



"Uneasy Lies the Head"

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

HARSH things are said about President Hoover in Washington and reports reaching here from the various states indicate that criticizing the President is one of the favorite indoor sports. The millionaires of Wall Street blame all their troubles on him and if you call in a workman to do some job around the place the chances are he will say to you, "What's the matter with Hoover? He doesn't seem to know what to do."

The idea that all is not well with the administration seems to have penetrated every rank of society. The fall of the President from his eminence of a year and a half ago to his present state is only to be compared to the fall of Wilson from his greatness of the war days to the pitiable unpopularity of his last few months in the White House. The detraction to which he is subjected is only comparable to that which was visited upon Cleveland when the panic of 1893 descended upon the country in the midst of his second administration.

There is no justice in it at all. The country insisted upon overestimating him. It built up its idol of huge proportions and now it will see nothing but the feet of clay. No one could be quite the superman it made Mr. Hoover out to be. And no one who has done all the things that Mr. Hoover has done could be quite so incompetent as it now believes him to be.

The people, in their estimate of Presidents, always go to extremes. Few Presidents who are overpraised escape the inevitable dispraise that follows. Circumstances have made the reaction quicker and more violent with Mr. Hoover. A depression is, of course, the great destroyer of Presidential popularity.

Man vs. Superman

I suppose the best protection against excessive adulation and its inevitable penalty, excessive contempt, is the possession of certain human qualities which remind the public that its great man is after all only another such as the rest of us.

A sense of humor, including the ability to laugh at himself, is helpful too. Doing things the way other people do them makes people realize that a President is like the rest of us. Mr. Coolidge was "ornery," everybody knew his like. It was not he that was great; it was the things that he did that were great, and it was just a run-of-the-mine man like ourselves that did them. Al Smith, if he had been President, would still say "raddio," reminding us that,

like the rest of us, he hadn't had too much schooling.

But Mr. Hoover has too many virtues. There isn't anything that you can whisper about him to remind yourself and your neighbor that he too is flesh and blood. He is stiff, self-conscious, remote, without warmth. He is a personification rather than a person. Then, too, he makes mistakes. He started out with the reputation of being a "superman." And the specifications of his administration were those of a super-administration.

Steam-Shovel Politics

Why must he have three secretaries instead of the usual one, except that his was to be no ordinary administration? Why did he appoint so many commissions except that all the mistakes of the past were to be corrected in short order?

So the fall was very great.

A friend of mine, who used to be one of Hoover's trusted advisers, said to me, "I see him every few days. We talk to each other on the most confidential terms. Yet I never have ventured to call him Herbert and he never has called me Bill." What hold in a dire moment has such a man upon the public?

Envy is at the bottom of a good deal of the present detraction. The equalitarian spirit of a democracy resents the greatness of the man that it makes great. Envy hides itself when the ballyhoo is working. But it is on the watch for its opportunity to destroy.

Business conditions are the chief occasion for the decline and fall. But there is a weakness in the man himself. He is a great man with a steam shovel set to dealing with human wills and emotions. No one makes an entirely successful President who isn't an expert politician, as, for instance, Coolidge or Roosevelt. Mr. Hoover is working in a medium which he does not understand. He is vitally interested in the political consequences of whatever he does and he is not qualified to judge those political consequences. This makes him uncertain and indecisive. All kinds of men have got by in the Presidency—with good luck. But Mr. Hoover has had bad luck.

He may come back, as his friends say. Mr. Cleveland came back, after he retired from office. Mr. Taft came back, after he too had retired. Mr. Hoover has a year and a half in which to come back before the next election will be coming on us.



Cork is a product vital to industry. AT LEFT—harvesting cork in Spain. BELOW—S. E. Conybeare, Asst. General Manager, Armstrong Cork Co.



THE BUSINESS LEADERS OF TODAY ARE THE I. C. S. STUDENTS OF YESTERDAY

MANY of the biggest names in the alumni roster of the International Correspondence Schools belong to men who enrolled in their teens—who supplemented a scanty elementary education by means of home study.

The career of Samuel E. Conybeare offers a contrast to this type of training.

Here is a man who not only held a college degree but had spent years in graduate work and teaching before he ever thought of a correspondence course, and who, at thirty, made his I. C. S. study a stepping-stone to a brilliant business success.

