

Stories of Great Businessmen and Philanthropists

GREAT LIVES SERIES

SELECTED AUTHORS

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Selected Authors

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Stories of Great Businessmen and Philanthropists

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Andrew Carnegie
The Boy Who Built Castles in the Air

(1835-1919, Scotland)

Perhaps you know what it means to build castles in the air. You keep thinking of great things that you would like to do, or of the fine things that you would like to have.

Some people build castles in the air, but they do not try hard enough to make the play castles turn into real ones. Andrew Carnegie was not that kind of a boy, as you will see.

Andrew Carnegie's father was a weaver until the time when Andrew became ten years of age. Mr. Carnegie and his family lived in a little Scotland town where they were contented and happy. Then people began to make cloth by machinery and Mr. Carnegie was soon without work. He was very sad when he came home one night. "Andy," he said to his little son. "I will have no more weaving to do. People do not care to give orders for hand-made cloth any more."

It was then that Andrew began to build his castles in the air. How he wished that he might earn some money to give to his father and mother! Even a dollar or two each week would have made Andrew the happiest boy in all of Scotland.

While Andrew was wondering what a little boy of ten years could do to make money, Mr. Carnegie was

wondering what he should do to earn a living. He talked it over with his good wife who said that she thought it might be well for the family to go to America to live. Some of their relatives had done this and had been earning a good living in the new country. "Perhaps we can do well, there, too," Mrs. Carnegie said to her husband.

After looking into the matter carefully Mr. Carnegie made up his mind to move to America. A few weeks later the family had settled in Allegheny, Pennsylvania.

Here Mr. Carnegie found work, and Andrew was given a position, also. He became a bobbin-boy in a factory, for which he received $1.25 a week.

Andrew worked hard for this money, but he did not mind hard work. He gave the $1.25 to his mother each week, and his good mother was very glad to get it. At that time Andrew thought that $1.25 was a great deal of money, but he still kept on building his castles in the air. "Some day I will make more money," he said to himself. And this is just what happened.

Before long Andrew was given the position of engine-boy in a factory. It was his duty to fire the engine, and for this he received $1.80 a week. This work was harder than the work that the bobbin-boy had to do, but $1.80 is better than $1.25, as you know. For this reason Andrew gave up his first position and started to work at the second.

It was dark in the engine room where he had to work. There was no daylight and no bright sunshine at all.

Andrew went to work early in the morning and did not get home until almost dark. At times Andrew wished that he might see a little more of the sunshine, but he did not say anything about this to his mother. "Some day I will do better," he said to himself.

When Andrew Carnegie was fourteen years old, he was given a chance to do better, just as he had thought. A messenger boy was needed in one of the telegraph offices of the city, and Andrew was offered the position at $2.50 a week.

When Andrew went to the telegraph office and saw how the sun shone into the windows from all sides, he was greatly pleased. The bright sunshiny office was so much better than the dark engine room in which he had been working.

Andrew went to work at the new position, and it was a bright happy looking lad who helped to deliver telegraph messages throughout the city, that year.

Andrew soon learned the names of the business firms along most of the streets of the city so that he might be able to deliver their messages more quickly. Besides this, he learned to operate a telegraph machine.

The Superintendent was pleased when he saw how Andrew went about his work. One day he asked Andrew if he would not like to become a telegraph operator at a salary of $6.25 a week.

Of course you know what Andrew said to this. And perhaps you can imagine how rich he felt when he received his new salary.

You would think that by this time Andrew would have stopped building air castles but he had not. It was a great pleasure to be able to give his mother the $6.25 every week, but he thought that it would be very fine if he could give her more than this.

Andrew worked harder than ever and after many months the Superintendent asked him to help in his private office at a salary of $8.75 a week.

Again you can guess what was Andrew Carnegie's answer. And no doubt you can also guess who became the new Superintendent when the old one was called upon to leave the city after many more months.

At last there came a time when Andrew Carnegie's mother had as much money as she needed and Andrew had a chance to save a part of his earnings.

It would take a long time for you to read all that Andrew did from that time until he became an old man but you will surely want to know what became of all the air castles.

Andrew Carnegie did not remain a Superintendent all of his life. After a few years he became a steel manufacturer and this brought him a great deal of money. He earned so much that his mother could have a million dollars almost any time she wanted it. His father, too, could have had

many fine things if he had only lived long enough to receive them.

Andrew Carnegie's castles were no longer built of air. They were now real ones for all of his wishes had come true.

Andrew Carnegie was a very happy man as you may suppose. But he did not forget the people who were less fortunate than he. Besides giving to his own family he gave away millions of dollars to strange people. Before the year 1915 had closed Andrew Carnegie had given over $180,000,000 for Public Libraries and other useful things!

John Ruskin
A Rich Man's Son

(1819-1900, England)

John Ruskin became a famous man, despite the worst handicap a boy can have. That handicap was this: *he had a rich father.*

You may think this is no handicap to a young man. As a matter of fact, it is one of the worst, or it may be. There are some significant young men in American business affairs who are succeeding despite the fact that they inherited money. On analysis, you will find that they do not find their fortune in wealth, *but in activity*. They would rather do things than have things.

The first mistake the average person makes about money is in regard to its purchasing power. The fact is, it can buy the things of little permanent use, but not those that give permanent satisfaction.

Mayme Eileen may think a string of pearls the one great joy of life. But in days of trouble they give her no comfort (except by way of the pawnbroker); she cannot talk to them, nor can they do more for her than to blink their little spots of light.

What Mayme Eileen needs in that moment, is something that will help her not to give in to sorrow, not to misread life, not to come to wrong conclusions.

In brief, it will do her no harm to be rich in pearls, if she is at the same time rich in mind.

John Ruskin's name is being spread about yet—even by the department stores, for they sell his most popular book, called "Sesame and Lilies," one of the best descriptions of how to get on in life that has ever been written.

His father was a wine merchant; his mother, a stern and rigid character, who brought up the boy with severity. Every day, from his early childhood, she called him to her side and he read aloud to her a chapter from the Bible, genealogies and all, until the book was finished. Then they turned back to page one and began it over again. This daily practice continued into the years of his manhood.

It is said that Ruskin taught himself to read by copying print, and thereby mastering his letters. Despite popular discussion, there are more than twenty famous men in the world, and they all show us one common quality. That is, *persistence*; keeping at the thing they want to do, whether they are rich or poor.

In his childhood, Ruskin began to write, and he wrote all his life long. He wrote his first letter at the age of four.

At the age of seven he began to write original works, and to illustrate them with pictures of his own drawing.

He wrote from seven years of age, and throughout his childhood, thousands of lines of poetry describing what

he saw as he traveled by coach with his father, who sold wine to the merchants throughout Great Britain.

At the age of ten he wrote a play in two acts, entitled "The Battle of Waterloo." But two years before, he had written a poem of this character:

> *"These dropping waters that come from the rocks,*
> *And many a hole, like the haunt of a fox;*
> *That silvery stream that runs babbling along,*
> *Making a murmuring, dancing song."*

And so on, until he was eighty years of age.

Money and things never troubled him. He troubled them. He learned their value and did not mistake it, but he did not, on the other hand, overrate it. In his scheme of doing things the one principal fact ever before him—as it ought to be before you—was to get the best out of John Ruskin. Not out of money or a string of pearls, but out of himself.

The greatest fortune a young man can possess is to know that there is something in him of use to himself and to other people. When he knows this, he begins to express himself, that is, to press himself out; that is, again, to press the power in himself out into the open for others to see.

Now a youth doing the town with a liberal allowance, is expressing himself, sure enough. But he is expressing (or pressing out) not what the Creator put in him, but what the lights and glamour of the town put in him. It makes all

the difference in the world whether you are trying to get at yourself or at what seem to be the joys of the street.

John Metcalf
A Blind Boy
(1717-1810, England)

Few of us realize how life is simplified by good roads. The fact that a good path leads from one place to another, means (1) that it will save us time and strength getting between the two places; (2) that someone made it.

There was born nearly two centuries ago into the family of poor working people, a son, who was named John Metcalf. At the age of six John was afflicted with smallpox, which destroyed his sight.

He used to grope about the house, learning how to find his way by remembering the order of the doors, the wall, the mantelpiece. When he had learned to do this in the house, he began in the same way to learn the little village where he lived. In three years he could find his way alone to any part of the town without help.

Being an active boy, he joined in all the sports of his companions. He learned to climb trees, to swim, to ride a horse, and to do many other things that showed the unusual activity of his mind.

One night a man met him and asked the way to a neighboring town. John offered to go with him. He led him across fields and moors, through little lanes and by-paths, and brought him to the door of the inn where the gentleman was to stay.

Samuel Smiles, in telling this story, relates that the gentleman remarked to the landlord of the inn that the boy had probably been drinking.

"Why!" asked the landlord.

"I judge so from the very peculiar look in his eyes."

"Why," said the landlord, "the boy is stone blind."

"Call him in again," said the gentleman.

"Are you really blind, my boy?"

"Yes, sir, I have been blind from my sixth year."

"Had I known that I would not have come over that road with you for a hundred pounds."

"And I," said John, "would not have lost my way for a thousand pounds."

That he was not afraid to travel, however, is shown by the fact that he went alone by steamer to London. To help pay his expenses he took his fiddle with him, and by playing earned many a penny now and then.

From the fact that John was fond of going about as freely as one who could see, he learned of the bad state of the roads that led from town to town over England. When, by an act of Parliament, it was decided to construct a turnpike road in the North of England, John offered to undertake the work, blind as he was, and to construct a satisfactory roadway. He secured the contract and began in a thoroughly businesslike way to become a road constructor.

For thirty years that blind man went on building highways and bridges. He became an expert judge of soil formation. He learned to survey, and to manage large gangs of laborers successfully.

At the age of seventy he gave up this occupation, but, finding that to be happy he must be busy, he interested himself in the cotton business, learning it in the same thorough way that he had learned everything else that he turned his mind to. He bought and operated several spinning and carding machines.

But the cotton business offered him less real satisfaction than road-making did, so once again he turned to it. He secured a contract to build a difficult piece of road for the sum of seventeen thousand, five hundred dollars. This work lasted two years, and when he accounted for the expense involved in it he found himself the loser by two hundred dollars.

No man can guess the span of his own life, but there remained yet to John Metcalf twenty-three years of activity. He died at ninety-three, and was admitted to be the greatest and most scientific roadmaker of his time.

The misfortune of being blind never troubled him. His mind was so full of plans, his spirit so fearless, his ambition so great, he surpassed thousands of men of his day who had no such handicap as he—so far as eyes were concerned.

But they had, and thousands of us in these days have, a far worse handicap than blindness of the eyes, and that is blindness of the mind. A man who has that is doomed. But if the mind be full of activity, if the spirit craves to work, the man can easily overcome the most terrible affliction.

Edward Alfred Steiner
A Pilgrim from Austria
(1866-1956, Austria)

In the year 1866, a Jewish boy was born in the great city of Vienna in Austria. Later on, he lived with his widowed mother in a village not far away.

One day, when he was still only a little fellow, he came running into the house in joyful excitement. "Mother," he cried, "I am going to America, and I am going to marry a rich wife."

The boy's home was very cozy, with a garden and fruit trees and a poppy field. So why should he speak joyfully of leaving it? It was because he had just had his fortune told by a wise parrot belonging to a hand-organ player. The parrot, at his master's order, had reached down from his perch, drawn one envelope from among others, and then laid it before the eager child. In it he read of a long voyage to America and of a rich wife awaiting him there.

Edward's loving mother tried to drive the idea from his mind. So did the boy's teacher, who painted a terrible picture of the mighty ocean on which big ships were tossed helplessly about, and of the fish ever ready to devour curly-headed boys spilled overboard. And Edward was curly-headed! But even the danger of falling overboard and being devoured by big fish could not drive away the thought of America.

In the village where Edward lived there were, for the most part, two classes of people,—the Slovaks, who were mostly poor and stupid, but kind-hearted; and the Magyars, who ruled over the Slovaks and were often hard and cruel. Even when very young, Edward pitied the Slovaks who were cruelly whipped in public and cast into prison for the slightest wrong-doing.

Later on, he was deeply interested by a visit to his village of a soldier who had been to America and who told stories of a great patriot there who was born in a log cabin and afterwards became President.

"I would like to free the Slovaks from their rulers as Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves," thought the lively boy.

After a while, a whole family came back to his home from America, and when they returned to that free land, Edward tried to follow them. Alas! he was sent back, to receive a sound whipping from his elder brother for running away.

Once again Edward stole out of the village. This time he traveled many miles and had exciting adventures among thieves and gypsies. But the same elder brother started out in pursuit and brought him back, hungry and sorrowful, glad enough to be in his cozy home once more.

When Edward grew older, his mother sent him to school in Germany. There he spent many happy years, going home from time to time on pleasant vacations. Finally, he attended the University of Heidelberg.

Though he loved his studies, he was always ready for a holiday trip through the beautiful country around him. Carrying a lunch and a book, he would start out, sometimes on foot, sometimes on his bicycle, to explore mountains, fields, and streams. During these tramps he passed many an old castle; he explored noble forests; he wandered along the banks of lovely rivers; and once, during a longer journey, he visited Count Tolstoi in his Russian home. That good, great man, who lived so simply and spent his time trying to help the poor and ignorant, set the carefree student thinking. He too would like to help the poor and ignorant.

Thus, even in those happy university days, Edward remembered and pitied the Slovaks and the harsh rule under which they suffered. Moreover, he dared to speak his thoughts freely when at home.

One day, while on a visit there, a man came to Edward's mother, saying he had a secret: her son, because of bold words, was in danger of falling into the hands of the government.

Edward's mother listened fearfully; her son had been unwise in his words, and when the government should learn what he had said, he might be thrown into prison, or even worse. Her heart ached as she imagined the dreadful things that might happen. But the tale-bearer went on to say that if Edward would leave the country at once, the secret should be kept till he was safe outside. Without

doubt, the man had made much of the story for the sake of getting a reward, but Edward's mother lost no time in making her son ready to leave home.

Where should he go? Where, indeed, but to America, the land of freedom of which he had so long dreamed.

Only a few days afterwards young Edward Steiner, a university student used to ease and pleasure, was crowded in among hundreds of emigrants in the steerage of a big ship.

In those days there were few comforts in the steerage. At meal times Edward had to squeeze in among a crowd of fellow passengers, each carrying a tin pail in which to receive a portion of coarse food. His bunk was in a dark corner of the ship, away "below decks," and was one of many narrow shelves built against the sides of a small, low-ceiled cabin. The air there was heavy and bad.

When the water was rough, and the ship lurched from side to side, and Edward lay seasick on his hard bed, he thought of his teacher's words in the long ago and longed heartily for home and mother.

The long voyage had some pleasures however, for there were many jolly people in the steerage; and when the days were pleasant, there were story-telling and singing, and the sharing of goodies brought from home. Best of all was the kindly interest these fortune-seekers took in each other.

At last the day arrived when birds could be seen flying out from shore; the Goddess of Liberty came into view, and the big, busy city of New York. And soon Edward Steiner found himself at Castle Garden, facing new people who spoke a strange tongue.

He sought a cheap lodging house and was soon eating a hearty dinner. Having been well brought up at home, he politely waited for others to be served first, but he quickly learned that in a place like this every one looked out for himself.

"Young man," said one of the boarders to him afterwards, "in this country you must remember that God helps those who help themselves." He never forgot these words.

That very afternoon the young pilgrim started out to look for work. He had an excellent education, and as he knew many languages, he believed he could easily get a position. Unfortunately, he could speak no English and looked so un-American that as he walked along the streets, many a small boy called after him, "Greenhorn! Greenhorn!" Worse still, no one seemed to need his services.

He returned to the boarding house, sadder and wiser. He still had money enough to pay for supper and a bed for the night. But what then? With empty pockets, the world looked very dark.

The next day the young man again started out in search of work. But everywhere he met the same reply: Not wanted. Night came, his feet ached, and his stomach was crying for food.

Now, for the first time, he remembered bringing from home the address of a distant relative who lived in New York. He said to himself, "I will seek her at once." When he had read the address, he found that this relative lived several miles away from where he then was. However, he started for the place at once, and when at last he reached it, he was received so kindly that he forgot the sad, trying day. A good supper was speedily spread before him, but he was so worn out that he fell asleep at the table as he sat eating and answering questions about the homeland.

Young Steiner's relatives said, "Your knowledge of languages may be useful in some hotel." They loaned him a little money, and the next morning he rode down-town on the "elevated," once more hopeful of getting work. He was filled with wonder as, high in air, he was whirled past lofty buildings, getting hurried peeps into crowded tenements. Among the curious sights were rows of clothes-lines, one above the other, on which the washings of many families were drying in the smoky city air.

After many refusals at hotels, he learned that raw immigrants often got work in clothing shops.

Sunday, the next day, the youth went to church, and as he sat listening to the preacher, whose strange English

language he could not understand, the same feeling came over him as had once come long ago in a church in the homeland. He seemed to hear words somewhat like these: "Some day you too will stand in a pulpit and be a preacher like the man before you." Strange, very strange, but so it was.

Before the day ended, young Steiner's new acquaintances told him of a cloak-maker who would give him a job pressing clothes. Early the next morning he was on hand at the cloak shop where he was provided with a heavy flatiron and shown how to press the garments. It was hard work for tender hands, and when the young man scorched one of the cloaks, the forewoman scolded him soundly. He did not understand the words, but the tone of the woman's voice expressed her anger sufficiently.

When night came, a tired and homesick youth went to his cheap boarding place. His hands were blistered from the hot, heavy iron, and his whole body ached. But at least he was earning his living. Moreover, he had begun to learn the language of this great America. He could say "You bet," and "shut up," without knowing that these were the slang expressions of ignorant people. His heart had been warmed by the friendly spirit of his new companions, even though their voices were loud and their manners rough.

At the end of the week young Steiner received his pay,—three dollars and fifty cents. It was the first money he had ever earned in his life, and he felt as proud as a king.

He had already heard of a free night school where he could learn English, and on the following Monday evening he was eagerly at work there.

Unfortunately, the newcomer soon lost his place at the cloak shop and was once more hungry and homeless. Not long afterwards he got a place in a shop where he cut clothing instead of pressing it. For more than a month he had steady work at seven dollars a week. With this he was able to buy food, lodging, and some new clothes. For ten hours of each day he cut garments, and each evening he went to night school. He learned so fast that he was soon able to read English books with ease.

Then the wheel of fortune turned again: work at the shop was slack, and young Steiner was no longer needed. He tried his hand in a bakery, then a sausage factory, and after that a feather-cleaning shop. But he could get no steady work, and he began to lose courage. Words he had read somewhere now came into his mind: "Go West, young man."

"That is good advice," he decided, for he knew that in the country people were not crowded together as they were in a big city like New York. His mind made up, he lost no time in spending all the money he had for a railroad ticket. "I will go," thought he, "as far as this money will take me."

That night he found himself at Princeton Junction in New Jersey. He was homeless and penniless in a lonely

place. Where should he sleep? One place only was open to him,—the platform of a freight house, and here he lay till morning in the company of sociable but greedy mosquitoes.

