

dangerous adventure thus tells the story in a dispatch to the *New York Times*:

We had a surface trip right across escorted by other forces, and by the help of smoke clouds we got right in and were able to drive her almost right up, before we were discovered, to the wall of the mole. It was tricky work and there was not much time to think about it, as we had to work exactly to a time-table of seconds, and if anything had gone wrong—well, good-by.

But we got her up there all right. I can't tell you what the submarine was filled up with, but it was something much worse than T. N. T. Everything had to be fixed in a few seconds, and just as we got up the Germans managed to spot us, putting a search-light full on us. Then we had to get away through a hot time. We only had a little dingy, which we had to get out while machine guns and rifles were firing hard on us from everywhere, but we tumbled in and had just got off a little way when the submarine blew up. It did the job all right, I can tell you. It almost capsized us, but we hung on, altho two or three were wounded, and soon a motor-launch picked us up, and after a bit a destroyer took us in charge.

It was a great time, and I wouldn't have missed it. . . . I shall not forget what I saw and heard. The gun-fire was hellish on each side. I got a bullet in the thigh, which came right through the boat first, fortunately, before it hit me.

MASTER MINDS WHO WILL SPEED UP OUR SEA- AND AIR-FLEETS

AT seventeen, John D. Ryan was selling calico in one of the chain of general merchandise stores run by his uncle in the mining district of Michigan. At twenty-five he was selling lubricating oil through the Rocky Mountain section from Montana to Mexico, and at thirty-five he was in charge of the affairs of the Amalgamated Copper Company, and engaged in a battle royal with one Fritz Augustus Heinze, who then occupied the copper throne. Ryan joggled him off, and to-day, at fifty-three, he controls the Anaconda Copper Company, of which he is president, and which contributed \$1,000,000 to the war-fund of the National Red Cross, of which Ryan is a member.

When Heinze was so well beaten that he was anxious to dispose of his copper interests to the Amalgamated, Ryan's dealings with the man who had previously controlled the copper output of Montana were spiced with humor. Heinze was fearful that the miners would hear that he was preparing to sell out, for he had promised to fight their battles if they would stand by him. So all his negotiations with Ryan were carried on *sub rosa*. He never met Ryan except in the most out-of-the-way places. They never visited one another's offices, nor entered the same building by the same door, and the most important meeting of the series that resulted in Ryan acquiring the Heinze properties was held in Providence, R. I.—quite a distance from the firing-line.

The departure of Heinze from the field permitted Ryan to wash his hands of

political campaigning, and to devote himself exclusively to the development of the Amalgamated's increased properties.

But this is only one of Ryan's achievements. Without money, technical education, or financial training he had won his way before reaching middle age to the part ownership of a string of banks, had built the most remarkable electric power enterprise in the land, and was a director in many big financial and industrial organizations of the country.

That's Ryan, the man selected to speed up the construction of Uncle Sam's air-fleet. As chairman of the cooperative committee on copper of the National Council of Defense he is well known in Washington. But he is a modest man, and does not care to talk about his own achievements. Says a writer in *Leslie's*:

Recently I asked Mr. Ryan to tell me something about his achievements for the inspiration of younger men.

"No!" replied Mr. Ryan, holding up both hands in protest. "You can not write a picturesque story about me, picturing me sweating in miner's togs at the bottom of a shaft, for I never did a day's mining in my life. I wasn't a prodigy at school, and I haven't worked harder than lots of other men."

"Then do you want me to assume that you have got where you are because of influence?"

"Influence!" broke in Mr. Ryan. "Influence is the worst handicap any young man can have. It tends to make him feel he need not exert himself to his full capacity, and has a bad effect upon him. When other workmen learn that one of their number has a pull with somebody higher up they look at him askance and the effect upon these other men is bad. Then the foreman, or whoever is over him, will either show him undue favors and push him into a position for which he is not fitted, or, if the boss is of a different stamp, he will hesitate to promote him even when he deserves it because the boss knows the others will think it is a case of favoritism. The effect, therefore, is bad upon the whole organization. When any young engineer or college graduate or anybody else comes to me asking for a letter to enable him to get a job at our works I say to him just what I have told you."

