

# U. S. TRADERS SEEKING NEW CHINA MARKET

Appeal for Washington Help After Manchuria 'Open Door' Closes.

BY WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS  
Scripps-Howard Foreign Editor

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—The "open door" in Manchuria having been politically but firmly closed in their faces by the Japanese, American business concerns in the orient have appealed to Washington to help them find a new market for United States exports elsewhere in China.

The "open door" for American goods in the territory seized by the Japanese admittedly now is a mere fiction.

Not that the new puppet state of Manchukuo technically has violated the principles of the open door. It hasn't.

But, so far as this country is concerned, that market of 30,000,000 inhabitants has virtually "ceased to exist just the same."

Two reasons are given. First, depreciation of the yen from 50 cents to somewhere around 20 has given the Japanese a tremendous price advantage over gold standard countries; and, second, Japanese officials, actually in control of the country, naturally see it that orders go to their own nationals.

**British Get Their Share**

Belief is general in American circles on the other side of the Pacific that before things settle down again in that part of the world, the Japanese will have similar control over the business of all north China.

As the British already occupy a preferred position in south China, thanks to the crown colony of Hongkong, one of the greatest transshipments ports in the world, the door to China as a market for American goods gradually is being closed, locked and barred.

Today central China alone seems to offer a future for American commerce. Through this region runs the Yangtze river, the Chinese Mississippi. In its fertile valley live 180,000,000 people, more than one-third of the country's population and one-tenth of the total population of the globe.

**Appeal to Government**

American business men in the far east have appealed to the United States government to establish additional consulates in that area to facilitate trade.

At present there are only three—at Shanghai, Nanking and Hankow. Additional offices are wanted at Changsha, Ichang and Chungking or Chungking.

Chungking and Chengtu are in the province of Szechwan, one of the richest and most populous in China. Its inhabitants are estimated at 50,000,000.

Changsha is the capital of Hunan, a province occupying the central part of the country. Ichang is in the province of Hupeh, almost equally populous. Chungking, with 1,300,000, and Ichang, with 500,000 inhabitants, are both Yangtze ports.

**Concentrated in Changsha**

Chungtu, inland in the heart of Szechwan, has a population of 500,000, while Changsha, in the rich Tung Tung Lake region of Hunan, is connected by railway with the mighty Yangtze.

The United States formerly maintained a consulate at Chungking but closed it in 1927 at the time of the Nationalist drive northward.

The so-called anti-foreign incidents of that period led to the concentration of foreign nationals in Shanghai, and other more accessible treaty ports.

## THREE IN RACE FOR AIR SECRETARY POST

Assistant Job to Commerce Chief Draws Hot Battle by Backers.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—With the entrance of William F. Center, superintendent of Port Columbus, one of the most important flying fields in the nation, the contest for the post of assistant secretary of commerce in charge of aeronautics has become one of the hottest in the entire realm of "little cabinet" positions.

A nonpartisan group of Major Center's friends has promoted his candidacy and presented his name to President-Elect Franklin D. Roosevelt. Major Center formerly was airway extension superintendent in the department of commerce.

A campaign for appointment of Steadham Acker, manager of the municipal airport at Birmingham, Ala., has been in progress for weeks, while friends of Eugene Vidal, West Point graduate and former football star, are urging Mr. Roosevelt to name their candidate.

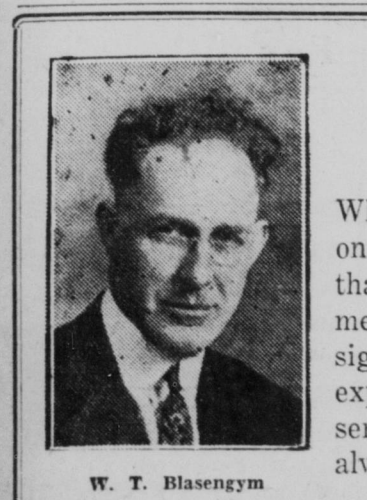
## RETIRED FARMER DEAD

Louis Grautman, 80, Was Resident of Indianapolis Fourteen Years.