At daylight young Steiner began his search for work, walking along a lonely country road till he reached a farm where hay was being cut. The master of the house, needing more help, gave the stranger a place among his laborers.

With plenty of food and fresh air, the pilgrim felt himself fortunate. Besides, the housekeeper got books out of her master's library for him to read in the evening.

With his body fed with good food and his mind with the rich thoughts he found in books, he was happy, even though he spent his days among ignorant farm hands and slept in the hayloft.

After the haying was done, he plowed, tended the horses and cattle, and did all sorts of farm work willingly. But when the housekeeper, who proved to be a bad woman, was sent away for stealing, and he was set to scrubbing floors, nursing a small boy, and cooking for the other workmen, he was not satisfied.

"Bad enough!" he said to himself, as he struggled to shape sticky dough into biscuit. "And yet," he thought, "if I stay here till autumn, I may be able to get something to do at the university nearby."

He went over to Princeton several times to see the president, but without success, as that gentleman had not yet returned from his vacation. Matters were constantly getting worse at the farmhouse, and at last the young man felt he could not stay there any longer. "I will go still farther West and see what it can offer me," he decided.

With his summer's earnings of ten dollars in his pocket, he once more set out to seek his fortune. He soon fell in with a peddler of tinware, who said: "Give me your ten dollars, and you may be a partner in my business." Young Steiner agreed, and his pocket was quickly emptied.

Sad to say, no one would buy his goods, and he awoke one morning to find his partner had fled, leaving the tinware behind him.

He walked on towards Philadelphia, finding a hotel keeper on the way who bought his stock for a few dollars. When he reached the city of Brotherly Love, he sought out the famous Liberty Bell which had once rung out the freedom of a brave people.

"One cannot feel poor in a country with such a history," thought young Steiner, and with gay heart he again spent all his money on a railroad ticket which should take him westward. That night he landed in a lonely country place, but soon found shelter in the home of some kind Friends who offered him work in their tobacco fields.

With this quiet, happy family the young man lived till late in the autumn. Then once more the big outside world cried, "Come, and see what I have to offer you."

Traveling westward, he landed in the smoky city of Pittsburg, where he found work in a steel factory. "One of the cattle," he afterwards spoke of himself in those days, for when he left the factory at night, he was too tired for either books or pleasure. Yet the time was not lost; he was learning of the wretched way in which thousands of poor immigrants were living, and that some improvements might be made even in free America.

When spring opened there were heavy floods; the river overflowed its banks, and the water poured through the city streets, putting out the fires in the mills. Thousands of workmen became idle. Smallpox and fever seized on some of young Steiner's fellow boarders, and the house was quarantined.

When he was at last free, he left Pittsburg and went to a town named Connellsville, where he got work in the mines. Early each morning he entered a cage in which he was carried deep down into the bowels of the earth. When he arrived there, the tiny lamp fastened in his cap gave him barely light enough to stumble to the chamber where he was to shovel coal into cars all day long. When night came, and the cage took him up into the clear, outside air once more, only a wretched, noisy boarding house awaited him and a bed to be shared with a big, dirty miner.

Only a short time after young Steiner arrived in Connellsville, there was a strike. Many of the men stopped work. Others, who like himself kept on, were warned that they had better join the strikers.

Then came an exciting day; as he left the mine, he found himself in the midst of a storm of angry shouts, and big lumps of coal came flying about his head. He managed to escape without harm, and the next morning again started bravely for the mine, only to find it surrounded by soldiers. Between him and them was a body of strikers, some of them armed with muskets.

Unafraid, he still pushed on, shortly to find himself in the thick of a fight between the soldiers and the strikers. And then, trying too late to escape danger, he was seized and beaten till he knew nothing more. When he came to his senses, he found himself a prisoner in the county jail.

More than six months passed before young Steiner, with no friend to help him prove his innocence, was allowed to leave the wretched jail, where he had been treated little better than a dog.

Once more he made his way toward the West. That night he slept in an empty coal car and awoke the next morning with sooty clothes and blackened face. Worse still, he was hungry and penniless.

When evening came, a kind-hearted farmer took him in and offered him work. But his heart was now set on reaching Chicago, and the next morning he bade good-by

to the farmer who had fed him not only with food for his stomach, but with tender, brotherly advice.

Mile after mile he walked, stopping at different farmhouses over night. Sad to say, at one of them was a big watchdog which flew at him and bit him furiously. The farmer's daughter rushed out and saved him from still worse harm; he was taken into the house and cared for till his wound healed and he was able to go on his way.

Chicago was reached at last, and then new adventures began. The very first night the stranger was knocked senseless in a saloon where he had gone to inquire about work, and woke up to find himself lying in a dark alley. He managed to crawl back to the street, only to be seized by a policeman and carried to a police station. There he spent the night crowded in among drunken, wicked men.

After he was freed, he got work among some Bohemians who were building a house. They were friendly, good-hearted fellows, and he enjoyed visiting their clubs.

"There are many kind hearts here in America," thought young Steiner, though he felt bitter at the government of the country. It could not be wholly right when he, an innocent man, could be put in prison and kept there as he had been. Chicago, moreover, seemed to him like a cruel slave driver. And so, before long, the pilgrim was as glad to leave the city as he had been eager to come.

He turned eagerly away from the noise and bustle towards the broad harvest fields of Minnesota.

The change to the free prairie life was glorious. Fresh air, a tidy home, good food, and work so pleasant that it seemed like play, filled the days with happiness. But when the harvests had been gathered, there was no more work for young Steiner, and the old question arose, "Where shall I go?"

Southward, he finally decided, as he thought of a place where some fellow passengers on the ship that brought him from Europe had told him they should settle. He sailed down the Mississippi for some distance. Then, leaving the boat, he tramped across country to the town he sought, and here, among a colony of Slovaks, he found work, first in a lumber yard and afterwards in a mine. In his spare hours he taught the Slovaks English and wrote letters for them.

Then came a day when there was a cave-in in the mine where he was working. The man beside him was crushed to death by a falling rock, but young Steiner was spared.

"Enough of mining," he thought, and he started for a near-by city where an old playmate was living. On reaching the place, he found that the girl's father was very well-to-do and the owner of a mill.

"Poor as I am," thought young Steiner, "I will not make myself known." Nevertheless, he went to the factory and secured work there.

As time went by, he gained courage to call at his employer's house and tell the family of his childhood acquaintance with them. They became interested in him at once.

"A man with such an education should be helped," they declared, and proposed that he should go to a Jewish college in the East. Moreover, the master of the house told his guest he might earn his passage by taking charge of one of his cattle cars about to leave for the East.

Much pleased, young Steiner started out once more. But one night, while walking along the top of a car, he was tripped up by another cattle driver who was unfriendly to him, and he fell from the train. On it went into the darkness, while he lay crippled in a lonely field, sadly wondering, "What next?"

The accident, which seemed at first so disastrous, proved the beginning of the best fortune the young man had ever known. Stumbling to his feet, he limped into the town some distance away, where a Jewish lady took him into her home and tended him till he was well. Then, through her, he became clerk in a store. He made friends with people who came to the store in the back of which he was allowed to set up a small library; he formed a club for study; he became teacher of a class in literature and modern languages.

He was now enjoying the company of educated people; but he did not forget the immigrants whom he had

known in his years of misfortune. He had suffered with them; he had shared their poverty; he knew how they were tempted, and why so many of them fell into bad ways. He had learned to love these people as brothers.

At this time the young man, who had already given up the Jewish faith of his boyhood, turned in longing to the Christ in whom Christians believe. At last light came as to his future, and he resolved that he would become a Christian minister, for in that way he believed he could best help his fellows.

Not long afterwards Mr. Steiner became an eager student in a seminary where young men were being fitted for the ministry. During his spare hours he helped the pastor of a church on the borders of the slums, showing himself a kind and loving friend to those who had fallen in bad ways. But he was hampered in his work. At the same time he felt he was not getting the help he needed at the seminary. So, hearing that Oberlin College was filled with the spirit of brotherly love, he made his way there, though he was penniless and without a friend in the whole town.

The first passer-by to whom he spoke proved to be the dean of the college, who was deeply interested in the young man's story. He himself had studied at the same German university as this stranger, and had even had the same teachers. He opened the way at once for Mr. Steiner to enter the college.

Three busy, happy years went by, in which the young man studied under noble instructors. He supported himself at the same time by teaching certain classes, while on Sundays he preached in different churches in the surrounding country.

During his life at Oberlin, Mr. Steiner became a citizen of the United States, and he could now say with pride, "This is my country."

On one bright May day Edward Alfred Steiner received a diploma and went out on his mission to preach and teach. His first church was a small one, but he worked hard among his people. He visited the sick and those in prison; he fought against the saloons where men are led to love strong drink; he helped the poor; he comforted the sorrowing.

During this time he married, gaining for himself a devoted wife and companion. The fortune told the little boy in far-away Austria had come true: he *had* come to America, and he *had* won a rich wife, for the treasures of love and sympathy she brought him were greater possessions than all those that money can buy.

Nearly two years passed in that first parish. Then came a call to one where the needs of the people were greater, the work harder, and the pay smaller.

"Shall we go?" Mr. Steiner asked his wife, and her instant answer was, "Yes."

The new parish was made up mostly of workmen and their families. Many of them were very poor, and while Mr. Steiner was among them, their wages were cut down, and a strike followed. Money was scarce; the people suffered from cold and hunger, and there was little money to pay the minister. But he and his equally zealous wife bore their hardships bravely and tried then, as always, to show that brotherhood is *real*. They got up boys' and girls' clubs; they taught classes of grown-ups; they advised the workmen in their troubles.

It was very hard, however, for the young minister to "make both ends meet," so after a while he accepted a call to a larger parish with more salary.

In the new parish the meetings were often crowded, for Mr. Steiner had become noted for his sermons. Besides his church duties, he found time to write helpful articles for the magazines and to fight bravely against the saloon and other evils in his city. During one whole winter he also worked among day-laborers so as to better understand their troubles. Wherever help was needed, he tried to give it.

During this period of his life, he spent two vacations in Europe, visiting Tolstoi and meeting other great men. But there were other vacations which he spent among the immigrants. He went to Ellis Island; he visited mines and mills; he followed the immigrants to different places where he also had once gone, a "greenhorn." Why did he

do these things? Because he could afterwards tell the American people exactly what help the immigrants need.

Though Mr. Steiner was happy in his work as a minister, he had many trials because some of his church people did not sympathize with all he did. At last he decided it would be best for him to give up preaching; but he still wished to help his fellow men, and in the best possible way.

"Fit yourself to be a teacher," advised his old friend, the president of Oberlin College.

He wondered how he could do this, as he had a wife and three children to support, and he was still a poor man. But the way opened at once. The editors of the *Outlook* asked him to write for them the life of Tolstoi and offered a large sum of money in advance. Not long afterwards he was on his way to Europe, where he could both write and study. Before many months he was urgently asked to come back to America to teach in Grinnell College, Iowa. The subject was to be the one he loved best; *Applied Christianity* it is called, but these two words really mean *Brotherhood*.

In the year 1902, Mr. Steiner began the work for which he had been so well fitted. He had lived among all kinds of people; he had found the hearts of the Greek and the Italian, the German and the Negro, to be the same. Love all men as you love God and his dear Son; do good to all men: these have been his teachings from that day to this.

Busy have been the years at Grinnell, not only with college duties but with writing. Mr. Steiner has given the world the story of his own life, *Tolstoi the Man*, the *Immigrant Tide* and still other books, besides many articles for magazines. He has discovered no great invention; he has made no dangerous journeys of adventure to far lands; but he has done, and is doing, what will help to make thousands of people better and happier.

Nathan Straus
A Pilgrim from Bavaria
(1848-1931, Germany)

In the year 1848 a young Jewish merchant, Abraham Straus, and his wife were living in the town of Otterberg in Bavaria. They were very happy in their home; already there was a little three-year-old son in the family, and now a second baby, Nathan, had come to be the playmate and companion of his brother.

Outside the home there was much to trouble the devoted father. There was great unrest in the land. The people were held under the laws of rulers who were often unjust, as Bavaria and the other kingdoms of Germany were not yet united under one government. The young merchant's business suffered because of the hard conditions under which he lived.

Little Nathan was too young to understand his father's troubles. He and his brother Isidor played and frolicked like other small boys and were doubtless delighted when a new brother, Oscar, came into the family to be loved and petted.

The homeland was very beautiful. Not far distant was the river Rhine with castles and cliffs along its shores. There were dark forests in the country around where, for all Nathan knew, fairies and gnomes and other wonderful creatures might dwell. There were vineyards where luscious grapes ripened in the autumn, and lakes whose

clear waters reflected the clouds as they floated in the sky overhead. It was a land where the people loved music, and long walks in the fields and meadows, and frolics and story-telling. A peaceful land it seemed. Yet the hearts of many of those who dwelt there were unhappy and discontented.

Among those who most longed for greater freedom was the merchant Abraham Straus. And when matters kept growing worse, and the people had risen up against the unjust rule of their princes, he decided that Bavaria was not a good home for his family. He felt sure he could support them better in some other place. Also he wished his little sons to grow up under happier conditions.

What country should he seek where freedom could be obtained? There was one answer—America. Accordingly, when Nathan was six years old, the Straus family set out on a long voyage across the ocean, bound for the United States.

Unlike great numbers of immigrants, they did not settle in the northern part of the country, but sought the sunny South and made their home in Talbotten, Georgia. Everything around him must have seemed strange to little Nathan. The climate was much warmer than in Bavaria, and the joyous outdoor life of the long southern summers must have delighted his boyish heart. The many negroes, with kinky hair and merry laughter, were interesting

because people of the black race were seldom seen in his homeland.

During his life in Talbotten, Nathan went to school with his brothers. His deep, thoughtful eyes took note of many things besides books, and before many years he showed that, like his father, his bent in life would be business.

When the Straus family moved to Georgia, this country was becoming disturbed by the question whether the black people should be held as slaves. There was great excitement in the Straus household when the Civil War broke out, because the family had already become devoted to their adopted home.

"I cannot stand back," declared Isidor, then only sixteen years old, and he became a lieutenant in a Georgia regiment. However, he was so young that he was not allowed to fight.

Two years afterwards, Mr. Straus moved with his family to Columbus, Georgia. The war had made it hard for him to succeed in business in Talbotten, but he hoped to be more fortunate in Columbus. Alas, trouble still followed him. He fell deeply in debt, and the sky of fortune looked very black.

"I will go to New York and make a new start there," he finally decided.

Accordingly, the family moved once more and settled in the great northern city, where Isidor and his father

started the pottery and glassware business of Straus and Son. Nathan continued to go to school and soon entered a business college to fit himself for what he and his parents had decided should be his life work. Then, still scarcely more than a boy, he joined his father and older brother, working hard and manfully.

At last the time came when the three could draw long breaths of contentment and say: "Our debts are all paid; now we are free to mount the ladder of fortune."

In the meantime Nathan's younger brother Oscar, who had shown a love of study, entered Columbia University and began to fit himself to become a lawyer. All three brothers were now succeeding in what they had undertaken. They must have filled their parents' hearts with pride, not only because they seemed likely to prosper in the world, but because they had broad, loving natures, happy in making others joyous and comfortable as well as themselves.

Nathan had been engaged in business a number of years when, at twenty-seven, he married a young girl named Lina Gutherz. With his wife to cheer him at home when the business cares of the day ended, he worked steadily on, winning one success after another.

As time passed by, he became a partner in the great department store of R. H. Macy and Company of New York City. Four years later he entered the firm of Abraham Straus and Company. It would seem as though the fairy

Success must have given this young man a magic wand, since everything he touched appeared to turn to gold. This fairy, however, generally waits only on those who have wills of their own. And since Mr. Nathan Straus not only had will but energy and perseverance, Success smiled on him at every step which he took up the ladder of fortune.

While this young merchant was busily gaining wealth, and while he could say, "I have a beautiful home and all the luxuries and comforts man can wish," he did not become selfish and forget that there were many other people who were poor and sick and suffering. In the great city where he lived there were blocks and blocks of houses where the homes were happy and comfortable, whose inmates did not know what it means to be hungry and poorly clad; but there was also a quarter of the city where families were packed together in dark, dirty tenements, and where the sun scarcely showed his face. In these tenements lived thousands of ailing babies. The milk the little ones drank was often poor. Moreover, as Mr. Straus had come to believe, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and other dread diseases were often concealed in this milk. What followed? Out of every thousand babies, nearly one hundred died each year.

Mr. Straus felt sad when he thought of the children of the slums. He wished they might have a chance to grow up healthy and happy like the rosy-cheeked little folks who laughed and frolicked in the part of the city where he lived.

It was not Mr. Straus's way to think and not act. "The slum babies must be helped," he said to himself. He also considered what was the best way to give that help.

Across the ocean, in Europe, scientists were discussing the nature of milk and making experiments as to the way in which it might become harmless. Among these scientists was a Frenchman named Pasteur. Mr. Straus was so much interested in these experiments that he crossed the ocean to learn all he could about them.

Before long, Pasteur believed he had succeeded in what he was trying to do, he had found the way to make milk a safe drink without changing its nature: it should be heated to a certain point, kept at this heat for twenty minutes, and then suddenly cooled. All the scientists, however, were not ready to agree with Pasteur.

"His idea is interesting," they said, "but he has not, as yet, given us enough proof that he is right."

A congress was held at Brussels in Belgium. Leading physicians and scientists from many countries were gathered to discuss whether Pasteur's experiment would do what he claimed.

Nathan Straus was present, eager and interested. As the hours went by, it began to look as though the greater number of men did not stand by Pasteur. When the vote should be taken, it would show that most men of science considered Pasteur's idea had no value.

Mr. Straus, who believed in it strongly, was deeply excited. A chance came for him to speak, and he stood up before the great gathering and began to defend Pasteur with all his might. He could speak only English, of which most of those present knew little; but as he went on talking, he put something into his speech that was stronger than words: it was his faith in what he thought would bring help to millions of babies and which must not be lost to the world.

That faith made itself felt. It stirred the hearts of his listeners. They forgot everything else in a willingness to believe in what the speaker believed. And when the vote was taken, the greater number stood by Nathan Straus. He had fought for what he believed was a good cause, and he had won.

Many of the greatest physicians of Europe and America were now agreed that milk, after being pasteurized, could impart no disease. Nathan Straus also, though no scholar and untrained in medicine, had studied the matter carefully. He had watched the tests made by the physicians; he had listened to their explanations; and as his speech in Brussels had shown, he felt sure that great good would come from the discovery. With his heart full of love and pity for helpless babies, he said to himself, "If I can prevent it, the children of the poor shall not die from the lack of pure milk to nourish them."

He at once began work in his home city. First of all, he set up booths in the public parks. At these booths, poor mothers could get pasteurized milk for their little ones at about half price. Under Mr. Straus's direction, pasteurized milk was also furnished to the Health Department and to the physicians who practiced in the slums, to be distributed wherever weak and sickly babies needed it.

