

Meet Modern Trader Horn! Lloyd's Takes Any Risk

Jack Redshaw Will Swap Anything

By GUY MURCHIE JR.

TRADER HORN was an old man with whiskers. Few modern business executives would want to consult him on budgetary control or merchandising methods, yet his business principles recently have been validated in a spectacular success.

Trader Horn's disciple in business is forty-year-old John Spencer Redshaw, a twentieth century trader who drives a truck instead of carrying a knapsack to hold his goods. His locale is the village of Granville, Ill.

Trader Jack Redshaw is a rugged individual from his boots to the top of his tawny head. His warehouse, formerly the Granville State Bank building, contains every sort of merchandise from mummified human hands to ostrich eggs, from ruby wrist watches to bass viol. Even such things as speed boats and bowling alleys are not too much for Jack. He has them all in his shop, and if you have a diving suit, a genuine Hannibal's autograph, or an alligator's tail he might well make you a trade.

A stranger, strolling down the rather homely little street in the town of 900 inhabitants, would indeed open his eyes if he could see what is tucked away behind the innocent striped awning of the old bank building. And he would have good reason to wonder how any man could see his way into the strange occupation chosen by Jack Redshaw.

Trader Redshaw seems to have drifted into his occupation gradually, and he still calls trading just a hobby with him. Some day, he says, he's going to turn his hobby into a business. When that time comes he ought to do well, for he already has amassed a stupendous stock of merchandise with no one to help him but his wife.

Born in Spring Valley, Ill., Jack was brought at an early age to Farmington, Ill., where he went to school and worked in his father's coal mine during his off hours. He also developed a fondness for gazing into the few shop windows in town and calculating whether that baseball bat or that rifle was really worth what it said on the price tag. Mail order catalogs naturally held great fascination for the lad, and through them he familiarized himself further with relative values.

Grinding through the long years of school at Farmington, life at times hung heavy on young Jack's hands. Needing the spice of variety, he would frequently make trades with other boys. Life was a lot more pleasant when he could swap an old bicycle, which he didn't care much about anyhow, for a nice new repeating rifle, or a jackknife for a baseball glove—and his knowledge of values enabled him to come out pretty well in nine deals out of ten.

During the World War Redshaw served in the artillery, and afterward went to live in Granville, working in the coal mine there. Presently he was made postmaster, and while serving in that capacity he launched himself on his skyrocketing career. One of the first things he went in for was fountain pens. He bought a few score bamboo fountain pens at a wholesale price and kept his pockets filled with them. As he met his friends and neighbors around town he would show them the new pens. Many of his acquaintances already had old pens, and he had little difficulty trading with them, always asking and getting some money or some other article along with the old pen to make up for its age. By the time the bamboo pens were gone Jack had earned himself a handsome profit in used fountain pens, money, and other assorted objects. The money alone more than equaled what he had paid for his bamboo pens.

He collected guns from an early age, and rarely it was that he didn't do handsomely by himself in a gun trade. And then he began to advertise—mostly in the classified ad columns. It worked, and so he kept on, advertising more and more as his business grew.

A typical Redshaw advertisement describes Jack as an "exporter, jobber, importer—a connoisseur and dealer in guns and diamonds." It goes on to say: "We buy anything, sell anywhere, and trade any time. We deal only in high-class merchandise. Trade confirmed when all parties concerned are fully satisfied." Among the featured articles of merchandise listed are: "Oriental rugs, stamps, old coins, birds"



Trader John Spencer Redshaw of Granville, Ill., surrounded by various odds and ends of his stock in trade.

eggs, fur coats, ammunition, gym equipment, saxophones, marimbas, drums, adding machines, desks, dictaphones, books, business courses, lighting plants, motors, pulleys, vacuum cleaners, milling machines, line shafting, electric organs, tools."

As the late 1920s drifted on the trading business prospered like many another business—but instead of sinking his wealth in stocks, bonds, and intangible assets, shrewd Trader Redshaw held his wealth only in tangible goods—diamonds, suitcases, statues, tennis rackets, filing cabinets, motorcycles, stuffed looms, and pool tables. When stocks plummeted, Investor Jack Redshaw's wealth decreased scarcely at all. He actually profited by the depression, because of increased trading.

