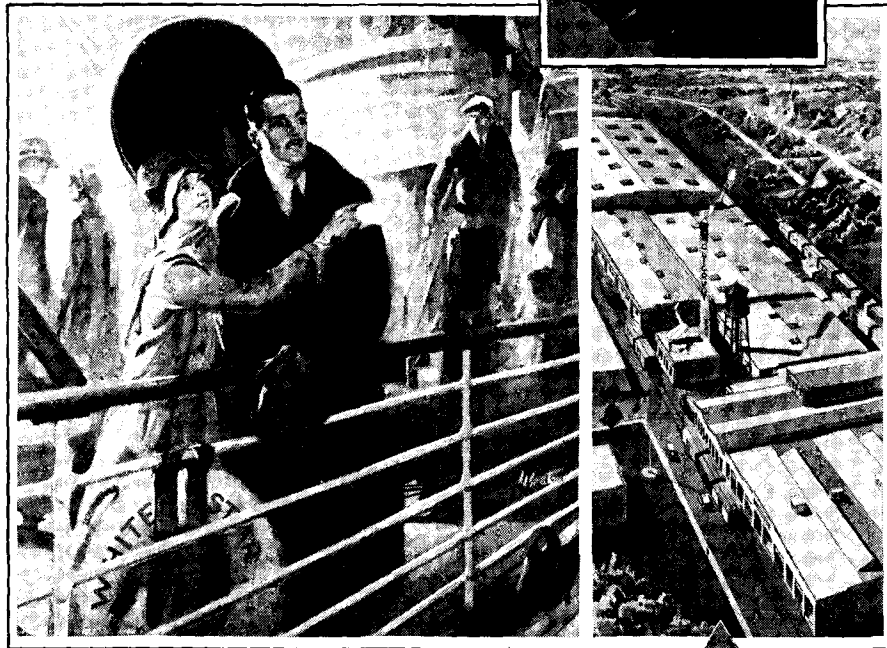
"I can see you don't get me, mister"—a bit pained—"I mean the Flyers—the Aviators, you know—the Wichita baseball team in the Western League. They was playing the Des Moines Demons today."

"Oh, no. Say, what are all these dishes on your menu? What is a Stunt Flight?"

"That," he said airily, "is what in other cities is called a nut sundae. Have one, mister?"

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## Uncle Sam goes Modern

Continued from page 26

is only one port; the same confusion and disorder reach into all ports of the country.

If it is a matter concerning education that calls you to Washington, you can start from the Union Station to any one of fourteen bureaus in three departments where you may or may not find the source you are seeking. If it is a question involving health, there are six bureaus in four departments; industry, eight bureaus in four departments; public works, sixteen bureaus in five departments; and so on and on.

An illustration often used by former Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane to show the incongruous overlapping of government departments is a classic in Washington. Secretary Lane pointed out that if a bear in Alaska had two cubs, one black and the other brown, the family would be apportioned to two different federal divisions. The Department of Agriculture would have charge of the brown bear, and the Department of Commerce the black bear.

### Lack of Coördination

There are sixteen publications on cotton, issued daily, weekly, monthly and annually by the United States government. They come from the Department of Agriculture, the Department of Commerce and the Federal Reserve Board. Is there no way in which there could be a coördination of these sixteen publications relating to one subject? And cotton is but one of a thousand commodities which might come within a citizen's interest.

Turn to Morbidity and Mortality; you find that the Public Health, weekly and annually, reports by cities, and weekly, quarterly and annually reports by states. Mortality statistics of infants are published by the Children's Bureau.

Vital statistics in the Army come from the Surgeon General, deaths and disabilities of federal employees come from the Employees' Compensation, and deaths and disabilities of veterans of the World War come from the Veterans' Bureau. Deaths in the United States as a whole are reported by the Census and the Public Health Service and vital statistics of Indians by the Bureau of Indian Affairs, while the Weather Bureau may be looked to to give us the loss of life from windstorms, and the Coast Guard for the loss of life in marine casualties.

Perhaps the greatest gain to be made by reorganization of government activities is in the purchasing end. The United States government is the biggest single buyer in the world. At present there are hundreds of purchasing agencies, often bidding against each other, each setting up its own specifications, so involved as to make it difficult and irritating for anyone to do business with the government.

I recall a story told by a prominent coal operator, Col. W. M. Wiley, of Sharples, W. Va. "In 1921," he said, "the coal buyers became hysterical for fear they would not get the coal they wanted, not because there was a lack of coal, but because there was a lack of transportation. The buyers began to compete one with another in offering fancy prices."

"Nearly all the coal operators had contracts with the different buyers, and were supposed to distribute what cars they got among the buyers. Men came in and offered fancy prices to induce the operator to break faith with his customer by giving his cars to them. I was offered at our tippie \$21.50 a ton

for coal, which sells today for from \$1.50 to \$2.00 a ton.

"When the smoke and dust of battle blew away and we began to see what had happened and why it happened we found that the federal government had seven different buyers competing with each other, and that was what pushed up the price of coal. Some of us could not help wondering, if the 200 agencies of purchase for the government had all been turned loose at the same time, where the price of coal would have gone."

Consolidations, mergers and chain stores make savings because of their great purchasing power. The government, with its purchasing agencies consolidated, would be in a much better position to buy, would have a greater natural economic advantage than at present; and the seller would not suffer.

The number of government agencies which have inspection services of one kind or another is another case in point. Of course, it would be entirely out of the question to concentrate all of these, or even a large number of them, into a single inspection service, but there is opportunity for greater efficiency by better grouping.

There are those who inspect the boilers of ships, others the hulls; one licenses officers, the other ships' seamen. One inspection service, it seems, could do the whole job better than it is now being done.

Reviewing the different departments of government, one finds that the Post Office, the Department of Justice and the Department of State contain practically no functions not relating to their direct and major purpose. On the other hand, the Treasury, the Army and Navy Departments, and the Department of Agriculture contain a considerable part of the functions which have no relation to a sound plan of major purpose. Some of these anomalies are an inheritance from the time of Alexander Hamilton, when there were only four or five departments of the government.

### The First Move

Washington sees as the first move in reorganization a stripping of the Treasury, War, Navy and Agriculture Departments of all of the functions which do not pertain to their major purpose, as their major purpose is sufficiently large to tax the capacity of any one organization. There are perhaps some independent activities that should be added to these departments as being a part of their major purpose.

The second step would be to take all the functions that would be thus removed from the different departments, together with all the functions in the Departments of the Interior, Commerce and Labor, and all the independent executive establishments which can be placed under department control, and to divide them into groups according to the major purpose of such groups. Examination will show that most of those functions would naturally fall under the heading of public domain, public works, aids to industry, aids to trade, aids to the Merchants Marine, matters of labor, matters of education, matters of public health, matters of veteran service and other secondary groups.

A cause of great confusion in organization has been the independent establishments set up by Congress and reporting direct to the President, such as the Tariff Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, and about fifty

others, many of which overlap departmental and bureau work of one kind or another.