S. E. Conybeare was the son of a country minister. He helped pay his way through Coe College, in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, by campus news reporting. He taught three years in Cedar Rapids High School and then received an appointment as principal of the Boon Itt Memorial Institute, in Bangkok, Siam. After two years in the Orient he returned to Iowa State College, and became Assistant Professor of Journalism.

It was several years later, while he was editing farm papers for a publisher in Springfield, Massachusetts, that Mr. Conybeare determined to break into the field of advertising. One momentous day he clipped an I. C. S. coupon and mailed it to Scranton.

The course was just what he knew he was after, and his trained mind rapidly assimilated the details of advertising procedure. Setting what may well be a record, he went through the Complete Advertising Course of the International Correspondence Schools in less than five months.

As he himself says, "What that course gave me was a familiarity with the tools of advertising without which I might never have had a chance to enter the business."

He answered an advertisement, giving

his I. C. S. training as a part of his qualifications for an advertising position, and within a few months he had joined the Armstrong Cork Company, of Lancaster, Pa.

Three years later, in 1920, Mr. Conybeare was made Advertising Manager of that great company, one of the largest advertisers in America. He has built up, in the last decade, an advertising department that is regarded as a model for large manufacturing organizations, covering as it does not only periodical advertising but direct-by-mail advertising, radio programs and all forms of sales promotion.

Early in 1930 he relinquished his advertising duties to become Assistant General Manager, in charge of the Cork Division, and a part of his work today is the development in national industry of new uses for cork as a great basic product.

For years the name of S. E. Conybeare has been prominent in advertising circles. He has served as President of the Association of National Advertisers. He has been a director of the Audit Bureau of Circulations and of the national Direct Mail Association, as well as a member of the Jury of the Harvard Advertising Awards.

And when young men without experience ask him how they can get into advertising, he tells them a little of his own story and suggests first of all a course of home study.

No matter how complete a man's education may be, there come times in his career when the lack of some specialized form of knowledge may block his path to success. The hundreds of business and technical courses of the I. C. S. offer a quick and sure means of acquiring this knowledge. At home, in spare hours, every ambitious man can prepare himself for the big opportunity ahead, through this "Universal University."

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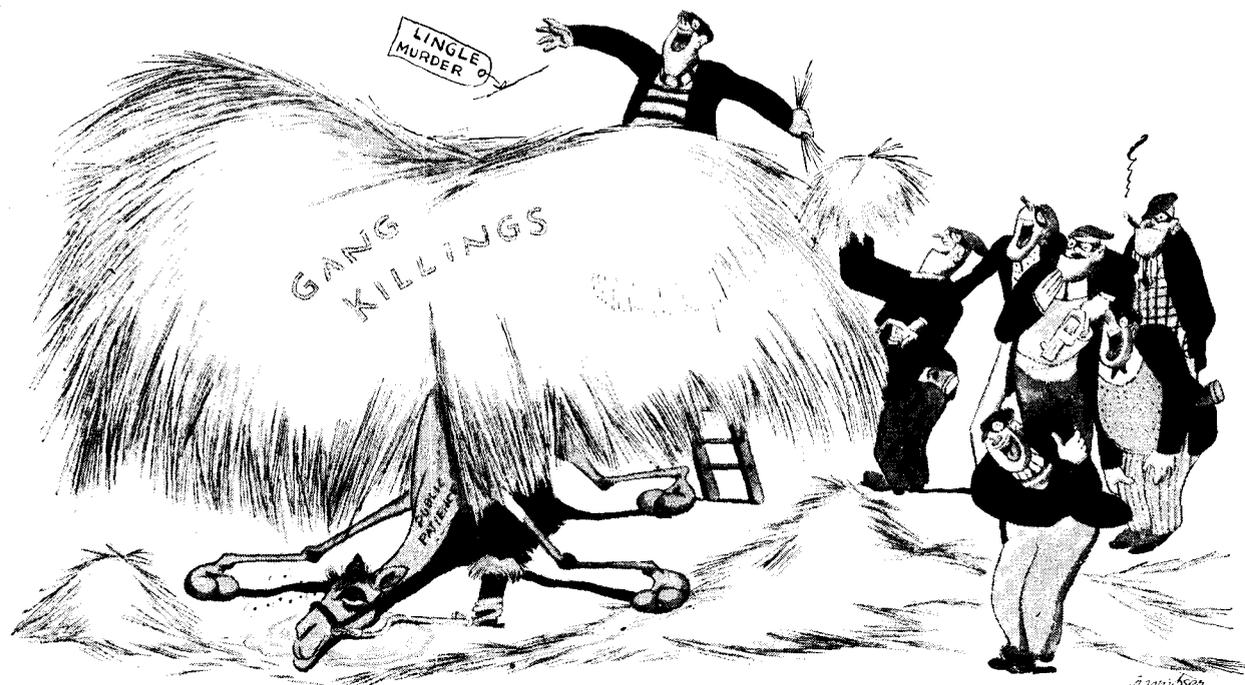
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Why we have Gangs

