



"Just One Day" With "Charlie" Schwab, Skipper of the Good Ship Democracy

Being the "Log" of One Day's Travel
From Dawn to Midnight With the
Director General of the Emergency
Fleet Corporation as He Launches
the "Big Splash" of Ships, America's
New Merchant Marine

BY CHARLES W. DUKE.

STEP up on the bridge of the good ship Democracy and try your telegraphic skill at dancing around in the footsteps of the smiling skipper, Charles M. Schwab, director-general of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. America's dynamic shipbuilder, Mr. Schwab is due to visit Portland this week and there should be unusual interest in a close-up view of him at the headquarters of his present big job.

"Bliff-bang-bang!" the Schwab speed an' style, as he alternates from the staccato of the typewriters in the new headquarters of the Emergency Fleet Corporation on Broad street, Philadelphia, to the staccato of the riveting machines in the various gigantic shipyards "somewhere in America." "Here he comes—and there he goes," the helpless gasp of Uncle John as he endeavored to follow the passage of the Black Diamond Express—visualizes the flight of Mr. Schwab as he dashes along the minute milestones of a daylight-salvaged calendar from sunup to "somewhere in the night time."

Yours truly knows, "Trail Schwab for a day" was the laconic message I uncovered one morning recently in "sealed orders" from headquarters. It was one June morning when the firm of Schwab & Hurley was preparing for the simultaneous launching of many mighty American ships in the big Fourth of July splash that you heard only a few days ago—the "Big Splash" that stirred up a veritable tidal wave that has flowed across the ocean with such resistless force that no King Canute of a Prussian can sweep it back into the North Sea. "Trail Schwab for a day" was like trying "Trail that streak of lightning in the sky yonder." Certainly it was an assignment on the order of that given by the late James Gordon Bennett, editor of the New York Herald, when he cabled his Paris correspondent, Henry M. Stanley, "Find Livingston." But these are war days, and no good soldier stays at war questions.

"Travel a Swift Pace." Found Schwab—where? In motion, of course, going up in an elevator to the bridge of the good ship Democracy on the 10th floor of the Gomersley-Schwartz building, in Philadelphia, to which the entire Emergency Fleet Corporation was recently transferred from Washington by motortruck in the world's most remarkable "movie" stunt ever staged off the film. The shipbuilder had breakfasted at the Bellevue-Stratford. He is up with the sun every morning and in harness long before 9 o'clock—which wires are set to ring when the clock isn't looking.

"Going to trail you all day, if you don't mind," said I to Schwab, riding in the elevator beside him. He eyed me furtively for a moment, as though determining whether I was a Hun spy or just a plain, simple citizen, and then, with the great big Schwab smile, "All right, young man, if you think you can do it; I travel a pretty swift pace all day and it's liable to keep you stepping."

It did. "Just one day with Charlie Schwab" is a composite of a flight with "French" Schwab, the skipper of the Resta, a dive in a submarine and a trip in the cab of the Empire State Express, all in one. To keep up with the master shipbuilder from his base of operations in the Bellevue-Stratford until he has voyaged back to port at the end of a perfect day is like trailing the fox with the hounds in the thickest woods. The director-general of ships "moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." Yes, and he not only keeps his footsteps on the sea when he goes forth to see whether his new ships work, but "rides upon the storm" and stress of the hectic hurly-burly of building many ships, more ships, most ships, while all the civilized world awaits the Kaiser and his Potsdam crew.

