

Collier's

HICKMAN POWELL

A magazine that came back . . . how an editorial formula was developed with \$15,000,000 backing . . . big names, gay heroines and circulation efficiency . . . first of a new series

THE famous lady novelist was indignant. She flounced in through the always open door of Thomas Hambly Beck, the new boss at *Collier's*. Down on his desk she slapped a rejected manuscript. The rejection, so a sympathetic and indiscreet editor had told her, had been perpetrated by Mr. Beck himself.

This was back in the 1920's, not long after the Crowell Publishing Company had bought the moribund *Collier's* and discovered the weekly could lose money almost as fast as it could be made by the company's *American Magazine* or *Woman's Home Companion*. Tom Beck was one of the few men in America who could out-talk an angry lady novelist. As a soap salesman he had rung countless doorbells, humored thousands of unfriendly dogs, banished the frowns of a myriad of busy housewives. Having built up the Procter and Gamble power-laundry soap department and launched Crisco on the national market, he did not stand in awe of famous authors. When she asked what he knew about literature, Beck said: "Madame, I know nothing about literature. Professors know about literature. While I was reading your story, I was thinking about a family in Muncie, Indiana. [This was before the Lynds discovered Middletown.] They're buying their own home, have a car partly paid for, a son on the high-school basketball team, and a daughter starting to go out with the boys. I know those people, thousands of 'em. They don't give a hoot about literature, but they love stories.

"I was wondering whether I could go

to that family, tell them a few things about your story, and have them want to buy it for a nickel. If I think they'll want your story for a nickel, we'll pay you \$1000 for it. And if we can get a dozen things like that in a magazine, I know we can sell it."

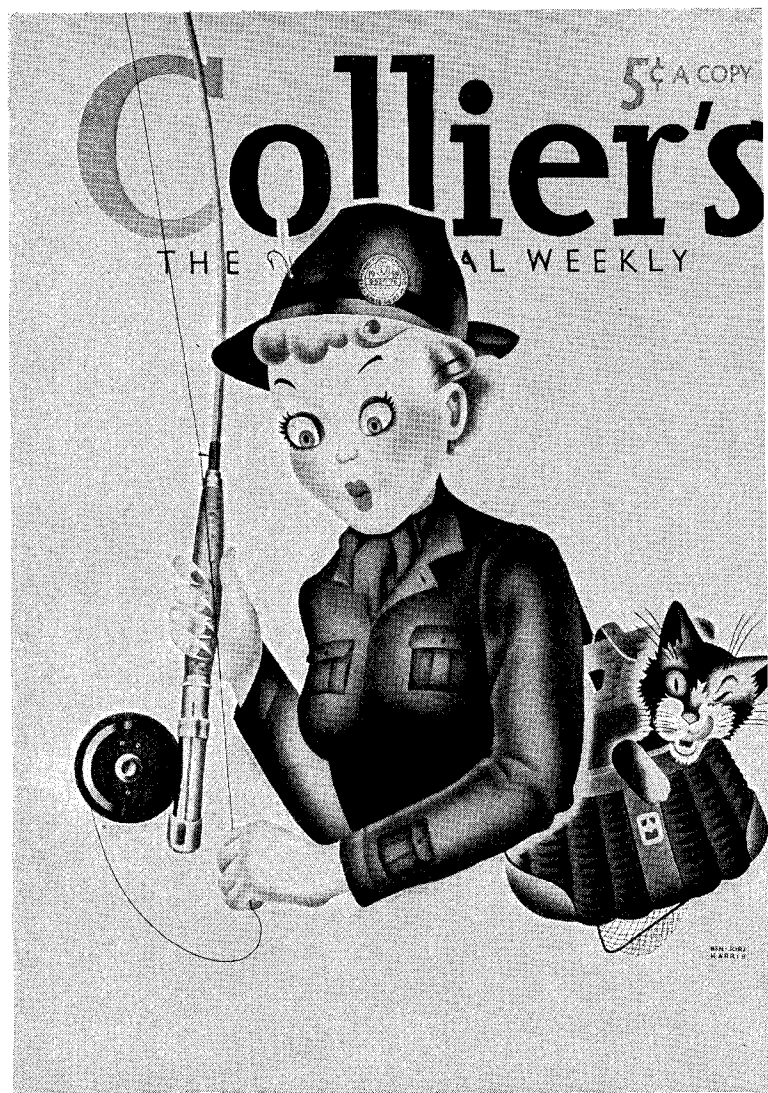
When Beck uttered this dictum, there was little about *Collier's* to justify his assurance. It was a discouraged, moth-eaten, hungry-looking sheet, about which persisted a depressing scent of premature old age and uplift. It was trying to attract the people of Muncie with articles on "More Business in Government, Less Government in Business" and "7 Cents an Hour for Taxes."