When a visitor is taken into the bank building, with its great piles of furniture, musical instruments, and one or two of nearly everything on earth, it is hard for him to imagine how any man could keep this vast hodge-podge of odds and ends straight in his mind. Yet Redshaw makes no inventories and keeps no written records of where or what anything is in his shop, or even in the great 15,000-square-foot annex warehouse which he had to erect near by to take care of his overflow goods, such as bowling alleys, merry-go-rounds, airplanes, and other incidents. Even inside his vault, where he pulls out tray after tray

of dazzling rings and necklaces and stickpins and bracelets and tiaras, all arranged in a haphazard phantasmagoria of blue and red and green and gold, the only records of what is where and where is what are in the brain of Redshaw.

And Jack is familiar with far more than the mere whereabouts of his innumerable possessions. He can tell any genuine stone from its imitation at a glance and is expert at judging its value. There is something about the polarity of diamonds, for instance, that diffuses the light in such a way as to produce sparkling reds and blues and greens that no glass of like shape could produce. And Jack will show you how to tell genuine pearls by putting them in your mouth and gripping them between your teeth. If the pearls feel smooth and slippery they are false. If they feel a trifle gritty they are real.

One might think from glancing at Jack's staggering array of merchandise that this treasure in a small town would be easy picking for a gang of today's smart crooks. But Jack has thought of that, too. Not only has he placed loaded guns at various points in his shop, but the walls are circled with tubes of methane gas that can be released at a moment's notice. And armed guards are on the job twenty-four hours a

Warehouse Resembles Museum

day. You don't see them watching you, nor do you see a dictograph, yet there is one concealed in the room which can be left in operation whenever Jack leaves.

In spite of all this Jack has had certain adventures with hoodlums. He has been taken for a ride. It was in January, 1931, and his captors were five in number. The ride lasted four hours, but Jack lived to tell about it afterward. He hasn't ever told all, however, as he has become very wary of any further unpleasantness with the underworld.

It seems that his kidnappers were not bent on robbery, but wanted to use Jack as a "fence" to dispose of their ill-gotten gains. Jack refused, and he had to use both brains and nerve in doing so.

The people who go to Granville to trade are of every class, creed, and nationality, and Trader Redshaw's stock well reveals it. He has golf sets which belonged to pre-depression millionaires; jewelry from the nobility of far countries; horses, hunting dogs, guns, and other equipment from sportsmen; and, among countless other things, on his desk rests a miraculous carving of "The Last Supper," ten inches long, done by none other than Anton Lang, famous as the Christus in the Passion Play at Oberammergau.

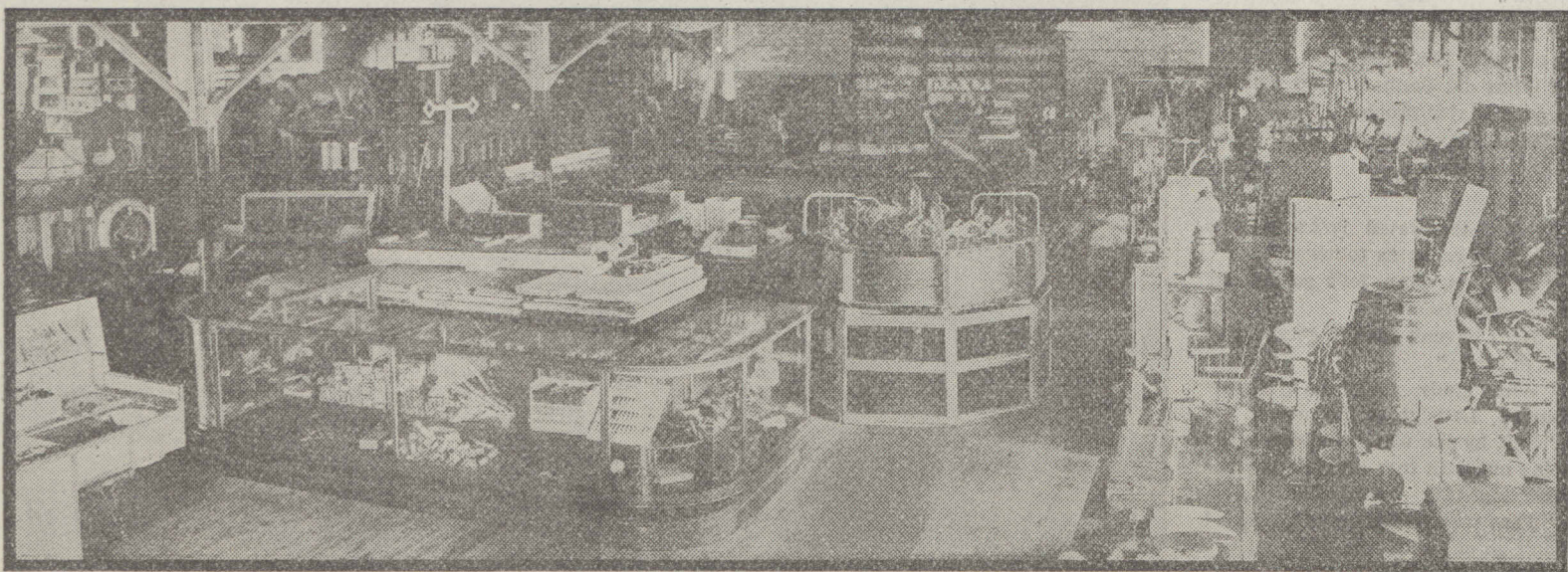
Often a hard-headed stranger will go to Jack and begin to haggle for a bargain; then, when Jack is reluctant to meet his demands, he starts to walk dejectedly away. Under such circumstances Jack always keeps after the man in hopes of completing a deal, even if it must be at a loss. He reasons that it is a good investment to make a friend and that if he can't make money in a trade it is better to make a friend than to make nothing.

