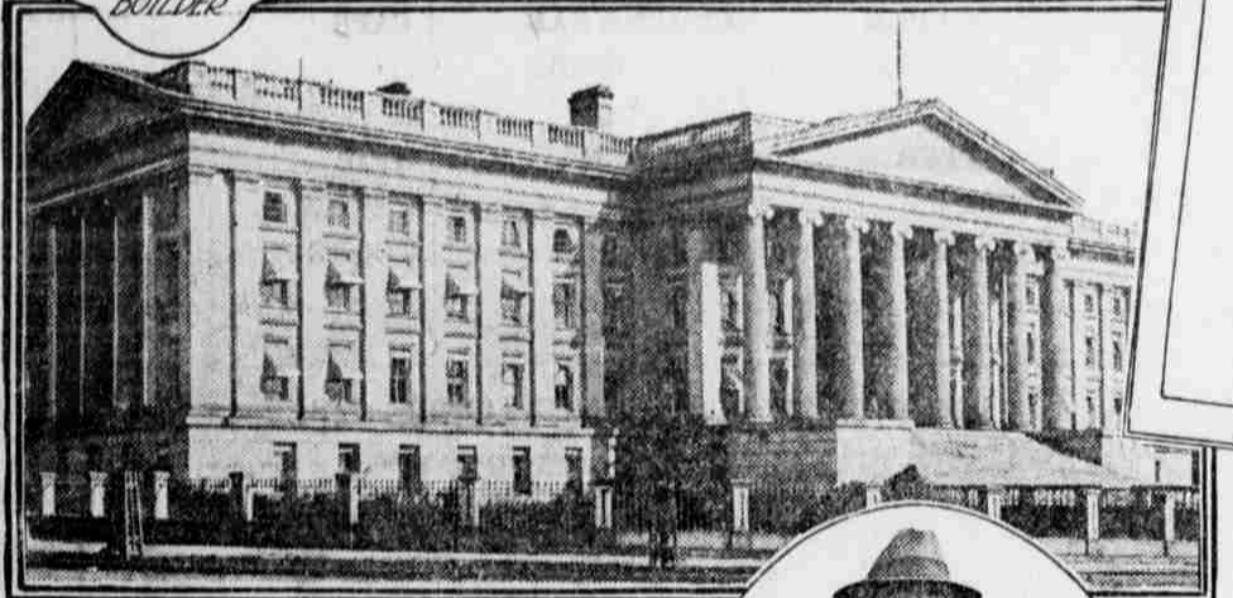


Introducing "Bill" McAdoo



SECRETARY McADOO
TUNNEL
BUILDER

HE BUILT THE GREAT TUNNELS UNDER THE HUDSON RIVER AT NEW YORK CITY AFTER OTHERS FAILED. 'TIS SAID THIS FEAT REALLY GOT HIM THE PLACE IN PRESIDENT WILSON'S CABINET AS SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.



UNITED STATES TREASURY

By EDWARD B. CLARK.

(Staff Correspondent Western Newspaper Union.)
ON APRIL, 1912, just one month after Woodrow Wilson had taken the oath of office as president of the United States, the Gridiron club of Washington gave a dinner at which Mr. Wilson and most of the members of his cabinet were guests. The Gridironers put on a "skit" which represented the return of hardy "Bill" Bryan to the coast as keeper of the Democratic lighthouse. There were coast guardsmen in the skit in plenty, and among them was "Bill" McAdoo, always ready to do service in behalf of humanity, and particularly in behalf of the Democratic ship, Baltimore Platform, which was trying to make harbor laden with a precious cargo of party legislation.

Most of the coast guardsmen were gathered in the lighthouse, circling about their returned leader and friend, big Bill Bryan, who had come back once more to his work as keeper. The door of the lighthouse was thrown open and in breezed a tall, lanky coast guardsman wrapped in a pea jacket. When the newly "blown in" one brought his face out gradually from the folds of a huge muffler, the coast guardsmen cried in welcoming unison, "Why it's Bill McAdoo!"

Later one guardsman said to another, "How did Bill McAdoo get there; did he come in on the lifeboat?" The answer was, "No, Bill got there through the tunnel."

So it is that when men speak of Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo and his career, which has landed him in the second cabinet office of government, they are apt to say that "Bill" got there through the tunnel.

Does not everybody know what is meant by Bill "getting there" through the tunnel? If anyone be so unknowing let it be said at once that it was William Gibbs McAdoo, now the secretary of the treasury, who undertook the gigantic work of constructing tunnels under the Hudson river, through which railroads were run to connect the terminals and cities of the Jersey side with the business and shopping districts of Manhattan. This tunnel project of Mr. McAdoo was at first said to be a dream. It had been suggested and some attempts had been made to put it in form and substance before the present secretary of the treasury looked on the scheme, said it was good and that it could be put through. He put it through and the work was such a success that men now say that Mr. McAdoo "got there" through the tunnel.

He's Often Criticized.