Collier's today is a medium of advertising which sells 2,750,000 copies a week and challenges the *Saturday Evening Post's* long leadership in the mass-circulation field. Weekly it dispenses a dependable quota of murderous fictional villains and of young women in shorts and halters, with long, slim athletic legs, vibrantly in love with young men who have long slim legs, hair on their chests, and a wallop in each fist.

Collier's staff writers dash over land and sea by airplane to get hot news stories which will appear on the newsstands not sooner than four or five weeks later, with facts boiled down into glittering stories of personalities in action—Hollywood fluffies, heavyweights, ski jumpers, war lords, and statesmen. The writers are proud their articles are set

forth with an open-minded point of view, virile respect for basic fact, and absence of propaganda; Tom Beck is proud they are "bits of information in small capsules, sugar-coated." The magazine is an article of commerce more brightly packaged and more efficiently sold than any breakfast food; a vehicle of light entertainment as dependable and competently engineered as a V-8 straight from the assembly line; a slick journal with a zip of showmanship on every page, as lively and contemporary as a swing band.

Peter F. Collier founded his magazine in 1888, as a premium to go with books sold on the installment plan. He coddled it along to provide a job for his son Robert. Back in the earnest days of the first Roosevelt, Robert Collier paid Norman Hapgood \$25,000 a year to edit the journal. Hapgood piled fact upon mountains of fact to expose evil, quoted Browning and Wordsworth at his readers, thundered at corruption and corporations. He had such artists as Frederic Remington, A. B. Frost, Maxfield Parrish, and Charles Dana Gibson under contract, at one time paying Gibson \$104,000 for fifty-two double spreads. Samuel Hopkins Adams muckraked the patent-medicine business. From a page in *Collier's* a successful purge was led





Long, narrow eyes seemed to be watching us. They held my gaze hypnotically.

The Drums of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

The insidious doctor and his formidable Si-Fan inject a new menace into the tangled affairs of this already troubled world.

"MN!" There it was again! That queer, guttural sound that the Chinese call 'Si-Fan'—the sound of the drums of Fu Manchu! It came from the street, from the shadows, from the very heart of the city. It was a sound that had been heard for centuries, a sound that had been the harbinger of doom for many a man. It was a sound that had been the harbinger of doom for many a man. It was a sound that had been the harbinger of doom for many a man.

As I stood in the lighted room, with the door open and a soft light from the street, I saw a man who seemed to be watching me. He was a man of middle age, with a long, thin mustache and a high-collared jacket. He was looking at me with a serious expression. He was looking at me with a serious expression. He was looking at me with a serious expression.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM ADAMS

against the reactionary Republican leaders in Congress, by a roaring young liberal named Mark Sullivan. *Collier's* boosted its circulation from 300,000 to 600,000. Reform was profitable.

After his father died, the younger Collier paid little attention to business, and borrowed money from his friend Harry Payne Whitney. Improvidence got the magazine in hock to the very financial interests against which it had tilted, and under the deadening hand of the bankers the flaming sword grew cold. When Robert Collier died in 1918 his business was a wreck. Tom Beck, who had been sales manager for Collier before he joined the Crowell company, persuaded J. P. Knapp, the controlling stockholder of Crowell, to buy *Collier's*. This was done in 1919, by settling up *Collier's* debts. The cost was about \$1,750,000.

Norman Hapgood had boasted that under him *Collier's* stood first among magazines in influence upon the public. Now under Beck the magazine was out to please, to make money. Without a torch to carry or a sermon to preach, it sought to be influenced by the public. And within a few years *Collier's* was so successful that Beck could visualize *Collier's* market not merely as the family in Muncie but as the Active Market—that

vast mass of Americans who are always on the go, dashing around to football games, hockey matches, prize fights, and bathing beaches, wearing out shoes and automobile tires. As circulation mounted, he was even able to become exclusive about it; at one point when subscribers protested against cigarette and liquor advertising Beck, who knows his promotion, snatched out his own checkbook and bought back their subscriptions.