Ryan comes of good old mining stock. His father discovered what are now known as the Copper Range Mines of the Lake Superior district. Of the career of the copper king *Leslie's* says:

Shortly after John was born, at Hancock, Michigan, on October 10, 1864, the family moved to the Calumet & Hecla mine. Mining, however, had no particular attraction for the boy. His parents desired him to go to college, but he preferred to begin work. When seventeen he entered one of a number of general merchandise stores in the copper district of Michigan which were owned by an uncle. For eight years the future copper magnate weighed sugar, measured calico, and wrapt up parcels behind the counter, working, as was then the custom, a full round of the clock daily. From this uncle, who was the leading merchant in that part of the country, he picked up more or less business information and insight, but he had no ambitions to become a Marshall Field.

When twenty-five he decided to try his luck in Denver. Fortune did not immediately smile on him. Month after month he looked in vain for a congenial job.

"I was six months in Denver before I found employment to suit me—and I wasn't hard to suit either," was how he described his discouraging experience at this stage of his life. Then he got a start as a drummer, selling lubricating oil on the road. He traveled all over the Rocky Mountain section, from Montana to Mexico, knowing little or nothing of home life for several years.

"It wasn't exactly a primrose path or rose-bed life," remarked Mr. Ryan, "but I was not married then and it was easier for me than it would have been for most other fellows, because my father was well known among mining people, and as miners move about a good deal I met friends of his all over and this helped me in my business. Among the good friends I met during that time was Marcus Daly, who was then building up the Anaconda organization. I sold him oils and in that way was thrown into contact with him."

Mr. Ryan, contrary to the popular impression, never did a day's work for Daly in his life, nor did he work for Anaconda during Daly's lifetime. Daly did offer the hustling salesman employment on more than one occasion, but the offers were declined. The truth is that when Ryan was thirty he was not making and had never made more than \$100 to \$150 a month.

When thirty-two he married Miss Nettie Gardner, of his native town. After that he apparently developed bigger ambitions, for when Marcus Daly died the oil salesman conceived the idea of obtaining an interest in the Daly chain of banks. He used his own savings and borrowed freely from friends to buy out various minority stockholders in the banks. This gave him general charge. The banks had been very profitable under Daly's management and they did not suffer any under Ryan's generalship.

Ryan's removal from Denver to Montana as directing head of the powerful Daly financial institutions brought him into contact with all classes of the community. In the volcanic atmosphere then prevailing he must have handled himself better than he will admit, for within three years Henry H. Rogers, one of John D. Rockefeller's brainiest and most fearless partners, asked Ryan to take charge of the Amalgamated Copper Company's affairs in that State.

The job was about as uninviting as any in the United States. Amalgamated had several fierce political fights on its hands; it was neck-deep in litigation with Fritz Augustus Heinze; labor conditions were unsettled and warlike, and the whole State was in a ferment, everybody being lined up either for or against one side or the other, Amalgamated or Heinze. The astute Rogers knew what he was doing when he picked Ryan to tackle the situation.

Ryan developed into a manager of men as well as mines, and in the first election after he took charge the Heinze faction was so soundly beaten that Ryan figured it would be a good time to talk peace. He opened negotiations to buy all Heinze properties in Montana, and, says *Leslie's*:

Heinze was anxious to sell, but he wanted the deal arranged so as to create the impression that he was merely effecting a compromise and not selling out.

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Amalgamated was determined to eliminate Heinze entirely from the situation and would entertain no negotiations which would leave him a loophole to cause any further embarrassment in the conduct of the business.

"From the very opening of negotiations Heinze and I were friendly and, tho many times we came very near breaking off, we continued to treat with each other in absolute 'good faith' said Mr. Ryan. "He never once broke his word to me. After six months' negotiating we finally met one night and talked price from nine o'clock to three o'clock in the morning."

Amalgamated then bought all the Heinze mining properties in Butte except the Lexington Mines, which, being covered by an outstanding bond issue, could not be delivered by Heinze.

John D. Ryan was one of the few business men in America who did not even know in 1907 that there was a panic. He became ill from typhoid fever in August of that year, was so ill for months that he learned nothing of what was going on, and did not return to duty until March of the following year. About the time this Amalgamated giant recovered a still more powerful Amalgamated giant, H. H. Rogers, began to lose his health. By then Rogers had set such an appraisal upon his Western "find" that he induced Mr. Ryan to come to New York to aid him in looking after this important branch of the Rogers activities. When Rogers died in the following year Ryan succeeded him as president of Amalgamated.

One of Ryan's characteristics that makes him of peculiar value in the position for which he was selected by the Government to speed up the war is his faculty for handling big things. The writer in *Leslie's* tells how this special talent was exerted in the development of Anaconda:

While Anaconda had a large interest in several other properties, the stockholders were not the same in each case, so that it was impossible to run things without friction. At one time there were before the courts disputes involving almost \$200,000,000. Ryan's fairness, ability, and personality had imprest themselves upon the whole community by this time, and when he set about evolving order out of all this chaos he was able to bring the various companies under the full ownership of Anaconda, a feat that called for the exercise of the most delicate diplomacy.