With the physical breakdowns of President Wilson and President Harding still fresh in the memory, the question is often asked, "Why do our chief executives break down?"

At a hearing on the reorganization of government departments in 1924, Senator Pat Harrison put this question to Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce: "There has been much talk about relieving the President of the discharge of so many duties. How would you do that, Mr. Secretary?"

Secretary Hoover replied: "The greatest relief of the President would be the consummation of a plan something like this: The constant appeals to the President by independent establishments, which could be dealt with by Cabinet officers, are the source of overloading. Another cause of overwork is the legal requirements in the matter of executive authority and signatures, things which could be done with equal responsibility by Cabinet officers."

"No one who has had large experience in large industrial or other organizations will assert for one moment that the federal government is not badly in need of administrative reorganization."

### The Force of Inertia

Mr. Hoover went on to tell the Committee that he did not believe that any government reorganization will ever take place that will meet with agreement among the executive heads of the government. Cabinet heads necessarily take color from their subordinates, and subordinates are, from the nature of things, bound to be in opposition to serious change.

If there is to be reorganization, it will have to be carried out by Congress and the President. The men at the head of various bureaus and secondary functions of the government believe honestly and earnestly in the purpose of their service and they are bound to object to any change which it seems to them would decrease their activities, or reduce their personnel, or require them to take a less important position in some other grouping. They naturally and properly feel that the service which they direct is the most important function of the entire government and that minimizing it in any direction would be wrong.

Mr. L. P. Jacks, an Englishman and a keen observer of our political life, recently said that the management of industrial affairs, both on the technical and financial side, is characterized in most cases by the demand for firm and rapid decisions. The delay which results from the long discussions of political warfare, the feeble compromises in which such discussions often issue, and the "red tape" procedure which accompanies their application, are not only out of relation to the needs of industry, but flatly opposed to them.

Most of the "red tape" of the government, at which every one of us has rebelled at one time or another, is due to the lack of proper government organization. Citizens pay a terrific toll for delayed decisions, circuitous routing, "buck passing," government, federal, state and local. Reorganization of federal activities will not only reduce the expense of government which, believe it or not, is paid by great and small, rich and poor, but will bring about a hundredfold saving in time and expense on the part of citizens.



## A Young Man in Peril

Continued from page 11

not," said Nancy. "Eat your toast. It's getting cold."

"But what happened?"

"I came to New York, chiefly to escape my family, who were horrified. I'd money of my own, so I didn't have to worry about that. . . . I've lived here two years, now."

"Not in this house!"

"No. I've had my apartment here only a few weeks. You see, I decided, rather suddenly, that I'd like a home of my own. Because I—the truth is I don't know whether I want to get married or not."

"Do you mean to say you've chucked Johnny?" he asked eagerly.

"No. I haven't chucked him. But all at once I realized that in the past two years I'd become a different person—"

"You haven't seen him in that time?"

"Not once. And letters are so unsatisfactory. I've tried to tell him I've changed. . . . But apparently all he wants to know is whether I still love him. So yesterday I sent him a telegram. . . ."

"Ah!"

"I said: 'I don't know whether I still love you or not, and won't till I see you again.'"

"IN OTHER words," summed up Neal, "if he wants you he'll have to win you all over again."

"We'll have to win each other," replied Nancy seriously.

Neal nodded. "I see. . . . And have you had a reply from Johnny?"

"Not yet. I must confess I'm the least bit nervous, waiting for word from him. You know how it is, when you're expecting an important telegram. Johnny may ask me to come to Texas to see him, and if he does I'll go."

"Nancy," he said, "I don't know—I can't tell you. . . . I know it sounds crazy! But I don't want you to go to Texas, I don't want you to go anywhere. I—I want you to stay here where I can see you and be friends with you."

A skeptical look came into her slate-blue eyes. She said, lightly: "I admire your technique. It's really charming. . . . But I'm afraid my hospital training has made me a little bit hard-boiled. I don't blame men though, for trying to make love at sight. No doubt it's amusing—"

"It isn't!" blurted out Neal. "It's frightful. I mean, I've never done such a thing in my life. I've never wanted to!"

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I don't believe you. You're too attractive not to have made love, successfully, to many women."

"That's perfect rot! It's—"

"I meant it as a compliment," said Nancy sweetly. "I'd take a handsome bet," she went on, with infuriating good-nature, "that at this moment, somewhere in New York, there's a woman who thinks you're completely devoted to her."

"There is not!" cried Neal, indignantly. "I swear there's not one!"

He broke off, catching a sound that came from the door. It was a slight but unmistakable sound; the sound of a key entering a lock. There was a brief metallic scratching. . . . Then the door opened and a vision in sealskin stepped into Neal's apartment.

The vision was Mary Price.

"Hello!" she said casually. "I thought I was invited to breakfast."

"Mary!" exclaimed Neal.

"Yes. . . . Weren't you expecting me?" Her languid dark eyes turned from him to Nancy. A quizzical smile emphasized

the vividness of her red mouth. "Perhaps I've mistaken the day," she said.

"You seem to have had breakfast."

"Oh, not at all," stammered Neal. "Not at all. . . ."

"Why, yes you have," said Nancy, maliciously.

"Well, yes—er—maybe I have," agreed Neal, laughing. His laugh sounded hollow in his own ears. It sounded awful. "Miss Demarest—Miss Price!" he said feebly.

"You gave me your keys last night, you know," Mary said, "so that I could come into your place when I liked, without ringing. . . . You asked me to have breakfast with you here this morning. But possibly—since you seem to be already occupied—you'd rather I didn't stay?"

Neal, speechless, stared at his dinner partner of the night before. So that's what he'd done with his keys! He remembered it all, now. Involuntarily he glanced at Nancy, who said brightly: "Oh, if you're referring to me, Miss Price, I was just leaving. Good-by, Neal. Thanks for the cup of coffee. Good-by, Miss Price. So happy to have met you!"

Nancy went quickly out of the room.

"Who is she?" asked Mary, looking at Neal.

"Oh, she's just a girl who lives in the apartment above me."

"I don't like her. She's too pretty. Did you invite her to breakfast, too?"

"No, I didn't," replied Neal. "She just dropped in."

"Then why didn't you wait breakfast for me?"

"Well, you see," floundered Neal, "I didn't really think you'd come."

"As a matter of fact," she said, "I've had breakfast—all I ever eat. But you might ask me to take off my coat."

He stepped forward, his hands extended to help her. But she, with a dexterous movement, shrugged herself out of her coat; the heavy sealskin sank to the floor. Neal found himself stumbling over it. And suddenly he found Mary in his arms.

"Kiss me, Neal!"

It was not a successful kiss. Mary twisted out of his arms and, crossing the room, flung herself into a chair. Neal felt inadequate, and unhappy, and a trifle foolish. He said: "How would you like a cocktail?"

"I'd love it," replied Mary coldly.

TWO nights later, Neal came home from the office, deliberately mixed himself a cocktail, and drank it. Then, with a corsage of orchids in his hand, he marched up the stairs to Nancy Demarest's apartment and knocked at the door.

