

# WHAT THE SUN OFFICE'S TEAMWORK DID IN THE THIRD LOAN

Up to April 26

319 Members of Our Staff Have Subscribed

## \$34,900

TO THE

### THIRD LIBERTY LOAN

ARE YOU ONE OF 'EM?



HERE isn't a brag or a vaunt or a boast or a gloat expressed, implied, hinted or suggested anywhere on this page.

The simple performance of obvious duty by an individual or an organization is never anything to brag about. It would be as absurd as for a man to boast that he was not a liar, or for a newspaper to exult over printing facts accurately.

It would be peculiarly and especially objectionable to brag about the tomfoolery when it comes to men giving a hand up to Uncle Sam and two to themselves—for that is what every Liberty Loan means.

Nobody under the Stars and Stripes has a right to strike an attitude or puff out his chest over this Liberty Loan business for the simple reason that he is the beneficiary of a great privilege. Our Uncle Samuel is paying every man Jack and lady Jill a liberal premium to get him or her to save money. That's what every Liberty Loan means.

Cash won't save the war. But saving—nationally and individually, beneficial now and hereafter—will put

the firm of Hohenzollern, Krupp & Co. into the hands of the receivers to be named by a dependable destiny. We suspect that the receivership will be entered upon Peter's books as Wilson, Clemenceau, George & Co. So much for that.

The flash and flare in this story have to do with two sweeping impulses: the inspiration in emulative teamwork and the obvious and striking spread of the idea that personal saving to the point of eliminating luxury and pinching comfort is a plain duty to one's country and to one's self, now and for goodness knows how many years to come.

The experience of the staff of *The Sun* in exceeding its self-imposed quota of the third Liberty Loan may be of some interest and value to other large organizations, as well as to the Liberty Loan Committee when subsequent opportunities are given to workmen to climb toward independence. Again let that fact be emphasized and underlined—to climb toward independence.

There's been too much of the "Oh, please, Mister, won't you help your

country" business; too much accentuation of the idea that this big nation of ours ought to go down on its knees to the fellow with dollars that he was in the habit, often enough, of just chucking away. That's all rot, slush and piffle. If there's any kneeling and appealing to be done it should be performed by the man or woman who gets the splendid chance to be paid by the United States Treasury for the absolutely individually helpful accomplishment of saving instead of wasting.

Without the least intention or desire to pat itself upon the back, it may be said by *The Sun* in perfect truth that this common sense philosophy was pretty well understood among the staff by the time the bell rang for the start of the third Liberty Loan. It doesn't take long for an aggregation of intelligent men and women to see a fact of the kind emphasized coming along the road, and to take it firmly by the hand. If the staff of *The Sun* were not intelligent you would not be reading for very long the newspaper they turn out seven days in the week, morning and evening. There's no gloat in that. It's a frank statement of the obvious.

Posted Placards Supplied Stimulus and the Subscriptions Went Over the Top of the \$50,000 Quota.

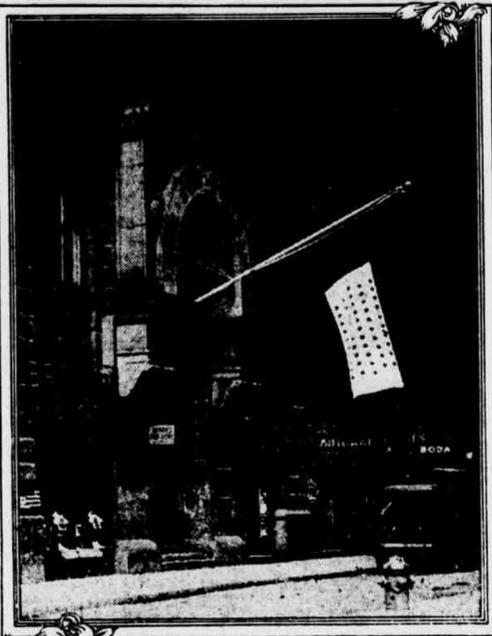
It's a notion that has been growing among intelligent folk ever since the first chance to save was presented by the first Liberty Loan. But the force of the notion has been cumulative. It has grown by a sort of geometrical progression. A lot of fool ideas have gone into the scrap heap—a big lot, indeed—since the first \$3,000,000,000 went over the top. By the time the third Liberty Loan came along pretty much everybody connected with the staff comprehended the definite personal advantage and privilege of being permitted to subscribe.

System Gets Out the Paper. But—and it is a but which bolts up everywhere human beings are collected at work and play—getting up a loan quota, like getting out a newspaper, has to be accomplished by system and teamwork. Suppose, for example, that the managing editor and the city editor came on the job anyhow, any time, without ideas for the day's turnover of news.