Redshaw can't be tried too far on this theory, however, and if any man thinks himself to be a sharper let him beware of Jack, who has a connoisseur's knowledge of everything from embroideries to fossils, and he is well acquainted with the latest technique in haggling.

When you ask Jack what he gets out of this trading hobby of his he replies that he gets "the joy of making a good trade." But that is putting it very modestly, for when you question him more closely on his philosophy he admits that there is even more of a kick for him in making a good friend. "On the average," says Jack, "I work only about one hour a day at my hobby." The rest of the time he is waiting around talking with friends, writing letters, reading, or observing human nature. He may not call the latter functions work, but there is little doubt but that they form an important part in the success of his hobby. Some time Trader Redshaw expects to travel to far parts of the earth, and he says that he can as easily carry on his trading hobby in Africa as in Granville. He doesn't know just how he would do it without his large supply of goods to choose from, but he knows that somehow he would succeed. No situation is too much for Trader Redshaw.



Trader Redshaw displaying a ship's model to a customer in his Granville store. Models, musical instruments, bird cages, mounted birds, and artificial flowers are but a few of the countless items he offers.



A section of the sprawling warehouse in which the Granville trader stores his goods acquired in trading. Boats, bowling alleys, machinery, and merry-go-rounds find their place among his numerous accumulations. (Tribune photos.)



Center of the underwriting hall in Lloyd's, showing the caller's rostrum, in the cupola of which hangs the famous bell taken from the wreck of the frigate Lutine, which sank in 1799 with \$5,000,000 in bullion aboard. (Acme photo.)

By DAVID DARRAH

London, England. LLOYD'S, the great insurance establishment in London, will take on any sort of a risk, no matter how strange it may be. Should you wish to insure yourself against losing on a horse in the Derby, or against twins, or rain on your vacation—Lloyd's will take the bet.

Though it deals mainly with the underwriting of shipping, it has spread its operations to an unlimited field. Just recently Lloyd's had to pay out thousands of dollars because of the death of the duke of Buccleugh—and this was not for life insurance. His daughter, Lady Alice Scott, was married to the king's third son, the duke of Gloucester. The death coming so soon before the date arranged for the wedding, the pomp and public ceremony attached to the marriage, as well as the colorful processions through the streets of London, had to be canceled.

Many shops, and hotels, theaters and others, had insured themselves against just such an occurrence which might result in their not getting the increased amount of business which should naturally be theirs during such a time of celebration. Even the groups who had arranged to build grand stands along the route of the royal procession had insured themselves against cancellation. And Lloyd's had to pay.

