Mit business und mitout
(Where in goodness' name has it gone?)

By Mike Monroney, '23

EDITOR'S NOTE—When Mike Monroney, '23 journaled deserted the hard-seated chairs the Scripps-Howard newspapers supply their reporters for the overstuffed chair of president of the Doc & Bill Furniture Co., of Oklahoma City, the business of newspapering lost thereby, and the House Beautiful gained correspondingly. (Especially on long and easy terms). At our request, Mr Monroney has set down some pertinent comments on Business. Apparently, what follows is part of a Book. Thus we become Monroney's bookkeeper. We close on that one. Here we are folks, enjoy the

PREFACE

BUSINESS is becoming more complex. And if you don't take our word for it, you can try selling Fuller brushes for all we care. But we stand on our first statement. Business is becoming more complex.

Everywhere you realize that men (or women) are trying to manufacture a better mouse trap so that a paved state highway will be built to their door.

Edison invented the electric light and look at Edison today. But you can't invent an electric light. Chances are, you had a lot of trouble even trying to pay your last month's light bill. But don't blame Edison for that.

Oil lamps are cheaper, but owing to the intense unpopularity of the Rockefellered during the late 19th century, the oil lamp business went to hell and folks went to electricity. But we do not intend to discuss capital punishment (the hot seat).

But with the lamp oil business gone, Rockefeller said to his friend Henry Ford: "Henry, something's got to be done about the Model T. It ain't what it used to be..."

That's big business for you. They think their way out. YOU TOO can think.

Then the parking problem immediately confronts us. It isn't safe to park anywhere anymore. You can never tell when a hijacker with a gun or a policeman with a ticket will appear. And during this writing, the policeman is more apt to make a richer haul. He gives you time to cash a check. This brings into the affair: Banking.

Banking, as practiced, is also a very complex institution. Much has been written on banking. There are many Bank Books. We will deal with banking too, you may be assured. In fact we are dealing with banks. The banks are threatening to deal with us if we don't do something about a note we wrote to them.

Personality has its place in banking. Not so much the personality of the banker but of the bankee. Poise, confidence, integrity, ability and balance is necessary in dealing with banks. If one possesses an ample latter he can omit the former.

Then the situation of the farmer is not to be overlooked. Neither is prohibition. We could write a book on prohibition. Were any of your family paralyzed from that bad Jamaica Ginger?

Birth control, chain stores, tariff, marathon dancing, profit and loss statements, the younger generation, and appearances are vital in this complex business world.

And so is your Life Insurance. If anything happens, is YOUR WIFE protected. Are you a man. Act today.

In order to get the right color on this business complexion, this book is prepared. Endless research has been done, merchandise has been bought on credit to test out the installment practices, loans have been asked from banks. Not a stone has been left unturned in this effort to get at the bottom of complex business.

This book is merely to show you how to be successful in this complex age.

Now go on with the story.

* *

BUSINESS

EVERYWHERE you go you hear someone say to someone else: "How is business?"

This proves that business either does—or has— existed. And it probably will be all right again if the Democrats ever get in power.

Having established business as an abstract thing, we are concerned with what is business.

"Business? Oh nothing much," the average man will say. "Sold a used car a week ago." Or maybe he will say: "The upward trend is in sight, an increase imminent of .01½ in buying power is forecast. The oil tariff will help 53½ industries, including rails. The per capita consumption of Cities Service for 1921 was 01.57. In 1929 it was 67½ and is going back again. Yesterday it was 39."

Needless to say, this represents two schools of business men. The first is the old fashioned type who can still sell used cars. We don't understand mathematics so we won't even discuss the second type.

Simmered down to cases, business is nothing other than barter and trade. The chapter on appearances will deal with barter and barbers unions as well as with scalp treatments.

We are concerned here with trade. History is filled with stories of famous traitors. They were men who sold entire countries for a few dollars, shekles, yen or rubles. It is pleasant to report however, that this type of traitor has been eliminated from the business world and has entered politics.

Next to the traitors (and they did get next to them, you may be assured) came the merchant. The word was formed, according to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, from the two words "merry" and "chant." Get it?

And so now, when one business man says to the other "Is business good?" the merchant (merry-chant) replies "Swell."

The first business man agrees that is the way he finds things too. They both lie and then go home and cut prices.

Next to the traitors proves that the business man is the supreme optimist. This trait involves installment selling which will be discussed later.

"Getting in on the ground floor," is one of the important factors in business. Henrick Hudson bought Manhattan Island for $24, less 2½ 30, net 60. He was in on the "ground floor," but of course Manhattan had no sky scrapers in those days. The profit from the original investment today, measured by the American standard of living, would have been tremendous. The Hudsons sold however and did not ride through even to the recent stock crash.

Coming down through the ages into this, the "golden age" we find Arabs who trafficked in silks and satins driven out of business by the more progressive merchandisers like Marshall-Field, Gimbel Brothers and Saks Fifth Avenue.

