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POSITIVELY THE LOWEST CITY PRICES

**A Limited Quantity of
Damaged Pants**
25c. pair

Boys Pants
80c. pair

Boys Velvet Suits
\$2.75

Children's Spring Coats
Navy Serge, Sax Blue and Rose
\$1.75

250 Boys Suits, Sizes 6 to 12
\$3.25 only

Men's Working Pants
\$1.60 pair

1 Rack Ladies Spring Coats
\$4.95

Gingham Dresses
\$1.35

1 Rack Voile Dresses
\$2.45

1 Rack Silk and Serge Dresses
\$4.90

Voile Waists
95 cents

The Broadway House of Fashion

331 Water Street 331

Industrial Ruler of the Ruhr Region.

August Thyssen Believes Germany's
Medicine for War Ailments is Devotion
to Work—He Sympathizes with the
French General, and Considers His Job
a Most Disagreeable One—The Rocke-
feller of the Ruhr.

Lonely and venerable, in the stern
struggle now proceeding along the
Ruhr Valley, there stands one pic-
turesque figure, that of August Thy-
ssen.

He has been called the Rockefeller
of the Ruhr, an octogenarian, deeply
placid, and an uncanny expert in mak-
ing profits out of big business. Like
Rockefeller, he began his active
career in the '60s. Like Rockefeller,
he found a region—in this case, the
Rhine-land—the natural resources of
which were as yet scarcely touched.
Like Rockefeller, he started with big
ideas but a small capital, only \$6,000
with which he established his first
rolling mill at Hamborn, where sixty
men were employed.

That plant—the Deutsches Kaiser
Works—now employs 26,000 workers.
And reckoning all his enterprises,



Baby's Skin Troubles
Chafing, scalding, skin irrita-
tions and itching, burning ec-
zema are quickly and thor-
oughly relieved and the skin
kept soft, smooth and velvety
by the use of
Dr. Chase's Ointment
Apply daily after the bath.

August Thyssen's payroll, even dur-
ing the French occupation, is report-
ed as including 66,000 names in the
Ruhr Valley alone.

At Hamborn, Mulheim, Duisburg
and Dinslaken, this vast unarmed
army of industry is working three
shifts every twenty-four hours, this
under the eyes of the French sen-
tries, which some of Thyssen's direc-
tors consider to be a blessing in dis-
guise, because they keep the Com-
munists quiet. Even extreme social-
ism, of which there is much on the
Ruhr, is German first and has lined
up solid behind "King" Thyssen.
Wages have been raised 90 per cent,
and the workers received 1,250 marks
an hour or 10,000 marks a day. At
normal exchange it would be \$2,500.

Thyssen and other magnates claim
that they can carry on because their
industries are self-contained. They
have the coal, they have the ore, Ger-
many is sending them the food. But
there still arises the question where
they are to send their products. Is
the whole wage bill to be met by
mere paper, distributed on the credit
of Berlin, or will sales of commodi-
ties be possible and genuine remit-
tances available to meet the costs of
production.

Appeal for Compassion.

Despite his determination to carry
on, Thyssen himself knows how to
appeal for compassion. "What can
we do?" asked he, as the French en-
tered the Ruhr. "We are helpless,
we have no cannon, we let ourselves
be disarmed." The idea that the
Germans "let themselves be disarm-
ed" has its amusing side. But Thy-
ssen is one of those men, shrewd
otherwise and far-sighted, who still
believes that the Germans would have
not turned traitor and the Kaiser had
not proved a coward. He fails to see
that Germany's defeat was a "right-
eous judgment on a bad case. It was
ill luck, aggravated by mismanage-
ment."

"Maybe," said he, "the workmen

will wake up to their own interests
when they realize that the French are
trying to take away our coal and
everything else from us."

Behind the remark there is an au-
torestrained emotion. Thyssen is an
autocrat in industry. He is as pater-
nal as the Patriarch Abraham or as
Frederick the Great, in the descrip-
tion by Thomas Carlyle.

"I have always considered it my
duty," he says "to keep the factories
running and to provide a living for
the workmen and their families,
even in times when prices and rents
brought me no profit. Only these
who have really passed through the
times of our economic hardships can
realize the immense burdens which
I carried on my shoulders—the trem-
endous anxieties which often de-
pressed me for years at a time."

Barrier to His Benevolence.