Suppose they lolled about and gave no instructions or assignments to subordinates whose job it is to find the news, write it, clarify it, head it, type

Most importantly and interestingly, virtually every one, no matter what his subscription had been before, was determined to do a little more. But—and here is where that but comes in—they, like the rest of humanity, waited for somebody to start the list. Nobody felt like leading off, exactly. Moreover, they felt that signing up without getting an idea of the sweep and growth of the whole subscription was like passing a ball in the dark—no special thrill to it; and we Americans have got to get some sort of a thrill out of every game we play. It's the sporting instinct.

Subscribing Systematized Too. Now there was—in a Boss up to his ears in the rush of business, who understood the psychology of crowds, it won't do to mention his name because he would get all fussed and the name would be cut out anyhow; but the fact remains that he sensed the curious phenomenon of a considerable group of men and women all eager to sign up to the limit of their capacity and yet delaying because they were used to system and team work in accomplishing any big thing. He didn't have to preach the personal benefit



"The Sun's" service flag and some of the posters which with the aid of teamwork sent the Liberty Loan total up by leaps and bounds in "The Sun" office.

It, stereotype it and run it through the press.

Suppose subordinates operated just anyhow, any time, according to their own notions and theories. What kind of a paper would startle you at the breakfast table? System plus intelligence, or intelligence plus system, whichever you prefer, makes newspapers of the first quality. The same factor makes Liberty Loans buzz along upon their appointed courses.

Now if you are bored by this essay, turn to the sporting pages or to the editorials or to the Sunday magazine section—anything that really strikes you as snappy or zestfully informative—but if you are in the least interested, why—as they say at the end of those boiled-down instalments of a going serial—read on from here.

The hundreds of men and women of the staff of *The Sun* knew what the third Liberty Loan meant not only as regards the advantage to their country but to themselves personally. Almost every one of them had been a subscriber to the first or second Liberty Loan or to both. Many felt that the *Sun* knew what it was doing could go without taking a hole in their belts.

side of the loan, or to create about the patriotic side. He simply built up a list system and set it going. The results were inspiring.

Early in April he gave psychology something to shoot at. He devised a little placard, had hundreds of copies struck off and posted specimens in every room and corner of *The Sun* offices so that any person or any group of persons could glimpse it on the run.

These placards, with their short, terse phrasing were calls to teamwork, just another way of saying: "Now, all together men. Another push!"

Take this one, which was posted up after the teamwork had begun to show results:

UP TO APRIL 26  
319 Members of Our Staff  
Have Subscribed \$34,900 to the  
Third Liberty Loan.  
ARE YOU ONE OF 'EM?

Every busy man and woman who read that bulletin stopped to ask himself or herself about the final query. Some had clean overlooked the subscription list in the rapid rush and

We are Going Up to April 30 "OVER THE TOP" WITH \$50,000

391 Members of Our Staff Have Subscribed

## \$41,400

TO THE

### THIRD LIBERTY LOAN

ARE YOU ONE OF 'EM?



so of their daily work, and if you don't know what the rush and go of daily work is come around to the office of *The Sun* some day and get a notion. The most were inspired by the mounting figures and took it upon themselves to ask associates if they had contributed. Some, indeed, out of sheer pride in the fine, growing thing, wrote themselves down for another bond, according to their needs. So that, when the Boss struck up another set of bulletins on April 30, one noted that:

UP TO APRIL 30  
391 Members of Our Staff  
Have Subscribed \$41,400 to the  
Third Liberty Loan.  
ARE YOU ONE OF 'EM?

Teamwork and emulation were beginning to approach the crest. The \$50,000 was in plain sight. It came along very presently. Right here it may be proper to say that the exceeded quota—it reached to \$58,000 out of

the pay of 555 men and women—was filled entirely by *SUN* men and women of moderate salaries and moderate means.

The Rank and File Did It. It was the accomplishment of the rank and file in every department. The subscriptions of the executives were taken out elsewhere, through their banks, and were not included in the quota taken up by the employees of *The Sun*. In the same connection it is interesting to note that the average runs to about \$100 per person, and this on top of subscriptions made to the former loans.

The growth of the quota is revealed by the following table:

Date	Subscribers	Total
April 8	71	\$7,650
April 15	95	10,450
April 20	116	13,650
April 23	132	18,250
April 24	247	27,550
April 25	292	32,050
April 26	319	34,900
April 27	332	36,400
April 28	344	37,400
April 29	381	41,400
May 1	425	44,800

Teamwork accomplished the desired result smoothly and with a sort of sporting zest. Teamwork is nothing new in the functioning of the staff of *The Sun*, from the days of Moses Y. Beach to the present ones of Frank A. Munsey, as anybody may read in Frank M. O'Brien's "The Story of *The Sun*." It simply received a different application. The results were pleasing and interesting.