"Glad to get rid of 'em, don't want 'em!" he exclaimed. "They're cement heads! They sit in rocking chairs! They don't buy Jantzen bathing suits!"

II

So clearly does Tom Beck personify the emotional tone of *Collier's* today that it would be

easy to assume the magazine had sprung to life spontaneously in response to the magic of his personality. That would simplify this story, but unfortunately it is not quite true. Once it had bought *Collier's*, the Crowell company found it had a Jonah. In rapid succession came a paper shortage, a general strike of the printers, and the 1920 depression. It was off the newsstands for four consecutive weeks. Advertisers stampeded away from what seemed a dying enterprise. The readers gradually expired from boredom. *Collier's* needed an editor.

There were only three editors during the six years this monthly-magazine organization fumbled for the elusive secret of running a weekly; but so insecure was their tenure that they seemed like a rapid procession. As George Creel put it one day, in refusing to wait twenty minutes outside the editorial sanctum, "I don't know who the editor will be twenty minutes from now."

Finally, at the end of 1924, the Crowell company came upon William Ludlow Chenery, who had been managing editor of Munsey's New York *Sun*. It was decided to give him a try as editor of *Collier's*. Then suddenly the circulation department began clicking. From 850,000 in 1924, the circulation leaped to 1,500,000 by the end of 1927, passed

2,000,000 in 1929, and by 1931 had reached 2,330,156. With elation the management noted that *Collier's* growth during those six years paralleled that of the *Saturday Evening Post* in the period from 1907 to 1913—the days when George Horace Lorimer showed that the virtues of the businessman were even more popular than the iniquities which Hapgood was exposing.

As *Collier's* soared, its stockholders were forced to bank a spectacular gambling operation. In 1924, advertising revenues had fallen below \$1,700,000; white paper was pouring through the presses like a stream of gold with no corresponding growth of income. Game for the risk, the Crowell stockholders in 1926 floated among themselves an additional 25,000 shares of stock to finance the expansion; but by 1927 the Crowell company had poured more than \$10,000,000 into *Collier's* losses and some of the owners began having qualms.

Then spoke up Mr. Knapp, the controlling stockholder. Mr. Knapp is a printer, as well as a publisher, and is an old-fashioned bull on America. In 1939, seventy-five years old, he is still building up his rotogravure business, which dominates that form of printing in this country. In 1927 he pointed to charts which showed a steady upward course for *Collier's*, said he saw daylight ahead in about three years. If any stockholders wanted to quit, he would be glad to buy them out. Everybody decided to go ahead.

By the time the business boom broke in 1929, *Collier's* was just starting to break even. The stockholders had sunk into it nearly \$15,000,000 in cold, hard cash.

It was good that they did so, because the poor stepchild was soon to become the biggest breadwinner in the family. Today the Crowell printing plant at Springfield, Ohio, turns out more than 20,000,000 magazines a month, and more than half of them are *Collier's*. By 1937 *Collier's* gross revenues, \$13,000,000, exceeded the total take of Crowell's three monthlies—*American*, *Woman's Home Companion*, and *The Country Home*. That year *Collier's* contributed a larger share of profit than the *Companion* to Crowell's \$3,790,000 profits.

III

WHEN Chenery went to work, *Collier's* did not put his name on the masthead. Instead Tom Beck printed his own name there as Editorial Director. Chenery might not last.

The new editor hardly seemed like

6. Twelve to twenty cartoons an is-

The staff's animal spirits soon overflowed into the magazine. Prohibition was the biggest news in 1925, and Chenery turned his men loose on it, sending them over the country to see how the experiment was working. When the stories began appearing, 3000 prohibitionists canceled their subscriptions, but