He had been telling himself for two days that he didn't care whether Nancy went to Texas or not. But he was greatly relieved at the sight of her.

"You haven't gone!" he said, as she opened the door for him.

"No. I haven't yet heard from Johnny. I've decided he must be away somewhere—inspecting the oil-fields, perhaps. I may not hear from him for a week."

"A week!" echoed Neal; and instantly his heart lightened. He thrust the orchids into her hands.

"Oh," exclaimed Nancy. "How lovely! I adore them!"

"You're having dinner with me tonight," said Neal.

He determined to treat her that evening with the restrained adoration of an accomplished rakehell. But when she appeared an hour later, in his liv-

(Continued on page 56)

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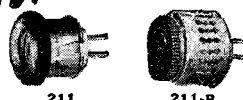
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(Continued from page 55)

ing room, he almost forgot to be restrained. . . . She had on a pale gold evening dress, with a misty gold scarf flung over her white shoulders. Her hair was burnished copper, softly sculptured. . . . She stood in gold slippers and smiled at him.

"How do you like me?"

"You're adorable, you're—!" Neal checked the uncensored flow of language with which he was about to express his emotion. He said as casually as possible: "I want to kiss you."

"You can't. . . . My lipstick comes off."

"You can put it on again."

He walked up to her and kissed her. She said: "Oh, well. . . . After all, it's fun."

"What's fun?"

"Playing at love," said Nancy, "with someone you know won't spoil it by getting serious."

"You wouldn't like me if I got serious?"

She looked at him and shook her head. "It isn't in your line."

"You're right! Let's have a cocktail. . . . Then I'll kiss you again—just to prove I'm not serious—and we'll go dine where the jazz is thickest."

"That'll be nice," said Nancy.

But he did not kiss her again. Somehow the opportunity failed to offer. . . .

**THEY** dined at a smart restaurant, went to a revue, and afterward drove to a night-club that Neal had heard Madge Sheldon say was "attractive." And there, to his intense annoyance, he met the Sheldons and a party of their playmates, among whom was Mary Price.

There was nothing to do but to stop at the Sheldons' table. Neal introduced Nancy to Madge; and after that escape was impossible. . . . Bill Sheldon shouted: "A new face to bless my declining years!" and seized Nancy, whirled her off to the dance-floor. . . . Neal found himself dancing with Mary Price.

"You devil!" she said. "You're in love with that girl."

"I'm not in love with anyone."

"Not even with me?"

"Oh, you!" said Neal. Through the crowd he caught a glimpse of Nancy. She was looking directly at him. . . . There was a faint smile on her lips. He remembered his rôle, and gathered Mary closer in his arms. "You're adorable!" he said fervently; and was amazed at his fervor. . . .

It worried him. He became morose and somewhat embittered, especially as the other men at the table were monopolizing Nancy. . . .

So when Mary Price, during a lull in the festivities, leaned across the table and said loudly: "Oh, Neal! I'm thinking of buying a house! Will you come look at it with me tomorrow?"—he answered recklessly: "Sure! I'd be glad to!"

He took Nancy home at two A. M., having danced two dances with her. In the cab, he dropped an experimental arm around her shoulders. But she said quietly: "Please don't!"

"Nancy! Nancy, darling—"

"Please. . . . I'm sorry. . . . But I don't feel like playing any more."

He withdrew his arm, and sat stiffly in his corner of the cab. She said suddenly: "I wish Johnny would telegraph me to come to Texas! I'd like to know whether I'm going to marry him, or not. . . . You'll marry Mary Price. Do you know you will?"

"I'll never marry anyone!" declared Neal.

Nancy was silent for a moment. Then she with annoying inconsistency: "No, I suppose not. You'll go on, making love to one woman after another, until you're an old, old man. Then

you'll sit in a club window and make a legend of your conquests—"

"And you," flung out Neal, "will go to Texas, and marry your precious Johnny, and live among the oil wells until you die!"

"Maybe I will."

He went to bed that night resolved to think no more of Nancy Demarest. He would confine his interests, in the future, to real estate and boxing.

However, the next afternoon, when Mary Price telephoned him to meet her at a certain address in East Seventy-first street, he realized that even in real estate there was no sure refuge from the female of the species. He taxied to the semi-professional tryst with a grim intent to keep strictly to business. . . .

There was not even a caretaker on the premises when he arrived. He and Mary wandered alone through the deserted rooms. She was looking her best.

"This house is all right," said Neal. "If you want me to arrange about terms I'll call up the owner and—"

"Neal!"

"Yes?"

"Why aren't you nice to me any more?"

"Nice to you?"

"Yes. You're not much of a boy to take advantage of your opportunities, are you?" She stood before him, yielding and beautiful, smiling into his eyes. "Here we are, alone in this house. . . ."

"Look here, Mary!" he said. "If I don't take advantage of my opportunities it's because I don't want to, do you understand? I don't—"

She laughed suddenly.

"Oh, all right. I must say it's rather a novelty to me to be turned down like this. If you keep on, you'll make me your abject slave. Then you will be sorry. Because—being a gentleman—you'll feel you ought to ask me to marry you."

"You wouldn't accept me if I did."

"Of course not. But I'd enjoy having you ask me."

In sheer desperation, Neal decided to risk everything on a single bold move. "Very well! Will you marry me, Mary?"

"No," said Mary smiling.

"There!" he exclaimed in triumph. "You see? Now I've got to go. I'm due back at the office right now. Can I drop you anywhere?"

"Can you drop me anywhere?" she repeated, quietly. "Darling! You have!"

**THEN** suddenly—(though quite logically)—it was Sunday again. Neal rested, alone in his monastical flat. . . . He felt strangely depressed. . . .

His door bell rang. The very sound was a relief.

"Neal! You're home! I was afraid I wouldn't find you."

"Come in, Mary," said Neal.

He closed the door behind her with a sense of doing something almost fatal. Mary walked into the room and stood motionless, swathed in sealskin, with her back toward him.

"Well?" he said sharply.

"Neal, the other day you asked me to marry you. I said no. I've come to tell you I've changed my mind."

"Mary—!"

"Can you refuse me, Neal?"

"You shouldn't make it necessary for me to refuse you!" he exclaimed angrily. "You've no right to put me in this position—"

"I've never wanted to marry anyone before. I want to marry you. What do you say, Neal? You've got to answer me, you know. Will you marry me or won't you?"

In spite of himself, and to his own bewilderment, Neal thought, for a vivid instant: "Good Lord! I'm going to say yes!"

But he did not say yes. What he said was: "I'm awfully sorry, Mary, but all this is a little beside the point. Because—the fact is—I'm already engaged to be married."

"Engaged? To whom? Not to that girl upstairs! That Miss Demarest!"

"Yes!" cried Neal recklessly. "I am! I'm engaged to Nancy."

"I don't believe you. You're not engaged to her at all, and just to prove it"—She darted suddenly toward the door—"I'm going up and ask her!"

He ran after her. But she was already half-way up the stairs when he reached the hall. By some chance Nancy's door was ajar. Mary whacked it with her hand. It flew open. She plunged directly into Nancy Demarest's living-room, and after her charged Neal.