In 1910 all the holdings of Amalgamated and all properties of subsidiaries were merged into the Anaconda, and by 1914 it was feasible to dissolve the Amalgamated Copper Company.

The world has heard a great deal about the electrification of 440 miles of the St. Paul Railroad over the Rockies, but only railroad and electrical men know the genesis of this wonderful feat. John D. Ryan was its ancestor.

When he had his Montana Power Company in working order he decided to electrify the Butte, Anaconda & Pacific Railroad between the mines in Butte and the smelters in Anaconda. Altho there is only about 100 miles of track all told, this road handles a tremendous tonnage. As it was a system complete in itself, it lent itself ideally for experimental purposes. When the task of electrifying the road was completed, the experiment proved an unqualified success. Cost was cut to a minimum, efficiency reached a maximum. Railroad men and electrical engineers from

all parts of the world came and studied the results. The St. Paul Railroad was peculiarly interested because of its almost insurmountable problems in hauling freight up the slopes of the Rockies. They have solved their problems now by having Ryan's company supply them with electrical current.

To-day the Montana Power Company provides current for the operation of no less than 550 miles of railroad. Moreover, practically all the mines of Montana get their power from this project. It also lights most of the State.

Indeed, it has functioned so much better than any similar utility company in the State that a committee of Congress hailed Mr. Ryan before it and ordered him to confess whether or not the Montana Power Company had a monopoly of the power business throughout the State.

"Yes," Ryan replied to the astonishment of the probers. "It does 95 per cent. of the business in its line in the State. It has a monopoly, not of the water-power resources of the State, but of the market, and it is a monopoly because the service it gives is so good and the charges are so low that there is no possibility of competition from any other water-power company or any other source."

One of the originators of the American International Corporation was asked by the writer for *Leslie's* why Mr. Ryan was picked as one of the directors of the organization which was formed to extend America's influence in foreign markets. This was his reply:

"John D. Ryan is one of the most level-headed fellows we have. He is, of course, one of the foremost men in the mining industry and is accustomed to handling international transactions; but, more than that, he has an unusual amount of business sense. He is not fossilized. He is always on the job, thinking up new things and then going ahead and doing them. He has all the breezy progressiveness and enthusiasm of the typical Westerner, and he combines with this the financial and business experience which he has imbibed here in the East."

When the United States Government, last March, sought to buy many millions of pounds of copper for military purposes the first man approached, the government representative has recorded, was John D. Ryan. His answer was so satisfactory that the representative had to see but one other man, Daniel Guggenheim, before receiving assurance that the War Department would be supplied at less than half the price then current.

"Those two men deserve all the credit," was the tribute the Government's representative paid them.

Not a bad record for a mining-camp boy who at thirty-five was only an oil-drummer on the road and who is now only fifty-three?

From clerk to copper king is certainly an enviable record, but it is evenly matched by the career of Schwab, the steel-maker, who at eighteen was earning \$2.50 a week in a grocery-store, and at thirty-five was drawing a salary of \$1,000,000 a year—with commissions on the side—as president of the Carnegie Steel Company. While Schwab's rise was rapid it was not as spectacular, perhaps, as that of Ryan. Schwab climbed the ladder of success step by step, and by sheer pluck, endeavor, and merit, for, like Ryan, "influence" played

no part in his advancement. And, again, like Ryan, he developed that peculiar faculty for doing things. A writer in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* says of the builder of Uncle Sam's sea-ships:

He never had any other pull than that of ability, unless it was his smile. When he was picking up a few dollars shoveling snow in Williamsburg, Pa., his birthplace, he was known as "Smiling Charley" Schwab, and the name has stuck to him ever since. It is said he can smile as easily, laugh as heartily, and frequently and get as much enjoyment out of a brief vacation as any man living.

He has a genius for getting big things done, and if not hampered by the would-be big men, Schwab can be depended upon to bring order out of chaos, succeed where others have stumbled or failed altogether, and get more ships built in a short space of time than any man who could have been selected for director-general of the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

For years Schwab has had but one idea—steel. In a few years he has made of the Bethlehem plant a bigger institution than Krupp's at Essen, and he has done it without a bit of help from the Government, while Krupp has always had unlimited support from the Kaiser. He is now chairman of the board of directors of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, in which he owns a majority of the stock, and, since he will have nothing to do with the letting of contracts, but will deal solely with the construction of ships, it is not expected it will be necessary for him to sever his industrial relations in order to accept the "dollar-a-year" job with the Government.