It probably is not entirely fair to Uncle Sam's secretary of the treasury to say that the tunnel was responsible for his success. Mr. McAdoo's friends would rather have it put that Mr. McAdoo was responsible for the tunnel's success and that the same energy and other things which enter into an able man's make-up were responsible for his "getting there" with the tunnel and with the other things which he has undertaken, and also responsible for his "getting there" when their thoughts dwell on the president's cabinet.

Perhaps no man in Mr. Wilson's cabinet has been the target for so many shafts of criticism and so many bouquets of praise as this lanky gentleman with the Roman nose who looks after the interests of Uncle Sam's strongbox. Men who do not believe in his financial theories and some of his legislative endeavors say that he may be able to build a tunnel, but that he has not in him the elements of greatness as a financier and that history will not make a second Alexander Hamilton out of him. Other men, lots of them, take issue. The legislation which established a federal



SECRETARY McADOO
AN
EXPERT HORSEMAN

reserve board and virtually a new financial system for the United States is of too recent enactment to need any particular comment. The new plan has been in operation for some time and judgment is being passed upon it according to the views of men. Mr. McAdoo has worked about as hard on his various plans for what he thinks to be the betterment of financial and commercial conditions as any man can.

Concerning Some "In-laws."

William Gibbs McAdoo is a son-in-law of Woodrow Wilson. Perhaps if the history of the United States was searched another similar case could be found, but, so far as present memory goes, this is the first time that a chief executive has had in his cabinet the husband of his daughter. When the engagement of the secretary of the treasury to the daughter of the president was announced, some people said, "It is all over with Mr. McAdoo as secretary of the treasury." Other people asked why, and then the answer came, perhaps naturally enough, "In-laws never can get along together." There seems to be no indication that the "in-law" relationship existing between the secretary of the treasury and the president of the United States is going to interfere at all with the serenity of their relations. Woodrow Wilson, it is known, believes implicitly in Mr. McAdoo's judgment in matters governmental.

Had an Eye on McAdoo.

Washington hears occasionally that the president, when he was a college professor, had his attention drawn to Mr. McAdoo at the tunnel period of the latter's life. The word is that the president thought that a man who could take up a scheme which had been pronounced visionary and make it of force and effect was a man who could do pretty nearly anything that he chose to do. So there may be some foundation, after all, in one way for the occasional statement with reference to the secretary's position in the cabinet that "Bill" got there through the tunnel.

One thing which might seem of minor importance Mr. McAdoo has accomplished in the treasury department while he has been engaged with things of seemingly much greater importance. He has succeeded in securing for himself several hours of each day in which to give study to federal matters, hours in which he can be certain that he will not be interrupted by callers, no matter how high their estate, politically or legislatively.

Soon after Mr. McAdoo became secretary of the

treasury placards were put into all the elevators of the building announcing that it would be impossible for the secretary to receive visitors until after one o'clock each day, because, and this fact was set forth in print, the early hours of the day must be given entirely to the government's treasury business.

Politicians Are Displaced.

The effect of this placard on senators and representatives was notable. They looked at it and it is to be feared that some few of them who were on their way to the secretary's office swore under their breath, and perhaps had something to say about the impertinence of a new secretary who would keep at bay the legislative chieftains until his own good time for seeing them.

However, most of the politicians and most of the legislators have accepted Mr. McAdoo's dictum, and as it is just about as easy to talk to a man in the afternoon as it is in the morning, things are going along smoothly and the secretary now has full opportunity to think on merchant marine, federal reserve and other matters of high national moment before the luncheon hour.

The intimate acquaintance between Woodrow Wilson and his son-in-law secretary of the treasury began when Mr. Wilson entered political life in New Jersey. It has been said that Mr. Wilson looked on the tunnel operations of Mr. McAdoo with a deep, a scholarly and very likely a practical interest, but no close personal relationships were established between the two until Woodrow Wilson became governor of New Jersey.

He Watched Wilson.

Now it may be that William Gibbs McAdoo was interested in Woodrow Wilson's career as an educator, but if so he never has dwelt upon the fact in public. The truth is probably that Mr. McAdoo, taking an interest in New Jersey politics because of his own experience in getting the legislation necessary to connect up his tunnels with that state, made him look with curiosity and perhaps concern on the course which the educator was to follow as governor of the state "across the North river." At any rate, Mr. McAdoo approved of Mr. Wilson's course as governor of New Jersey and the two men became close friends. The one is now in the cabinet of the other and is also his son-in-law.

Mr. McAdoo is something of a writer and he is much more than a fairly forceful public speaker. He cannot turn out the chiseled and polished phrases that come out of his father-in-law's workshop, but he does a pretty good job occasionally. Here is what he said once about dealings with newspaper men:

"To be frank, truthful and honest with the newspapers is obviously the part of wisdom. There are only two things a reporter is afraid of—a 'scoop' and a 'con game.' Don't be responsible for either."

Concerning corporations and their dealings with the public Mr. McAdoo once said: "Public Opinion, Esq., must become a member, and a respected one, of every corporation board of directors in this country."

Native of Georgia.