Nancy was sitting in a chair by the fireplace. In a chair opposite her sat a bronzed bulky young man whose sun-burned countenance seemed to give off a fixed glare. As Mary and Neal burst into the room he rose. So did Nancy.

"What the hell!" said the bronzed young man, glaring.

Nancy was the first to recover her self-possession. (She had never, thought Neal miserably, looked so beautiful, so desirable!)

"Sunday callers, Johnny," she said with a little laugh. "Miss Price, may I introduce Mr. Dawson? Mr. Brainard—Mr. Dawson!"

**THE** two men looked at each other. So this, thought Neal, was Nancy's Johnny—himself—in person! Apparently, instead of telegraphing, he had cared enough to come all the way from Texas to find out whether Mary still loved him. . . .

Mary Price paid no attention to Mr. Dawson. Her business was with Nancy. Abruptly she said: "Miss Demarest! I want to ask you a question."

"No, don't," begged Neal. "Don't listen to her, Nancy!"

"What is it?" said Nancy quietly.

"Neal told me just now that he was engaged to marry you. Is it true?"

There was another silence, more tense and painful than the first. It was broken by young Mr. Dawson. It was fairly shattered by young Mr. Dawson's indignant bellow.

"So that's why you sent me that telegram, is it?" he was facing Nancy. The angry sun of his countenance beamed fully upon her. "That's why you thought you'd changed in your feeling for me! Because this bird—whoever the hell he is—was making love to you! Oh; I suspected it! I knew there was another man in it somewhere—!"

"You're wrong," said Nancy. "You're utterly wrong. And don't shout, Johnny."

"I'm not shouting! But I want to get this straight. I don't know who this lady is"—he nodded at Mary. For an instant their eyes met. She smiled encouragingly. Johnny blinked and went on, in a more moderate tone: "I don't know who she is, but I do know I'm interested in having you answer the question she asked you, Nancy."

"My name's Brainard," snapped Neal. He took two steps forward; stopped; looked at Nancy. "Don't bother to answer," he said. "This is ridiculous. I'll go."

"No, wait, Neal. I think I will answer Miss Price's question." Nancy glanced at the three in turn. Her eyes were large and shining.

"The answer is 'yes,'" she said. "I am engaged to this—this bird here!"

"Nancy!" cried Neal.

"Neal!" exclaimed Mary.

"So I was right!" shouted Johnny. "This man—this fellow Brainard has been making love to you! And you've fallen for him! I've come all the way



from Texas just to be told that you're engaged to—"

"I didn't ask you to come," interrupted Nancy. "I never dreamed—"

"No, you never dreamed! But I guessed what was up! And by Golly, I was right!" Young Mr. Dawson turned to Neal. "You—!" he said glowering. "You've stolen Nancy. But I'm not going to have this blasted trip for nothing. I'm going to give you one good sock if it's the last thing I do on earth!"

"Johnny!" pleaded Nancy.

BUT Johnny was in no mood for caution or polite deportment. He rushed at Neal and drove his fist straight for the latter's face. Nancy, watching in horrified fascination, saw Neal move his head slightly. The blow went harmlessly over his shoulder. Immediately Johnny drew back and, with evil intent, swung a long sweeping hay-maker at Neal's jaw. Again Neal, without moving his body, jerked his chin out of harm's way.

The force of Johnny's swing caused him to lose his balance. He spun around twice and sat down on the floor. The thud was appalling. It jarred the room. It also seemed to have jarred young Mr. Dawson. He sat blinking his eyes and staring up at Neal with the dazed air of one who doesn't know quite what has happened to him. It was Mary Price who came to his rescue.

"You brute!" she said to Neal. And then, calmly crossing the room, she took Johnny by the arm and urged him

to his feet. She smiled into his bewildered eyes.

"Never mind," she said. "We're both in the same boat. Come with me, and let's talk it over."

"There's nothing to talk over," mourned Johnny. "It is over!"

"Oh, no, it isn't. It never is. Come along! I'll take you home with me and give you a cocktail."

Johnny gazed at her with growing appreciation. His round face took on a faintly hopeful gleam.

"Thanks," he said. "I don't care if I do."

Nancy and Neal stood facing each other.

"Will you tell me," he demanded, "what you meant by saying that you were engaged to me?"

Her lips curved softly into the smile he knew.

"I was getting rid of Johnny. I hadn't been making much headway before that—before you came in. You see, Johnny's rather stubborn, and he wouldn't take no for an answer."

"Nancy!"

"Yes, Neal?"

"Is that the only reason?"

"Well, I—!"

"Nancy, I love you! I've loved you for—"

"For a week!" said Nancy.

"What's the difference? Lots of people get engaged in a week. Don't you want to be engaged to me, Nancy?"

"Well," said Nancy, thoughtfully, "we might at least sit down and discuss the matter."

## Oh, Shoot!

Continued from page 15

Texas and the Minnesota thoroughfares.

I do think, though, that this war should be made much more bearable and entertaining to the stay-at-homes by the adoption of a liberal policy in regard to press dispatches. I never did understand what good was accomplished by the exclusion of the names of people and places from the dull, daily stories from France in 1917 and 1918.

The theory seemed to be that if the Grand Rapids Herald printed the news that Hendrik Van Hooten of Holland, Michigan, was in hospital at Chalons-sur-Marne with anthrax, a German spy employed by the Grand Rapids Furniture Company would call up the Kaiser who would thus suspect that a division containing Michigan regiments was, or had been, somewhere near Chalons. Wilhelm would then confer with Ludendorff on what style of defense to use against Michigan's passing game with Van Hooten on the sidelines.

Let's cut down on caution this time; the danger of disclosing military secrets would be more than offset by the certainty of improving the country's morale with a few human-interest stories such as:

El Paso, Tex., Aug. 2—Corporal Charley Judson of Company B, Fourth Regiment of the Eighth (Hawkeye) Division, American Prohibitionary Force, was being congratulated by his buddies tonight for shooting the left ear off a two-year-old child who was crossing the bridge from Juarez with a peculiar waddling gait. Corporal Judson said he had witnesses to prove that the fellow had been seen drinking out of a bottle; he fired at his ear instead of his heart because he just wanted to frighten him. The bottle was found to contain a little over an ounce of a liquid identified as milk. "Yeh?" said the Corporal, who has a certain dry humor. "Well, milk don't make people walk funny."

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Aug. 2—Miss Muriel Chapin of this place was scattered all over the Northern Peninsula today by a machine-gun squad in charge of Capt. Felix Lord of Houghton. The captain picked up one of the girl's lips and showed it to his colonel, H. R. King of Calumet. The lip was a pale red. "That's what fooled me," said Captain Lord. "It's just some kind of rouge, but I thought it was grenadine."

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Aug. 2—A depth bomb dropped by Lieut. Ed Frawley of Herkimer demolished a barrel that was seen shooting the Falls late today. Frawley suspected that the barrel was full of liquor, but it developed that the contents had been John E. Gardner and wife and two children, a Buffalo family out for an outing. "This was self-defense if there ever was one!" declared Lieut. Frawley. "I acted only after assuring myself that the barrel was shooting the Falls."

Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug. 2—A bearded man on a bicycle was stopped here today by Clarence Dutton, an M. P. of the A. P. F. Dutton demanded the man's name and the man said he was Eli Kolp, a farmer residing three miles south of Plattsburg.

"Then why are you wearing a beard?" asked Dutton.

"I look funny without one," replied the bicyclist.

"You look funny with one," retorted Dutton. "You look suspicious to me. How do I know what you've got in those tires?"

"I've got nothing but some air. I'll open them and let it out."

"I'll let some into you," said Dutton, shooting him full of holes.

The bicyclist was later identified as Eli Kolp, a farmer residing three miles south of Plattsburg.

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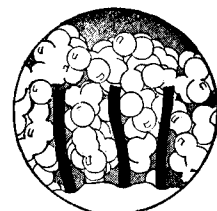
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The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard... crowd around each whisker... soak it soft with water.

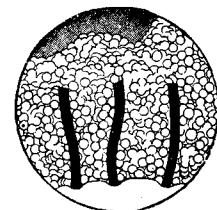
Instantly your beard gets moist... easier to cut and pliable... scientifically softened right down at the base... then your razor can do its best work.

Better grooming—the utmost in shaving comfort. A world of critical men, after various experiments with big-bubble lathers, have found that Colgate's is supreme. You, too, will agree. Let us help you in deciding—note our offer below.



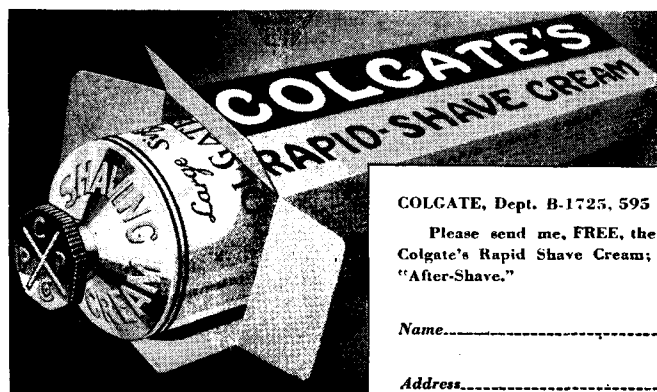
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If you have enjoyed the joyous happy health that goes with regular bodily elimination, you know how Nujol has changed your whole outlook on life. Tell us about it. Your letter can still reach us before this contest closes.

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The most world famous athletes tell us that they have taken Nujol for years. If they need it, you surely do! Nujol works gradually, slowly,—but surely.



Continued use can do you no harm. It forms no habit. Take a swallow from the Nujol bottle every night for two weeks. See how bright life will look to you as the poisons are absorbed and carried away. Millions have found that Nujol is the way to health and happiness. Get a bottle at your druggist's. Start being well, this very day!

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Caddie: "Your niblick, sir?" Bugged Golfer: "Niblick, hell!  
What a man needs in this mosquito hole is Flit." (Advertisement)

## In the Dark

Continued from page 18

"My own opinion is," she drawled, "that you'd better leave Jasper Slane alone. He's the sort of man who might hit back—and hard."

Donville swung round, and frowned. "Why the hell can't a man like Jasper Slane mind his own business?" he demanded. "What the devil does he want to turn himself into a man hunter for? Sport, I suppose he calls it. Well, it's up to us to show him all the sport he wants."

"You're quite right, Charlie," Frayson assented. "Fortunately we are on to him now, but that doesn't alter the fact that he is interfering with a good many of our little schemes. I thought we'd got Lansen safely tucked away, but down he comes to that party and spots him at once. Then the Mulliner jewels would have been ours last week, but just as the supreme moment arrived, there was Slane looking quizzically around the room. They were there ready to tumble into our hands but for him."

"You don't imagine that he suspects either of us?" Donville cogitated.

"Of course he doesn't, but then you see we can't be continually at a house where something may be doing without his tumbling to it in the long run. I bet he'll remember everyone who was at the Minghamtons' the time you got away with the pendant. We were at the Tindale Sharpes', too. There he was. I bet he hasn't forgotten that either. Now there's this little affair coming on at Grantham House. He'll probably be there. I have a sort of an idea he's working on the principle of elimination. A dangerous fellow, Slane."

Donville nodded. "Slane must go," he decided quietly. "We can't afford risks."

"How are you going to get rid of

him?" the girl demanded, turning over in her chaise longue. "You won't get him down to Willow Walk in Bermondsey. He isn't a bit like the fly buzzing round the fringe of the spider's parlor."

Donville smiled.

"When a man has really been in our way," he observed, "we haven't often failed to get rid of him."

"Give him a chance," the girl begged. "Try a word or two of warning."

"No objection to that," Donville assented.

"All the same," Frayson observed, "I don't fancy you'll find Slane a man to be intimidated."

"We'll give him a chance before we pass his name in," was Donville's decision.

STIMPSON lunched with Slane one morning that week by special invitation, in the Strangers' room at the Lavender Club. Toward the end of the meal, Slane made a confession.

"I think you know, Stimpson, by this time," he said, "that I am not a nervous person."

The detective looked at him shrewdly.

"What's coming?" he inquired.

"I don't know," his host declared. "You or I, or both of us together, have got to find the Lady Bird, and break up the gang, and do it quickly, too, or they'll get me."

"Anything fresh?"

Slane shrugged his shoulders. He laid a half sheet of note paper upon the table.

"I don't as a rule," he confided, "take any notice of anonymous letters. But I think this one is genuine."

There were only a few lines roughly printed:

Slane, my friend, I'm warning you to mind your own business. Play golf,



Fat Lady—"Ah, Henry, what infinitesimal specks we become in the presence of the mighty forces of nature."



shoot and hunt. Those are your natural amusements. Stick to them. Make up your mind quickly. After a day or two London won't be a healthy spot for you.

"Yes, I see the point," Stimpson admitted, holding the epistle up to the light. "Expensive stationery—club paper, I should think."

Slane nodded.

"I should say," he announced, "that that is a Service Club note paper—either the Rag or the In and Out. Well, I got that note five days ago, and naturally I took no notice of it. Now I'll tell you another thing. By good luck, I'm on the committee here, and I noticed a new waiter on Wednesday at the table where I always lunch. I inquired about him. The steward showed me his references, which were excellent, but I saw he was always particularly anxious to serve me, and I felt a little suspicious about him. I took up his references more closely, and found that they were forged. The day I did so, he disappeared."

"I fancy that he was only waiting to shake down here, and, in the language of our friends and criminals, I should have had mine, and no one would have had the least idea where the trouble came from. That isn't all though. Only this morning, I was crossing the road near my house—walking round to the garage—and a taxicab which had seemed to be just driving along at a moderate pace, suddenly accelerated, and came straight for me. I just managed to do a forward spring which saved me. The man was out of sight, of course, before I could even get his number."