It was in 1896 that the great fire of London destroyed more than four-fifths of the city, but a section near the Tower of London was saved, and in that section stood a coffee house kept by Edward Lloyd, the man who has given his name to the great insurance corporation known to the world as Lloyd's.

Owing to its position, it became a meeting place for sea captains, merchants, and underwriters, and as time went on more and more a center of marine underwriting.

The business prospered to such an extent that in 1891 Edward Lloyd moved nearer the Royal Exchange, where he carried on business until his death in 1912, after which it was continued by his son-in-law. As Lloyd's became to be more and more recognized as a business center, not only for the insurance of ships but also for their sale, there developed a system of shipping intelligence which led to the publication in 1934 of a daily paper known as Lloyd's List. This has continued ever since and still is printed daily by Lloyd's in its present building.

The sale of ships was often done in the early days "by inch of candle." A pin would be run through a candle one inch from the top, and the bidding would begin with the lighting of the candle. It can easily be imagined how loud the shouts must have been from the frenzied buyers when the candle had burned down almost to the pin, for when the pin was uncovered by the flame the last and highest bid got the ship without further argument or appeal.

The present new building, which cost \$7,500,000 and covers nearly an acre in the heart of the shipping district of the city of London, was opened by the king and queen of England about ten years ago. There, in the center, is what is called "the Room," where all the underwriters and brokers have their desks and carry on their business. Members are admitted to Lloyd's only after extensive investigation of their credit and resources. If the prospective member is found to be satisfactory in all ways, honest, reliable, and able to pay any and all claims that are likely to arise, he is accepted upon payment of the fairly high entrance and subscription fees.

In the center of the Room is the announcer, officially termed the caller, with the Lutine bell over his head. This bell was one of the few things which could be salvaged from the wreck of the Lutine, which sank

Even Insures Against Sea Monster's Capture

off Holland with bullion worth \$5,000,000. Used for the last seventy years at Lloyd's headquarters, it is rung twice to bring silence when an important announcement is to be made, usually about the fate of some ship long overdue.

It is one of the many treasures to be seen at Leadenhall street in the collection which includes swords of honor from the Napoleonic wars, relics from famous ships, and an entire room filled with articles connected with Lord Nelson, the British admiral of Trafalgar. There are exhibited his battle standards, manuscripts, and pictures, and most precious of all, his collar of the Order of the Bath.

The daughter society of the corporation—Lloyd's Register of Shipping—has a reputation as world-wide as Lloyd's itself. It was felt important that underwriters should have the full particulars of the ships offered to them for insurance, and that they should have information as to their seaworthiness or otherwise. To this end surveys are made on behalf of the Register, and all this information is contained in Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping.

Policies against the possible death or removal of statesmen and rulers are quite common. In fact, so many firms and people were taking out insurance on the political and actual life of President Roosevelt a year ago that the American ambassador in London had to speak to the British government about it, and this practice was stopped.

Those who had taken out the policies were not mere gamblers, but men and companies who stood to lose a great deal of business if Roosevelt did not finish his term and a great deal of money should there be further changes made in the value of the dollar by his successors.

There also are policies held by many on Hitler and Mussolini, against their death or loss of power. When one of the employees embezzled \$3,500,000 from the Continental Illinois Bank and Trust company, Lloyd's had to pay \$2,000,000 because it had underwritten the reliability of the bank's personnel. As a matter of fact, Lloyd's saved itself \$500,000 by its promptness in paying, for if it had waited until the next day the rate of exchange would have raised the total by this amount.

This loss, while heavy, was by no means the largest which the non-marine market at Lloyd's has had to meet. Earthquakes in San Francisco

There are 9 million tiny, delicate tubes or filters in your kidneys which must work every minute of the night and day cleaning out Acids, Poisons, and Wastes from your blood. If your Kidneys or Bladder do not function right, your body gradually becomes poisoned, you feel old and worn-out before your time, and may suffer from any of these energy-killing symptoms: Getting Up Nights, Loss of Vigor, Leg-Pains, Nervousness, Lumbago, Swollen Joints, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting, Itching, and Acidity.

But you need not suffer another day from poorly functioning Kidneys or Bladder without the benefits of a Doctor's special prescription called Cystex (pronounced Siss-tes).

Dr. T. J. Rastelli, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist of London, says: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any doctor will recommend it for its definite benefits in the treatment of many functional Kidney and Bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless."