If Charles M. Schwab was building ships for the Kaiser very likely he would go to work in the morning rigged out in a blazing uniform, decked all over with gold medals, high boots, brilliant sash, metal headpiece, and many stars and orders. No doubt his approach would be heralded by the clanking of his sword and the swish of the accompaniment of his bodyguard. Folks lingering around the approaches to the shipbuilding citadel would straighten up at his approach and kowtow to him in all the regal pomp of militarism. His Imperial Majesty, the High Lord of the Ships, would stalk in still majesty, disdainful to look right or left, and scowling at any mere person who might seek to address him. That is—*if* he were made in Germany. But behind the shipbuilder checking in for a day's work is a different man. Samuel. His helmet is a fine-turned derby, his uniform a pair of gray-striped trousers surmounted by a dark cutaway coat and vest, white shirt and collar, bluish necktie—and high over all a benign smile that invites the intimacy of friendly co-operation in the common enterprise. The sword that he carries is a morning newspaper, brandished as a token of the public opinion that is his. His "bodyguard" follows him with a hearty "Good morning, Mr. Schwab," and an informal salute of the forefinger raised lightly to the hat brim.

"Good morning, boys," calls out the skipper of the fleet as he lets himself into room No. 1009, the anteroom of No. 1010, his own sanctum. Folks around the bridge of the good ship Democracy find there his own immediate little staff of able assistants. These are the three or four personages who keep the compass box brightened, the charts in their proper places, the approaches to the ship bridge so guarded as to keep away undesirable, and in other words, the decks cleared for action at all times. John Henry Miller is Mr. Schwab's private secretary—he brought

him along from Bethlehem, which is "snuff" as to his capabilities. Geoffrey Creyke is the office assistant. Naval Constructor J. L. Ackerson, U. S. N., is the executive assistant, who keeps the genial skipper "wised up" on all technical matters. The fourth member of the "inner quartet" is Miss G. Whitaker, who lived so long in Washington that she isn't yet quite sure she likes Rittenhouse Square better than Drexel Circle.

Flinging open the door to his inner office Mr. Schwab flings himself upon the business of directing the energies of some 160 shipyard plants in the United States occupied with Emergency Fleet contracts, 87 of which are on the Pacific Coast, 15 in the Great Lakes region and the remainder on the Atlantic Coast. This "bridge of the ship" is a commodious, high-ceilinged room rigged out with sturdy mahogany hallimants to accommodate the ponderous proportions of the physical and mental heavyweights who have to do with the business of tonnage. The windows overlook Philadelphia's massive City Hall building and on in the distance the Delaware River, the home of 45 per cent of the shipbuilding facilities of the country in one corner of the room is a built-in telephone booth.

Schwab vs. the Kaiser.

"Not for any sinister star-chamber conversation," explains Office Assistant Creyke, "but just a place where Mr. Schwab can hear himself hear." No wonder, with the click of the myriad typewriters that Schwab sways over the embrace of a half acre of desks all over the big administrative room outside the Schwab sanctum. Special wires are set to ring when the clock is constantly in touch with New York and Washington simply by lifting the receiver. It is explained that this shipbuilding enterprise has been extended somewhat along the principles of our free and democratic government—the legislative arm of the government is in Washington, where the United States Shipping Board, under Chairman Hurley, devises the shipbuilding need; the executive arm is here in Philadelphia, where Schwab and his boys deliver the goods; the judicial arm is at 45 Broadway, New York, formerly the headquarters of the German Hamburg-American line and of the German propaganda in this country, but now the headquarters of the shipping control committee that disposes of the finished products.

Nine o'clock of the average morning finds the skipper of the good ship Democracy bowling along about 30 knots through the three doors and from room 1010 to room 1007, the office of Charles Piez, the vice-president of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. Skipper Schwab's executive office has been set up through the interlocking chambers behind opaque windows to greet his co-worker. "Good morning, Charlie," sings out Schwab to Piez. "Good morning, Charlie," counters Piez to Schwab.

Co-worker did I say? That's Schwab's attitude toward every single individual in the Emergency Fleet Corporation. He is to chief assistant. When Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse goes up to view the battlefront in France he calls his putative Prussian assistants as "my boys" and addresses them somewhat in this fashion, according to Karl Renner, his favorite correspondent: "Tell all your cranks that I have told you all to rejoice; I, in the midst of the fighting." There are no "I" in the midst of the fightings with "Charlie" Schwab. "No man ever worked for me in my lifetime, but many thousands men have worked with me, and that is what I want you men to do," says Schwab to his Hog Island co-partners. "We in Washington do not deserve the credit for this," said Schwab, addressing the Camden clans who put the tuckahoes over in record-breaking time. "Prussia's assistants are the foreman on the ship, the foreman in all parts of the ship that deserve the credit. I shall be the one to see they get it. The people are working this war. God please, you workmen, have your hearts as full of patriotism as mine, and to hell with the Kaiser every time you drive a rivet!"