Mr. Straus put will and strength into this work. His business was important; he enjoyed it, and it brought him wealth. But once having found a way to do great good, he could not neglect it, and so, though his fortune might have increased still faster if he had given all his time to business, he gave much to the help of the babies of New York. Almost at once a change could be noticed.

Babies who were given up to die got well. Others who were pale and weak grew rosy and strong. Thousands of mothers began to bless the merchant, Nathan Straus, calling him the savior of their little ones. Surely he was striving to carry out the teaching of the Christ who so loved little children.

Strange to say, there were people in the city who, though perhaps doing little themselves for the good of others, sat back and found fault with Mr. Straus. They said: "Why does he let every one know that it is he who does the good work? Why does he let his name be known? Why not give his money to some charitable society, and let it take charge of the work?"

Mr. Straus did not trouble himself about this criticism. He felt that more good could be done in his own particular way, and that was under his own name. Thus the work went on, till it could be said that a far smaller number of babies died each year than before pasteurized milk was used. In the meantime, thousands of little children who would otherwise have died and left aching hearts behind them were growing up healthy and happy.

Mr. Straus's interest in babies was not confined to those in New York alone. He soon began to think of other cities in this country where children were having a hard time to grow up. He got the people of these cities interested; by this time they knew what pasteurized milk had done in New York. He gave not only advice, but money to these cities to help them take up the same kind of work. Then he turned his eyes towards Europe. Help was needed in her crowded cities, and help he accordingly gave. In Belgium, Germany, and Great Britain, as well as in America, the benefactor, Nathan Straus, became known as the "Savior of Babies."

Mr. Straus's heart was big with love and pity for helpless children, but he also had pity for all kinds of suffering. His own beautiful home was as warm and comfortable in winter as in summer; Jack Frost had no chance to enter there. Nevertheless, the kind-hearted merchant did not let himself forget that thousands of men, women, and children were huddled together in fireless

rooms when the weather was freezing, and that some of them even perished from the cold.

"I must help these people," he said to himself.

He considered how he could give that help and soon decided on what seemed the best way. He would set up depots of coal in the districts where the poor lived; and if people were suffering for need of coal, they could get it at cost at these depots. The plan was promptly carried out, and in the cold and dreary days of winter, many a poor, unfortunate creature blessed the name of Nathan Straus.

Then came the winter of 1894-1895. There was a panic in money matters, and the poor suffered most of all. Many of them had no place to call home; there was no door which they might open and say, "Within, I can seek shelter from the cruel wind."

Stories of these homeless people came to Mr. Straus, and he decided that such unfortunates must be helped. Accordingly he set up lodging houses here and there throughout the city, where those who were homeless might obtain shelter.

In the year 1909 the news of a terrible earthquake in Italy came to this country. Many people had been destroyed, while others were homeless and destitute. Mr. Straus was deeply moved. These people needed help at once, so without wasting any time, he rushed supplies on board ships to be carried as quickly as possible to the sufferers across the ocean.

The "Savior of Babies" was by this time well-known in this country. Consequently, when different nations decided to hold a Congress for the Protection of Infants, Mr. Taft, who was then our President, chose Nathan Straus to represent the United States. Accordingly, the tender-hearted Jew sailed to Europe and in the Congress held at Berlin gave wise council.

In course of time Mr. Straus held important offices in his own State. He became a member of the New York Forest Preserve Board, because of his interest in keeping the beautiful forests from being destroyed. As he was also much interested in public parks, because they give pleasure to so many people, he was made a park commissioner in New York.

In 1914, he was asked to run for mayor of New York City, but he did not accept the offer. He had other interests to which he wished to devote his time.

Mr. Straus's brothers, Isidor and Oscar, were also wise and noble men. Mr. Oscar Straus held many positions of trust under the government. He served under four different presidents. At one time he was Minister to Turkey, and while there did much to introduce good schools into the country. He also made the people feel more kindly towards Christian missionaries.

Isidor Straus, the oldest son in the family, was respected by all who knew him. Though he was a successful and wealthy merchant, he still found time to

interest himself in the poor and tried to help them. He was one of the founders of what is called the "People's Palace" in the East Side of the city, where most of the slums are found. He was deeply loved by his family and friends.

In the year 1912 this good merchant was on his way from Europe in the steamer *Titanic*. All went "merry as a marriage bell" till one day there came a sudden and terrible shock,-the steamer had run into an iceberg. So great was the harm done that she must sink in a few minutes. The life-boats were quickly manned, but there was not room to hold all the passengers. "Women and children first," commanded the captain. "Their lives must be spared if possible, at any rate."

But when Mrs. Isidor Straus's turn came to enter a life-boat, she refused; she could not chose life for herself and leave her husband to die alone.

"We have been so long together we cannot separate now," she said, and the two were left side by side on the fast-sinking ship, to share the death that was now close at hand.

The dear ones at home felt great sorrow when they received the sad news. But even then Nathan Straus did not think of himself alone. His heart ached all the more deeply for the sorrows of others. He was a Jew, and he loved the Jewish people. But this very love had long since widened into a love for all men of all creeds. Now, as he pictured Isidor and his wife meeting death together so

bravely, he pictured also the hundreds of others, of different races and different beliefs, going down together "in a brotherhood of death."

"If one could only hope," he said, "for a brotherhood of life."

He had already done much to foster such a spirit and now he was determined to give all his time to this cause, instead of part of it. So it came to pass that one day the American people learned that the rich merchant, Nathan Straus, had given up business. It was not to "take life easy," however, like many another man after making a fortune, but to devote himself to the good of others. He had already given away large sums of money,—probably as much as two million dollars. He had saved the lives of countless babies. He had founded an institute where hydrophobia could be cured in a way discovered by Pasteur. He had built a hospital where consumptive people could be made well. He had brought comfort to thousands of men, women, and children suffering from cold and want. He had led other cities and countries to follow his example in caring for the sick and needy. What more was it possible for this sad-eyed, thoughtful man to accomplish?

Mr. Straus's heart was still aching from the loss of his brother when he went on a visit to Palestine. The place was full of wonder to the traveler. At every turn he seemed to face the wondrous happenings of the long ago. He said

afterwards, "No one should preach the Gospel without gaining the wonderful experience of a visit to the Holy Land."

There was much, however, that he wished could be changed. Most of the natives were very poor; some of them were starving; many suffered from a disease of the eyes that caused blindness. The homes were dirty and poorly kept.

The visitor's keen eyes quickly discovered one great cause of trouble,—water was scarce in the land. It could be obtained fresh only at certain seasons.

"There should be pumping stations," decided Mr. Straus, "and a water system like those in the West. Then the people would have less illness because they could drink pure water. The homes could also be kept cleaner."

He at once sought the help of men in this country, asking them to invest money in a water system for Jerusalem. He set up a soup kitchen in that city, where the poor could be fed; he had filthy streets made clean; he sent for a great eye specialist to come from Europe to treat the disease that caused blindness. He did not stop here, for he had discovered that the natives were very ignorant. Accordingly, he started schools where children could be educated, and where the girls could be taught how to keep house properly.

But there were many idle people who could not get work. At last he thought of a way to help them to support

themselves. He knew that visitors from other countries liked to take away mementos of the Holy Land.

"There is a good deal of mother-of-pearl here," he considered. "I will build a factory where it can be made into souvenirs." The factory was built and proved to be a success.

Mr. Straus is still working hard to improve the conditions of "Jerusalem the Golden." He is also doing much for the general good of all Palestine.

The life of this pilgrim from Bavaria has been filled with noble deeds, and now, as he draws near his threescore years and ten, he continues to be busy, tireless as ever in making the world a better place to live in. He is justly loved and honored by his adopted brothers, the citizens of the United States.

Sir Titus Salt

(1803-1876, England)

I spent a day, with great interest, in visiting the worsted mills and warehouses at Saltaire, just out from Bradford, England, which cover about ten acres. The history of the proprietor, Sir Titus Salt, reads like a romance. A poor boy, the son of a plain Yorkshire man, at nineteen in a loose blouse he was sorting and washing wool; a little later, a good salesman, a faithful Christian worker and the superintendent of a Sunday school.

At thirty-three, happening to be in Liverpool, he observed on the docks some huge pieces of dirty-looking alpaca wool. They had long lain in the warehouses, and, becoming a nuisance to the owners, were soon to be reshipped to Peru. Young Salt took away a handful of the wool in his handkerchief, scoured and combed it, and was amazed at its attractive appearance. His father and friends advised him strongly to have nothing to do with the dirty stuff, as he could sell it to no one; and if he attempted to make cloth from it himself, he ran a great risk of failure. Finally he said, "I am going into this alpaca affair right and left, and I'll either make myself a man or a mouse."

Returning to Liverpool, he bought the whole three hundred bales for a small sum, and toiled diligently till proper machinery was made for the new material. The result was a great success. In three years over two million pounds of alpaca wool were imported, and now four

million pounds are brought to Bradford alone. Employment was soon furnished to thousands, laborers coming from all over Great Britain and Germany. Ten years later Mr. Salt was made mayor of Bradford; ten years after this a member of Parliament, and ten years later still a baronet by Queen Victoria,—a great change from the boy in his soiled coarse blouse, but he deserved it all. He was a remarkable man in many ways. Even when worth his millions, and giving lavishly on every hand, he would save blank leaves and scraps of paper for writing, and lay them aside for future use. He was an early riser, always at the works before the engines were started. It used to be said of him, "Titus Salt makes a thousand pounds before others are out of bed." He was punctual to the minute, most exact, and unostentatious. After he was knighted, it was no uncommon thing for him to take a poor woman and her baby in the carriage beside him, or a tired workman, or scatter hundreds of tracts in a village where he happened to be. Once a gypsy, not knowing who he was, asked him to buy a broom. To her astonishment, he bought all she was carrying!

The best of his acts, one which he had thought out carefully, as he said, "to do good to his fellowmen," was the building of Saltaire for his four thousand workmen. When asked once what he had been reading of late, he replied. "Alpaca. If you had four or five thousand people to provide for every day, you would not have much time left for reading." Saltaire is a beautiful place on the banks of the

river Aire, clean and restful. In the centre of the town stands the great six-story mill, well-ventilated, lighted, and warmed, five hundred and forty-five feet long, of light-colored stone, costing over a half million dollars. The four engines of eighteen hundred horse-power consume fifteen thousand tons of coal per year. The weaving shed, covering two acres, holds twelve hundred looms, which make eighteen miles of fabric per day.

The homes of the work-people are an honor to the capitalist. They are of light stone, like the mill, two stories high, each containing parlor, kitchen, pantry, and three bedrooms or more, well ventilated and tasteful. Flower beds are in every front yard, with a vegetable garden in the rear. No broken carts or rubbish are to be seen. Not satisfied to make Saltaire simply healthful, by proper sanitary measures, and beautiful, for which Napoleon III. made him one of the Legion of Honor, Mr. Salt provided school buildings at a cost of $200,000, a Congregational church, costing $80,000, Italian in style,—as are the other buildings,—a hospital for sick or injured, and forty-five pretty almshouses, like Italian villas, where the aged and infirm have a comfortable home. Each married man and his wife receive $2.50 weekly, and each single man or woman $1.87 for expenses. Once a year Mr. Salt and his family used to take tea with the inmates, which was a source of great delight.

Believing that "indoor washing is most pernicious, and a fruitful source of disease, especially to the young," he

built twenty-four baths, at a cost of $35,000, and public wash-houses. These are supplied with three steam engines and six washing machines. Each person bringing clothes is provided with a rubbing and boiling tub, into which steam and hot and cold water are conveyed by pipes. The clothes are dried by hot air, and can be washed, dried, mangled, and folded in an hour. In Sweden, I found the same dislike to having washing done in the homes, and clothes are usually carried to the public wash-houses.

Perhaps the most interesting of all Mr. Salt's gifts to his workmen is the Saltaire Club and Institute, costing $125,000; a handsome building, with large reading-room supplied with daily papers and current literature, a library, lecture-hall for eight hundred persons, a "School of Art," with models, drawings, and good teachers, a billiard-room with four tables, a room for scientific study, each student having proper appliances for laboratory work, a gymnasium and drill-room nearly sixty feet square, an armory for rifle-practice, and a smoking-room, though Mr. Salt did not smoke. The membership fee for all this study and recreation is only thirty seven cents for each three months. Opposite the great mill is a dining-hall, where a plate of meat can be purchased for four cents, a bowl of soup for two cents, and a cup of tea or coffee for one cent. If the men prefer to bring their own food, it is cooked free of charge. The manager has a fixed salary, so that there is no temptation to scrimp the buyers.

Still another gift was made to the work-people; a park of fourteen acres, with croquet and archery grounds, music pavilion, places for boating and swimming, and walks with beautiful flowers. No saloon has ever been allowed in Saltaire. Without the temptation of the beer-shops, the boys have grown to intelligent manhood, and the girls to virtuous womanhood. Sir Titus Salt's last gift to his workmen was a Sunday-school building costing $50,000, where are held the "model Sunday schools of the country," say those who have attended the meetings. No wonder, at the death of this man, 40,000 people came to his burial,—members of Parliament, clergymen, workingmen's unions, and ragged schools. No wonder that statues have been erected to his memory, and that thousands go every year to Saltaire, to see what one capitalist has done for his laborers. No fear of strikes in his workshops; no socialism talked in the clean and pretty homes of the men; no squalid poverty, no depraving ignorance.

That capital is feeling its responsibility in this matter of homes for laborers is one of the hopeful signs of the times. We shall come, sometime, to believe with the late President Chadbourne, "The rule now commonly acted upon is that business must be cared for, and men must care for themselves. The principle of action, in the end, must be that *men must be cared for*, and business must be subservient to this great work."

If, as Spurgeon has well said, "Home is the grandest of all institutions," capital can do no better work than look to the homes of the laborer. It is not the mansion which the employer builds for himself, but the home which he builds for his employé, which will insure a safe country for his children to dwell in. If discontent and poverty surround his palace, its foundations are weak; if intelligence has been disseminated, and comfort promoted by his unselfish thought for others, then he leaves a goodly heritage for his children.

George Peabody

(1795-1869, England/America)

If America had been asked who were to be her most munificent givers in the nineteenth century, she would scarcely have pointed to two grocer's boys, one in a little country store at Danvers, Mass., the other in Baltimore; both poor, both uneducated; the one leaving seven millions to Johns Hopkins University and Hospital, the other nearly nine millions to elevate humanity. George Peabody was born in Danvers, Feb. 18, 1795. His parents were respectable, hard-working people, whose scanty income afforded little education for their children. George grew up an obedient, faithful son, called a "mother-boy" by his companions, from his devotion to her,—a title of which any boy may well be proud.

At eleven years of age he must go out into the world to earn his living. Doubtless his mother wished to keep her child in school; but there was no money. A place was found with a Mr. Proctor in a grocery-store, and here, for four years, he worked day by day, giving his earnings to his mother, and winning esteem for his promptness and honesty. But the boy at fifteen began to grow ambitious. He longed for a larger store and a broader field. Going with his maternal grandfather to Thetford, Vt., he remained a year, when he came back to work for his brother in a dry-goods store in Newburyport. Perhaps now in this larger town his ambition would be satisfied,

when, lo! the store burned, and George was thrown out of employment.

His father had died, and he was without a dollar in the world. Ambition seemed of little use now. However, an uncle in Georgetown, D.C., hearing that the boy needed work, sent for him, and thither he went for two years. Here he made many friends, and won trade, by his genial manner and respectful bearing. His tact was unusual. He never wounded the feelings of a buyer of goods, never tried him with unnecessary talk, never seemed impatient, and was punctual to the minute. Perhaps no one trait is more desirable than the latter. A person who breaks his appointments, or keeps others waiting for him, loses friends, and business success as well.

A young man's habits are always observed. If he is worthy, and has energy, the world has a place for him, and sooner or later he will find it. A wholesale dry-goods dealer, Mr. Riggs, had been watching young Peabody. He desired a partner of energy, perseverance, and honesty. Calling on the young clerk, he asked him to put his labor against his, Mr. Riggs's capital. "But I am only nineteen years of age," was the reply.

This was considered no objection, and the partnership was formed. A year later, the business was moved to Baltimore. The boyish partner travelled on horseback through the western wilds of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, selling goods, and lodging over

night with farmers or planters. In seven years the business had so increased, that branch houses were established in Philadelphia and New York. Finally Mr. Riggs retired from the firm; and George Peabody found himself, at the age of thirty-five, at the head of a large and wealthy establishment, which his own energy, industry, and honesty had helped largely to build. He had bent his life to one purpose, that of making his business a success. No one person can do many things well.

Having visited London several times in matters of trade, he determined to make that great city his place of residence. He had studied finance by experience as well as close observation, and believed that he could make money in the great metropolis. Having established himself as a banker at Wanford Court, he took simple lodgings, and lived without display. When Americans visited London, they called upon the genial, true-hearted banker, whose integrity they could always depend upon, and transacted their business with him.

In 1851, the World's Fair was opened at the Crystal Palace, London, Prince Albert having worked earnestly to make it a great success. Congress neglected to make the needed appropriations for America; and her people did not care, apparently, whether Powers' Greek Slave, Hoe's wonderful printing-press, or the McCormick Reaper were seen or not. But George Peabody cared for the honor of his nation, and gave fifteen thousand dollars to the American exhibiters, that they might make their display

worthy of the great country which they were to represent. The same year, he gave his first Fourth of July dinner to leading Americans and Englishmen, headed by the Duke of Wellington. While he remembered and honored the day which freed us from England, no one did more than he to bind the two nations together by the great kindness of a great heart.

Mr. Peabody was no longer the poor grocery boy, or the dry-goods clerk. He was fine looking, most intelligent from his wide reading, a total abstainer from liquors and tobacco, honored at home and abroad, and very rich. Should he buy an immense estate, and live like a prince? Should he give parties and grand dinners, and have servants in livery? Oh, no! Mr. Peabody had acquired his wealth for a different purpose. He loved humanity. "How could he elevate the people?" was the one question of his life. He would not wait till his death, and let others spend his money; he would have the satisfaction of spending it himself.

And now began a life of benevolence which is one of the brightest in our history. Unmarried and childless, he made other wives and children happy by his boundless generosity. If the story be true, that he was once engaged to a beautiful American girl, who gave him up for a former poor lover, the world has been the gainer by her choice.

In 1852, Mr. Peabody gave ten thousand dollars to help fit out the second expedition under Dr. Kane, in his

search for Sir John Franklin ; and for this gift a portion of the newly-discovered country was justly called Peabody Land. This same year, the town of Danvers, his birthplace, decided to celebrate its centennial. Of course the rich London banker was invited as one of the guests. He was too busy to be present, but sent a letter, to be opened on the day of the celebration. The seal was broken at dinner, and this was the toast, or sentiment, it contained: *"Education—a debt due from present to future generations."* A check was enclosed for twenty thousand dollars for the purpose of building an Institute, with a free library and free course of lectures. Afterward this gift was increased to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The poor boy had not forgotten the home of his childhood.