Stimpson was looking grave.

"What about a month's holiday on the Continent?" he suggested. "The Lady Bird will keep away."

Slane shook his head.

"The fellows are too clever to run risks for nothing," he declared. "It's clear that I'm badly in their way at the present moment. They've got some scheme pending that they think I shall be more likely to get hold of than your men, and I'm not going away. You can make up your mind about that."

LUNCHEON progressed to the coffee and liqueur stage. Then, with the door closed, Slane leaned across the table.

"Stimpson," he asked, "is there such a thing as speaking in confidence to the police?"

"Not at the Yard," was the cautious admission. "Here—man to man—I should say there was."

"I have told you about the waiter, and I have told you about the taxi, and I have shown you the anonymous letter," Slane went on. "Now, I am going to tell you what happened the other day, and what has really given me a line on the Lady Bird. You have heard of Lady Eve Tregarthen, I suppose?"

Stimpson's eyes flashed for a moment.

"Anything against her?"

"Nothing definite," the detective acknowledged, "but she's in our books. She seems to have a most singular penchant for associating with criminals. One of these daring young women of the upper classes, I gather, who have exhausted all the ordinary pleasures of life, and hunt anywhere for new sensations."

Slane nodded.

"She is a friend of the Lady Bird, Stimpson," he confided.

"How do you know that?"

"Because she came to me as an envoy from him. She first of all commenced by admitting her friendship with him. Then she tried to make me believe that they had quarreled finally and desperately. She was out for revenge. I was to make my way down to Willow Walk, Bermondsey, and invite him to

take a little stroll up with me to Scotland Yard. It was all very ingenuous, and amateurish, but it was proof, at any rate, that Lady Eve knows who the Lady Bird is. The trouble of it is that she's with different men every night, and the nights one doesn't see her about she's probably with others. To single out the Lady Bird isn't easy, especially as it is quite possible they aren't seen in public together at all. However, the main point remains. She knows who he is."

"Why didn't you let me know at once?" Stimpson remonstrated. "Willow Walk was a trap for you, without a doubt, and I don't suppose the Lady Bird himself was ever there, but, with a well-organized raid, we might have found something."

Slane shook his head.

"I wasn't professional enough," he admitted. "I refused the invitation, and told the lady my reasons."

"A pity!" the detective murmured. "I don't see that Lady Eve's visit to you helps us much. But," he added, "this night."

He opened his pocket-book, and drew from it a small square of tracing paper, on which was marked in thin, purple lines, the plan of a part of the ground floor of a house. He stretched it flat upon the tablecloth.

"WE HAD a man brought in last night," Stimpson explained, "on practically a faked-up charge, because we are sure that he is in touch with the Lady Bird's gang. He was caught trying to swallow this piece of paper. You see the 'G. H.' in the corner? Well, you know the reason the Lady Bird has been so successful with these jewel robberies at evening parties has been his intimate knowledge of all the internal geography of the houses where the raids have taken place. We immediately got a copy of the Morning Post, and looked through the list of forthcoming entertainments. There is to be a reception at Grantham House—'G. H.', you see—tomorrow night. It is to be one of the most brilliant affairs of the season."

"I spent most of yesterday afternoon there myself, with this plan. It corresponds exactly with the ground floor. This square here, you see, is the ladies' downstairs cloak room. You enter it from the main hall up this passage. You can leave it, curiously enough, by three different ways. That passage there branches off into two others, one leading to an area, and the other through a private gate to the courtyard. Then, there is also a staircase, very seldom used, leading up to the main reception room in the tapestried picture gallery."

"A find!" Slane murmured.

"It is indeed. You know whose house it is, of course?"

"Yes," Slane assented—"the Duchess of Drury's. Thank goodness, I am going to the party."

The detective folded up the plan, and put it in his pocket.

"You'd have to be in it, of course," he grumbled, "but, for heaven's sake, take care of yourself for the next few hours. It looks to me as if they wanted to get rid of you before then."

"Not a chance," Slane promised. "I shall be there."

London's most exclusive and most expensive dinner club was more than usually crowded on the night of the Grantham House Reception, but a table was found at once for such a distinguished trio as Lady Tregarthen with her two companions, Colonel Conville, "The Beauty Boy," and Major Frayson. The latter took up the menu, whilst Donville glanced through the wine list. The girl looked around with her usual air of tired insolence, waving her hand now and then to an acquaintance. Suddenly

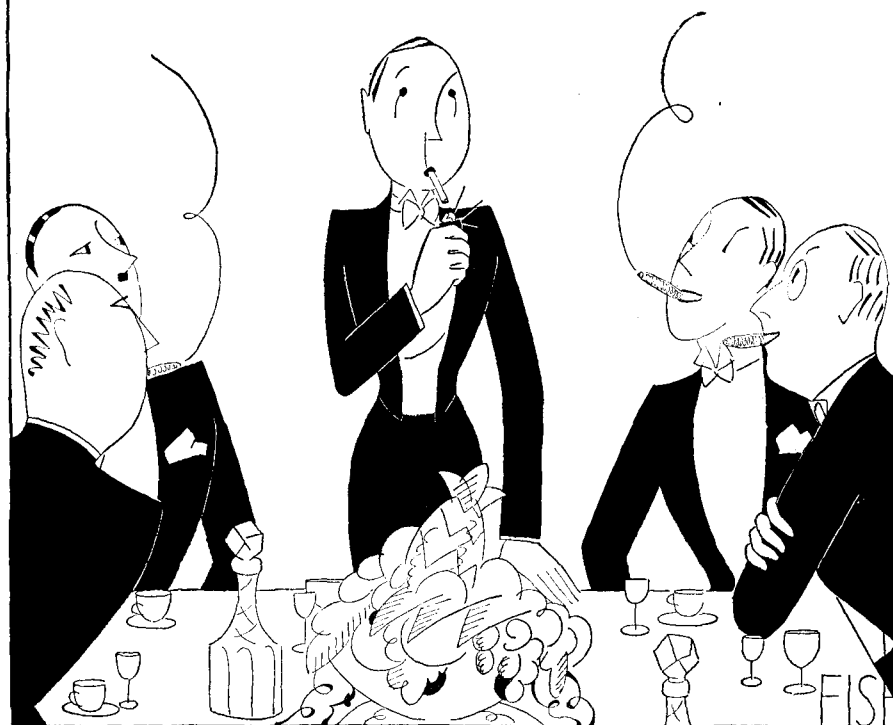
(Continued on page 60)

## EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

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(Continued from page 59)

she became aware of Slane, seated by her side.

"You see," he confided, in a low tone, "I have resisted the temptation of a visit to Willow Walk, Bermondsey."

"You were more wise than usual," she answered, with faint irony. "You know Major Frayson and Colonel Donville?"

"I have that pleasure." Slane admitted as he nodded to each in turn.

"You two idle soldier lads," she went on, "don't realize what a famous man Sir Jasper is. You have many professions, haven't you, Sir Jasper? Half-a-dozen at least, I believe."