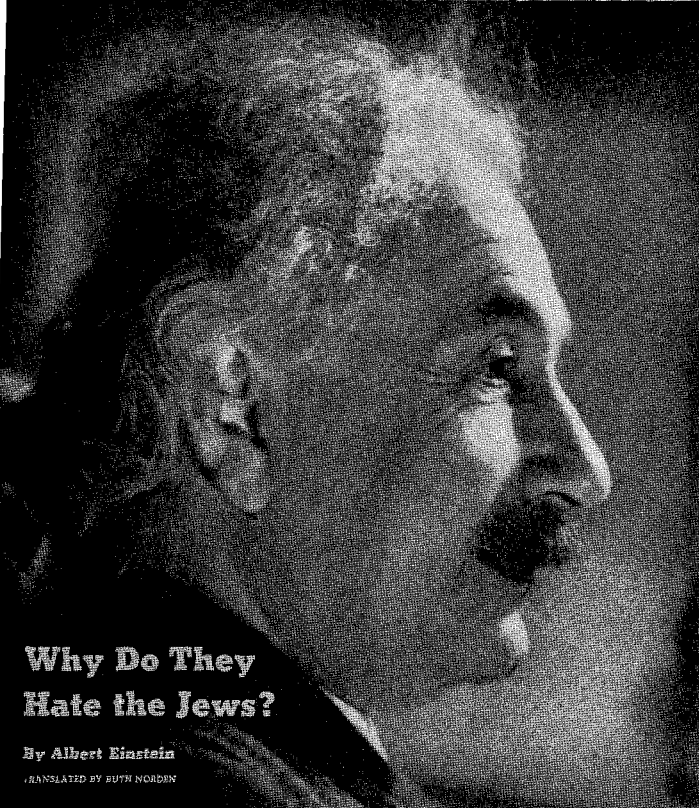
Jimmy Roosevelt.



YOUNG Mr. Roosevelt, the young man James H. Roosevelt, is a fourth-generation head-off with a fine feeling, both as to what he should do and how to do it. He is a young man considering how to manage. In experience he was still growing, in intellect he was fully formed. He was a young man who, at the moment he was asked to direct the new campaign in the primaries against Governor Roosevelt, was not only a young man but he seems to be President of the

state. Indeed, just now, he was beginning to travel in the mode of Roosevelt. Jimmy was Jimmy Roosevelt, Jr. He had read the newspapers, he had seen the news, he knew what was going on. He had read the newspapers, he had seen the news, he knew what was going on. He had read the newspapers, he had seen the news, he knew what was going on. He had read the newspapers, he had seen the news, he knew what was going on.

Collier's rapidly developed a style and tone of its own. An assistant in the office named Charles Colebaugh was made managing editor, and developed into a cold-minded, shirt-sleeve executive who



Why Do They Hate the Jews?

By Albert Einstein

TRANSLATED BY BETH NORDEN

lier's asked the most famous
him of anti-Semitism to explain
the Jewish people are the ob-
of organized persecution in
many, in Italy and elsewhere.
y do they inspire bitterness
in democratic countries? Dr.
stein here presents his views

[illegible]

left to three. Sorry with me? My ex-son and grand
nephew mail deliver you and your child from a disas-
ter and economic strife.

*Blinded by fear and hatred of the slave, the herds-
man is victimized by the shepherd and his people. He
lost his freedom and became the shepherd's slave.*

The herdsman is liable represents a people, and the
shepherd had a duty to change actions to assist
and lead the people, the slave on the other hand
represents the free.

I can hear you say: "A most unlikely tale." Most

knew what he wanted and spared no pains to get it; he would worry a headline as a terrier would a rat; gradually he livened up the dress of the book. Space was limited, so all writing was cut; that speeded up the tempo. But writing did not develop into the blunt headline style found in *Liberty*. Influenced by Davenport, it became genial, meandering, intimate. Dull facts were thrown out to make room to spread personality, both of subject and writer.

One weekly lead article became the main feature of the magazine, skimming a weighty news subject. Three times out of four this is what is promoted and advertised on the cover. About half are written by staff men, half by big names. Examples, staff: W. B. Courtney on war in Ethiopia, war in Spain, war in China, colonization in Alaska, aviation everywhere; Davenport lampooning political montebanks; John T. Flynn on the farm problem or investment stagnation. Examples, big names: H. G. Wells on the New Deal; Winston Churchill defying German bombers; Einstein on anti-Semitism, which hit the stands a few weeks after last fall's pogroms; Benny Goodman on jitterbugs.