Four years later, when Peabody Institute was dedicated, the giver, who had been absent from America twenty years, was present. New York and other cities offered public receptions; but he declined all save Danvers. A great procession was formed, the houses along the streets being decorated, all eager to do honor to their noble townsman. The Governor of Massachusetts, Edward Everett, and others made eloquent addresses, and then the kind-faced, great-hearted man responded:—

"Though Providence has granted me an unvaried and unusual success in the pursuit of fortune in other lands, I am still in heart the humble boy who left yonder unpretending dwelling many, *very* many years ago… There is not a youth within the sound of my voice

whose early opportunities and advantages are not very much greater than were my own; and I have since achieved nothing that is impossible to the most humble boy among you. Bear in mind, that, to be truly great, it is not necessary that you should gain wealth and importance. Steadfast and undeviating *truth*, fearless and straightforward *integrity*, and an *honor* ever unsullied by an unworthy word or action, make their possessor greater than worldly success or prosperity. These qualities constitute greatness."

Soon after this, Mr. Peabody determined to build an Institute, combining a free library and lectures with an Academy of Music and an Art Gallery, in the city of Baltimore. For this purpose he gave over one million dollars—a princely gift indeed! Well might Baltimore be proud of the day when he sought a home in her midst.

But the merchant-prince had not finished his giving. He saw the poor of the great city of Loudon, living in wretched, desolate homes. Vice and poverty were joining hands. He, too, had been poor. He could sympathize with those who knew not how to make ends meet. What would so stimulate these people to good citizenship as comfortable and cheerful abiding-places? March 12, 1862, he called together a few of his trusted friends in London, and placed in their hands, for the erection of neat, tasteful dwellings for the poor, the sum of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Ah, what a friend the poor had found! not the gift of a few dollars, which would soon be absorbed

in rent, but homes which for a small amount might be enjoyed as long as they lived.

At once some of the worst portions of London were purchased; tumble-down structures were removed; and plain, high brick blocks erected, around open squares, where the children could find a playground. Gas and water were supplied, bathing and laundry rooms furnished. Then the poor came eagerly, with their scanty furniture, and hired one or two rooms for twenty-five or fifty cents a week,—cabmen, shoemakers, tailors, and needle-women. Tenants were required to be temperate and of good moral character. Soon tiny pots of flowers were seen in the windows, and a happier look stole into the faces of hard-working fathers and mothers.

Mr. Peabody soon increased his gift to the London poor to three million dollars, saying, "If judiciously managed for two hundred years, its accumulation will amount to a sum sufficient to buy the city of London."

No wonder that these gifts of millions began to astonish the world. London gave him the freedom of the city in a gold box,—an honor rarely bestowed,—and erected his bronze statue near the Royal Exchange. Queen Victoria wished to make him a baron; but he declined all titles. What gift, then, would he accept, was eagerly asked. "A letter from the Queen of England, which I may carry across the Atlantic, and deposit as a memorial of one of her most faithful sons," was the response. It is not strange

that so pure and noble a man as George Peabody admired the purity and nobility of character of her who governs England so wisely.

A beautiful letter was returned by the Queen, assuring him how deeply she appreciated his noble act of more than princely munificence,—an act, as the Queen believes, "wholly without parallel," and asking him to accept a miniature portrait of herself. The portrait, in a massive gold frame, is fourteen inches long and ten inches wide, representing the Queen in robes of state,—the largest miniature ever attempted in England, and for the making of which a furnace was especially built. The cost is believed to have been over fifty thousand dollars in gold. It is now preserved, with her letter, in the Peabody Institute near Danvers.

Oct. 25, 1866, the beautiful white marble Institute in Baltimore was to be dedicated. Mr. Peabody had crossed the ocean to be present. Besides the famous and the learned, twenty thousand children with Peabody badges were gathered to meet him. The great man's heart was touched as he said, "Never have I seen a more beautiful sight than this vast collection of interesting children. The review of the finest army, attended by the most delightful strains of martial music, could never give me half the pleasure." He was now seventy-one years old. He had given nearby five millions; could the world expect any more? He realized that the freed slaves at the South needed an education. They were poor, and so were a large

portion of the white race. He would give for their education three million dollars, the same amount he had bestowed upon the poor of London. To the trustees having this gift in charge he said, "With my advancing years, my attachment to my native land has but become more devoted. My hope and faith in its successful and glorious future have grown brighter and stronger. But, to make her prosperity more than superficial, her moral and intellectual development should keep pace with her material growth. I feel most deeply, therefore, that it is the duty and privilege of the more favored and wealthy portions of our nation to assist those who are less fortunate." Noble words! Mr. Peabody's health was beginning to fail. What he did must now be done quickly. Yale College received a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a Museum of Natural History; Harvard the same, for a Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology; to found the Peabody Academy of Science at Salem a hundred and forty thousand dollars; to Newbury port Library, where the fire threw him out of employment, and thus probably broadened his path in life, fifteen thousand dollars; twenty-five thousand dollars each to various institutions of learning throughout the country; ten thousand dollars to the Sanitary Commission during the war, besides four million dollars to his relatives; making in all thirteen million dollars. Just before his return to England, he made one of the most tender gifts of his life. The dear mother whom he idolized was dead, but he would build her a

fitting monument; not a granite shaft, but a beautiful Memorial Church at Georgetown, Mass., where for centuries, perhaps, others will worship the God she worshipped. On a marble tablet are the words, "Affectionately consecrated by her children, George and Judith, to the memory of Mrs. Judith Peabody." Whittier wrote the hymn for its dedication:—

"The heart, and not the hand, has wrought,
From sunken base to tower above,
The image of a tender thought,
The memory of a deathless love."

Nov. 4, 1869, Mr. Peabody lay dying at the house of a friend in London. The Queen sent a special telegram of inquiry and sympathy, and desired to call upon him in person; but it was too late. "It is a great mystery," said the dying man feebly; "but I shall know all soon." At midnight he passed to his reward.

Westminster Abbey opened her doors for a great funeral, where statesmen and earls bowed their heads in honor of the departed. Then the Queen sent her noblest man-of-war, "Monarch," to bear in state, across the Atlantic, "her friend," the once poor boy of Danvers. Around the coffin, in a room draped in black, stood immense wax candles, lighted. When the great ship reached America, Legislatures adjourned, and went with Governors and famous men to receive the precious freight. The body was taken by train to Peabody, and then

placed on a funeral car, eleven feet long and ten feet high, covered with black velvet, trimmed with silver lace and stars. Under the casket were winged cherubs in silver. The car was drawn by six horses covered with black and silver, while corps of artillery preceded the long procession. At sunset the Institute was reached, and there, surrounded by the English and American flags draped with crape, the guard kept silent watch about the dead. At the funeral, at the church, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop pronounced the eloquent eulogy, of the "brave, honest, noble-hearted friend of mankind," and then, amid a great concourse of people, George Peabody was buried at Harmony Grove, by the side of the mother whom he so tenderly loved. Doubtless he looked out upon this greensward from his attic window when a child, or when he labored in the village store. Well might two nations unite in doing honor to this man, both good and great, who gave nine million dollars to bless humanity.

[The building fund of £500,000 left by Mr. Peabody for the benefit of the poor of London has now been increased by rents and interest to £857,320. The whole of this great sum of money is in active employment, together with £340,000 which the trustees have borrowed. A total of £1,170,787 has been expended during the time the fund has been in existence, of which £80,903 was laid out during 1884. The results of these operations are seen in blocks of artisans' dwellings built on land purchased by the trustees and let to working men at rents within their

means, containing conveniences and comforts not ordinarily attainable by them, thus fulfilling the benevolent intentions of Mr. Peabody. At the present time 4551 separate dwellings have been erected, containing 10,144 rooms, inhabited by 18,453 persons. Thirteen new blocks of buildings are now in course of erection and near completion. Indeed, there is no cessation in the work of fulfilling the intentions of the noble bequest.—*Boston Journal*, Mar. 7, 1885. J

Herbert Hoover
A Citizen of the World

(1874-1964, America)

This is the story of a young hero of to-day—of a leader who has, we may well hope, as many rich, useful years before him as those that make the tale we are about to tell.

History is not often willing to call a man happy—or a hero—while life lies ahead of him. Time can change everything. Time alone can prove everything. We must wait for the judgment of time, it is said.

We feel very sure, however, of the worth of the work of Herbert Clark Hoover, the man who gave up a business that meant the directorship of more than 125,000 workers in order that he might give his time and his powers to the task of feeding ten million helpless people in war-ravaged Belgium and northern France.

"If England could have availed herself of such talent for organization as H. C. Hoover has displayed in feeding the Belgians, we should be a good year nearer the end of the war than we are to-day," said a prominent member of the British Parliament.

"There is a man who knows how to get things done!" we are hearing said on every side. "If America should feel the pinch of war and famine, Mr. Hoover could meet the problem of putting us on rations, and there would be no food riots."

Who is this man who knows how to do things? In what school did he learn how to meet emergencies and how to manage men?

They tell us he was a Quaker lad, born on an Iowa farm, who in his early boyhood moved to a farm in the far West. Was it because of this early transplanting—this change to new scenes, new problems, new interests—that he learned to see things in a big way and to get a grip on what really matters in Iowa, in Oregon, in the world?

"The first thing you think about Hoover," said a man who knew him in college, "is that he is a free soul and feels himself free. Most people are more or less hedged in by their own little affairs. His interests have no walls to shut him away from other people and their interests. He is a man who is in vital touch with what concerns other men."

But we come once more to the question: how did he come by the vital touch which gives him this power over men and makes him in a very real sense a citizen of the world? You remember the exclamation of envious *Cassius* when he was protesting to *Brutus* against the growing influence of *Cæsar*:

> *Now in the names of all the gods at once,*
> *Upon what meat does this our Cæsar feed,*
> *That he is grown so great?*

Cassius was, of course, speaking in grudging scorn; but we often find ourselves thinking quite simply and sincerely

that we would like to know what goes to the making of true power.

Sometimes we like to pretend that we can explain the making of a great man. We say, for example, of Lincoln: he early learned what it meant to meet hardship, so he was strong to endure; by hard times and hard work he learned the value of things, the things that really count; he knew what sorrow was, and the faith that is greater than grief, so he had a heart that could feel with, the sorrows of others and could help them to win faithfulness through suffering. Because a truly sympathetic heart beats with the joys as well as the griefs of others, he cared for the little things that go to make up the big thing we call living, and his warm human touch made him a friend of simple people, with an understanding of all. Thus it was that he knew people in a real way and life in a true way, and so was able to be the leader of a nation in a time that tried the souls of the bravest. So we say, and fancy that we have explained Lincoln, But have we! Many other boys knew toil and want and sorrow, and many learned much, perhaps, in that hard school; but there was only one Lincoln.

We can, in truth, no more explain a great man than we can explain life itself. How is it that the acorn has power to take from the earth and air and sunshine the things that make the oak-tree, the monarch of the forest? How is it that of all the oaks in the woods of the world there are no two exactly alike? How is it that among all the children in

a family, in a school, in a nation, there are no two really alike?

A boy I knew once put the puzzle in this way: "You would think that twins would be more truly twins than they are. But when they seem most *twinsy*, they're somehow different, after all!"

All that we can say is that each child is himself alone, and that as the days go by the things he sees and hears, the things he thinks about and loves, the things he dreams and the things he does, are somehow made a part of him just as the soil and sunshine are made into the tree.

What was it in the Iowa farm life that became a part of the Quaker boy, Herbert Hoover? He learned to look life in the face, simply and frankly. Hard work, resolute wrestling with the brown earth, made his muscles firm and his nerves steady. The passing of the days and the seasons, the coming of the rain, the dew, and the frost, and the sweep of the storm, awoke in his spirit a love of nature and a delight in nature's laws. "All's love, yet all's law," whispered the wind as it passed over the fields of bending grain. Since all was law, one might, by studying the ways of seed and soil and weather, win a larger harvest than the steadiest toil, unaided by reason and resource, could coax from the long furrows. It was clear that thinking and planning brought a liberal increase to the yield of each acre. The might of man was not in muscle but in mind.

Then came the move to Oregon. How the Golden West opened up a whole vista of new ideas! How many kinds of interesting people there were in the world! He longed to go to college where one could get a bird's-eye view of the whole field of what life had to offer before settling down to work in his own particular little garden-patch.

"I don't want to go to a Quaker school, or a college founded by any other special sect," he said. "I want to go where I will have a chance to see and judge everything fairly, without prejudice for or against any one line of thought."

"The way of the Friends is a liberal enough way for a son of mine, or for any God-fearing person," was his guardian's reply. "Thee must not expect thy people to send thee to a place of worldly fashions and ideas."

"It looks as if I should have to send myself, then," said the young man, with a smile in his clear eyes, but with his chin looking even more determined than was its usual firm habit.

When Leland Stanford Junior University opened its doors in 1891, Herbert C. Hoover was one of those applying for admission. The first student to register for the engineering course, he was the distinguished nucleus of the Department of Geology and Mining. The first problem young Hoover had to solve at college, however, was the way of meeting his living expenses.

"What chances are there for a chap to earn money here?" he asked.

"The only job that seems to be lying about loose is that of serving in the dining-rooms," he was told. "Student waiters are always in demand."

The young Quaker looked as if he had been offered an unripe persimmon. "I suppose it's true that 'they also serve who only stand and wait,'" he drawled whimsically, "but somehow I can't quite see myself in the part. And any way," he added reflectively, "I don't know that I need depend on a job that is 'lying about loose.' I shouldn't wonder if I'd have to look out for an opening that hasn't been offered to every passer-by and become shop-worn."

He had not been many days at the university before he discovered a need and an opportunity. There was no college laundry, "I think that the person who undertakes to organize the clean-linen business in this academic settlement will 'also serve,' and he won't have to wait for his reward!" he said to himself.

The really successful man of business is one who can at the same time create a demand and provide the means of meeting it. The college community awoke one morning to the realization that it needed above everything else efficient laundry-service. And it seemed that an alert young student of mining engineering was managing the business. Before long it was clear, not only that the college was by way of being systematically and satisfactorily

served in this respect, but that, what was even more important, a man with a veritable genius for organization had appeared on the campus. It soon became natural to "let Hoover manage" the various student undertakings; and to this day "the way Hoover did things" is one of the most firmly established traditions of Leland Stanford.

Graduating from the university in the pioneer class of 1895, he served his apprenticeship at the practical work of mining engineering in Nevada County, California, by sending ore-laden cars from the opening of the mine to the reducing works. He earned two dollars a day at this job, and also the opportunity to prove himself equal to greater responsibility. The foreman nodded approvingly and said, "There's a young chap that college couldn't spoil! He has a degree *plus* common sense, and so is ready to learn something from the experience that comes his way. And he's always on the job—right to the minute. Any one can see he's one that's bound for the top!"

It seemed as if Fate were determined from the first that the young man should qualify as a citizen of the world as well as a master of mines. We next find him in that dreary waste of New South Wales known as Broken Hill. In a sun-smitten desert, whose buried wealth of zinc and gold is given grudgingly only to those who have grit to endure weary, parched days and pitiless, lonely nights, he met the ordeal, and proved himself still a man in No Man s Land. He looked the desert phantoms in the face, and behold!

they faded like a mirage. Only the chance of doing a full-sized man's work remained.

The Broken Hill contract completed, he found new problems as a mining expert and manager of men in China. But he did not go to this new field alone. While at college he had found in one of his fellow-workers a kindred spirit, who was interested in the real things that were meat and drink to him. Miss Lou Henry was a live California girl, with warm human charm and a hobby for the marvels of geology. It was not strange that these two found it easy to fall into step, and that after a while they decided to fare forth on the adventure of living together.

It was an adventure with something more than the thrill of novel experience and the tonic of meeting new problems that awaited them in the Celestial Empire. For a long time a very strong feeling against foreigners and the changed life they were introducing into China had been smoldering among many of the people. There was a large party who believed that change was dangerous. They did not want railroads built and mines worked. The snorting locomotive, belching fire and smoke, seemed to them the herald of the hideous new order of things that the struggling peoples of the West were trying to bring into their mellow, peaceful civilization. The digging down into the ground was particularly alarming. Surely, that could not fail to disturb the dragon who slept within the earth and whose mighty length was coiled about the very

foundations of the world. There would be earthquakes and other terrible signs of his anger.

The Boxer Society, whose name meant "the fist of righteous harmony," and whose slogan was "Down with all foreigners," became very powerful. "Let us be true to the old customs and keep China in the safe old way!" was the cry of the Boxers. The "righteous harmony" meant "China first," and "China for the Chinese"; the "fist" meant "Death to Intruders!" There was a general uprising in 1900, and many foreigners and Chinese Christians were massacred. Mr. Hoover, who was at Tientsin in charge of important mining interests, found himself at the storm-center. It was his task to help save his faithfnl workers, yellow men as well as white, from the infuriated mob.

There was a time when it looked as if the rising tide of rebellion would sweep away all that opposed it before reinforcements from the Western nations could arrive. And when the troops did pour into Peking and Tientsin to rescue the besieged foreigners, another lawless period succeeded. Mr. Hoover found it almost as hard to protect property and innocent Chinese from soldiers, thirsty for loot, as it had been to hold the desperate Boxers at bay. The victorious troops as well as the vanquished fanatics seemed to

have eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner.

The master of mines had a chance to prove himself now a master of men. He succeeded in safeguarding the interests of his company, and somehow he managed, too, to keep his faith in people in spite of the war madness. He never doubted that the wave of unreason and cruelty would pass, like the blackness of a storm. Reason and humanity would prevail, and kindly Nature would make each battle-scarred field of struggle and bloodshed smile again with flowers.

The adventure of living led the Hoovers to Australia, to Africa, to any and all places where there were mines to be worked. As manager of some very important mining interests Mr. Hoover's judgment was sought wherever the struggle to win the treasures of the rocks presented special problems. He had now gained wealth and influence, but he was too big a man to rest back on what he had accomplished and content himself with making money.

"I have all the money I need," he said "I want to do some real work; it's only doing things that counts."

You know, of course, the joy of doing some thing quite apart from anything you have to do, just because you have taken up with the idea for its own sake. Then you run to meet any amount of effort, and work becomes play. Mr. Hoover and his wife now took up a task together with all the zest that one puts into a fascinating game. Can you imagine getting fun out of translating a great Latin book about mines and minerals?

"For some time I have looked forward to putting old Agricola into English," explained Mr. Hoover; "we are having a real holiday working it up."

"Who in the world was Agricola, and what does he matter to you?" demanded his friend, in amazement.

"Agricola, my dear fellow, was the Latinized name of a German mining engineer who lived in the early part of the sixteenth century—a time when it was not only the fashion to turn one's name into Latin, but to write all books of any importance in that language. He matters a good deal to any one who happens to be especially interested in the science of mining. This volume we are at work on is the corner stone of that science."

"How, then, does it happen that it has never been translated before?" asked the friend.

"Well," replied Mr. Hoover, with some hesitation, "you see it wasn't a particularly easy job. Agricola's Latin had its limitations, but his knowledge of minerals and mining problems was prodigious. Only a mining expert could possibly get at what he was trying to say, and most mining experts have something more paying to do than to undertake a thing of this kind."