Roughly 80 per cent. of the employees of *The Sun* invested in the third Liberty Loan, and as regards the remaining 20 per cent. it may be said that virtually all were young boys or girls, some of whom had subscribed to former loans, who could not afford to divert so much as another dollar per week from the cost of living.

*The Sun* buys and carries for its employees the amount of bonds subscribed for, and these are paid for, at the will of the subscriber, at the rate of \$2 per week for a \$100 bond or in the instalments suggested by the Treasury.

WE ARE ON THE LAST LAP AND GOING Up to May 2 "OVER THE TOP" WITH \$50,000

485 Members of Our Staff Have Subscribed

## \$49,050

TO THE

### THIRD LIBERTY LOAN

Are You One of 'Em? UO2B!



# FRESH SUFFERING INFLICTED ON DEVASTATED SERBIA BY TEUTONS

Gustav Habermann, Czech Deputy in the Vienna Parliament and member of the Austro-Hungarian Delegation, visited Belgrade from January 5 to 6 on an excursion arranged by the Ministry for Foreign Affairs for the members of the Austrian and Hungarian Delegations. Habermann is today the real leader of Czech-Slovak social democracy. As President of the executive committee of the party he is also member of the executive committee of the Czech Parliamentary Union. Mr. Habermann is one of the most intrepid of the Czech national deputies; his speeches against Austria-Hungary both in Parliament and in the Delegations have repeatedly created embarrassment for the Government. His Socialism did not prevent him from taking up the defence of the aged King Peter of Serbia recently in the Delegation, when the honor of the sovereign was attacked by Prince Auerperg.

Mr. Habermann contributed the following to the Prague paper "Pravo Lidu."

BY GUSTAV HABERMANN.

On January 3 the Vienna train having arrived at the station in Belgrade (via Budapest and Semlin) before daybreak, it was not possible for us to contemplate the superb panorama of the city which delights every traveller. And as our departure two days later was likewise fixed in the early and milky hours of the morning, we were not able to see Belgrade in all its beauty,

which is so lavishly praised by all those who have been able to enjoy it in the past and who, even at the present time, are susceptible to its profound impressiveness.

Shortly after our arrival at the station we took a stroll through the town. We were profoundly impressed. At every step you see the visible traces of battles and recent fighting. The industrial quarter is in ruins. Not one stone is left standing. On the concrete foundations on either hand of the high road leading to the Topchider Park heaps of stones and bricks cover the sites whence arose before the war, buildings devoted to industry and serving our entire industrial quarters.

The Turkish quarter, situated below the fortress, the scene of the most sanguinary fighting, is nothing but a heap of ruins. The fortress has, relatively speaking, suffered least.

The Right of Plunder.

In all parts of the town one sees numerous evidences of the fighting that went on in the streets as well as the results of the terrible speech of guns of all calibres. Few buildings have been spared.

All that has not fallen a prey to shells, bullets and the fury of street fighting has been destroyed by the looting of the victor. The German army exercises a so-called right of plunder whereby it is authorized during two whole days to seize the goods and property of the inhabitants of the place taken by force of arms. In Serbia the army has made extensive use of this right. Public buildings such as the Royal Palace, the theatre, the House of Parliament and the Min-

istries have been looted to such an extent that only the bare walls are left.

Within these buildings recall the old castles of Bohemia, which have stood untenanted for dozens and even hundreds of years. The frames of the windows and doors have been wrenched off and taken away. All objects of value have disappeared; others have been smashed; all that could not be carried off was ransacked. Domestic hearths and private buildings succumbed to the blow of the right of plunder.

Many doors and windows are secured with boards. Many windows are still without panes and a considerable number of houses look untenanted. Before the war the town numbered 100,000 inhabitants; at present barely 50,000 of the native population are left.

In spite of obvious efforts made to efface the accusing traces and effects produced by the fury of war, we realize at every step that war has shown itself here in its most odious form.

In spite of having endured untold ravages, the town even to-day strikes one by its extremely pleasant and agreeable aspect. Wherever one enters one always feels that an industrious people, refined, conscientious, and original in its work, has lived in this place.

Side by side with monumental buildings and sumptuous dwellings built in modern style crouches here and there a tiny house from days gone by. Most of the buildings are in masonry covered with white plaster, which produces an agreeable and luminous impression from a distance.

The Royal Palace, of the old pal-

of which nothing is left but the walls, whereas the modern part is in quite good condition, is the best built of the monumental edifices of the town. The new House of Parliament, which is unfinished and the material of which has been scattered during the war, was to have been the finest architectural monument in the city. They say that it could not be finished owing to lack of funds. The old House of Parliament, situated on a slope close to the Royal Palace, is a plain and unpretentious building and conveys the illusion of a summer restaurant. At present a military depot is established there. The study of the Prime Minister, Mr. Pashitch, is small and plain, with one window opening into the street, whence the room is easily accessible; at this moment it is used as a depot for cigarettes.