Thyssen thus pictures himself as
the weary Titan, summoned by Pro-
vidence to sustain 50,000 homes; and

trade unions are merely a barrier to
his benevolence. He is "King" Thy-
ssen, ruling by divine right, and when
the crash came and the armistice
was signed and the Kaiser fled to
Holland, it was Thyssen who, with
other magnates, was arrested by the
Communists, accused of high treason
and sent from Mulheim-Ruhr to
Munster for trial in Berlin. For a
time he had to live as an exile in
Switzerland. The hereditary and the
industrial Emperor suffered the
same fate. But the industrialist was
the first to return to his throne.

What a scene that was at Schloss
Langenberg, Thyssen's Gothic castle,
overlooking the Ruhr, when the
French General, presumably De-
goutte, though the name is not given—
called on him and requested hospi-
tality. The Frenchman, with charac-
teristic courtesy, complimented
Thyssen on his eminence as a cap-
tain of commerce and regretted the
unpleasant circumstances attending
his visit.

"I heartily sympathize," said old
Thyssen, "with your position. It
must be a disagreeable job for a fa-
mous General to head a large armed
force against defenseless people who
have nothing to fight with. I thank
you very much."

And the short, square figure ab-
ruptly left the room.

No Estimate of His Wealth.

Not less peremptory was his re-
joinder to the French when they sug-
gested that he transfer to Paris 60
per cent. of the capital invested in
his various concerns. For, through-
out his long career, Thyssen has al-
ways insisted on a personal control
of the capital in his works. In the
main, he has reinvested his profits.
In so far as he has borrowed, the
loans have been bonds, not stock dis-
tributed to the public and the work-
ers. He is in this respect like Car-
negie, before he retired, and it is
thus not easy, especially under pres-
ent circumstances, to give any reli-
able estimate of his wealth. In marks,
of course, it runs into trillions! But
in gold the figure would be more
moderate, though undoubtedly scores
of millions—or dollars. That he
should surrender this fortune to the
enemy, whether by sale or seizure,
was an idea scornfully to be reject-
ed.

When his son Fritz was asked why
coal did not reach France, the an-
swer was characteristic:
"We were ordered by the German
Government to discontinue ship-
ments. We are German subjects,
living under German laws."

Whether or not Thyssen was as
rich as Stinnes, he is less subtle.
With Stinnes and the Krupp interests
the Thyssens complete rather than
co-operate.

"It is the old German disunity,"
says August, "which is our fate and
our ruin."

Could Not Organize His Home.

One aspect of his life has been a
failure. The man who could organize
mines and ovens and furnaces and
mills and ships and docks and barges
could not organize his own home.
Many years ago Thyssen and his
wife were divorced. It was agreed
that his fortune should be controlled
by him until death and then divided
among his children.

His second son, August, knew this,
and, in a lavish life at Berlin, he an-
ticipated his share of the heritage
with an extravagance worthy of the
prodigal. In the '10s paralytic August
junior issued promissory notes which
in certain circles were passed from
hand to hand as convenient currency.

Old Thyssen met these irregulari-
ties with a stiff upper lip. The case
raged in the courts. The chief point
at issue was whether the settlement
did or did not include later additions
to the fortune. The lawyers' fees
were of an incredible magnitude. And
in the final conciliation it was reck-
oned that Thyssen paid away one-
fifth of his wealth to clear up his
sons' debts.

It is the elder brother, Fritz, who
now stands by his father and recent-
ly faced arrest by the French.

Cattle Rustlers May Turn Bootleggers.

CALGARY—Provincial cattlemen
and law enforcement officers have a
new worry to contend with. They
are now wondering if the picturesque
cattle rustler of the western plains
has vanished from the earth com-
pletely or whether he has turned to
the more profitable business of rum-
running. Since President D. E. Riley
of the eWestern Stock Growers' Asso-
ciation reported to a convention of
the association that no requests

were made during 1922 for legal as-
sistance in the prosecution of rustlers
this question has been occupying the
attention of cattlemen and police of-
ficials. "It would seem," stated Pres.
Riley in his report, "that cattle steal-
ing was on the wane or it may be
that other forms of law breaking are
more profitable at the present time."
So it now seems that the cattle rust-
ler, whose exploits have been the sub-
ject of a phase of fiction and kept the
tiresome youths of the country
night reading of the danger-
ous capades which usually culminate
in the end of a rope under a tree
witnessed by law-abiding pun-
chers, or from a bullet in the
shooter, has passed. At any
rate, he has left Alberta, perhaps he
has left Canada.

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