"I see," retorted his friend, with a smile; "you are doing this because you have nothing more paying to do!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Hoover, quietly, "there is nothing that is more paying than the thing that is your work—because you particularly want to do it."

Mr. Hoover would say without any hesitation that the work which he volunteered to do when the storm of the great war broke on Europe in August, 1914, was "paying" in the same way. This citizen of the world was at his London headquarters, from which, as consulting engineer, he was directing vast mining interests, when the panic of fear seized the crowds of American tourists who had gone abroad as to a favorite pleasure-park and had found it suddenly transformed into a battle-field. Hundreds of people were as frightened and helpless as children caught in a burning building. All at once they found themselves in a strange, threatening world, without means of escape.

"Nobody seemed to know what was to be done with us, and nobody seemed to care," explained a Vassar girl. "Their mobilizing was the only thing that mattered to them. There were no trains and steamers for us, and no money for our checks and letters of credit. Then Mr. Hoover came to the rescue. He saw that something was done, and it was done effectively. It took generalship, I can tell you, to handle that stampede—to get people from the Continent into England, to arrange for the advancement of funds to meet their needs, and to provide means of getting them back to America. They say he is a wonderful engineer, but I don't think he ever carried through any more remarkable engineering feat than that was!"

The matter of giving temporary relief and providing transportation for some six or seven thousand anxious

Americans was a simple undertaking, however, compared to Mr. Hoover s next task.

In the autumn of 1914 the cry of a whole nation in distress startled the world. The people of Belgium were starving. The terror and destruction of war had swept over a helpless little country leaving want and misery everywhere. There was need of instant and efficient aid. Of course only a neutral would be permitted to serve, and equally of course, only a man used to handling great enterprises—a captain of industry and a master of men—would be able to serve in such a crisis. It did not take a prophet or seer to see in Herbert Clark Hoover, that master of vast engineering projects who had given himself so generously to helping his fellow-Americans in distress, a man fitted to meet the needs of the time. And Mr. Walter H. Page, American Ambassador to England, appealed to Mr. Hoover, American in London, citizen of the world and lover of humanity, to act as chairman of the Commission for Relief in Belgium.

"Who is this Mr. Hoover, and will he be really able to man and manage the relief-ship!" was demanded on every side, in America as well as in Europe.

"If anybody can save Belgium, he can," vouched Mr. Page. "There never was such a genius for organization. He can grasp the most complex problems, wheels within wheels and get all the cogs running in perfect harmony. Besides, he will have the courage to act promptly as well

as effectively when once he has determined on the right course to pursue. He is not afraid of precedent and red tape. A man who has developed and directed large mining interests all over the world and who has been consulting engineer for over fifty mining companies, he cares more about doing a good job than making money. He's giving himself now heart and soul to this relief work, and we may be sure, if the thing is humanly possible, that he will find a way."

Can you picture to yourself the plight of Belgium after the cruel war-machine had mowed down all industries and trade and had swept the fields bare of crops and farm animals? Think of a country, about the size of the State of Maryland, so closely dotted with towns and villages that there were more than eight million people living there—as many people as there are in all our great western States on the Pacific side of the Rocky Mountains. This smallest country of Europe was the most densely settled and the most prosperous. The Belgians were a nation of skilled workers. Many were makers of cloth and lace. The linen, woolen, and delicate cotton fabrics woven in Belgium were as famous as Brussels carpets and Brussels lace. Since it was a land particularly rich in coal, manufacturing of all sorts was very profitable. There were important metal-works; nail, wire, and brass factories; and workshops of gold and silver articles. The glass and pottery works were also important. Little Belgium was a veritable hive of busy workers, whose products were sent all over the world.

Of course, you can see that an industrial country like this would have to import much of its food. The small farms and market-gardens could not at best supply the needs of the people for more than three or four months of the year. Just as our big cities must depend on importing provisions from the country, so Belgium depended on buying food-stuffs from agricultural communities in exchange for her manufactured articles.

Now can you realize what happened when the war came? There was no longer any chance for the people to make and sell their goods. All the mills and metal-works were stopped. The conquerors seized all the mines and metals. Everything that could serve Germany in any way was shipped to that country. The railroads, of course, were in the hands of the Germans, and so each town and village was cut off from communication with the rest of the world. The harvests that had escaped destruction by the trampling armies were seized to feed the troops. Even the scattered farm-houses were robbed of their little stores of grain and vegetables.

The task with which Mr. Hoover had to cope was that of buying food for ten million people (in Belgium and northern France), shipping it across seas made dangerous by mines and submarines of the warring nations, and distributing it throughout an entire country without any of the normal means of transportation. Let us see how he went to work. First he secured the help of other energetic, able young Americans who only wanted to be put to work.

Chief among these volunteers were the Rhodes-scholars at Oxford, picked men who had been given special opportunities and who realized that true education means ability to serve. Without confusion or delay the relief army was organized and the campaign for the war sufferers under way.

It was a business without precedents, a sea that had never been charted, this work of the Relief Commission. At a time when England was vitally and entirely concerned with her war problems and when all railroads and steamships were supposed to be at the command of the government, Mr. Hoover quietly arranged for the transportation of supplies to meet the immediate needs of Belgium. Going on the principle that "when a thing is really necessary it is better to do it first and ask permission afterward," Mr. Hoover saw his cargoes safely stowed and the hatches battened down before he went to secure his clearance papers.

"We must be permitted to leave at once," he declared urgently. "If I do not get four cargoes of food to Belgium by the end of the week, thousands are going to die of starvation, and many more may be shot in food riots."

"Out of the question!" replied the cabinet minister, positively. "There is no time, in the first place, and if there were, there are no good wagons to be spared by the railways, no dock hands, and no steamers. Besides, the

Channel is closed to merchant ships for a week to allow the passage of army transports."

"I have managed to get all these things," Hoover interposed, "and am now through with them all except the steamers. This wire tells me that these are loaded and ready to sail, and I have come to you to arrange for their clearance."

The distinguished official looked at Hoover aghast. "There have been men sent to the Tower for less than you have done, young man!" he exclaimed. "If it was for anything but Belgium Relief,—if it was anybody but you,—I should hate to think of what might happen. As it is—I suppose I must congratulate you on a jolly clever coup. I'll see about the clearance papers at once."

First and last, the chief obstacles with which the Relief Commission had to deal were due to the suspicions of the two great antagonists, England and Germany, each, of whom was bent on preventing the other from securing the slightest advantage from the least chance or mischance. Now it was the British Foreign Office which sent a long communication, fairly swathed in red tape, suggesting changes in relief methods, which, if carried out, would have held up the food of seven million people for two days. In this stress Mr. Hoover dispensed with the services of a clerk and wrote the following letter, which served to lighten a dark day at the Foreign Office, in his own hand:

Dear Blank:

It strikes me that trying to feed the Belgians is like trying to feed a hungry little kitten by means of a forty-foot bamboo pole, said kitten confined in a barred cage occupied by two hungry lions.

Yours sincerely,
HERBERT C. HOOVER,

In April, 1915, a German submarine, in its zeal to nip England, torpedoed one of the Commission's food-ships, and somewhat later an aeroplane tried to drop bombs on another. Mr. Hoover at once paid a flying visit to Berlin. He was assured that Germany regretted the incident and that it would not happen again.

"Thanks," said Hoover. "Perhaps your Excellency has heard about the man who was bitten by a bad-tempered dog! He went to the owner to have the dog muzzled.

"'But the dog won't bite you,' insisted the owner.

"'You know he won't bite me, and I know he won't bite me,' said the injured man, doubtfully, 'but the question is, does the dog know?'"

"Herr Hoover," said the high official, "pardon me if I leave you for a moment. I am going at once to let the dog know."

Another incident which throws light on the character and influence of our citizen of the world was related by Mr. Lloyd-George, the first man of England, to a group of

friends at the Liberal Club, Here is the story in the great Welshman's own words:

"'Mr. Hoover,' I said, 'I find I am quite unable to grant your request in the matter of Belgian exchange, and I have asked you to come here that I might explain why.' Without waiting for me to go on, my boyish-looking caller began speaking. For fifteen minutes he spoke without a break—just about the clearest utterance I have ever heard on any subject. He used not a word too much, nor yet a word too few. By the time he had finished I had come to realize not only the importance of his contentions, but, what was more to the point, the practicability of granting his request. So I did the only thing possible under the circumstances—told him I had never understood the question before, thanked him for helping me to understand it, and saw that things were arranged as he wanted them."

As Mr. Lloyd-George was impressed by the quiet efficiency of his "boyish-looking caller," so the whole world was impressed by the masterly system with which the great work was carried forward. Wheat was bought by the shipload in Argentina, transported to Belgium, where it was milled and made into bread, and then sold for less than the price in London. The details of distribution were so handled as to remove all chance for waste and dishonesty; and finally, the cost of the work itself—the total expense of the Relief Commission—was less than one-half of one per cent, of the money expended.

Many of the Belgians were, of course, able to pay for their food. They had property or securities on which money could be raised. The destitute people were the peasants and wage-earners whose only dependence for daily bread—their daily labor—had been taken from them by the war.

In the winter of 1917 Mr. Hoover came to America to tell about conditions in Belgium and the work of the Relief Commission. Looking his fellow-citizens quietly in the face he said: "America has received virtually all the credit for the help given, and we do not deserve it. Out of $250,000,000 that have been spent, only $9,000,000 have come from the United States, the rich nation blest with peace—who owes, moreover, much of her present prosperity to the misfortunes of the unhappy Belgians, for the greater part of the money expended for relief supplies has come to this country."

There is not a child in Belgium who does not know how Mr. Brand Whitlock, the American Ambassador, and other American "Greathearts," have stood by them in their terrible need, just as they know that the wonderful "Christmas Ship," laden with gifts from children to children, came from America. They have come to look on the Stars and Stripes as the symbol of all that is good and kind. In his book, "War Bread," Mr. Edward E. Hunt, who was one of the members of the Relief Commission, prints several letters from Belgian children. Here is one signed "Marie Meersman."

I have often heard a little girlfriend of mine speak of an uncle who sent her many things from America, and I was jealous. But now I have more than one uncle, and they send me more than my friend's uncle did, for it is thanks to you, dear uncles, that I have a good slice of bread every day.

All Americans who once realize that by far the greater part of the money spent for Belgium has come from the nations on whom the burdens of war are pressing most heavily must want America to do much more.

Do you know the story of the kind-hearted passer-by who was so moved by the misfortune of a workman, hurt in an accident, that he exclaimed aloud, in an agonized tone, "Poor fellow! Poor, poor fellow!" Another bystander, however, reached in his pocket and drew out some money. "Here," he said, turning to the first speaker, "I am sorry five dollars worth. How sorry are you!"

That is the question that Mr. Hoover has put to America: "What value do you put on your thankfulness for peace and prosperity and your sympathy for a suffering people less fortunate than yourselves?"

As we look at Mr. Hoover, however, we say "In giving *him* to the work, America has at least given of her best." And we like to think that he is truly American because his interests and sympathies are as broad as humanity, because all mankind is his business, because in deed and in truth he is "a citizen of the world."

Peter Cooper

(1791-1883, America)

On the seventh of April, 1883, the great city of New York was in mourning. Flags were at half-mast. The bells tolled. Shops were closed, and in the windows the picture of a kind-faced, white-haired man was draped in black. All day long tens of thousands passed by an open coffin in All Souls' Church: Governors and millionnaires, poor women with little children in their arms, workmen in their common clothes, and ragged newsboys—all with aching hearts. The great dailies like the *Tribune* and *Herald,* gave six columns to the sad event. Messages of sympathy were cabled from England.

Who was this man whom the world mourned on this April day?

Was he a President? Oh, no. A great general? Far from it. One who lived magnificently and had splendid carriages and diamonds? Not at all.

He was simply Peter Cooper, ninety-two years old, the best-loved man in America.

Had he given money? Yes; but other men in our rich country do that. Had he travelled abroad, and so become widely known? No. He would never go to Europe, because he wished to use his money in a different way.

Why, then, was he loved by a whole nation? for even the Turks, Parsees and Hindoos talked about him. A New York journalist gives this truthful answer:

Peter Cooper went through his long life as gentle as a sweet woman, as kind as a good mother, and as honest and guileless as a man could live, and remain human.

Some boys would be ashamed to be considered as gentle as a girl. Not so Peter Cooper.

He was born poor, and always was willing that everybody should know it. He despised pride. When his old chaise and horse came down Broadway, every cartman and omnibus driver turned aside for him. Though a millionnaire, he was their friend and brother, and they were personally proud and fond of him. He gave away more than he kept. He found places for the poor to work if possible, gave money if they were worthy, and though one of the busiest men in America, always took time to be kind.

His sunny face was known everywhere. His pastor, Rev. Robert Collyer, said this of him:

His presence, wherever he went, lay like a bar of sunshine across a dark and troubled day, so that I have seen it light up some thousands of care-worn faces as if they were saying who looked on him, "It cannot be so bad a world as we thought, since Peter Cooper lives in it and gives us his benediction."

And how did this poor boy come to his success and his honor?

By his own will and perseverance. Nobody could have more obstacles to overcome. His parents had nine children to support and no money. His father moved from town to town, always hoping to do better, forgetting the old adage, that "A rolling stone gathers no moss." When Peter was born, the fifth child, he was named after the Apostle Peter, because his father said: "This boy will come to something." But he proved feeble, unable to go to school only one year in his life, and then only every other day. When he was eight years old, his father being a hatter, he pulled hair from rabbit skins, for hat pulp. Year after year he worked harder than he was able, but he was determined to win. When his eight little brothers and sisters needed shoes, he ripped up an old one, and thus learning how they were made, thereafter provided shoes for the whole family. A boy with this energy would naturally be ambitious. At seventeen, bidding good-by to his anxious mother, he started for New York to make his fortune. He had carefully saved ten dollars of his own earnings; a large sum, it seemed to him. Soon after he arrived, he saw an advertisement of a lottery, where if one bought a ticket, he would probably draw a prize. He thought the matter over carefully. If he made some money, he could help his mother. He purchased a ticket, and drew—a blank! The ten dollars gone, Peter was penniless. Years after, he used to say, "It was the cheapest piece of knowledge I ever bought;" for he never touched games of chance afterward.

Day after day the tall, slender boy walked the streets of New York, asking for work. At last, perseverance conquered, and he found a place in a carriage shop, binding himself as apprentice for five years, for his board and two dollars a month. He could buy no good clothes. He had no money for cigars, or pleasures of any kind. He helped to build carriages for rich men's sons to ride in, but there were no rides for him. It is an old saying, that "Everybody has to walk at one end of life," and they are fortunate who walk at the beginning and ride at the close.

When his work was over for the day, his shop-mates ridiculed him because he would not go to the taverns for a jovial time; but he preferred to read. Making a little money by extra work, he hired a teacher, to whom he recited evenings. He was tired, of course, but he never complained, and made many friends because he was always good-natured. He used to say to himself, "If I ever get rich, I will build a place where the poor boys and girls of New York may have an education free." How absurd it seemed that a boy who earned only fifty cents a week for five years, should ever think of being rich, and establishing reading rooms and public institutions. Yet the very kind and quality of his dreams was an earnest of future success and greatness.

When Peter became of age, Mr. Woodward, who owned the carriage factory, called him into his office. "You have been very faithful," he said, "and I will set you up in a

carriage manufactory of your own; you could pay me back for the money borrowed in a few years."

Peter was astonished. This was a remarkable offer to a poor young man, but he had made a solemn resolution never to go in debt, and he declined it, though with gratitude. Mr. Woodward was now as greatly astonished as Peter had been, but he respected his good judgment in the matter.

The young mechanic now found a situation in a woollen mill at Hempstead, Long Island, at nine dollars a week. Here he invented a shearing machine, which proved so valuable, that he made five hundred dollars in two years. With so much money as this, he could not rest until he had visited his mother. He found his parents overwhelmed in trouble on account of their debts, gave them the entire five hundred dollars, and promised to meet the other notes his father had given as they became due. His father had made no mistake, evidently, in naming him after the Apostle Peter.

Meantime the young man had fallen in love, not with a foolish girl who cared only for dress, and her own pretty face, but with one who had a fine mind and lovely disposition. Sarah Bedell was worthy of him. After fifty-six years of married life, she died on the anniversary of her wedding day. Her husband said, "She was the day-star, the solace and the inspiration of my life." When their first baby was born, he invented a self-rocking cradle for it,

with a fan attached, to keep off the flies, and a musical instrument to soothe the child to sleep.

He now moved to New York and opened a grocery store. An old friend advised him to buy a glue factory which having been mismanaged, was for sale. He knew nothing of the business, but he had faith in himself that he could learn it, and he soon made not only the best glue, but the cheapest in the country. For thirty years he carried on this business almost alone, with no salesman, and no bookkeeper. He rose every morning at daylight, kindled his factory fires, worked all the forenoons making glue, and afternoons selling it, keeping his accounts, writing his letters and reading in the evenings, with his wife and children. He continued to work thus when his income had reached thirty thousand dollars a year, not because he was over economical, but that he might some day carry out the purpose of his life, to build his free school for the poor. He had no time for parties or pleasures, but when the people of New York, because he was both honest and intelligent, urged him to be one of the City Council, and President of the Board of Education, he dared not refuse if he could help his own city. How different such a life from that of a man, who, enjoying all the advantages of a government, does not even take time to vote.

Mr. Cooper's business prospered. Once when his glue factory burned, with a loss of forty thousand dollars, before nine o'clock the next morning, lumber was on the ground for a new building, three times the size of the

former. He now built a rolling mill and furnace in Baltimore. At that time, only thirteen miles of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad had been completed, and the directors were about to give up the work, discouraged, because they thought no engine could make the sharp turns in the track. Mr. Cooper needed the road in connection with his rolling mill; nothing could discourage him. He immediately went to work to make the first locomotive ever constructed in America, attached a box car to it, invited the directors to get in, took the place of engineer himself, and away they flew over the thirteen miles in an hour. The Directors took courage, and the road was soon finished. Years after, when Mr. Cooper had become famous, and the hospitality of the city of Baltimore was offered him, the old engine was brought out to the delight of the assembled thousands.

Mr. Cooper soon erected at Trenton, N. J., the largest rolling mill in the United States, a large blast furnace in Pennsylvania, and steel and wire works in various parts of the State. He bought the Andover iron mines, and built eight miles of railroad in a rough country, over which he carried forty thousand tons a year. The poor boy who once earned only twenty-five dollars yearly, had become a millionnaire! No good luck accomplished this. Hard work, living within his means, saving his time, not squandering it as some men do, talking with every person they meet, common sense, which led him to look carefully before he invested money, promptness, and the sacred

keeping of his word, these were the characteristics which made him successful.