JUST as the assassination of a not especially admirable Austrian archduke was the spark which set off the World War, so the murder of a tarnished newspaper reporter seems to be the final irritation needed to arouse Chicago against its gangs of killers.

Shocking as was the murder, just off Chicago's magnificent Michigan Avenue, of Alfred Lingle, the Tribune police reporter, it was just another episode in the long warfare of rival gangs. His newspaper employers thought Lingle was a faithful reporter. Actually he was a "fixer" for criminals and a collector of graft. He proved to be merely a gangster killed by other gangsters.

Chicago, however, can't laugh off the Lingle murder. Another world's fair in the offing and cold-blooded murder is poor publicity for a community about to invite the world to accept its hospitality and admire its honest achievements. The Lingle murder must be avenged.

This isn't proving to be an easy task.

Gangs are too deeply entrenched in Chicago's political life. They have served highly respectable people. Their connections are far-reaching.

Long before prohibition fighting bands were well established. In some cases they grew out of boyhood gangs. Young toughs grew up and were employed as hoodlums by politicians for many years. The stakes were not rich and the gangsters were poorly paid for their violence. So they escaped too much attention.

Later these same gangs were used by business men. They appeared in the newspaper circulation wars of a quarter of a century

ago. Most of the publishers explained, and rightly enough, that they were merely defending themselves against unprovoked attack. Criminals were hired to fight other criminals because police protection failed.

Gradually these groups of hoodlums found larger opportunities. They appeared in labor union struggles and in campaigns directed against labor unions. They did damage to buildings being constructed by contractors who had enemies.

During all those years their activities were tolerated because they had so many friends at court. Good citizens would be *against* crime but *for* particular criminals. This is human nature the world over. The thing which distinguished the Chicago gangsters was the scope allowed them.

The Law of the Jungle

Finally prohibition gave them an imperial opportunity. When the decent, generally law-abiding citizens decided to go on drinking despite the law, the golden day dawned for the gangsters.

An illegal traffic running into hundreds of millions of dollars had to be controlled in some fashion.

The business was secret and illegal.

Quarrels between bootleggers can't be referred to the police or to the courts for settlement. An outlaw industry represents true anarchy. Having no government to which to appeal, the bootleggers hired the same gangster gunmen to protect them.

The flood of gold let loose by the liquor traffic spread in many directions. Police and many others were corrupted. The police could not stop the liquor traffic because

a sufficient number of voters demanded its continuance. What the police and other officials could do was to insist on sharing its profits. That was done.

The policeman who divides bootleg money with criminals doesn't find it convenient to arrest his partners in bribery. The judge chosen by the wet political boss inclines to be merciful to his boss's henchmen even though they are gangsters and killers.

The good citizen who votes for an administration which tacitly promises not to interfere with the liquor trade, even though it is forbidden by Federal law, supplies the money which makes millionaires of the most successful gangsters.

The gangster exists because respectable people have use for him.

Yet he will have to be suppressed. Murder cannot be tolerated and it will not be tolerated in Chicago or in any other self-respecting community. Milwaukee, not far from Chicago, has its liquor but it is not cursed with murder gangs. The difference lies in the city government.

Over a long period of years Milwaukee has been well administered. Police efficiency has been kept at a high level. Milwaukee is wet but its city government is honest and intelligent.

Chicago can have an honest and intelligent government whenever the decent citizens decide to merge their differences and to elect a competent, honorable administration.

Before the real murderers of Lingle and the host of others slaughtered in this bandit warfare can be indicted the decent citizens will have to clean house. A corrupt, stupid government is incompetent to punish crime.