The big names have to hop up their writing for *Collier's* and keep it short. Once the late Dr. S. Parkes Cadman

brawls break out at the Stork Club. Taken on a few years ago to do sports, he turned versatile, in 1937 made \$16,405. Last winter he did pieces on Hollywood, Broadway, basketball, NYA girls in New Mexico, the pogrom in Germany, the boy assassin of Vom Rath, plus a short story about a schoolteacher who proved he was a man by beating up a kidnaper who had a gun against his ribs. Most sport pieces now are done by newspapermen.

All over the country, *Collier's* has confidential correspondents, known as Mr. X, who write in news and gossip from their towns to keep the editors in touch with what people are thinking. One of these, Jim Marshall, was so good he was taken on the staff, and in 1937 was blown almost to pieces when the Japs bombed the *Panay* on the Yangtze. (The news got into *Collier's* seven weeks later.) *Collier's* men get around a lot. Tom Beck was on the first passenger plane to Bermuda, the first across the Pacific, and will be in the first to cross the Atlantic. In the first week of March this year Marshall was in Alberta, just back from South America; Courtney in Manila, doing a piece on Guam; Kyle Crichton just back from Hollywood; Davenport in Alabama; Denver Lindley just back from scouting an article in

did a piece on the need for rewriting the Bible, wrote 10,000 words, demanded it be printed just as written or not at all. He was sent a rewritten version of 2500 words with an offer of \$1000 for it, and gracefully accepted. Winston Churchill had to rewrite his stuff two or three times for *Collier's* before he made the grade, but he finally clicked. Writers who have done their stuff over to punch it up for *Collier's* include Kathleen Norris, Sax Rohmer, E. Phillips Oppenheim, and Eleanor Roosevelt.

Some staff men work on salary, most of them on guarantees with good piece rates. Big guns now are Davenport, Courtney, and Quentin Reynolds, a bluff mountain of energy who is likely to be at the ringside when

Boston; Reynolds starting for Chicago; Max Wilkinson in the South hunting for new fiction writers.

In 1927 the *Collier's* fiction desk was taken over by Kenneth Littauer, a plot expert from the pulp magazines, who also picks stories for *Woman's Home Companion*, and action took supremacy. Today when Mignon G. Eberhart does a mystery for some magazine it may be loaded with atmosphere, but for *Collier's* she does pure action. J. P. Marquand may satirize *The Late George Apley* in the *Post*, even let Mr. Moto proceed in leisurely fashion, but in *Collier's* his gangsters and heiresses are kept busy.

Psychological conflicts in *Collier's* are minimized, pointed up by violence as men clash with primitive weapons. Out of fifty-six short stories published in the first twelve issues of 1939, seven include fist fights, in four others lethal weapons include poison, a sandbag, an airplane, and a steamship; eighteen have firearms or war munitions in them. If the twenty-four installments of murder serials are considered separate items, the score reads: violent, 53; non-violent, 27.

Yet a surprising number of stories vary from formula. WPA and labor unions are spoofed good-naturedly by Roark Bradford and Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Lacking are the Cinderella motif, the success story, and usually the snob appeal. *Collier's* lovers often are humble, sometimes decide money isn't everything, sometimes even get in trouble by spending beyond their means.

Only ten of the fifty-six short stories lack some sort of love or sex interest. William MacHarg's genial Detective O'Malley, who has been solving crimes and clearing the innocent for years in *Collier's*, never bothers with a murder unless there is a dame in it. But sex in *Collier's* fiction is hard to define. You don't get the sentimental sweetness you find in the women's magazines. Neither do you get much realism. Only villains are allowed illicit amour, and then in a discreet way. Heroes quickly repent their rare carnal impulses. The girls are never sultry, or deep-breasted, as in *Cosmopolitan*. They are gay winsome nymphs, physically fit for love as yet unconsummated.

Both fiction and articles are intensely contemporary, rarely reminiscent. Yet *Collier's* did stretch a point and bid \$80,000 unsuccessfully against the *Post* for Mrs. Woodrow Wilson's memoir, on the theory it was a President's love story. Later there were few regrets. Mrs. Wilson was hardly a *Collier's* girl.