The Arabs, great lovers of horses, included them along with the silks and satins. They used slaves. When slavery was abolished, the overhead ate them up or they ate the slaves up, we forget which. In some one whole story is very depressing and we drop a tear for them. They tried to sell Camels but Lucky Strikes were more popular.

A sample of their book-keeping shows one of the reasons for the fall of the Arab in business.

A ledger has been unearthed showing all the transactions of the different tribes.

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<td>Etaoin</td>
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Owing to the fact that the archeologists are not quite sure whether this was an income tax report or the Khedive's own

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of Greece and Egypt, to determine just what manner of people it was which erected such towering buildings, used turnstiles and adding machines, wrapped and preserved its dead in linen, dressed in flowing robes and traveled in two wheeled chariots!

ADmirable outlaw

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gleamed, and the death glaze over his eyes did not extinguish the burning defiance there. Even in death he seemed defiant and unbeaten. He had fought and died silently, though mangled by the pack. He lay there on the prairie with his long yellow-grey hair matted with blood and saliva, and his lips still drawn back from his fangs.

EACH time one looks upon such a scene, he feels admiration for the little wolf that fights against such odds so grimly and silently. As he is the embodiment of cunning, fleetness and courage, one feels that such a death is a disgrace, and unfair to such high courage. One attempts to forget, as he stands there, that this little wolf's long quavering howl is the very voice of the night prairie, and tries to remember only that his victim is a chicken thief and a bandit.

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records posterity will never know whether Arab, Inc., was a good buy or not. Perhaps posterity may never even care. Anyway the Arabs went back into the desert, commonly known as nomads' land.

Following the Arabs (and if you haven't read the "Sheik" by this time, you wouldn't follow them anyway) came the guilds. The guilds must not be confused with the "golden age" mentioned before.

The guilds operated their business on a direct-from-manufacturer-to-consumer-basis-cutting-out-the-middleman. Their homes, apartments or shops were their factories, sales rooms and delivery departments. In these days, the speak-easies have taken up the same idea and are making a splendid profit, we understand.

The guilds did well enough in a small way and branched out into many lines. You probably have heard of the theater guild.

After the guilds came the Industrial Revolution. And how they came after the guilds. The cotton gin was invented, the steamboats roved the rivers, streams and oceans, the loom was a reality, steam engines puffed on ribbons of steel, sewing machines hummed. CAME DAWN.
That was the Industrial Revolution you have just been through and thank heaven its over. The manufacturer started making coats, pants, vests, dish pans, cotton hose, shoes and a lot of money.

If Mrs Smith came to him to tell him that the pants she bought for Adolph were too small, the manufacturer was bored. The manufacturer was too busy making pants, dozens of pants, to be concerned with Mrs Smith’s problem. Machinery throbbed in the back room. Was the manufacturer to hold up the painting workers while he argued with Mrs Smith?

No. You may be assured he was not. So he invented or encouraged the middlemen or merchant. The merchant was “passed the buck,” because he could deal with Mrs Smith. Mrs Smith’s son, ach, vot a nice Fall. How old? Nooo. Sax? Vell, Vell. Dey grow so fast at dot age, Hum. You kent expect pants to grow mit children, Mrs Smith. Let me show to you a suit vich its hem so. Nine ninety-eight. Thenk you, Mrs Smith, should I sent out it this morning or this afternoon?

That was what was going on. The manufacturer had generally counted on $1 profit from each pair of pants. But he found that by eliminating his conversations with Mrs Smith he could spend more time with his workers and still make more money and pants. Since there were thousands of Mrs Smiths being born each year and children in proportion it was too big a job for the manufacturer. Why bother about the $1 for all that trouble. So he “passed the buck,” hence the middleman, merchant, or retailer.

In the case above, however, he never did retailer the pants and Mrs Smith was satisfied anyway because the new $9.98 suit was such a good bargain and fitted Adolph so well.

A NEW HOME FOR ART SCHOOL

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Lectures on the history of ornament. Miss Dorothy Kirk teaches interior decoration and applied design, while Miss Mercedes Erixon conducts classes in commercial design and art teaching.

Miss Ina Annett is the lithography, wood block, and etching expert of the school, and John Frank is doing original research with Oklahoma clays in his ceramics department. Two young instructors have been recently engaged by Jacobson as showing unusual promise. Leonard Good teaches portrait and still-life classes, while Paul Emerson has charge of the sculpture and modeling department.

SPRING HATS
in smart pastel colorings and handsomely lined—$8

The style all the young fellows are wearing

THE REGENT

SOCIETY BRAND

An exceptionally smart, clean-cut model that accentuates the trim physique of young men. It has broad, square rope shoulders—a noticeably close effect at the waistline and hips—peaked lapels. Everything you want in a suit—including hand tailoring—fine woolens—new colors that are bright, clear, springlike.