All of which goes to draw finely the line of demarcation between autocracy and democracy, the difference between Prussian mass efficiency and scientific American individualism.

From the moment he climbs up on the bridge in the morning, Mr. Schwab is constantly in action. From all quarters the "boarders" crowd in upon him. At the moment he is in the room of a Mr. Merritt Taylor, the director of transportation and housing, and out again. In comes ex-Mayor John F. "Honey" Fitzgerald, of Boston, the sweet singer of "Tessie" in the world's series games. He is in to tell Mr. Schwab that Boston is going to freeze this winter unless it gets tugs and

barge "immediately if not sooner" to transport fuel. Whirr-r-r-r goes the telephone, and the shipbuilder dives into the booth to hook up with Washington.

Zip! the door opens, and in slips "Archie" Johnson, vice-president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. He is in the quiet old days in Bethlehem have a brief session. Time counts here. In the Schwab outer office is a neat little plant in which is printed the laconic admonition: "We are at war—be brief and to the point." It must be so in such a place. Along comes an inventor and out goes Office Assistant Creyke to hear the story of the ship that positively is unsinkable.

All day long it runs this way. Gas stacks float in from all quarters—so much so that the Schwab office forces have to keep their gas masks handy for adjustment in less than 10 seconds under any and all circumstances.

Yankee Efficiency.

The shipbuilder has a fashion of turning the offensive on a moment's notice without awaiting the attack. Concerned with some big detail of the big job, he surrenders the wheel in the chairroom of industry who are giving their services to the Government. It might be interesting to interpolate at this point the statement that not a day goes by but some accident American of brains and means offers his services to the E. F. C. as a "dollar-a-year" man.

Now they are off to Schwab's suite in the Bellevue-Stratford—the whole party of them—for an impromptu meeting. They don't wait for such slow things as an auto entourage. Schwab is off alone in advance. Down Broad street, through City Hall, come the remainder of the party, Hurley and Piez in arm, in earnest conversation. From now until 7 o'clock they are all in the Schwab suite—it is all ships, ships, ships. Schwab and his crew playfully eat ships, sleep ships, fly ships, work ships every day in the week at topnotch speed.

And now comes the amazing chapter in the story of "Just One Day With Charlie Schwab." The housewife is so tucked out keeping her home in order and minding the children that when night comes she is ready for the first monthly dinner of the Emergency Fleet Club, a get-together affair, where the members of this big family get right down to brass tacks. Schwab, Hurley, Piez, and the rest of the party are going to or not. "Germany sneered at it, England cheered at it, and the boys in the trenches threw up their hats and shouted, 'Now we are going to get the ships,'" shouts Hurley, referring to Schwab's appointments. "Hog Island is the greatest piece of industrial en-

Schwab not only "plants his footsteps on the sea" when he goes forth to see whether his new ships work, but "rides upon the storm" and stress of the hectic hurly-burly of building many ships, more ships, most ships, while all the civilized world awaits the Kaiser and his Potsdam crew.

turned away and it was a duel of wits to the limit.

The shipbuilder does take time out to eat, but little else. His exercise is confined generally to not smoking. There is neither time nor place on his calendar for golf. One day he is motoring to the New York Shipbuilding Company to inspect some new improvements; the next he is off to Hog Island or Newark for an inspection of the Emergency Fleet operations. When Sunday comes he always gets the required day of rest. On the Sunday following this particular strenuous day he was out in his old home town, Lorena, Pa., where he first started in life driving a stagecoach, but in the afternoon he motored away to Sparrows Point, Md., to oversee some work being done there. And always smiling, his sense of good humor never failing him, Schwab goes on the poetical theory that "the man worth while is the man who can smile when everything goes dead wrong." Because of which virtually nothing goes wrong with the optimistic Schwab.

