

Munitions Makers Can Be Quelled

Women, as Chief Buyers
of Goods, Possess
Strong Weapon.

BY ESTELLE M. STERNBERGER
Executive Director, World Peaceways.

ILLIONS of mothers throughout the United States were electrified by Father Coughlin's fiery denunciation of the du Ponts. He lifted a load from their hearts when he made them realize that the du Ponts were vulnerable and that their empire, built on the profits from the ghastly World War, could be brought low.

The du Ponts have spread around more ammunition than Father Coughlin, even if he were reinforced by an army of orators, could possibly handle—the sort of ammunition that the du Ponts never intended for export or domestic distribution. It was a du Pont by-product.

That is where the rub comes. Too many of the things that the du Ponts have perpetrated are by-products. The vision of their directing geniuses has been altogether one-sided—on the side of expansion and peace.

The high-salaried directors have lost sight of the people. Millions of mothers, and not the army contractors, have helped the du Ponts multiply their millions. The du Ponts have overlooked these mothers in the years since 1918. What they have considered unimportant has turned out to be more vital to the defense of our democracy than all the munitions secrets they have been developing or assigning in their international munitions trade, those in war periods and that their peacetime profits are greater than those in war periods and that their munitions business proper makes up less than 2 per cent of their income today. They claim that their profits in recent years, in peacetime activities, have averaged above those of war years.

War Profits Laid Foundation

From 1915 to 1918 practically all of their enormous annual total was made up of munitions—before their present industries were built up. Tremendous war profits, in spite of excess profits taxation, said the foundation for the present non-military industries of the du Ponts. The du Ponts know only too well that the goose that laid the golden eggs can do the trick again.

The present humility of the du Ponts dates from the passage of the Nye-Vandenberg resolution by the United States Senate for the investigation of the arms traffic. The war ended in 1918, but in 1926, eight years later, the du Ponts had salesmen in Europe trying to gain contracts for their products, from Turkey and other governments.

Whatever the reasons of the du Ponts were, millions of mothers knew that they would some day have to pay a price for the du Pont success—their sons would be blown off this earth by du Pont munitions in the hands of enemy gunners.

Will the du Ponts tell the mothers of the United States what they propose to do with the huge profits they might earn out of sales during a possible Russo-Japanese war or a French, Italian, German and English scramble over opportunities in Africa? One more huge war and the du Ponts will become an uncontrollable financial power in the life of our democracy by the grace of foreign governments' war follies.

Claws Must Be Clipped

The du Ponts and others of their sort must have their claws clipped. There is too much noise about curbing the profits of these "home guard" industrialists in a war involving the United States. Every one fails to hear the warning cry of the one who asks:

"What about the du Pont's profits in wars that find us neutral?"

Are those profits less dangerous to the democratic development of a country that seeks to "proclaim liberty throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof?" Do the du Ponts have that type of liberty in mind when they subscribe to the support of the American Liberty League?

What I have expressed about the du Ponts applies with equal justice to all munitions manufacturers. The public should not be permitted to lose sight of the fact that there are other individuals and families that are making millions out of the munitions business.

The du Ponts are showing some signs of yielding to the supreme will of the public. But the mothers of America and of the world must not be led astray from duty by one penitent. They must keep up their attack until every munitions manufacturer shows not only the same penitent tendency, but also signs of a complete surrender of their dangerous business.

'LOVABLE'

BY MARY RAYMOND

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
Ann Harding breaks her engagement to Peter Kendall, tells Valerie Bennett, his fiancee. Ann thinks she still loves Tony and Peter believes he still cares for Valerie, but Tony's chance to win Valerie back is gone, and Peter asks Ann to marry him she agrees.

They go to Florida and are happy there. Then Peter is recalled home. His family snubs Ann and Valerie tries to get rid of her. But Peter and Ann stay. She succeeds finally and Ann goes away, leaving no trace of her whereabouts.

Peter, desperately in love with her by then, grows lonelier as the weeks pass.

She has a hard time as governess in the home of Mrs. Tracy, an artist. Allan, Vincent, Mrs. Tracy's brother, is attracted to Ann.

Ann learns the house Allan is decorating belongs to Peter. Convinced that Peter is still in love with Valerie, she goes to see him, too. Tony was always difficult and it might be hard to convince him that there was only friendship for him now in her heart. She could not tell him she loved Peter. How scornful he would be if he knew she had given her heart to a man who cared nothing for her.

NO GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

DURING the long, lonely weeks Ann was tempted more than once to call Sarah. She had wanted to slip into the church to see Sarah and Mac married, but had been afraid to risk it. No, she must not see Sarah. Not until after Peter's marriage.

Then perhaps she could go back and pick up the threads of the old life again and weave for herself a pattern of security and peace.

A young man came in to buy a book from you," Prof. Barber told Ann one day when she returned from lunch. He was smiling broadly.

"A young man?" Ann questioned, trying not to let excitement show in her voice. Her heart began to beat furiously. "Was he tall?"