Cystex is not an experiment—it is quick and sure in action and has been tested and proved in millions of cases throughout the world. Because it combats and corrects many functional Kidney disorders, Cystex has gained a world-wide reputation as a successful treatment. Dr. T. A. Ellis, graduate of Toronto University, recently wrote: "Cystex's influence in aiding the treatment of sluggish Kidney and Bladder functions cannot be overestimated. I have here a formula which I have

party risks caused by the stings of bees, a boy soprano against having his voice change, and a student group plan providing cash payments in compensation for school punishments and detentions.

Bing Crosby may insure his croon against colds, as Caruso did with his voice; Jimmy Durante his "schnozzle," or Helen Mencken her highly expressive hands. Such policies among actors and musicians are not uncommon.

Paderewski's hands and Pavlova's legs have been insured at Lloyd's for large sums. Mistinguett, France's most famous and beloved music hall star, valued her legs at a million dollars, and Pearl White, former American movie queen, her dimple at more than \$65,000.

One of the most humorous cases which has come up is that of the man whose nagging wife left him in a fit of bad temper. He immediately went to Lloyd's and took insurance against the risk of her return!

Insurance against twins, triplets, or daughters is an everyday occurrence. Among other policies which might strike the ordinary member of the public as a little curious, but which are quite common, are policies to cover the costs in case of failure in a lawsuit; policies held by dressmakers who have laid down expensive plants and fear that a change in feminine fashions may ruin them; druggists, in view of the danger in mixing prescriptions; beneficiaries under wills, against being disinherited by later wills; farmers, against excessive rain, hail, or drought; tradesmen, enjoying monopolies in certain districts, against competition; playwrights, theater owners, and publishers, against failure of plays or books; and big firms taking contracts from new customers whose credentials have not yet been tested.

Even the Loch Ness monster of Scotland was the subject of a policy. The Mills Olympia circus offered a reward of \$100,000 for the safe delivery of the monster. Being prudent, Mr. Mills insured himself against having to pay the reward.

Kidney Acidity Curbed Quickly This Easy Way

Doctors Praise Cystex—Brings Quick Help

Cleans Out Acids and Poisons—Purifies Blood—Brings New Energy in 48 Hours

used in my own practice for many years with excellent results. Cystex hastens the passage of over-acid irritants, thereby overcoming a frequent cause of burning, itching, getting up nights and frequent urination."

Dr. T. A. Ellis feeling of energy

Dr. C. Z. Rendelle, well-known Physician and Medical Examiner of San Francisco, recently wrote: "Since the Kidneys purify the blood, the poisons collect in these organs and must be promptly flushed from the system; otherwise they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truly and fully commend the use of Cystex."

Because of its world-wide success in even the most stubborn cases, the Doctor's prescription called Cystex is offered to sufferers from poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder under the fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction. Get Cystex from any drugstore and try it under the money-back guarantee. See for yourself how much younger, stronger, and healthier you will feel by using this special prescription. Cystex must fix you up and do the work to your entire satisfaction in 8 days, or cost you nothing under the money-back guarantee. Beware of substitutes and remember that the Kidneys are endangered by drastic irritating drugs or neglect. Cystex is the only specially-prepared Doctor's prescription guaranteed for Kidney dysfunctions. Tell your druggist you must have Cystex (pronounced Siss-tes). Look for it in the black and red striped package.

"CONSTIPATION NO LONGER WORRIES ME"

I don't worry about constipation any more, for I've found the easy way to get relief—the 3-minute FEEN-A-MINT way. I chew FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes before going to bed, and the next morning I am myself again. There are no unpleasant after-effects with FEEN-A-MINT, either. And, best of all, this delicious chewing-gum laxative is ideal for every member of the family. 15c and 25c at your druggist's.

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

There are 9 million tiny, delicate tubes or filters in your kidneys which must work every minute of the night and day cleaning out Acids, Poisons, and Wastes from your blood. If your Kidneys or Bladder do not function right, your body gradually becomes poisoned, you feel old and worn-out before your time, and may suffer from any of these energy-killing symptoms: Getting Up Nights, Loss of Vigor, Leg-Pains, Nervousness, Lumbago, Swollen Joints, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting, Itching, and Acidity.

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