They are searching out Trade Secrets in all parts of the world.

TREPTCON IPODE JD

Spy cuptain tells how be and his staff of 80 experts look through trope, Asia, Africa and South America for trade that can be ought to this country.

Practical kints to business men which will increase their own ofits and give more work to American inbor.

Why the United States Should be on good terms with Great Bri-a and Canada, and Germany as well.

The things made in this country which excel in materials, ign and workmanship and can be sold anywhere.

Fine opportunities for young Americans to become trade ap sts in forchen countries.

Explains Germany's wonderful development -- "team work" tells e whole story. Some of the tricks of that country.

An attempt to be made to show the 5000 commercial organizations the United States that they should become local centers of energy, sm and good government.

Where Congress bereafter will gets its tariff facts.

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

COMA (A) (CA)

0.0D

D

DD

01

0

ଚ

0

9

0

and a

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

work adding the mericipal periodical and wore abandoned the moment business again became brisk in the United States. Now, however, as our own country is approaching its finished stage, our manufacturers perceive that irade, but that such trade, to be cer-tain and advantageous, must be won and then retained. We are selling two billions of products a year in outside merkets—one billion of raw cotton, wheat, and so on, and one billion of manufactures. The figures are large and encouraging, but they are not so iarge as they will be if we seriously attempt to extend our foreign con-merce. "A merchant knows the names of his best customers and the sector.

UDLEY HORN was an orphant. He

D UDLEY HORN was an orphant. He lived with his uncle, Hy Rocker, foreman in a local "notion" fac-tory. Mr. Rocker was a wissend, sour-faced little man, of old Puritanical stock. He even regarded laughter as unseemly and sinful. Dud was large and broad, and just the antithesis of his uncle. His big, round, merry face was usually stretched in a vast smile. He had a rich, resonant, Infectious haugh that would set all a chuckling who came within earshot. Though Dud was cursed with extreme good mature, he was always in more or less trouble. If anybody wanted help that necessitated sturdy muscles, Dud was to the fore, no matter what



0