But if it is necessary that he cut loose for a time from his big interests he will do it, for there was never any doubt about Schwab's patriotism. Some time before the United States entered the war Schwab said:

"If the United States should become involved in the war, the Government of this country can have any product we manufacture—armor-plate or anything else—at any price it chooses to pay; and under such circumstances and regardless of price our entire plant will run twenty-four hours a day with every pound of energy we can put behind it."

He has made that promise good.

Schwab is a practical steel-maker. He has no ambition to be a financial manipulator. The stock-ticker has no attractions for him. Of this characteristic the writer in *The Post-Intelligencer* says:

At one time he was head of the biggest combination of capital in the United States, the United States Steel Corporation, but when he found himself involved in the money market with Carnegie, Rockefeller, Gates, Frick, and others he summoned his doctor, who prescribed that a vacation was necessary, and resigned from the presidency. When he came back he purchased the Bethlehem plant and returned to steel.

A short time ago a writer said: "The story of Bethlehem is a commercial epic, an 'Iliad' of labor, a drama of industrial organization." When Schwab purchased it for \$15,000,000 it was a wreck financially and physically, a site of buried fortunes and financial hopes. He made of it the greatest manufacturing establishment the world has known. In recent years he has offered fabulous sums for his interest, but

he refuses to sell. It is his and he proposes to keep it. He abandoned his million-dollar palace on Riverside Drive, New York, hired a man to watch it, and moved to Bethlehem. There he resides.

It is not too much to say that his men love him. This was shown when he was placed at the head of the United States Steel Corporation, which, it has been said, was built "by Morgan around Charley Schwab." On his shoulders was placed the job of constructing a new Homestead out of a sullen, beaten mob of 5,000 workmen, defeated in one of the greatest strikes of history, and machinery deteriorated by disuse. In six months he had turned the trick. Enthusiasm and comradeship did the work. And when, after resigning the presidency, he went to Homestead to bid the employees good-by, the men shouted, "Here's good luck to you, Charley!" and many similar expressions.

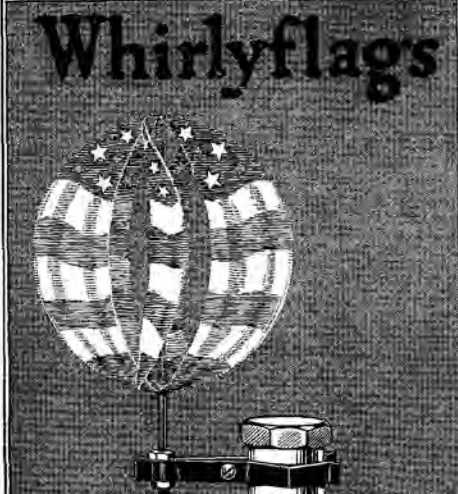
Schwab was not especially fitted for his life-work. He was born of humble parents, obtained but a limited education in the public schools of Williamsburg and in St. Francis's college, a friars' school, but he had indomitable will and abundance of energy. When driving stage for his father he usually had a book on his lap. When discharged by his employer at Loretto, where he worked as clerk at \$2.50 a week, because he couldn't tell gingham from calico, he struck "Capt. Bill" Jones, of the Edgar Thompson Steel Works, for a job and got it, driving stakes for an engineering crew at \$1 a day. He then turned his attention to steel, and he has stuck to it ever since.

Notwithstanding the fact that his own salary is among the top-notchers in any field, Schwab does not believe in paying his employees large salaries, but he does believe that they should be able to earn more than their salaries, and he sees to it that they have this opportunity. Says *The Post-Intelligencer*:

When he took over the Bethlehem plant and chose twelve men to assist him in putting it on its feet he did not pay any of them over \$100 a week. But he believes in the bonus system, and from the general manager to the humblest worker each has his chance to earn much more than his salary, and many of them do it. These bonuses are given for speed, for quality of product, or for efficiency, depending on the nature of the employee's work. When Morgan put Schwab at the head of the United States Steel Corporation he offered him a salary of a million a year, but Schwab declined it—he didn't want to work for a salary. Learning how much Morgan expected the corporation to make a year, Schwab asked for 2 per cent. of all that was made above that amount. His bonus was greater than the salary Morgan had offered.