Back in 1925 the magazine's cracker-

barrel philosopher Uncle Henry (secret pseudonym of George Creel) did a piece on "The Bare Sex," remarking that "if women keep on sheddin' their clothes men are liable to become clean-minded in spite of themselves." The illustration drawn for this showed a lady of the nineties, complete with ruffles, veil, and bustle. An article on "The Mother of Three Follies Girls" was illustrated with eight photographs displaying one pair of legs, and muscular at that. In the issue of August 8, 1925, the illustrations show one bootlegger, one convict in stripes, one cowboy, one soldier, and three policemen, in static conversational poses; the only picture in the book showing a firearm was that of a .22 rifle, offered as a prize to boy salesmen. *Collier's* illustrators today do not so overlook their opportunities.

Under William O. Chessman, the art editor, the pictures are the most vital element in the book, with action photographs and drawings splashed over all the opening pages. *Collier's* artists have freedom to swing across the pages with bold, free line and emphatic contrasts of light, shade, and color; abandoning the finicky old pen-and-ink and pencil techniques, they vigorously follow the modern tendency toward subordination of detail. They have free rein up to four colors, in eight to sixteen pages of gravure made available by a special Knapp process. For covers, *Collier's* pays \$250 to \$500, for gag cartoons, around \$45.

The artists have to keep up with the times in other ways. Aimee Larkin, a stylist formerly on *Vogue*, is on the staff to see about such things, both in text and pictures. Last June she had a girl on the cover in a strapless bathing suit, of the sort which will be seen this year. Twice a year Miss Larkin takes a dozen illustrators to a show of latest Paris models, lectures them on trends. She is having girls for this summer's issues drawn with slim waists and rounded hips; by next winter they may be wearing laced corsets.

Recently Lawson Wood sent *Collier's* from England a rough sketch for a cover idea—a kitten intently waiting for a mouse to emerge from the hole in a lady's open-toed shoe. For the finished painting the shoe had to be exactly right, not an English shoe. Miss Larkin sent him a photograph of the latest seventy-five-dollar model and directed him to the one exclusive shop in London where he could buy that shoe.

IV

COLLIER'S losses, not yet all won back, were long ago written off the books. In

1937 Crowell was able to report a net income of \$2,800,000—slightly more than \$300 a share on its 7 per cent preferred stock and exactly \$3.68 per share on its common. This was while Crowell's competitor, Curtis Publishing Company, was making part payments on accumulated preferred dividends.

This progress would not have been possible but for able work in Crowell's business departments. Here we'll begin with circulation, headed by John Brehm. Crowell's circulation department is notable in that it sells not only its own magazines but the magazines of other publishers. Thus, to begin with, Crowell saves on overhead. Furthermore, Crowell sells efficiently. So efficiently, in fact, that in 1936, for instance, Crowell's

circulation department took in \$4,000,000 more than it spent. This was in sharp contrast to some magazines whose circulation efforts barely "pay out"—a circulation term which in layman's language means spending a dollar for every dollar produced in subscription revenue. Where such a situation obtains, a tremendous burden is thrown onto the advertising department—it must bear *all* the overhead plus *all* the production, editorial, art, and promotion costs. But Crowell's circulation department runs so smoothly that Crowell advertising has a \$4,000,000 start where some other large magazines would be lucky to have half that much coming in net from circulation. Thus, Crowell's net earnings for the year 1936 were \$2,900,000. In 1937 they dropped to \$2,800,000 and in 1938 to \$1,246,000. The million-and-a-half decrease in profits was a reflection of general business conditions in 1938; Crowell's gross revenues were \$36,800,000 or \$4,000,000 less than in 1937. To offset this drop, expenses were cut \$2,500,000. Thus, Crowell paid a \$2.50 dividend on its common stock without taking but 92 cents out of reserves.

The Crowell circulation system is largely an outgrowth of the book-selling system developed by old P. F. Collier, in connection with which his weekly was

Palm Beach Santa Claus

By Damon Runyon

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. SMIT

Mr. Falso Zimpl, home player, takes a little fixer in Christ-mas spirit, and peace and good will take it on the lam

IT IS the afternoon of a hot day in the city of West Palm Beach, Florida. A man, by the name of Falso Zimpl, is standing on a street corner thinking of very little and throwing so much smoke that a couple of small boys who are sitting on the curb at his feet, looking cool, for this Falso weighs three hundred pounds if he weighs a sheet and as he is only about five feet eight inches tall he is really quite a tub of bubbles and runs a very wide shuffle.