"We all know that Sir Jasper is a famous criminologist," Donville acknowledged. "I read an article of yours lately, Sir Jasper, in one of the London papers, upon clues—how to track down a criminal, and that sort of thing. Very interesting it was, too."

"I REMEMBER it," Slane murmured. "Nowadays, however, criminology is losing its interest. It has become too scientific."

"It hasn't become scientific enough for them to lay their hands upon the man they call the Lady Bird," Donville observed. "They say that he can almost write to the police and tell them when he's going to attempt a coup, and he brings it off just the same."

"His time will come all right," Slane predicted, as he sipped his wine thoughtfully.

Acquaintances came up and surrounded the trio, and Slane, who was supping with a sister who rarely visited London, devoted himself to conversation with her. A few moments later, when they were dancing, she looked across the room at their neighbors.

"Rather an unusual young woman that," she commented. "Who did you say she was?"

"Lady Eve Tregarthen," Slane confided. "She's quite a well-known sculptress—has a studio down in Chelsea, and one in Paris, too."

"And the men? They don't seem like artists."

"They're soldiers, both of them. Donville was in the Coldstreams. 'The Beauty Boy' they call him. Frayson was a flying man."

"A quaint trio! Altogether too advanced for my country tastes," Slane's sister decided.

The music of the orchestra grew louder and louder, the popping of corks was insistent, the murmur of conversation a rapidly increasing crescendo of sound. Slane and his sister left comparatively early. As they rose to their feet, Donville leaned a little forward in his place.

"See you at Grantham House later on, Sir Jasper?" he inquired.

"I may look in," Slane observed carelessly. "I avoid that sort of thing as a rule, but it might amuse my sister as she isn't often in town."

"Are they great friends of yours?" the latter asked, as they crossed the floor.

"No, I shouldn't say that they were. Why?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Nothing particular. Only when I glanced back to wave to Alice they were all three looking after you, and whispering. I expect it's a foolish idea of mine, but I should have said that for some reason or other you weren't exactly popular with them."

He led her down the passage towards the limousine which was waiting.

"For a country woman, Ann," he complimented her, "your powers of observation are almost miraculous."

The reconstruction of that world-famous sixty-seconds' raid at Grantham House was difficult, almost impossible

in detail until the time came for the trial of the two marauders. Upstairs and from the passageway there was a not the slightest indication of any untoward incident, nor were the festivities for one moment interrupted until the whole affair was over. The one attendant in the ladies' cloak room, who was above suspicion of any sort of complicity in the proceedings, was the first to give a reasonably lucid account of what had happened.

"I was just leaning forward fastening the clasp of a lady's necklace," she recounted, "when it was snatched from my hand, and every light in the room went out. Then, all at once, I began to hear screams on every side of me."

"Someone tried the handle of the door to get out, and found that it was locked, and although I couldn't see anything distinctly, I realized to my surprise that there were men in the room. A door leading out from the back which was always kept locked, had been opened, and from the passageway there was a faint stream of light. There were at least four of the thieves in the room, and they were helping themselves to all the jewelry they could find as fast as they could. One of them was talking all the time. He promised that no one should be hurt unless she resisted or called for help."

"It was all over before one could properly understand what was happening. They knew at once outside that something was wrong, and it couldn't have been more than a minute before they forced the door. No one was hurt, but three ladies had fainted. The two back doors were closed and locked, the robbers had disappeared, and on the outside there wasn't a brooch or a necklace left."

Slane knew a little more about it when he plunged from his place of concealment in search of the man whose capture he had set his mind upon. The darkness was intense, but he had marked down the whereabouts of the quiet, soft voice snapping out orders every few seconds. For a moment he had him by the throat, but, taken by surprise though he was, the marauder was too swift and subtle. A single dive, and he had disappeared towards the interior of the room. Pursuit would have been ridiculous. A single flash of a torch, the spit of a bullet, and the thing would have been ended.

ANOTHER idea came to Slane, and he crept on tiptoe through an unnoticed door at the far end of the room, which had been marked down in the small plan, and some curtains, into the magnificent picture gallery at the farther end of which his host and hostess were receiving. Four men who were lounging around in apparently purposeless fashion, stiffened to attention at his coming, but recognized him as he stepped out into the light. Stimpson, a little tense, leaned inquiringly forward. A close observer might have noticed that the detective's hand was holding something in his jacket pocket, and that his companions had not entirely the air of guests in a great house.

"They're at it," Slane announced quickly. "I nearly got our man red-handed. He slipped away, but, look!"

Slane disclosed what he held in his hand, and Stimpson smiled a hard, queer smile.

"They must come up," Slane went on. "The doors we marked A and B out into the courtyard are both locked again, and anyone who passed through them is under arrest by this time. The plan of the principals, or of the two principals, was evidently to get up here by the short cut, and establish their alibi. There is nothing else for them to do."

Stimpson suddenly held up his hand in



warning. The curtain concealing the recess shivered just a little. On the other side, the Beauty Boy, with his faithful friend, had paused for a second before entering the reception room. Both were a little breathless.

"We'll cut in on the line," Donville whispered. "It's often done. Just a word or two with her Grace, and a drink at the bar. What's the matter, Bob? You're shaking."

"I don't know," the other replied. "Everything seemed to go like clock-work, and yet I fancied that there was someone else in the room besides the women."

"You're quite right," Donville confessed grimly. "There was one, at any rate. He grabbed me, but I got away. Hush! There's someone coming up the stairs. Draw the curtain back, Frayson; you're nearest."

Frayson obeyed, and the two men stepped right into the room. Upon the threshold they paused—paused to face the crisis of their lives—inevitable, irresistible. The bravest murderer in the

world must have felt like that when leaning over the side of the steamer he saw the boat containing the Custom Officers waved back, and the police barge approaching.

It was the end. Fate, in a stern little semi-circle—not a smile upon one of those five fixed faces.

Not even the light of triumph in Slane's earnest eyes.

DONVILLE dropped his eye-glass, and stood rigid. The fingers of his left hand strayed up to his collar. Slane nodded, and held out a crumpled white cravat.

"Too loosely tied, Donville," he remarked. "It came off in my hand."

The other four men had drawn a little closer. Donville shrugged his shoulders as he held out his wrists.

"It seems ungracious to leave without paying our respects to our host and hostess," he regretted, "but I see that my shirt is a little crumpled—and perhaps, without a tie—you won't mind the back way, Inspector."

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JAMES E. ADAMS, Architect

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WHEN James E. Adams had completed the sixth grade in school, his education, as far as anyone could see, was finished. Circumstances forced him to go to work and to all appearances he was destined to be simply another cog in the machine of labor. But he decided differently. Today he is the leading architect in a city of 100,000 population. And by a dramatic trick of fate, his greatest success has been as a designer of school buildings.

Mr. Adams was seventeen when he left his little home community of Williams Valley, in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, and set out to make his way in the world. Chance took him to Johnstown, once famous as the "Flood City." He arrived there with practically no money and very little schooling. All he had was ambition and a willingness to work. For months he was employed at ordinary labor. One day he was handed an I. C. S. circular by a young man who was himself studying an I. C. S. Course.