"Yes. A tall young man," Prof. Barber's faded blue eyes, under bushy brows, beamed at her. "So anxious he was, too."

Peter—but it might not be Peter?

"Was his hair light or dark?" Ann was very nervous, once putting her books back in their places.

"How should I know?"

With the shop so dark and my eyes not so good as they once were, But a very handsome young man, I could see."

Mrs. Barber had come into the room. "I think his hair was very dark, father. He was a scholar, perhaps. He wanted to find Gibbons' 'Rise and Fall.' But when father

came in, she was in, dropped

"Something like that," Ann said, in a muffled voice.

Sheila would come in presently. Sheila would eat and go out with Jimmy Matthews, the friendly young man who looked like a prize-fighter but did nothing more exciting than work in the shipping department of a wholesale store.

Ann suspected Sheila and Jimmy were much in love, though Sheila ridiculed the idea. "Jimmy Marry!" she had said. "Gracious, you don't think I intend to be poor all my days, do you? Don't you think I have lived in this town long enough to have acquired some sense? I wouldn't look at Jimmy. There's a floorwalker at the store who has it all over him. Got a bungalow paid for. He could double for Ramon Novarro, has nice black hair, smooth and shiny—not stubby and hard to keep down like Jimmy's. What do you think I am, anyway, marrying an Irishman who drives a second-hand car?"

After this outburst Ann stopped speculating. But she was not convinced.

Sheila brought the newspaper home every night. Jimmy read it first and then met her on the corner after work and gave it to her.

Sheila was slipping the key in the door now. She came in, dropped

"Something like that," Ann said, in a muffled voice.

Sheila thought it was too bad about Ann who had contrived, with all her good looks, to get no farther than the old bookstore and this makeshift apartment. If Sheila had to work all day like Ann ride the street cars and never go anywhere she would probably jump in the river.

She voiced her thoughts. "I'd jump off a bridge if I thought I was going to spend the rest of my life working at Staub & Stein's. But I'm not."

"Of course you won't," Ann said. "Some day you'll marry."

"Yes, that's what I meant."

"The nice floorwalker?"

"Well, I should say not. What ever made you think I'd marry that old crab? I wouldn't have him on a bet."

Ann smiled. "It must be Jimmy."

"Well, of course."

Sheila waited for this to sink in, and then continued, "Oh, Ann, we're going to have the cutest flat with a real bedroom and a kitchen—not a kitchenette. And Jimmy's friend did a grand paint job on the car. And Jimmy's had a raise. I'm so happy I don't really mind anything. Not even Founder's day."

"I'm glad for you," Ann said. "Jimmy's a nice boy. When are you planning to marry?"

"About Christmas. Christmas would be a fine time, don't you think? We sort of thought of marrying on Christmas day. Have you ever heard of anybody marrying on Christmas day?"

The question caught Ann unprepared. After a moment she said, trying to control her voice, "Yes, Sheila, I have." She was remembering last Christmas, coming out of the parsonage with Peter.

She turned and went back into the kitchenette, mechanically putting china on the table.

Sheila's animated conversation

flowed in to her. "Thinking of having a living room, a bedroom and a kitchen. There's a tiled bath, too, Ann. Jimmy's mother has broken up housekeeping and gone to her daughter's and she is going to give us enough to furnish one room. We'll buy everything else on installments. I've some things in the 'lay-away.' The 'lay-away's just a working girl's heaven, if you ask me. All my things will be paid for by Christmas."

"Are some blue-checked aprons laid away?"

"How did you know?"

"I guess every girl wants blue-checked aprons to wear in her kitchen." There was a wistful note in Ann's voice.

"I shouldn't resist them. They were only marked to 49 cents. Ann, I'm so busy! Jimmy's not much to look at but I like something about him, even his big hands and freckles. Ain't love grand?"

She was ruffling the pages of the newspaper.

After dinner Ann would take the newspaper and turn to the legal statistics. They held a strange fascination for her. She would read them fearfully, half expecting to see an announcement that Peter had filed suit for divorce on ground of desertion. It was like a reprieve—each time she failed to find it.

Now that Peter and Valerie could be furnishing a home there could be no doubt that the time was near when he would be seeking a divorce.

Perhaps the dark-haired young man had been a lawyer who had come to suggest a settlement and see how she felt about Peter getting his divorce.

Sheila was saying, "I wouldn't exchange my Jimmy for anybody—not"

City Author Speaks for Press Club

Mrs. Harding Describes Steps Leading to Writing Book.

With the accent of a talented linguist, with dynamite sentences and with a charming enthusiasm, Mrs. Berta Leonarz Harding yesterday told the assembled members of the Woman's Press Club of Indiana how her novel, "Phantom Crown," happened.

"Millions! A lot came in just as I was getting ready to leave and plowed through the table tapes. I had to straighten them again. And then, with my feet killing me, I sat down to write."

"Gosh, I'm dead. My feet hurt so I can't stand up. I hope I never see another Founder's Day sale."

"Many people?"

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