Mr. Cooper was honorable in every business transaction. Once he said to Mr. Edward Lester, a friend who had an interest in the Trenton works, "I do not feel quite easy about the amount we are making. Working under one of our patents, we have a monopoly which seems to me something wrong. Everybody has to come to us for it, and we are making money too fast: it is not right." The price was immediately reduced. A rare man indeed was Peter Cooper, to lower the price simply because the world greatly needed the article he had to sell!

He was now sixty-four. For forty years he had worked day and night to earn money to build his Free College. He had bought the ground between Third and Fourth avenues, and Seventh and Eighth streets, some time previously, and now for five whole years he watched the great, six-story, brown-stone building as it grew under his hands. The once penniless lad was building into these stones for all future generations, the lessons of his industry, economy, perseverance, and noble heart. In a box in the corner stone he placed these words:

The great object that I desire to accomplish by the erection of this Institution is to open the avenues of scientific knowledge to the youth of our city and country, and so unfold the volume of Nature, that the young may see the beauties of creation,

enjoy its blessings, and learn to love the Author from whom cometh every good and perfect gift.

But would the poor young men and women of New York, who worked hard all day, care for education? Some said no. But Mr. Cooper looking back to his boyhood and young manhood believed that the people loved books, and would use an opportunity to study them.

And when the grand building was opened, with its library, class-rooms, hall, and art rooms, students crowded in from the shops and the factories. Some were worn and tired, as Peter Cooper was in his youth, but they studied eagerly despite their weariness.

Every Saturday night two thousand came together in the great hall to hear lectures from the most famous people in the country. Every year nearly five hundred thousand read in the Library and Free Reading Room. Four thousand pupils came to the night-schools to study science and art.

For many years this labor of love has been carried on. The white-haired, kind-faced man went daily to see the students who loved him as a father. His last act was to buy ten type-writers for the girls in the department of telegraphy. Has the work paid? Ask the forty thousand young men and women who have gone out from the institution to earn an honorable support, with not a cent to be paid for their education. No person is accepted who does not expect to earn his living, for Mr. Cooper had no

love for weak, idle youth who depend on their parents and on the hope of an inherited wealth.

The work has now outgrown the building, and another million dollars is needed as a monument to the noble benefactor who gave two millions to found Cooper Institute. Of the fifteen hundred who applied one year for admission to the School of Art for Woman, only five hundred could be received, for lack of room. The graduates from this department one year, and the members of the following class, earned over twenty-seven thousand dollars in twelve months. Three pupils taught drawing in nineteen of the Public Schools of New York City. One taught twenty-five hours a week, in eight Public Schools, at two dollars an hour. Several engraved on wood for Harper and Brothers, and for the Century Company. One scholar became the head of the Decorative Art Society in New Orleans, with a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a month, earning nearly as much in outside work. Another, with a photographer in Concord, N. H., received twelve hundred a year. The superintendent of schools at Winona, Miss., received one thousand dollars the first year, and she was promised more afterwards. One lady earned twelve hundred dollars a year in a decorating establishment in Boston. One designed in the Britannia works at Meriden, Conn. One, having married a man of means, opened a "Free School of Art," with fifty pupils, to show her gratitude to Mr. Cooper.

Is it any wonder when Peter Cooper died, that thirty-five hundred came up from the Institution to lay roses upon his coffin?

His last words to his daughter, Mrs. Abraham Hewitt, and his son, ex-Mayor Cooper, and their families, as they stood around his death-bed, were, not to forget Cooper Union. They have just given one hundred thousand dollars to it. The influence of this noble charity will be felt as long as the Republic endures. It has given an impulse to the study of art, opened a door for women as well as men, and shown to the world that in America work is honorable for all.

Peter Cooper came to highest honors. The learned and the great sought his home. He was president of three telegraph companies, one of the fathers of the Atlantic Cable, and was nominated for the Presidency of the United States by the National Independent party, in 1876, but he died as he had lived, the same gentle, unostentatious, unselfish man. He said a short time before his death: "My sun is not setting in clouds and darkness, but is going down cheerfully in a clear firmament, lighted up by the glory of God. . . I seem to hear my mother calling me, as she used to do when I was a boy: 'Peter, Peter, it is about bed-time!'"

Johns Hopkins

(1795-1873, America)

We are living in an age of remarkable wealth, and remarkable business successes, and of equally remarkable gift-giving and benefactions. Mr. Otis of Connecticut gives a million dollars to carry the gospel to the heathen; Mr. Slater, of the same State, a million to educate the colored people at the South; Mr. Durant a million to Wellesley College for the education of young women; Leonard Case, of Cleveland, Ohio, a million and a half to a School of Science; Mr. Rich two millions to Boston University, where young women share equally with young men the benefits of higher education.

But Johns Hopkins gave more than all these princely men to found in Baltimore the University and Hospital which bears his name. When asked for money during his life he generally refused; doubtless his reply often seemed somewhat enigmatical: "My money is not mine. I did not make it. It has merely rolled up in my hands, *and I know what for*. I must keep to my own work."

And who was this munificent giver?

He was a farmer's boy; later, a clerk in a grocery; still later, the owner of a little shop; by and by, a bank-president; at last, a money king.

Johns Hopkins, so named from the family name of his ancestor, Margaret Johns—Johns being an early form of

the word Jones—was born May 19, 1795, and was the eldest of eleven children. His father, Samuel, was a Quaker farmer, kind and conscientious, but rich only in his large family. His mother was a superior woman, both in intellect and will; so notably superior, in fact, that it is said she guided not only the Yearly Meetings of the Friends, but many matters of the county as well. Such a mother would naturally impress her strength of character upon her sons. There were too, probably, fine forces latent in the father's blood; Governor Edward Hopkins of Connecticut and Bishop Ezekiel Hopkins of Londonderry, men of mark, were among his relatives.

Little Johns worked on the farm in summer and received whatever education was possible in winter. He was an active boy, both in body and mind, getting and reading every book in the county within his reach. He enjoyed Shakespeare, he enjoyed history, and especially did he enjoy biography; it probably stimulated him, even in boyhood, to find that men had begun at the foot of the ladder and climbed, rung by rung, to the top.

When he was seventeen, a wealthy uncle, Gerard Hopkins, came to pay his parents a visit. He was at once interested in the intelligent boy, and he persuaded the mother to permit Johns to go back with him to Baltimore, and there to learn the wholesale grocery business. Doubtless the boy's heart at once stirred with ambition, perhaps thrilled with pleasure at the thought of life in the fine city. This Baltimore uncle was an eminent minister

among the Friends, and his company was much sought after, so that the country lad had opportunities to meet intellectual and well-bred people. The aunt was a most cheerful woman, and very kind to the young new-comer. If he were awkward, she did not appear to see it, but always contrived that he should feel at ease.

For two years Johns worked steadily; the victory of success is half won when one gains the habit of work. The uncle, about this time, was appointed by the Baltimore Friends to go far out to the State of Ohio, to attend the Yearly Meeting. Who should be left in charge of the store, the business, and the family? Mr. Hopkins called his nephew Johns to him. He spoke to him gravely:

"I am going on this long journey, and thee is but a youth. *Now, I want thee to put an old head on young shoulders;* and as thee has been faithful to my interests since thee has been with me, I am going to leave everything in thy hands. Here are checks which I have signed my name to; there are upwards of five hundred of them. Thee will deposit the money as it is received, and as thee wants money thee will fill up the checks which I leave with thee. Buy the goods and do the best thee can. Be attentive at the house, and see after our little children, whom we leave behind in thy care and a female relative."

A company of five, including his aunt, started on this long journey. There were no railroads. There was often no pathway save the trail of the Indians. They traveled on

horseback, fording deep rivers, and threading their way through dense forests. Well, the lad Johns did his part nobly during their absence. It was a time of great excitement, disturbance and anxiety, for the country was engaged in the War of 1812 with England. The British had entered Washington, burnt the Capitol, and were marching up the Chesapeake. The people of Baltimore were fleeing in every direction. Johns might well have been nearly frantic, not daring to leave the children, and yet obliged to care constantly for the store. Finally, three days before the bombardment of Fort Henry, the uncle and aunt arrived home much to his surprise and relief. It proved that he had done better than the uncle supposed he could. He had, during the absence, evidently mastered the detail of trade, had visibly increased the business, and won many friends.

Five years after this his uncle again called him aside. This time he said, "Johns, would thee like to go into business for thyself?"

"Yes ; but, uncle, I have no capital. I have saved only eight hundred dollars." (He had been willing to work hard for seven years to save this eight hundred dollars.)

"But that will make no difference. I will endorse for thee, and this will give thee credit; and in a short time thee will make a capital; thee has been faithful to my interests, and I will start thee in business."

"I will endorse for thee." That was a profound compliment, a tribute most uncommon for so young a man to win from an old, clear-headed business man. Johns's habits were well known to his uncle; it was of course taken into consideration that he never wasted his evenings, that he did not spend his money carelessly or foolishly, that he did not make unwise bargains, that, as a rule, he showed good common sense in his dealings.

Starting for himself, he rented a small store, formed a partnership with another young man, and began business unostentatiously. He soon found that better than his uncle's endorsement was the credit in the community which he had gained through his devotion to his uncle's business.

For twenty-five years, a quarter of a century, Johns Hopkins labored untiringly, late and early. His business grew and extended into other States. He was invariably temperate, and his word was as good as his bond. While other firms failed in seasons of financial depression, his house always maintained the highest credit. While other men drove fast horses, gave entertainments, attended parties, he devoted his time to his business and to reading. There is probably a connection between these two series of facts. Bishop Jeremy Taylor said, "Men will find it impossible to do anything greatly good, unless they cut off all superfluous company and visits."

Mr. Hopkins may have been called unsocial; he never was called ungrateful. He never forgot his uncle. He said when nearly eighty years old, to his cousin, Gerard Hopkins, now living in Baltimore, "If not for him, I would in all probability have remained a boy on the farm."

And now came the time when he retired from the grocery firm, leaving it to his two brothers, who also had come to Baltimore, and two of his clerks. Did he sit down to luxuriously enjoy his wealth? Did he spend it in travel, or in fine social pleasure? Oh, no; accustomed to systematize monetary affairs, he was at once chosen and elected president of the Merchants Bank, and he accepted the position and held it until his death.

Here he had many opportunities to do favors for young business men. These he gladly aided, provided they had shown the three sterling qualities: diligence, good sense, and integrity. In times of panic, when notes were brought before the directors of the bank for consideration, Mr. Hopkins, unsolicited, would often endorse them, thus helping worthy but unfortunate business men when they most needed it. But for lazy people, or for those who seemed to have no aptitude or tact in making a place for themselves in the world, he had very little sympathy.

Mrs. Caroline H. Dall tells of a Baltimore firm, that, having hung his picture in their office after his death, were thus interrogated: "What was Johns Hopkins to you?"

The reply was this: "We began with very little. We were his tenants; the rent was heavy; he exacted it to the moment, and we lost many an opportunity because we dared not risk a dollar after it became his due. One day he came in himself to look after it. 'Why don't you do a larger business?' said he. 'You are prompt; you ought to get on.' We told him candidly, and he wrote us a check for ten thousand dollars on the spot, and told us not to hurry about paying it! When we were able to repay him, he returned the interest. From that day we prospered."

They had never regretted the hard way in which they earned his respect, and they warmly cherished his name and memory.

His giving was usually along this line of industry and energy and promptness. He delighted to reward and recognize their qualities. For instance, five persons gave each a hundred dollars to buy goods for a poor widow. At the end of two years she returned the sum with interest. Mr. Hopkins refused his share. He said, "I don't want it. Keep it, and lend again in the same way."

He was interested in all commercial enterprises, especially those which concerned his native State. Once when the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad came near to failure, he boldly pledged his great fortune in its behalf, and thus inspired confidence to such a degree that men of wealth immediately invested in it and saved its future. He was made a director of the road, then chairman of the

finance committee, and in 1873 furnished the company with nine hundred thousand dollars, which enabled it to pay its interest in cash. He was now the possessor of two million dollars' worth of stock, owned one hundred and fifty warehouses, was director in five banks, treasurer of a large insurance company, and large stockholder in various coal and other companies. But it was by the same pluck and same patience which enabled him to save up eight hundred dollars dollar by dollar through seven long, slow years of drudging detail work, that he gained and managed and kept and increased his millions.

"What will this rich man do with his money, as he is unmarried?" the people of Baltimore began, by and by, to ask about the white-haired old millionnaire. He had given three thousand dollars to help build a Quaker meeting-house, but this was little to the public, thought the world, for a man worth his millions. "Make your will," said his friends.

"I am not ready," was the enigmatical reply. "I have got something to do, and I shall live till I have done it."

Absorbed in business, he still felt the early training of that mother with a gift for administration whose constant thought was how to wisely help the world. "Such a remembrance," says Lamartine, "is a North Star to any wanderer." Randolph said, "I should have been an atheist, if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to

take my little hand in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, *Our Father which art in Heaven.*" Certain it is that Johns Hopkins, as the years went on, felt more and more the actuating power of his mother's spirit. He pondered well the disposition of his vast property. He determined to place it where it would do constant good; where it would carry on his favorite work of aid to those who were working their way up as he had done! Not by money itself; they must earn that for themselves—it was necessary to the development of mental and moral muscle. But he would give them knowledge, which Daniel Webster said, at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument, "Is the great sun in the firmament; life and power are scattered with all its beams." His heart went out, too, toward the sick, and toward orphan children, because these could not earn for themselves.

Therefore it was, that at his death, December 24th, 1873, when his will was read, it was found that he had left *seven million dollars* to found Johns Hopkins University and Hospital. It was a grand Christmas gift to a city, to the world at large. Broad and wise in his giving, he made no conditions, save that the principal should not be used for buildings; these were to be erected out of the income; and there was a request that there be several free scholarships for poor students from three States—Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina; and in the Hospital, which should be built only after careful investigations of similar institutions abroad, there should be a training-school for nurses; and

on another piece of land, he provided for an asylum for four hundred destitute or orphan colored children. Plans of the Hospital, which will be one of the working schools of the great University, are hung in the halls of Oxford and Cambridge, for the whole world is looking to see what the seven million dollars of the grocery boy will accomplish.

And what have they already accomplished? The trustees, whom Mr. Hopkins had selected and appointed, looked about the country for a president, and the choice fell upon the youthful leader of the University of California, who had married the daughter of President Woolsey of Yale College. When Doctor Gilman came to Baltimore, Johns Hopkins's sister said to him, "I had thought of an older man." He replied with a smile, "It is a fault which will mend daily. I assure you, madam, I will be as old as ever I can."

A letter recently received from one of the professors in the University says: "Johns Hopkins's knowledge of men was superb. He knew by a kind of instinct whom he could trust. But the wisest choice he ever made was that of Board of Trustees, and the Board has shown its sovereign sense in the choice of President Gilman."

The best professors possible have been secured: Professor Sylvester, to whom the Royal Society of London gave its highest scientific distinction, the Copley Medal, for the chair of mathematics; Professor Martin of Cambridge University, Biology; Doctor Haupt of

Göttingen, only thirty years of age, for Hebrew, Arabic, Assyrian, Ethiopic and other languages—in short, there now are forty-one able scholars on the academic staff. Students, most of them already graduated from other colleges, soon began to gather here for higher education in special lines of work. Of all who have studied at Johns Hopkins University, less than one-tenth have gone into business; a large proportion have become professors and instructors. Perhaps Johns Hopkins planned even better than he knew, when he threw his great pebble into the ocean of knowledge; the circles will go on widening forever.

The spirit of its founder certainly pervaded the institution. Six valuable journals are maintained by the University; in Mathematics, Chemistry, Philology, Biology, Historical and Political Science, and Logic. Much has been done in original research. Says a recent writer, "An idler is an unknown bird at the Johns Hopkins University. Its members are here, not for boating, base-ball playing, and hazing, but for work." The atmosphere is scholarly. For many years there has not been reason for any officer to censure a student for disorder or discourtesy.

Each year twenty Fellowships of five hundred dollars each are given to as many scholars of marked ability who are fitting themselves for a lifework of study. Among these recipients are Mitsura Kuhara and Kakichi Mitsukuri of the University of Tokio, Japan. Another is from the

University of France. Eighteen Honorary Hopkins's scholarships are distributed among those under-graduates who show great merit. The present college buildings are plain, but fine ones are to be permanently built at Clifton, a Baltimore suburb, with grounds several hundred acres in extent. This estate was Mr. Hopkins's country seat, where he walked and thought and saved and planned for his grand beneficence. He might have reared a magnificent granite shaft to himself; he might have lived in costly ease, but he has preferred a monument which will proclaim his name throughout the world. To be simply rich, is to be forgotten like thousands of other millionnaires; to give wealth like Johns Hopkins is to be remembered with honor and gratitude forever. Generations of boys will grow to be men, and their children's children will come into this busy world and go out, but the work of this "seven millions" will never be finished.

Amos and Abbott Lawrence
Two Honest Merchant Princes

(1786-1852, 1792-1855, America)

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."
—James Shirley.

In these speculative times, in which an unreasonable haste to be rich tempts young men to forsake the ancient paths of mercantile honor, and to adopt corrupt and corrupting methods for the swift acquisition of wealth, it is well for the young man just entering into business life to pause and study the characters of such merchant princes as that pair of noble brothers whose names stand at the head of this chapter. They were men whose successful career was based on the principle that "commerce is not a mercenary pursuit, but an honorable calling." And their vast business transactions were so conducted, from first to last, as to justify the Hon. Edward Everett in saying at the funeral of Abbott, the younger brother, "I am persuaded, that if the dome of the state-house, which towers over his residence in Park Street, had been coined into a diamond, and laid at his feet as the bribe of a dishonest transaction, he would have spurned it like the dust he trod on. His promise was a sacrament."

These eloquent words, as descriptive of the elder as of the younger Lawrence, were spoken in presence of gentlemen who had long known them both. And they did

not fall on their ears as empty sounds from the false lips of a flatterer, but as just tributes to a long mercantile career which was without a stain. The commercial men of Boston knew them to be true.

Amos and Abbott Lawrence were the sons of "good farmer people." Their parents, though not rich, were respectable, and were descended from a long line of reputable English ancestors. As far back as 1191 one of them, named Robert, displayed such chivalric courage while scaling the walls of Acre, in Syria, that Richard Cœur de Lion conferred upon him the honor of knighthood. In 1635 John Lawrence, the founder of the American branch of the family, came to Massachusetts with a company of Puritans, and settled, first in Watertown, and subsequently in Groton. In this latter town the Lawrences continued as prosperous and highly respected tillers of the soil from generation to generation. And on the family farm in Groton the subjects of this sketch were born; Amos, the elder brother, on the 22d of April, 1786, and Abbott, the fifth brother in the family, on December 16, 1792. The early years of both were spent in the ancestral homestead, which appears to have been made comfortable by the father's industry, and happy through the abounding affection of the mother and the religious spirit which reigned supreme over the household. Both boys enjoyed the benefits, first of the district school, and later on of the Groton Academy, until they were about fourteen years old. They were then taken from school and sent from

home to begin their battle with the difficulties of active life. Thus, you see, that neither of them was very greatly favored in boyhood with opportunities for intellectual culture. Both left the home of their childhood very superficially educated, without pecuniary means, and with no prospects of any position beyond what they might be able to attain by the honorable and diligent use of their own capabilities.