Schwab never waited for his opportunities. He made them himself. Edwin Wildman wrote of him a few years ago: "When ship-building plants were white elephants in the hands of owners Schwab bought ship-building plants. When the great revival of ship-building came Schwab was ready and reaped profits in one year to repay his capital cost. When armor-plating did not pay 2 per cent. a year on capital Schwab undertook armor-plating. When the war came Schwab was ready."

Schwab plays as hard as he works. He is robust in physique, in voice, and manner. He never speaks in a whisper. He never works in the dark. He dearly loves a good story. One of his favorites



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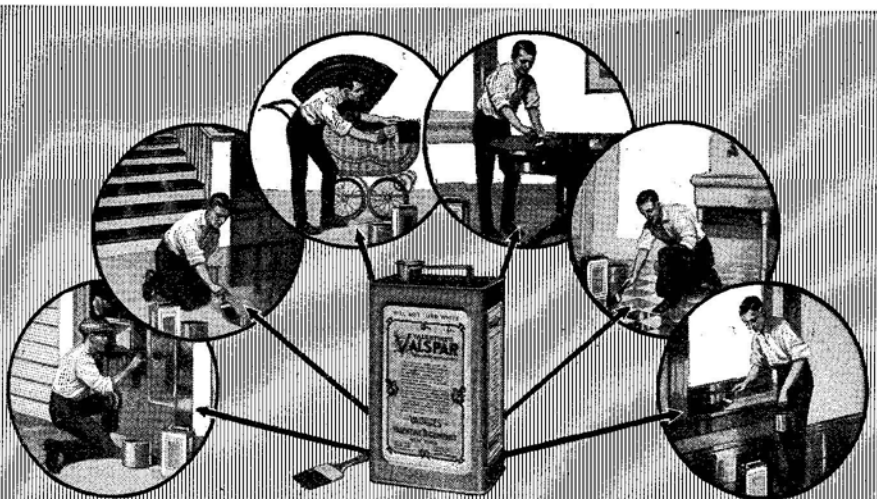
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concerns Carnegie and one of Carnegie's employees. The man had been on a short vacation, and when he returned asked for an extension in order that he might immediately marry a handsome, stout German girl who had consented to be his wife. Carnegie, not knowing anything about the girl, asked the man if the lady was tall and slender and willowy.

"Well, no, Mr. Carnegie," replied the expectant benedick, speaking after the manner of the steel-worker, "indeed, if I had had the rolling of her I think I would have given her a few more passes."

Schwab was fifty-six years old April 18.

SEVEN MEN WHO ARE THE "EYES OF THE WORLD" AT THE FRONT

SEVEN men are the "eyes of the world" on the great Western battle-field. The accounts of the heroic struggle that are presented to those at home with their breakfast coffee are concentrated newspaper "close-ups" of the wide front and the multitude of events as seen through seven pairs of eyes—the eyes of reporters who are covering the greatest assignment ever handed out by a managing editor. In the *New York Evening Post*, Paul U. Kellogg writes of these men who are frequently under fire in the performance of their duty, and always under an abnormal pressure:

The group of seven correspondents have a château near General Haig's main headquarters; but as operations move along the wide front they move, too, and are billeted in the neighborhood of some army headquarters where a censorship can be set up. We spent an evening with them in early November in rooms which they had been using in common for conferences and writing for three months, while the Allied offensive had been on in the neighborhood of Ypres. From the back windows you could look out on a sky-line lit up by artillery-fire, like flashes of heat-lightning. The walls were hung with large-scale military maps. Before the fireplace was a broad table littered with English and Continental newspapers and magazines. At one side a rough bulletin-board was divided by headings into spaces for the day's bulletins—German wireless press news, extracts from German wireless, Austrian wireless press news, Italian wireless press news, Russian wireless press news, and British wireless. On another board were the latest morning *communiqués*, the latest evening *communiqués*, and morning and evening news reports having to do with the immediate front.

The correspondents, in khaki, with green bands around their sleeves bearing a white "C," were leaning over a relief map of Passchendaele Ridge. This was a home-made affair, cleverly put together by Percival Phillips. He had pasted elevation maps on a series of sheets of thick cardboard, cut them out around the outlines of different levels, and superimposed them.

Australian, Canadian, French, and Belgian correspondents are, of course, assigned to this front, but they are not on the same footing, nor have they the free movement of "The" Headquarters Seven. Five of the seven represent strings of English newspapers; two, American press agencies. In the early part of the war the newspapers of the United States had