Lunch at the Union League with Hurley is but a breathing spell preliminary to the whirl of the whirling afternoon. Back to the office again. Back from Hog Island come the shipboard trustees, led by Bainbridge Colby—and it's all off for fair this time. Schwab rushes out to greet individually each member of the party. He is no "boss"; he treats them all like members of one family. What he has to say is in the way of "suggestions," not "orders." As against the mailed fist of the Kaiser one finds here the open hand and heart of "Charlie" Schwab. Here is a frank exposition of the doctrine of "the aristocracy of democracy," the enunciation of which several months ago got a lot of people excited about Schwab's Bolshevism. It is plain to be seen that his "aristocracy of democracy" embraces an order of society in which the people who are part and parcel of the world safe for democracy are partners

all in the conduct of social and economic America.

Four o'clock of this perfect day finds Schwab escorting the entire party throughout the entire new building. The shipping trustees are meeting some of the capitalists of industry who are giving their services to the Government. It might be interesting to interpolate at this point the statement that not a day goes by but some accident American of brains and means offers his services to the E. F. C. as a "dollar-a-year" man.

Now they are off to Schwab's suite in the Bellevue-Stratford—the whole party of them—for an impromptu meeting. They don't wait for such slow things as an auto entourage. Schwab is off alone in advance. Down Broad street, through City Hall, come the remainder of the party, Hurley and Piez in arm, in earnest conversation. From now until 7 o'clock they are all in the Schwab suite—it is all ships, ships, ships. Schwab and his crew playfully eat ships, sleep ships, fly ships, work ships every day in the week at topnotch speed.

And now comes the amazing chapter in the story of "Just One Day With Charlie Schwab." The housewife is so tucked out keeping her home in order and minding the children that when night comes she is ready for the first monthly dinner of the Emergency Fleet Club, a get-together affair, where the members of this big family get right down to brass tacks. Schwab, Hurley, Piez, and the rest of the party are going to or not. "Germany sneered at it, England cheered at it, and the boys in the trenches threw up their hats and shouted, 'Now we are going to get the ships,'" shouts Hurley, referring to Schwab's appointments. "Hog Island is the greatest piece of industrial en-

terprise that any country has ever known or has ever made," declares Colby. To all of which Schwab counters with the statement that "You boys are in this heart and soul; you are turning the scales for democracy and civilization."

Battling 1000 Per Cent.

Midnight is just around the corner when Schwab says his little "New I lay me" and asks fresh courage and energy for the ensuing day. This is the end of a perfect day for Mr. Schwab and he has battled full 1000 per cent for his many times at bat from reveille to taps. This is his programme every day on his new job. From my own personal observations as a 15-hour bodyguard and from what his associates told me I happen to know that the shipbuilder never loses his poise, never gets "rattled," never falters, but steams straight ahead like Farragut at Mobile with a "Damn the torpedoes; full speed ahead!" for every obstacle along the course.

What is better yet, the director-general keeps his wholesome humanity throughout all the rattled way. Always he was a democratic human person while he was making armament and munitions and ships up at Bethlehem. He has carried these traits with him into Uncle Sam's service, and to prove it here is the story.

Not lower ago while addressing the Camden Board of Trade the director-general was approached afterward by a mother, who told him that her young son, lying a patient in Camden hospital, was anxious to see a "truly to goodness" ship launched. Schwab heard the story through and made a memorandum of the boy's name and address, with a promise that the child would have his wish fulfilled. The mother went away happy and the sick boy in the hospital was cheered by the message.