Cyrillic Alphabet Suppressed.

During our stroll the designations of the streets attract our attention, likewise the shop signs and names of private houses. We read: Milosa Velikou Ulica (Milosh the Great street), Knez Dusanova Ulica (Prince Dushan street), Poianicka Ulica (Parliament street). We note with joy the kinship of the Serbian tongue with our own. But we gain the impression that all these signs appear badly painted, in an inartistic and careless way. We are shocked and even hurt; and this compels us to look more closely and to reflect.

Why is it, we wonder, that the street names, the shop signs and other notices, both public and private, are done so carelessly? Upon closer examination we perceive that the original inscriptions in Cyrillic lettering have been somewhat insufficiently

covered by a single coat of paint. Now we understand. The original character of the town was Cyrillic.

When Belgrade was first taken and the military government established there, nothing was left undone by its orders to rob the town of its Serbian national character, expressed by the use of the Cyrillic alphabet. It was then that all inscriptions in that lettering were coated over with white paint and inscriptions in Latin characters given this explanation: "The former government of occupation gave the order to destroy every trace of Serbian national life, especially as expressed by means of the Cyrillic characters, and to replace the latter by Latin lettering."

The inadvisability of this measure is already understood. Wherever the people go out into the streets the foreign inscriptions remind them of their state of subjection and humiliation. Was it intended by this measure to provoke this state of mind and keep alive the desire for liberty? I can imagine what would happen in our country if they were to try to make us have Swabian inscriptions, or what the Germans would do if any one were to try to force—let us say—the Cyrillic alphabet upon them.

Fate of the Royal Palace.

Our first visit was to the Royal Palace. Apart from a few marks of shell-fire, the building is externally almost intact. The old part forms one wing of the Palace; the new part, unfinished and in a handsome style of architecture, is the other. Between the two wings the fairly exclusive royal garden extends down a slope.

The interior of the palace has been devastated. All articles of value have disappeared. The former apartments of the King, the throne room, the studies and the library have been gutted. At the left hand corner there is a great hole made by a shell. Here the floor is broken down and one has to walk with caution. The royal archives room shows nothing but denuded walls and the remnants of books and records lying on the floor, torn, half destroyed by mildew or burned. You cannot find so much as a trace of furniture, pictures, frames, doorknobs or handles, blinds, carpets or anything else. All has disappeared. The bare decrepit walls and ruined floors tell us their wordless tale of the ravages which succeeded the enemy occupation.

Denationalization by Schools.

In response to the wish we had expressed, we were taken to a primary school and to a high school for girls. The primary school is installed in a building which served the same purpose already before the war. We visited several classes.

On the class room benches sat girls and boys who greatly resembled our own school youth. In all forms German and Magyar are taught besides Serbian. I glanced at the text books. On the first page I saw the name and address of the publishers in Sarajevo and Zagreb. All text books are printed in Latin characters. The Cyrillic alphabet is prohibited in the primary schools and in the Private High School for Girls, the only one in the country. The intention of this prohibition is clear. The national and popular culture and tradition are to be forgotten and supplanted by Magyar substitutes,

presented in Latin characters by the intermediary of the Croatian language.

The whole body of teachers has been imported from Hungary, with the exception of a few schoolmasters and a few native professors at the girls' high school. In the primary schools the mistresses are either Germans or Magyars from Croatia or Croats who can speak German and Magyar fluently. When school instruction is fairly reestablished native teachers are not employed at all. In the meantime, the authorities have begun to realize that by suppressing the Cyrillic alphabet and by introducing foreign schoolmasters and mistresses in order to dispense with the native teaching profession they have incurred more loss than gain.

The native teaching profession, in so far as it is not in exile, is compelled to be out of employment. Its members lead a wretched existence, being without means of subsistence and depending completely upon public relief. Foreign teachers insufficiently versed in the Serbian language are grafted upon the communal funds for the month a person. For this sum they can barely purchase the monthly ration of flour.

Remains the insoluble problem of discovering how the poor of Belgrade are to procure other provisions indispensable for their needs. One can be brought to the quiet, costs from 50 centimes to a crown, one kilogram of hard, as at home, likewise produced secretly, fetches up to 30 centimes. The official rations, as in Bohemia, are not enough to live upon. These are the conditions under which more than one-fourth of the population of Belgrade is compelled to live.

WE SURE WENT JUST LOOK! "Over the Top" with that \$50,000

555 Members of Our Staff Have Subscribed

## \$58,000

TO THE

### THIRD LIBERTY LOAN

YOU MUST HAVE BEEN ONE OF 'EM!