At that, he is somewhat undernourished at this time and in fact is maybe fifteen or twenty pounds underweight as he does not partake of food for two days, and if the small boys who know how hungry he is the chances are they will not be sitting so close to him. To tell the truth, Falso is so hungry that his stomach is growling if he thrusts it on a vacation and what is more he does not have as much as that thin dip in his pants pocket to relieve his predicament.

This Falso is a home player by trade and he is on tour in Miami to participate in the winter meetings at Tropical Park and Hialeah and he leaves New York City with just enough money to get him as far as West Palm Beach by bus, but with nothing over for food and drink on the journey. However, he does not regret having to leave the bus at West Palm Beach, as his stomach is slowly dwindling from hunger, and he figures he may be able to get something to eat there.

Besides, the bus people are talking of changing him across here because it seems that Falso has over on both sides in one seat so much that they claim it is just the same as if he has three seats, and other passengers are complaining and the journey is by no means a pleasant trip to Falso.

Well, while Falso is standing there on the corner all of a sudden a big red light starts pulling up to the street in front of him with a good-looking young man with a sport shirt driving it and a skinny lady sitting in the seat next to him and the skinny lady motions for Falso to come out to the car.

At first Falso does not pay any attention to her because he does not wish to be moved around and after his whole body from the small nerve tips, as he can see that they are very comfortable, and what it comes to children, his kinder-hearted guy than Falso ever lived up to matter, if they are slightly colored children, in fact, Falso is enduring no little suffering from the heat, standing there just because he is too frightened to move.

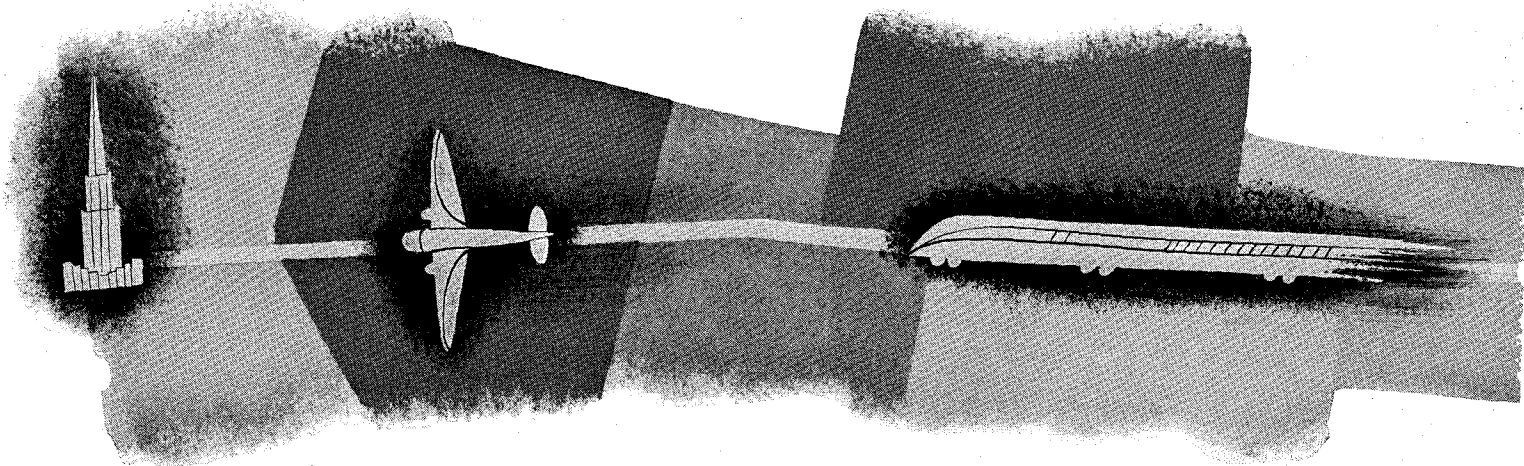
The skinny lady, in the meantime, keeps motioning to him and then she cries "Get out!" in a loud tone so finally Falso goes out to the street to the car, figuring that maybe she wishes to ask



It seems that Mrs. Mimma is forgetting she is a lady and is kicking Falso severely

originally sold. This was an intricate business in which the delicate balance between door-to-door sales and collections was more important than the mere matter of printing costs. When Beck went to Crowell from *Collier's* he took with him Albert E. Winger, now treasurer and executive vice-president of Crowell (\$45,240 a year). They, later augmented by the whole *Collier's* organization, transplanted the sales system, adapted it as the paid-during-service system of selling magazines. Competitors called this the installment plan, but it was not really that. The subscribers pay for the magazines before they get them—on a month-by-month basis. It is more like C. O. D. With field selling crews pushing several magazines at once, on delayed payments, for long-term subscriptions, the average sales unit was pushed up above \$16, and overhead and clerical costs were cut way down.