But busy "Charlie" Schwab lost the memorandum in the rush of his active life. Calling one of his aides, he started an investigation that led eventually to the discovery of the boy's home. He had by now left the hospital. At the next launching in the yards of the New York Shipbuilding Company Schwab sent his own private car after the boy and his mother and gave them the place of honor on the platform at the launching.

MCALPIN ESTATE \$1,167,686
General's Property Equally Divided
Among His Five Sons.

OSHING, June 26.—The first authentic figures on the fortune of General Edwin A. McAlpin, tobacco merchant and hotel builder, were disclosed recently in an appraisal of his estate by W. C. Clark, transfer tax appraiser of Westchester County. In his report, which will be filed with Surrogate William Sawyer, of Port Chester, Monday, Mr. Clark places the estate's value at \$1,167,686.

When the General died several months ago it was rumored that his estate might aggregate \$5,000,000. The principal beneficiaries are his five sons, Colonel Benjamin B. Edwin A.

Jr., David, Kenneth R., and Roderick McAlpin, all of whom share the residuary estate equally, receiving \$232,358 apiece.

The will provides "miscellaneous bequests to servants. About \$25,000 is exempt from the inheritance tax assessment. Included in the assets is the McAlpin country place in Oosting valued at \$57,000. New York City property worth \$174,000. The estate will yield the state a transfer tax of approximately \$30,000.

ENGLAND THRILLS AT NEWS

(Continued from Page 2.)

lowed a marble. We can certainly boast of variety.

Another operation case of ours, a small boy for T's and A's (tonsils and adenoids), had an attack of stage fright when he got into the theater and fled, protesting that he wanted his mother. Having no time to waste, we proceeded with the next case, and by the time that was done he had decided to "be a man" and came in in again quite cheerfully.

I had a Belgian patient yesterday with a crushed hand. He could speak neither English nor French.

Most of my off time, this week has been spent in darning my stockings. They certainly do wear out at an astonishing rate. I have given up trying to wear silk or hose ones in hospital long ago. Cashmere ones are the only kind which will stand the strain at all. If only some charitable souls would offer to darn stockings for V. A. D. nurses! People do the mending for the wounded soldiers and sailors, but they seem to overlook the poor nurses.

I will end up by quoting the following letter which was sent to the Daily Mail by a Lieutenant-Colonel, R. A. M. C., who is home on leave.

"A woman has just been to see me and she says 'I've nothing to complain about in life. I was married when I was 17. I have had 21 children. I have seven sons at the front. I feel as young as I did 20 years ago and the ration cards don't worry me, as I hardly ever touch meat.'

This is the spirit which has the ring of victory about it."

Tint the Gray Hairs Away

Give the Natural Beauty of Your Face a Chance—Don't Spoil It by Permitting Unbecoming Gray or Streaked Hair to Show.

Gray hairs are never welcomed by a woman. Many women are so employed that gray hairs would lose them their positions and incomes. And to practically all women, gray hair means a simple application of "Brownatone" will instantly tint the hair and surely bring back a youthful appearance.

You need not hesitate to use "Brownatone"—for no previous experience is necessary and no harmful results can possibly follow from its use. "Brownatone" is the one preparation of its kind and is guaranteed to be entirely free from sulphur, lead, silver, mercury, zinc, aniline, coal tar products or their derivatives. It will give any shade, from light golden brown to the deepest brown—or black. It is sold by all leading drug stores and toilet counters, everywhere. Two sizes, 35 cents and \$1.10.

A sample and booklet will be sent you (from manufacturers only) upon receipt of 5 cents. Mention shading desired in writing or purchasing. Prepared by The Kenton Pharmaceutical Co., 466 Copple Bldg., Covington, Ky.—Adv.

New, Positive Treatment to Remove Hair or Fuzz

(Beauty Notes)

Women are fast learning the value of the use of delatone for removing hair or fuzz from face, neck or legs. A paste is made with some powdered delatone and water and spread on the hairy surface. In 2 or 3 minutes it is rubbed off, the skin washed, and every bit of hair has disappeared. No failure will result if you are careful to buy genuine delatone.—Adv.