At that time the name of the International Correspondence Schools meant little to Adams, but he was definitely interested in the possibility of training himself for a better position. He investigated the subjects offered and finally decided on the Elementary Course in Architectural Drawing. By hard work in his spare time he finished this course in a few months, and obtained a position in an architect's office on the strength of his newly acquired knowledge.

The young draftsman was not satisfied to stop there. He took up the Complete



Garfield Junior High School, Johnstown, Pa., of which James E. Adams is the architect

Architectural Course of the I. C. S. while still keeping his position. Night after night he studied, never giving up. And in 1908 he got his diploma, certifying to his ambition and his architectural scholarship.

After a period of detail structural work with the Cambria Steel Company, Mr. Adams branched out for himself. His reputation as an architect has grown steadily. Many of the modern schools in western Pennsylvania are of his design, and he has given them a dignity that reflects his own high ideals of education.

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## Put more of them to Work

**WE** NEED more business men of the Dawes, Morrow, and Young breed in government.

Think of the magnificent services these men have rendered by the application of honest business principles to international affairs. Compare their constructive achievements with the reckless methods of the old diplomacy. Not sixty years ago Bismarck was forging a telegram in order to bring about war between France and Germany.

What a contrast is offered by the work of Dwight Morrow, our ambassador to Mexico. He has served both Mexico and the United States by ironing out differences instead of stimulating prejudices and hatred.

When Morrow was invited to go to Mexico City he was a member of J. P. Morgan & Company. He was a lawyer and a banker to big business. He happened also to be a man of wide sympathies, of imaginative understanding and of generous impulses. His character and his training fitted him perfectly for his duties as ambassador.

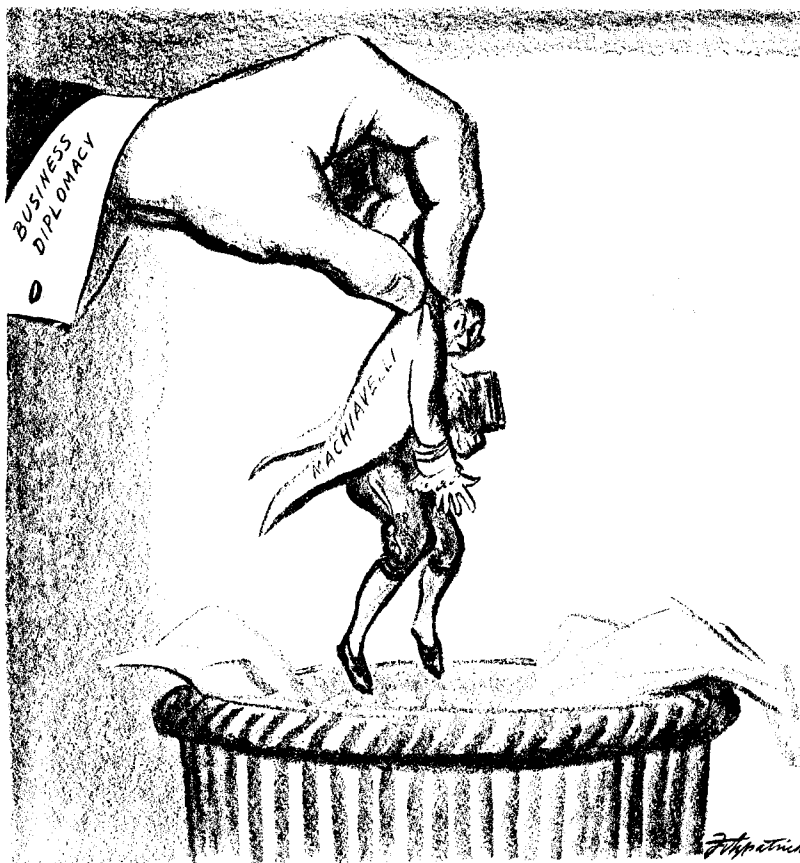
For years the relationship between Mexico and the United States had been strained. The peace we waged with Mexico was hardly less violent than war. Mexicans themselves were bitterly divided upon religious as well as upon economic and political questions.

Dwight Morrow acted the part of a wise and kindly friend of the people to whose government he was accredited.

Almost imperceptibly the clouds of prejudice and suspicion were dissipated. Questions, admittedly difficult, were found to be not unanswerable. Quiet, constructive plans were made and difficulties removed.

Mr. Morrow also knew the value of publicity not for himself but for the cause he sought to promote. So Will Rogers and Colonel Lindbergh were invited to Mexico City and good-will tours were undertaken. Pleasant feeling was stimulated. Finally, it became practicable to work out of the religious controversy which lay like a paralysis over Mexico.

In this brilliant chapter of achievement Ambassador Morrow was but applying the rules he had learned in modern business.



General Dawes is another admirable example of the business man in diplomacy. A swift trip to the Caribbean provided time enough to obtain acceptance for the Santo Domingan budget. Rushing back, he set out for London. Hardly had the picturesque Chicagoan arrived on British soil before he was en route to visit the Prime Minister.

Ramsay Macdonald was eager to improve the relationship between Britain and America and with such a man at the head of the British government General Dawes had a great opportunity.

### An End to the Art of Lying

Problems aren't solved by mere amiable words. Intelligence and hard labor are required. Dawes went instantly to work, driving at fundamentals with the zest of a salesman in pursuit of a large order.

His directness, coupled with Ramsay Macdonald's eager desire to strengthen the friendship between Great Britain and America, is gathering a harvest which will enrich us all. Nothing is more important to us and to the British than an assurance of continued friendship and peace. Naval men of both countries have been talking and

thinking too long of theoretical wars. The business man at the Court of St. James has shifted attention away from war. Write that down among the solid achievements of this year.

Then there is the work of Owen D. Young and his associates. Never has diplomacy had a vaster opportunity. Compare the work of Mr. Young with the methods of the old diplomacy—with Disraeli, Metternich or Talleyrand, for example, although it is not necessary to go so far back for cases in point.

The old diplomacy made lying an art, conspiracy a habit and blind selfishness its chief objective.

Owen Young relied upon the facts, brought conflicting interests and opinions into open conference, and made the peace and prosperity not of one nation but of all nations his goal.

These men have been so signally useful not only because of their

own unusual gifts but also because of certain ideas which are now the common property of civilized business.

During the last quarter of a century business has learned to appreciate the customer. The old policy of "let the buyer beware" has been abandoned by all except knaves and fools.

Every intelligent business man knows that his prosperity is inseparably linked with the well-being of his customers. The most intelligent business men know that there is room in the world for competitors. As customers and rivals prosper, opportunities are enlarged.

Government and diplomacy will be improved as these modern business principles are adopted.

Too long industry and trade have been absorbing the energies of the most competent men of the nation. Draft these natural leaders for public service. Give them the opportunity to apply in public affairs the initiative, the broad vision, and the fine competence now devoted to private enterprise. What Dawes and Morrow and Young already have achieved shows how great is the opportunity for public accomplishment.