Funeral services for Louis Grautman, 80, a retired farmer who died Friday at his home, 1515 Broadway, will be held at 10:30 Monday in the home. Burial will be in Lebanon.

Survivors are the widow, Mrs. Anna Grautman and a daughter, Mrs. Annabelle Platt.

Mr. Grautman had been a resident of Indianapolis fourteen years.



W. T. BLASENGYM  
FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
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# DYNAMITE IN THE DARK!

## Giant Munitions Warehouse Saved by Daring Sleuth



An actual photograph of one of the series of incendiary fires at Ft. Sill, Okla.

This is the fourth of a series of stories, based on information from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation and other sources, telling of the first time the bureau's agents part in famous mysteries.

BY LOU WEDEMAR  
Times Staff Writer

SPECIAL AGENT J-540 just had asked for permission to take his vacation earlier than it was scheduled.

The chief looked at him quizzically and J-540 blushed. He was new in the bureau and hadn't mastered the poker face.

"Well, sir, I'll tell you the reason," he said. "I want to get married."

"Go ahead, son," he said. "Take as long as you need."

J-540 had been married just twenty-four hours when he was located by telegraph and ordered to Oklahoma City.

Several disastrous fires had occurred on the Ft. Sill military reservation. Despite efforts of three separate organizations of fire-fighters on the reservation, new fires occurred with sinister regularity. In four months there had been eleven, with a loss of more than \$3,000,000.

The climax had occurred on Aug. 28, 1927, and J-540 was told about it on his arrival by the agent in charge.

"The buildings at Ft. Sill are a big warehouse," he said. "It contains 1,500,000 rounds of ammunition, several tons of explosive hand grenades and several tons of black powder and other high explosives."

A week ago, during a small fire on the reservation, one of the officers saw a bonfire at one side of this warehouse. He put the fire out, but now the whole reservation is worried.

"Now you'll be of value, because you have served two enlistments in the army. You ought to be familiar enough with military life to get by at the post."

J-540 TELEPHONED his bride and proceeded to lose his identity. He bought an outfit of second-hand clothes, and hitch-hiked to Lawton, Okla., the county seat nearest the reservation.

A county fair was in progress, and J-540, dusty and tired, was inconspicuous among the other hangers-on. He saw two privates from Ft. Sill, and managed to strike up an acquaintance.

## LIVES PAID IN NOOSE BY 2 IN MISSOURI

One Dies on Same Gallows as Brother Did Year Ago.

By United Press

ST. CHARLES, Mo., Feb. 11.—David Andrew Miller, 48, woodcutter, was hanged Friday for the murder of Pauline Duerbert, killed when she refused to reveal the hiding place of money on her farm. Miller, the first white man to be hanged in St. Charles jail, went to his death calmly and with prayer on his lips, but writhed in the noose fourteen minutes before death ended his struggle.

By United Press

CARTHAGE, Mo., Feb. 11.—Harry Worden, 27, was hanged Friday on the same gallows where his brother, Lew, went to his death a year ago. Both were convicted of criminal assaults.

## Solace

When a loved one passes on it is a comfort to know that the services in his memory are suitable and significant. Our years of experience are at your services. Our prices are always fair and low.

He learned little from them except the general layout of the reservation, but, adopting an attitude of stupid pesterfulness, he followed them to the headquarters of the Forty-fourth observation squadron.

He stayed there for two days, doing odd jobs for the cook, until the officer in charge spotted him.

"Chase that bum off the reservation!" the captain ordered.

So J-540 proceeded to firehouse station No. 3.

A hard-faced man stood outside the fire station, and on the principle that appearances are deceiving, J-540 approached him with a sad story. He needed a sewing kit to patch his pants.