William Gibbs McAdoo has been twice married. His first wife died some years ago. There are six children living, the fruits of the first marriage. Something over a year ago Mr. McAdoo married the youngest daughter of Woodrow Wilson. A child was born recently to this union and thereby the president of the United States became for the second time a grandfather, for an elder daughter, Mrs. Sayre, had presented him with a grandchild some little time earlier.

The secretary of the treasury is a southern man, having been born in Georgia in 1863. His boyhood home lay in the track of General Sherman's army. His early years were spent in poverty, a fact which the secretary does not seem to deplore in the least, for he said recently in a speech that he believes that "character is produced and developed to the highest degree by hardship, suffering and poverty."

IN THE LIMELIGHT

BUSINESS MANAGER OF NAVY



REAR ADMIRAL SAMUEL MCGOWAN

Maybe it is because he got his early business training running a brickyard and serving as station agent for a railroad that "Sammy" McGowan is such a success as a naval man. He never saw a ship, you might say, until he entered the paymaster's department at Washington 20 years ago.

Now he is Rear Admiral Samuel McGowan, paymaster general, U. S. N., and is entitled to all the distinctions, honors and privileges appertaining thereto. He wears a brilliant uniform, with epaulets and gold lace and a chapeau on dress occasions. For every day he prefers to be plain Mister McGowan. Of course, being beloved by his subordinates, he is popularly called behind his back just "Sammy."

Cutting of red tape has been the penchant of Rear Admiral McGowan since he was appointed to the job of business manager of the navy, for that's what the job amounts to. The paymaster general is the financial head of the navy, the buyer for the whole outfit. He pays off the men and buys everything except arms and ammunition.

ITALY'S BRAVE KING

They call him king, but in truth he is more of a confrere, a fellow citizen, a president of a republic than a king of a monarchy. It is safe to say if Victor Emmanuel III by some turn of fortune were dethroned tomorrow and Italy were asked to elect a president his name would be Victor Emmanuel. For he is heart and soul Italian, the beau ideal, the beau sabreur, the idol of the nation.

It was thoroughly characteristic of him, when Italy entered the war, to throw aside his scepter, place his uncle, the duke of Genoa, on his throne while the king mounted his horse and rode away with his army. Anybody can sit on a throne; it takes a brave man to ride to war. But Victor Emmanuel has never shirked danger.

In so far as any man can be trained to be a king the monarch of the Italians was so trained. Truly Spartan in its rigor was the course he was put through by the severe old Colonel Orso. For, although he was born in a palace, the little prince was far from princely. He was, indeed, one of the most wretched apologies for a royal child that was ever born in state. So rickety that they had to carry him upstairs at an age when most children ran; so weak and sickly that they despaired of ever making a man of him, he has come through to man's estate a short, powerful, virile individual, typically Italian, despite blue eyes and fair complexion, with bold mustachios and the military bearing that his subjects so admire, an Italian of Italians.



HE'S A TYPICAL AMERICAN



ROBERT P. SKINNER

Robert P. Skinner, consul general at London, who came home to report to the administration concerning the controversy with England over American shipping, is a typical American, whose career illustrates how one may not only meet opportunity when it comes his way, but create opportunity.

Eighteen or twenty years ago he was identified with what would be called a country newspaper in his home town at Massillon, O. The country newspapers in Ohio as a rule are metropolitan in their spirit and are good training for other places.

Massillon is near Canton. William McKinley lived at Canton. During the presidential campaign of 1896 Robert P. Skinner looked after the news for several papers in New York and elsewhere. After the election he was one of the band of newspaper men who, as the phrase then went, helped Major McKinley form his cabinet.

The McKinley administration had not been long in power when Mr. Skinner was appointed consul at the great Mediterranean seaport of Marseilles. He filled this important post well and later President Roosevelt sent him as head of a spectacular trade mission to Abyssinia. Promotions soon came and Mr. Skinner was successively consul general at Hamburg and Berlin, from both of which places he sent invaluable trade reports. The sudden death of John L. Griffin, consul general at London, offered another opportunity and Mr. Skinner was transferred to the British metropolis just before the war broke out.

UNCLE SAM'S RADIO CHIEF

The story of the development of wireless communication in the United States covers a span of only 16 years. When that story comes to be written the historian will find that the major portion of his material and notes accumulated for the task relates to the activities of the navy, and that, in this portion of them, the figure of Capt. William H. G. Bullard, U. S. N., is prominent.

For just as the navy pioneered in wireless, so, within the navy, Captain Bullard was a leader of the pioneers.

It really was 17 years ago that Captain Bullard, then a young naval lieutenant, fresh from Spanish-American war service, was attracted by the new subject. During his student days at Annapolis electricity and electrical engineering had attracted him. These studies he carried on further following graduation. He became known as one of the "electrical sharps" of the navy. He is now—and has been ever since the position was established three years ago—superintendent of the navy radio service. In that capacity he is charged with the direction of the most extensive wireless service in the world today. More than fifty shore stations, approximately 250 ship stations and about 750 navy radio operators are under his direction.

Only forty-nine years old, Captain Bullard is stocky, gray, clean-shaven, grave of face—a figure that manifestly belongs as well on the quarterdeck as in an executive office, for Captain Bullard is a sailor man first.