Yet, though destitute of pecuniary resources, and of the power which is developed by thorough education, they were not wholly without the best elements necessary to success. Better than inherited wealth was that ancestral blood, untainted with dishonor, which flowed in their veins. More valuable still were the sound principles, the pure examples, the Scriptural instructions, and the religious training given them by their yeoman father and their housewifely, affectionate mother. These constituted the warp and woof which made it possible for these boys to weave a manly and noble character if they so willed. And, as we shall presently see, they did so will. By resolutely coining right principles into right actions from the start, they speedily attained a character, out of which blossomed the fair reputation which started them on their unbroken career of mercantile prosperity.

We will now fix our attention on Amos, who was taken from Groton Academy when little more than thirteen years old, and placed as clerk in a country store at Dunstable, Massachusetts. The lad's health had never

been good; his weak constitution unfitted him for the rough manual labor of the farm. For that reason he was set to selling the thousand and one varieties which in those days constituted the stock in trade of a thriving, well-situated country store. He was transferred from the quiet fields of his father to a busy store which, being on a great and much-traveled road, leading from Boston to Canada, was much frequented, not by the citizens of Dunstable only, but also by travelers on the numerous old-fashioned stages constantly passing to and fro. Amos, whose poor health had often kept him out of school, had been a thoughtful, observant boy, given to reading, and he no doubt found much food for reflection in the reports of travelers and their comments thereupon. The business of the store was large and brisk. It was not, like many country stores, a spot of dull stagnation, but a place of much lively conversation. Hence, while the hands of the bright farmer's boy were kept busy putting up merchandise, his mind was also kept alive and growing.

Young Lawrence, instead of shrinking from his tasks, as many boys do, entered cheerfully and heartily into his duties. Such were his aptitudes for business, his truthfulness and fair dealing, his obvious integrity, and such the force of his character that, in less than two years, though there were several clerks in the store, he had become the real head of the business. Thus, while yet an almost penniless apprentice, he was unconsciously laying

the foundation, strong as adamant, on which his prosperity was subsequently built.

An important and interesting fact will show you how he wrought upon the work of character building. In his youth the habit of drinking alcoholic liquors was almost universal. Few thought of it as being either wrong or dangerous. Most persons thought their use necessary to health. In conformity with this general custom Amos Lawrence's employer furnished his clerks every morning, for lunch, with a drink compounded of rum, raisins, sugar, nutmeg, etc. Only four weeks after entering the store the boy noticed that as the hour for taking this tempting drink approached, he felt a strong longing for it. Suspecting this appetite to be a source of danger, fearing that it might grow into a habit too strong to be controlled, he said to himself one day, "I won't take that drink again for a week." This promise he kept, renewing it at the end of the week by saying, "I won't take it for a month." His next promise was for a year, and after that he said, "I won't take it so long as I am an apprentice." These promises were all faithfully kept; albeit it was his daily task to mix the drink, and his refusal to taste it subjected him to the jests, the taunts, and even the censures of his associates, and of all the frequenters of the store. And, it may be added, that as he treated alcoholic drink so, also, he treated tobacco. He ceased to use it because he saw that it tended to evil.

In this crucial experience the reader can see how the noble character of Amos Lawrence was built up. It was a

conflict between his appetite on one side, with his conscience and will on the other. His will took the side of his conscience, and refused submission to the dictates of his appetite. And it was by a similar alliance between his will and his conscience against every wrong appetite, impulse, and propensity, that his character grew into dignified strength, beauty, and uprightness. Thus his intentions, enlightened by his early instruction at the hearthside, and aided by God's grace, had led him into the path by which all truly good men attain excellence, honor, and heaven.

His apprenticeship honorably ended, behold him, in the month of April, 1807, on his way to Boston with his whole fortune of twenty dollars in his pocket. He is going thither to see if he can establish a credit with some Boston house sufficient to start a business for himself and a fellow clerk in his native town. With those twenty dollars he feels rich, but is scarcely conscious that he has within himself a possession that is far greater riches than the colossal fortune which he is destined to acquire—namely, his *character*. Yet so it was; and it was either through his reputation, gained in Dunstable, or by the impression made by his character in conversation that he was offered a clerkship in an old mercantile house. With the wisdom of a practical mind he accepted this offer, and remained in Boston.

His business abilities were so obvious to his new employers that, after a very short time they proposed to

admit him to their partnership. A flattering offer, truly; but, to their great surprise, he promptly declined it. Their surprise would have been greater had they known that his reason for declining was his discovery that they were not conducting their business on sound principles. Yet such was his reason, and their disastrous failure, a few months later, proved the shrewdness of his judgment and the wisdom of his action.

A few months in a city is a brief period in which to gain a reputation sufficient to enable a young man fresh from the country to obtain credit enough to stock a store with merchandise. Yet this is what our young merchant did when he became a dry-goods merchant in Cornhill, Boston.

His success at first was not brilliant, his profits for the first year amounting to only fifteen hundred dollars. The second year they were four thousand dollars. The times were not favorable for business, but by strict economy, by keeping accurate accounts of purchases and sales, by caution in buying, by selling for cash only, by strict integrity in every transaction, and by attention to details, he managed not only to live, but also to gradually enlarge his business into one of greater and growing dimensions. About a year and a half after Amos went to Boston he was joined by his brother Abbott, then fifteen years old. This lad, destined to win "distinction both as a merchant and a statesman," entered his brother's store "with his bundle under his arm and less than three dollars in his pocket!" A

beggarly outfit, surely; but, like Amos, the boy had a good and strong character for his capital. He was duly apprenticed to his elder brother, who, with a consciousness of the superiority of an elder brother, said of him, "A first-rate business man he was, but, like other bright lads, needed the careful eye of a senior to guard him from the pitfalls that he was exposed to." This naive assertion of seniority provokes a smile when one remembers that the patronizing senior was himself scarcely twenty-two summers old. One readily excuses it, however, when one recollects that in thoughtful gravity young Amos Lawrence was already as mature as a man in middle life.

Abbott proved so good a pupil and so faithful an apprentice that, in 1814, Amos generously admitted him into partnership, "on equal shares." In spite of the perilous embarrassments to trade, occasioned by the embittered relations of this country with England and by actual war, Amos had so prospered that he was able to put "fifty thousand dollars into the concern." But only three days after the co-partnership papers were signed threatening war news from Europe caused a great fall in goods. The brothers had a heavy stock on hand, bought at high prices. Ruin stared them in the face. Abbott was profoundly discouraged. His more experienced brother retained his courage, however, and seeing the anguish of his disheartened junior partner, said to him: "If you are afraid we shall be wrecked, I am not. If you desire it, I will cancel

our agreement, give you your note, and pay you five thousand dollars for your services at the end of the year."

To this noble offer Abbott replied, "No. You will lose more than that. Having enlisted with you, I will stand by you and do the best I can."

This manly courage had its reward. The rare skill of Amos piloted their imperiled business bark safely through the tempestuous period. Many commercial houses were wrecked, but that of Amos and Abbott Lawrence outlived the storm, and when peace was established in 1815 it was strong, both in itself and in public confidence. Honorable conduct, rare business ability, conscientious refusal to do business on a speculative basis, and superior commercial forecast had enabled it not merely to live, but also to enter vigorously on a career of enviable and sure prosperity.

Abbott went to Europe to represent their house in the first ship that sailed from America at the close of the war. He was then only two and twenty years old, but his movements in the English markets were so rapid, and his purchases so judicious, that Amos wrote him: "I really feel a little proud, my dear brother, of your conduct." It was evident to him that Abbott, like himself, was gifted with a genius for commercial life.

When Amos Lawrence was twenty-five years old he was married to Miss Sarah Richards, a lady who had been the playmate of his childhood, and was an intimate friend of his sisters. The following extract from a letter to his

sister shows that, in choosing this lady for his wife, he was attracted to her, not by merely superficial accomplishments, but by her noble qualities of mind and heart. Here are his golden words:

"Here I can not but observe the infinite advantage of good sense and good principles over the merely elegant accomplishments of fashionable education. By the latter we may be fascinated for a time, but they will afford no satisfaction in retrospection. The former you are compelled to respect and to love. Such qualities are possessed by Sarah."

O wise merchant! He chose his wife as he did his goods. In buying the latter he sought quality, not appearance only; and it was the high mental and pure moral qualities which constitute the true woman that attracted him to the lady who became his wife. Were all marriages formed on this principle of selection unhappy homes would be rare exceptions. Unfortunately for Amos Lawrence this admirable woman fell a victim to consumption in 1819, "leaving her husband overwhelmed with grief," and plunging him into the gloomy depths of despondency, from which he escaped by taking an extensive tour through Virginia and the Middle States. New scenes and the stirring disputations of the times at length diverted his thoughts and restored his mind to its wonted cheerfulness. After two years spent as a widower he took Mrs. Nancy Ellis, the widow of Judge Ellis, to wife. This second choice was also wisely made. The lady was

wealthy, the marriage was eminently happy, and during the twenty years invalidism which clouded Mr. Lawrence's later life, she was his faithful, affectionate, self-sacrificing companion and counselor.

This pair of noble brothers, acting on the same lofty business principles, continued to push their business with energy, sound judgment, and success, until they became the leading importers of Boston. When New England began to manufacture, their house zealously pushed her wares into the market, and from 1830 became largely interested as proprietors in the great mills of Lowell and other towns. Thus their business grew into vast proportions, and their income became princely. Both brothers were gifted with an "intuitive insight into the characters of men," with sound judgment, and an openness of character which won favor on the slightest acquaintance, and acquired the confidence of the community in the highest degree. Hence they made few mistakes. They ran risks, of course, but only such as naturally arise out of the changeful nature of human circumstances. Of the uncertainties of modern speculation, caused by the gambling practices of the various exchanges of the day, they had little experience, since both brothers conscientiously abstained from all such speculations. Both of them acted on the theory expressed in the following letter, written by Amos when he was traveling, to Abbott, who was running the business at home:

"When I see how people in other places are doing business, I feel that we have reason to thank God that we are not obliged to do as they do, but are following that regular and profitably safe business that allows us to sleep well of nights, and eat the bread of industry and quietness. The more I see of the changes produced by violent speculations, the more satisfied I am that our maxims are the only true ones for a life together. Different maxims may prove successful for a part of life, but will frequently produce disastrous results, just at the time we stand most in need—that is, when life is on the wane and a family is growing around us."

Another principle which guided these great merchants was finely put by Abbott Lawrence to Edward Everett who, when about to address a mercantile association, had asked him, "What shall I say to the young men?"

"Tell them," said Mr. Lawrence, "that commerce is not a mercenary pursuit, but an honorable calling."

Well could Mr. Lawrence afford to say this, since his firm had been built upon "the adamantine basis of probity—beyond reproach, beyond suspicion."

It is no cause for wonder that the house of Amos and Abbott Lawrence stood unmoved when political and social changes shook the financial foundations of other firms, and toppled them in hopeless ruin to the ground. And young men of to-day do well to reflect, that nothing can long endure which is not founded on the divinely-

appointed foundation of probity, honor, and unselfishness. God and nature are hostile to every structure that is built on the sinking sand of selfishness.

Men of such conspicuous success and exalted character could not fail to attract public attention as persons fitted to perform valuable political service. Accordingly, though averse to political activity and associations, Mr. Amos Lawrence was elected, in 1821, without his own co-operation, to a seat in the Massachusetts Legislature. The duties of this office he performed with eminent practical ability, but failed to acquire any taste for political life.

Abbott, however, though never specially devoting himself to politics, took great interest in political questions, and displayed uncommon ability for public duties. Hence, without seeking the honor, he was elected to Congress in 1834, and again in 1839. In 1842 he represented Massachusetts in the Commission on the Northeastern Boundary, and contributed very essentially to the peaceful solution of the vexed questions therein involved. In 1849, under President Taylor, he went to England as United States minister to that court. In this exalted and difficult position he achieved a success so decided and conspicuous that, says Mr. Freeman Hunt, "it may be doubted whether, since the mission of Dr. Franklin, any minister of the United States has accomplished a diplomatic success greater than must be awarded to Mr. Lawrence."

The remarkable feature of his success is, that it was the legitimate fruit of self-culture, of lofty character, and honorable conduct. This farmer's son, with scant school education, by diligent reading in spare hours, and by close observation of men whom he met in business circles, had fitted himself to move with dignity in the aristocratic circles which adorned the court of England. By the transparent purity of his character he commanded their respect. Untainted by the Machiavelianism of diplomacy he proved himself the equal of men trained to diplomatic duties, and by straightforward executive skill he secured for his country all that her honor and interest demanded at a very critical period in her history. Thus, by a diligent use of originally limited opportunities Abbott Lawrence won high and honorable standing among the great men of his day.

Possibly his brother Amos, had he retained vigorous health, might have overcome his aversion to the duties of political life, and have won distinction as a legislator or diplomat. But, after the 1st of June, 1831, his ill health cut him off from further solicitation in that direction. On that day, while busy in his counting-room, he took a drink of cold water. Alarming illness seized him. His stomach had become suddenly and permanently disordered. For many days he was thought to be on the margin of the grave. From this perilous state he partially rallied, but was doomed to be more or less of an invalid to the day of his death. From this time the business of the great mercantile

establishment, created and thus far principally guided by his genius, was chiefly managed by his noble and efficient brother. And, inspired by the spirit of his Divine Master, Amos henceforth gave much of his thought and time to making such a use of his large wealth and of his still vigorous intellectual powers "as would promote the welfare of his fellow creatures."

How grandly he gave appears in the fact that, during the last twenty-four years of his life, his gifts amounted to the magnificent sum of six hundred and thirty-nine thousand dollars, "more than five-sixths of which," he said, "was applied in making other people feel happy ; and it is no trouble to find objects for all I have to spare." Much, though not most, of this princely sum was given to educational institutions. Mr. Lawrence aimed to be both wise and liberal in his splendid charities.

With such benevolent work in his willing hands, and with established habits of reading, reflection, and prayer, it is not surprising that, despite his sufferings, he grew old gracefully. How could the spirits of such a large-minded man flag? That he retained his cheerfulness and enjoyment of life to the last is proven, among other evidences, by a letter he wrote when near his end, in which he said: "My life has been protracted beyond all my friends' expectations, and almost beyond even my own hopes, yet I enjoy the days with all the zest of early youth, and feel myself a spare hand to do such work as the Master lays before me." This, from a man sixty-seven years old,

who had not dared to eat a full meal for fifteen years, is assuredly proof demonstrative that his heart had learned to drink of that divine fountain which springs up to everlasting life.

Amos Lawrence passed out of the present life on the morning of the last day of the year 1852. After family devotions he retired to his bed the previous evening, asking his attendant about the welfare of a poor family which he had recently aided. His wife looked in upon him shortly after, and found him lying peacefully and apparently breathing out a silent prayer. Two hours later a paroxysm of his accustomed pain caused the family to rise to his aid. The pain fled before the usual remedies, and his spirit soon fled also. "He quietly breathed his last without having awakened to consciousness after his first sleep." He gave no sign in dying. It was not needed. His honorable, pure, religious, charitable life had already taught the world to know him as a Christian—the highest style of man.

Abbott Lawrence survived his brother nearly three years. After his return from the British court in 1852 he pursued his business as before, expending liberal sums on various objects of charity and education. Like his brother, he was a princely giver. In recognition of his interest in the cause of scientific education the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on him by both Harvard University and Williams College. In June, 1855, he was seized with a sickness which terminated his life on the

18th of the following month, he being then in the sixty-third year of his age.

All Boston was moved to grief by his death, as it had been when his brother died three years before. The public demonstrations were more marked, however, in his case because of his more public relations to the State. He was known not only as a great merchant and a liberal giver, but also as a statesman whose dignity of character and judicious diplomacy had honored his country abroad. Hence, public feeling sought expression at a vast gathering in Faneuil Hall, through the lips of such orators as Messrs. Stevenson, Robert C. Winthrop, and Edward Everett. On that impressive occasion, after speaking in detail of his many public and private virtues, Mr. Stevenson said: "The corner-stone of his character was a firm religious belief. He was a devout Christian, and an unshaken Christian faith supported him after the hope of a longer life here was gone."

Mr. Winthrop, among many other eulogistic words, said: "He had become, at the hour of his death, the most important person in our community… His name was a tower of strength to every good cause, and it was never given to a bad one."

Edward Everett, speaking of his truthful nature, said that, when the departed merchant was considering President Taylor's offer of the mission to England, he had consulted him. Among his other questions he had asked

him whether there was any real foundation for the ancient epigrammatic jest that "an ambassador is a person sent to a foreign government to tell lies for his own," adding, that "if that was the case his mind was made up; he had never yet told a lie, and was not going to begin at the age of fifty-six." … "I will say of him," said Everett, "what was said of his lamented brother Amos, that every day of his life was a blessing to somebody."

It rarely happens that two brothers are so nearly like images cast in the same mold as were these noble merchants. In their love of active employment, in business tact, in executive force, in their cautious, yet enterprising, mercantile judgment, in immovable adherence to the loftiest business principles, in that personal power which invites the confidence of other men, in probity, in benevolence, and in public spirit they so nearly resembled each other that their lives, though so intimately related, flowed smoothly, side by side, like quiet streams, undisturbed by impeding rocks or dashing falls. Their harmony was unbroken by any unfraternal discords. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives," they were divided only for a brief period by death. Being both Christians, the religious faith that molded their lives and gave such moral elevation to their vast business enterprises, also gave them that "right to the tree of life," which is guaranteed by the promise of the Father to every one who believes in the Son. And, in these days of rampant speculation, when the commercial life of the country is so sapped by the subtle,

yet daring, spirit of corruption, that honest men find it difficult to maintain their principles and thrive, the example of these noble brothers is worthy to be studied and imitated. To the young business man it is an incentive to a determination to reap no profit that is tainted with even the odor of dishonesty, and to prefer small gains, made by honorable dealing, to great riches dishonorably won, seeing that we have divine authority for believing that, despite appearances to the contrary, "Better is a little with righteousness, than great revenues without right." Besides this consideration, is another—namely, that it would be a noble ambition for any young Christian merchant so to use his business gifts as to despise existing speculative methods, and to demonstrate to his generation that it is still possible to repeat the experiences of the Lawrence brothers and to secure great revenues by righteousness.

Frederich Perthes

(1772-1843, Germany)

In the year 1772 the town of Rudolfstadt was the chief city of one of the small German states. It was built upon the river Saale, and in view of the beautiful Thuringian mountains, on the heights of which the Castle of Schwartzburg stood, to defend the country in time of invasion. Such a time was then just over. The terrible Seven Years' War, of which you may have heard, had not long since come to an end; but it had left behind it the miseries which always follow after battle—a fearful pestilence and a famine, from which hundreds of the people died.