This field selling operates under a system Mr. Winger calls budget control. The management decides whether business conditions are good enough to warrant a circulation increase for the coming year. If 100,000 increase for *Collier's* is decided upon, that is budgeted. Assuming 700,000 subscriptions will expire that year, there are 800,000 subscriptions to (continued on page 36)



Between the Fairs

ROBERT J. LANDRY

INDUSTRIAL SIGHT-SEEING . . . *an examination of two great routes across the continent . . . what they offer to tourists interested in manufacturing processes*

FOLLOWING the old Sante Fe wagon trail the modern streamlined train zooms across the lonely desert land of New Mexico, its wheels singing over rails laid down in blood and sweat and now traveled in hip-deep cushions. Now and again the tourist glances through the broad, seam-tight window at heat and dust, and thinks thankfully of air conditioning. He dips again into his gin rickey and murmurs, "tsk, tsk," which translated means, "What a big back yard this country has."

In that back yard, the three million square miles between Treasure Island and Flushing Meadows, is a lot of scenery which right now the railroads are marketing to people going to the World's Fairs. For example, the Santa Fe is merchandising the Grand Canyon and the Southern Pacific the caverns around El Paso. Most every railroad has a scene-for-sale and many, like the two mentioned, are veritable post-card albums.

Every form of transportation is stressing the-detour-of-a-lifetime. The air lines have their story, and the bus lines their pet phrase—"go scenically." The state governments are in the side-trip business, too. North Carolina ballyhoos the Great Smoky National Park, Pennsylvania recommends its Pocono Mountains, the Pacific Northwest bespeaks the glowing attributes of the Crater Lake-Mount Rainier country.

Everywhere the traveler en route to the World's Fairs is greeted with invitations to stop over, take the next left turn, investigate regional features. One hotel chain encourages the tourist to zigzag his course so as to spend each night in a Simmons bed.

Less actively sold to the traveling public are the industrial sights between the Fairs. We were discussing this subject recently. The Fairs stimulate industrial curiosity; indeed, that is their prime function. Millions of people will look in on elaborate exhibits, diaramas, factories operating in miniature. They will be exposed to every known device of public relations to make them interested in and sympathetic to the processes (*i.e.*, the problems) of commerce.

And we noted the irony that on their way to the industrial shows at the Fairs the public passes by the real show—industry itself. So that your North Dakotan comes to New York all pepped up over seeing how Ford makes a Ford—and passes right through Detroit without seeing the River Rouge plant where they are turned out wholesale.

Just as, a few years back, you could stand on a Broadway corner and see Lucky Strikes being made behind glass show windows. There was always a crowd there gaping, and in the crowd was usually someone from Richmond, Virginia, where Luckies are made by the

billions. This year Lucky Strike will have similar cigarette-making machines operating at the New York Fair, and thousands of people will pass through Richmond without thinking of going to the factories which make a third of the world's cigarettes. Some of these visitors will probably ask where they can see Camels being made—they will be told, "No, no Camel exhibit," and the thought will never cross their minds that two days before they passed through Winston-Salem, N. C., a city whose entire life is built around the manufacture of Camels and Prince Albert.

Talking about all this, we got to thinking, "Just what could an industrial tourist see between the fairs?" Obviously, there were too many industrial plants for us to try to survey the nation. The names of one-tenth the interesting industrial sights in the United States would take up more space than we have in this entire issue. The only answer was sampling. So we stepped to a large wall map and with red thumbtacks high-spotted two routes across the country: Route One, starting from San Francisco, running through Los Angeles and El Paso to New Orleans, and sweeping up through Atlanta and Richmond to New York. Route Two, running from New York to Chicago and on through Cheyenne and Salt Lake City to San Francisco. Along these two routes, samples