J-540 said. Could he get one around there?

The hard-faced one, Tim Conklin, got him a needle and some thread from another soldier, Al Bickford.

While he was waiting, J-540 got into conversation with a group of the men, who found the supposed tramp's news of the outside world interesting.

"I suppose I'll have to be signing up again," J-540 said. "But I don't like work, and there isn't any excitement in the service these days."

Conklin laughed.

"Join the quartermaster's corps and you'll get plenty of excitement," he said, winking at Bickford.

"We sure do," J-540 said, sitting around doing nothing.

"Hell, no. When we want to have some fun we get one of the fire trucks out."

FOR several days J-540 tried unsuccessfully to obtain a job with the civilian department of the quartermaster corps.

He learned there was deep jealousy between the various fire units and that No. 3 had the best and fastest equipment.

One afternoon Conklin was off duty. He and J-540 picked up a ride to Lawton, where J-540 found a money order "from his folks back home."

"Let's have a party to celebrate," he suggested.

Conklin located two other men stationed at the fire house. Corporal Gasway and Private Carey, and J-540 took them to a movie and dinner. In Lawton that was the nearest possible approach to a party. When the movie was over and they had drunk coffee there was nothing apparently left to turn in for the night.

As they stood on a street corner Conklin whispered something to Corporal Gasway, a six-footer known for his brutal treatment of underlings.

"I don't care if he has got money," Gasway said aloud. "I don't trust him. I think he's a government man!"

J-540 whirled around.

"Just what do you mean by that?" he demanded.

"This is a little trick I saved up," he leered. "It's real dynamite and a fuse. After the shed gets burning, we'll light the fuse and run like hell. Good thing the sentry isn't around, or he'd get hurt."

A moment later Gasway set fire to some crumpled paper soaked in gasoline, and flames leaped up inside the shed. He and J-540 ran toward the warehouse. Gasway fumbling with the fuse on the dynamite.

At that moment the major-general himself came around a corner of the warehouse on the run, at the head of about fifty other officers and men. They had left their quarters at the first sign

of movement near the storehouse. Corporal Gasway stopped in his tracks.

"You trapped me!" he roared. "I'll blow you all to hell!"

With that he deliberately lighted the fuse. Before J-540 could interfere he hurled it toward the storehouse. In the excitement he hoped to be able to escape.

The red spark of the fuse marked its course through the air. It fell to the ground and disappeared. A soldier grabbed Gasway, who was laughing wildly.

J-540 did not hesitate. He could not tell where the dynamite had landed. Maybe the fuse had gone out: maybe not.

A moment later he discovered what had happened. The dynamite lay at the bottom of a ventilator shaft twenty feet deep.

The ventilator was connected with the warehouse and its store of high explosives. And the fuse still was burning!

It was an almost hopeless race against time, but some one had to risk it. J-540 called out:

"Get everybody away from here. There's no use any one else being hurt!"

With that he began his descent. The ladder shook. Its rungs were old and unsafe, but he managed to clamber part way down without falling.

Would the explosion occur before he got to the bottom? The repercussion would not only blow him to bits, but it would probably set off the explosives stored in the big building nearby.

SIX feet from the bottom, the ladder, shaken by his frantic descent, buckled and threw him. He landed on the bottom with a thud.

He felt around for the dynamite. He could not find it! Panic gripped him. Had he lost consciousness? Was he about to be blown to pieces?

At that moment he heard the sputter of the fuse. His fall had knocked the dynamite aside, behind the debris of the ladder. He reached for it and brought it out. There was a scant half-inch projection of the fuse unburned as he grabbed it and pulled it out. Fort Sill was saved.

Evidence given by J-540 and the men who had helped trap the firebugs sent Gasway, Conklin, Carey and ten others to the penitentiary for terms totalling 226 years. Four others, sentries, were court-martialed.

And J-540 came home to his bride, permanently prejudiced against firecrackers.

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