No one was surprised at these troubles. They were a natural consequence of the times through which the country-had just passed. One can easily believe that if people are occupied in preparations for defence, and in battles against invaders, they have no time to sow their seed and reap their crops; so the harvest fails, and the pastures are ruined and destroyed by the enemy's army. Then when the fearful battles are over, and dead men and horses lie buried in heaps below the sods, the winds blowing across the fields become tainted and unwholesome, and carry disease instead of health to those living near at hand.

This year of 1772 was sometimes called 'the great hunger year;' and the people of Rudolfstadt were

suffering, as were so many other people in other towns on the continent of Europe. It was no wonder in such times that when the father of a family died, he had no money to leave his wife and children for their support; and so it happened that when Christopher Frederich Perthes, a young lawyer of Rudolfstadt, died suddenly, his widow and her little baby were left without any means of living. They had some relations in the town, but these were all almost as poor as themselves; so the young widow went out as nurse to some richer people who needed her services, and could pay for them; and her old mother took care of the little boy till she died, which happened when he was seven years old. The child was named Frederich, after his father. How the mother must have longed to keep him with her, and try to train him to become as good a man as her husband had been. We can fancy in the quiet hours, as she sat watching by the sick-bed of the patient whom she nursed, how her thoughts would turn to the boy, and to the happy time when she would find her lost treasures safe in heaven.

When his grandmother died, a new home opened for the lonely child. In a little house in Rudolfstadt lived Ferdinand Heubel, his mother's brother. He was a young man, and poor, living on a small sum which he received from some office he held in the service of the Prince. His sister Caroline kept house for him, and this good uncle and aunt gladly adopted the little boy, and made a happy home for him with them.

Frederich was very like many English boys living now. He was not at all clever. It is said that he had no memory for numbers, and no talent for learning languages, so that when he was sent at twelve years of age to the large school or gymnasium in Rudolfstadt, although he had spent much time in lessons with his uncle, and had been carefully taught with other boys whose tutor's lectures he had shared, yet he was more ignorant than most of his schoolfellows, and did not know enough to prepare him for his work at school But you must not think of him as idle. He had a great love of reading, and the old books in the Court library, to which he was allowed to go, were a great delight to him. One of these was a history of the world, in several huge volumes. Another was a book of travels by land and water, in one-and-twenty volumes. In this way he gained a great amount of information, and his steady perseverance seems to prove that his slowness at school arose from no fault of his own.

I should think it must have been a disappointment to him sometimes to see his schoolfellows carry home their prizes, and find himself always low down in the class. But his friends were very patient with him; they saw he did his best, and probably they remembered that the best education is not always marked by a high place in school. Frederich was learning perseverance and humility; and in after years he was able to look back to that happy home with his uncle and aunt, and see how he learned from them

a horror of any kind of evil-doing, that kept him safe when he was afterwards often in temptation.

Into his quiet life many great pleasures and excitements did not come; but all the more, on that account, he learned to value any little change or treat that came in his way. It is a great thing to be able to find happiness in the small interests and everyday joys of life; and sometimes even children lose the power of doing so when they are used to many larger treats and pleasures. So poverty brought some blessings to this boy of whom you are reading, and he learned to make the most of and value thoroughly every little blessing that he had.

His greatest pleasure was to spend his holidays among the beautiful Thuringian mountains, that were to be seen from Rudolfstadt. His uncle, John David Heubel, lived in the old Castle of Schwartzburg, as bailiff to the Prince. Day after day he used to wander with his uncle over the hills and through the pine forests, and visit with him the huts of the fowlers who caught the wild birds on the estate. You can guess what a delight it must have been to this town-bred boy to hear the birds' songs in the woods, and feel the fresh winds blowing over the mountain tops; and at night, tired with the long ramblings he had enjoyed by day, to fall asleep, lulled by the roar of the torrent that flowed deep down in the valley below the old castle walls. He learned in these visits to Schwartzburg to love the country dearly, and to know much about plants and stones; and something, too, of the wonderful instincts and

habits of the living creatures in the woods. They became like friends to him, and he could no more have robbed a bird's nest, or teased a helpless animal, than he could have injured the relations with whom he lived, who were so good to him.

So his life passed, sometimes at school, and sometime in this old castle upon the mountains, until he was fourteen years of age. He was thought old enough then to earn his living and to work his own way in the world. It was a difficulty to find money to keep him longer at school. Besides, he made so little progress, though he worked his hardest, that to do so seemed an unwise act.

What had he to take with him to help him on in life? He had very little learning and no money; but he had a dread of evil-doing, and a love of goodness, and a persevering, patient spirit, and a kindly feeling for every living thing. In addition, his heart was full of gratitude to his friends who had brought him up, and he had a longing to be worthy of their care, and to be diligent and honest, if he could be nothing else in the world. The question was, to what trade should he be apprenticed? His love of reading was so great, that to be a bookseller seemed the most fitting employment he could have. He knew very little about the business, however, for Rudolfstadt, though a large town, contained no bookseller.

It was a great event to him, you may be sure, when Sirach, the printer of Rudolfstadt, offered to take him to

the great fair held at the town of Leipsig, many miles away, that they might seek a bookseller there willing to have him as an apprentice. Leipsig was nearly two days' journey from Rudolfstadt They travelled by open coach, and Frederich felt as if he were indeed seeing the world when they passed two nights in strange towns upon the way. The fair at Leipsig was the great meeting-place of the year, where shopkeepers and merchants assembled to sell their wares and make bargains; so it offered a good opportunity for finding the wished-for situation.

Among the crowds of people in the large marketplace Frederich felt very shy. He kept close to Sirach; and when the printer had finished his own business, and had begun to talk to different booksellers about the errand on which he had brought the boy, Frederich felt very anxious, lest he should be thought too ignorant or too young.

The first bookseller, who was in want of an apprentice, spoke kindly to him, and asked him some simple questions about the Latin grammar. Poor Frederich, whose knowledge did not lie there, could not answer him, and the bookseller said he must have an older and wiser boy. Another bookseller, also seeking an apprentice, was a tall, thin man, in a red overcoat which reached down to his boots. He was a strange, gaunt figure, and Frederich, who had seen little of the world, was frightened at the thought of such a master, and could not say a word. 'He is too shy for the book-trade,' said the tall man to Sirach, and turned away in search of a bolder lad. Poor Frederich began to

despair. He thought how sad it would be to have spent so much money over his journey, and to go home again without the promise of a situation. He did not want to be a burden on his uncle any more, and he said to himself, 'If some one would only try me, they should find I could work well.'

It happened that in Leipsig lived the bookseller who supplied the Rudolfstadt library with books. This bookseller, whose name was Boehme, knew both the printer Sirach and Frederich's uncle; and believing that the boy whom they recommended was certain to be trustworthy, agreed to take him, but not until a year was over. He looked at present too small a boy and not strong enough for the work he would be required to do; but in twelve months' time there was more chance that he would suit.

So Frederich went back to Rudolfstadt with the printer, and waited until he was fifteen years old. Then he set out for Leipsig again, this time by himself. Before he went, however, a paper was drawn up and signed by his uncle and the bookseller,—a common arrangement in those days,—each making certain promises with regard to the young apprentice. This German bookseller believed that something more than diligence and good business habits was needful for success in trade. He believed that religion must enter into everyday employments, and that work done in a shop or office could only be rightly done by one who loved God and tried to please Him. So he

promised to teach the boy, not only the bookselling trade, but also how to live virtuously and in the fear of God. His uncle, on his side, promised to supply him with clothes during his apprenticeship, to warn him to be anxious to serve his master honestly, to be pious, industrious, and cheerful, to go to church regularly, to avoid bad company, and to fulfil all the duties of a faithful apprentice.

It was a cold, rainy September day when Frederich left his uncle's home in Rudolfstadt. He carried a little bundle of clothing with him, and felt rather dismal as he sat in the open mail-coach, without even the kind printer who had travelled with him the year before. On the 11th of September, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he reached Leipsig, and found his way to his new master's door. The house was a small one in Nicholas Street. Frederich's room, which he was to share with another apprentice, was a tiny attic up four flights of stairs. It had a small window in the roof, from which only sky was to be seen; two beds, a table, two trunks, two stools, and a stove filled up the attic, so that there was hardly room to turn.

Mr. Boehme met him with the words: 'Why, boy, you are no bigger than you were a year ago! but we will make a trial of it, and see how we get on together.' This was not encouraging; but he and his family gave the boy a kind welcome, and in the evening the bookseller wrote to tell Frederich's friends that he had arrived safely.

In a few days Frederich had discovered that this was no easy situation to which he had come. Many an English boy when his school-days are over, and he goes out to serve in a shop or at a trade, finds it at first weary work to run all the errands that he is sent, and to keep his temper when hasty words are spoken to him. Often, too, an English girl in her first place grows tired of the heavy baby she has to nurse, and the hard work she has to do. She is tempted to be idle and sullen, and longs to give it all up, and to wander out in the sunshine, and have nothing to do but to amuse herself the whole day long. This German boy must have found many things hard to bear at first; but he was not afraid of hardships, and wrote cheerful letters home. He kept steadily before him the thought of all that his friends had done for him, and what they hoped from him, and thus he was able to make light of burdens that would have been very wearing if he had had only himself to think about.

His work began at seven o'clock in the morning, and lasted till eight o'clock at night. Most of the time he was occupied in going errands to other shops in the town, in search of books required by his master's customers. This work was all very well in the summer; but through the winter months, when the climate is very severe in Leipsig, he often got wet through, and after dusk shivered on the stone floor of the cold warehouse, where no fire was ever lighted. The bookseller himself was a strong, hardy man, who never knew what it was to be ill. If he were cold, he

stamped his feet and rubbed his hands, and his apprentices were expected to do the same. Perhaps, too, he did not bear in mind how hungry a growing boy becomes, for Frederich suffered sadly from hunger, a cup of tea and a little halfpenny roll being all the food that was given to him to support him in his work through all the morning hours of each day.

Another trouble was the irritable temper of his master. The small mistakes which in his ignorance of the business Frederich could not at first avoid making, brought forth storms of passion and abuse, and though Mr. Boehme regretted them afterwards, the anger was hard to bear at the time. In his own mind Frederich made excuses for this failing, for he soon discovered the great troubles that weighed upon his master's mind. The bookseller's wife, sad to tell, had fallen into intemperate habits, and the house and children were neglected.

We can imagine the sorrow this terrible sin of drunkenness brought into the home which might have been so happy. We all know, too well, how it destroys the reason and the self-control, and makes a human being sink lower and lower, till he is ready to commit any crime. It was little wonder if the poor bookseller was sometimes almost beside himself with trouble, when he saw the wife whom he loved so dearly losing her womanhood, and all that was once so sweet and lovable, and his little children growing up without a mother whose example they could follow and respect. Frederich wrote sadly when he spoke

of this in his letters home. He was sorry that there seemed no way for him to lessen the trouble, and he longed to help to mend matters if he could.

Five months passed away, and the winter was nearly over. The shopkeepers in Leipsig had begun to like the cheerful, willing errand-boy, and they pitied him when they saw him limping along through the rain and cold, his feet lamed by the chilblains which the wet walks and cold warehouse had caused. At last he could not walk at all, and the nearest surgeon was sent for. For nine weeks after this the boy lay in the little attic unable to move. He grew very home-sick, and thought longingly of his friends in Rudolfstadt, and of the beautiful hills and woods at Schwartzburg. Sometimes, when he lay sleepless at nights, or woke in the early morning, he fancied he heard his uncle's voice calling to the dogs, and he seemed to see again the winding paths over the hills, and the torrent rushing down among the rocks.

One of the bookseller's six children was a girl named Frederica, at this time twelve years old. She had always liked the kind-hearted boy who was so good-natured to her and her brothers and sisters, and who seemed so sorry for the sad times through which they sometimes passed. She pitied him in his loneliness, lying in the attic up so many flights of stairs, and used to bring her knitting and sit by his bedside, and listen to his tales about his home and the rambles he used to have with his uncle, in the holidays he spent at Schwartzburg. Sometimes she told

him of the worries in her daily life, which seemed to grow lighter when they were shared with some one else; and a strong friendship grew up between the children.

On the floor of the attic lay some large volumes of an old history of Italy, dusty and battered with age, for which the bookseller had not been able to find a purchaser. During the nine weeks the little girl patiently read several of the volumes aloud to Frederich, who was as eager for any book he could obtain as he used to be in the old library of the Court at Rudolfstadt She never stopped to think how dull the old book was, or how difficult to read the old-fashioned spelling; and she never thought how much pleasanter it must be in the open air and sunshine, than in the gloomy attic with its crowded furniture. When Frederich was well again and able to go about his work, you may be sure he did not forget her patience, and the kind way in which she had cheered so many hours; and the friendship which was thus begun did not end with his illness. He tried to help her in her anxieties, and to lighten her burdens in any way he could, bore with the greatest patience her father's ill-humour, and tried to keep peace in the little family which had such a heavy trouble to bear.

Until he was just about to leave, Frederich found no young companions in Leipsig beside Frederica and his fellow-apprentice, who was named Rabenhorst. Rabenhorst was four years older than himself, and, like the bookseller, had a very irritable temper. At first, Frederich used, without intending it, to provoke him half-a-dozen

times in an hour; and he found it difficult to learn not to return a hasty answer, or try for the last word in an argument. But he managed so well that every one was surprised to see how they suited each other; and Rabenhorst liked him much, and was really a good friend to him, teaching him many things in the business, and urging him to use his time rightly and to be steady in his work. In eighteen months Rabenhorst left Leipsig, having passed through his apprenticeship, and Frederich missed him very much.

The other apprentices in the town were very unlike Rabenhorst. They used to spend Sunday, their only holiday, in merry-making, and often in some tavern. Frederich, who had been taught so differently by his uncle and aunt, shrank from this evil-doing which he could not mend. How well it would have been if all the booksellers in Leipsig had thought, as Mr. Boehme did, that it was not enough for a boy to learn the trade only, but that he must try to serve God in his bookselling! If there had been this thought among them, the young apprentices would have been taught to lead better and happier lives.

Frederich tried to teach himself French and English when his working hours were over. Rabenhorst had often said to him that to make a good bookseller he ought to be able to read the books that were being published in other languages besides his own. So, after nine o'clock, he used to shut himself up in his attic, and read the grammar and learn lists of words; but he was so weary with his hard day's

work that he often fell asleep, and the book dropped from his hand. He had no money by which he might gain the help of a master,—the little money he had was scarcely enough to provide him with shoes. His uncle's half-worn clothes were made up again for him, and his linen was sent by a carrier once a fortnight to Rudolfstadt to be washed and mended by his aunt Once a year, two dollars were given to him as pocket money, and we hear how he saved them to buy a greatcoat to protect him in his cold, wet walks. 'I must have a greatcoat at Michaelmas,' he wrote to his uncle, 'and then the old dollars must spin. Hurrah! I have the two still; but I shall look my last at them then.'

Notwithstanding his poverty and his hard work, and the troubles and worries he met with, he was very happy during the years he spent at Leipsig. Six months before the full time for which he had been apprenticed was over, a bookseller at Hamburg, who, when he came to attend the book-fairs at Leipsig, had seen the boy's industry and willingness, offered him a place in his shop; and Mr. Boehme was so satisfied with him, that he would not let him lose so good a chance, and released him from the remainder of his time.

Frederich was very glad to think that now he should be dependent on no one; he would be able to earn his own living, and in time to help other people also. But he was very thankful for the six years of 'earnest striving,' as he called the time he had spent as an apprentice in Leipsig. He had learned his trade there, and he had learned better

things with it: to keep his temper, to bear hardships, to fight against temptations, and to keep out of bad company. He had gained some happy thoughts at Leipsig, too, which were like good companions to him as he went his errands to the booksellers about the town; for he used to ponder as he walked on books he had been reading in his quiet attic at night, or on Sundays when he had a holiday from his work.

You must know that in Germany a great many books were written and read which were called philosophical books. There was a wide-spread love of wisdom, which is the meaning of this word philosophy, among certain of the German people, and they used to have many puzzles about the beautiful world we live in and the great Maker of it, and about our own minds and our strange lives, and where our home will be and what we shall become after death. Frederich used to find some of these books in the warehouse, and his master let him read them, as he was always careful with those that were lent to him. They led him to think about his own life and the puzzles he found in it. He used to wonder why this work in bookshops in a noisy town was given to him to do, instead of a country life, such as the fowler's boys had who were at work on the Prince's estate round Schwartzburg Castle. Still more, he wondered why the bookseller and his children had to bear such a heavy trouble, and why the poor mother had been allowed to come into the way of temptation to drink, if, as

he was sure must be true, there was a good Providence over all.

He remembered how, when he was a schoolboy at Rudolfstadt, and was so dull and stupid that he was always low in the class and gained no prizes, he was taught that there was still something to try for; if he could not be clever, yet he could be good, and he must keep before himself the aim of growing every year better, and truer, and holier than the last. He puzzled over it until he began to see a meaning in it all, and believed that life was given to us by God to teach us to grow gradually perfect, and that, like children in a school, we are all pressing forwards to the same hope and aim; and the troubles we have to bear, and the temptations we have to fight against, are really meant to make us holy, just as the hard lessons in our schooldays are meant to make us wise. The thought of how he had failed in his school lessons made him feel great pity for those people who were weak and fell into sin; and he used to be glad to think that some time a chance would come for even them to grow strong and good; so that everything was for the best, and would end well for all. But to himself he used to say when he had failed in any way: 'If other people had the same impulses to good as you have, they would certainly have acted better.'

I must tell you about one thing that caused him trouble before he left Leipsig. Not long after Rabenhorst went, a new apprentice, named Nessig, came to live at the bookseller's house. He was a merry, clever youth, who

amused every one by his lively talk; and Frederich found that he, with his quieter ways and rather silent manner, was often unnoticed and left on one side, while even his old friend Frederica seemed to forsake him for a time to laugh and talk with Nessig. Here was just one of the lessons which the philosophy of books and his own thoughts had taught Frederich that he was here on earth to learn. He felt cross, and as if he would like to do Nessig some ill turn. It was hard work to overcome this jealous feeling; but what was the use of all his good thoughts, if he did not carry them out in deeds? There was nothing for it but overcoming his ill-will, doing some kindness to Nessig the first time he had a chance, and trying to make a friend of him and rejoice in his good fortune. A kind act done to a person towards whom we feel unkindly soon changes our feelings, and Frederich and Nessig soon became friends. When he left Leipsig, he was glad to think that Frederica still had some one near her who could help her in her troubles, and he told Nessig of many little ways in which he might be able to be of use and comlort to her.

In 1793, at Easter, Frederich left Leipsig with Mr. Hoffman in his travelling carriage. The journey to Hamburg was a longer one than he had yet made. The fresh spring tints by day, and the moonlight nights, gave him great delight. When they came to the country which is watered by the river Elbe, it seemed like one large garden to him, after the smoky grass and town-grown trees to which he had been accustomed in Leipsig. They

were ferried in a large boat across the mouth of the Elbe, and after a little more travelling found themselves in the beautiful town of Hamburg. A clear, wide river flowed through the middle of its streets. Close to the town was pretty country, through which the Elbe wound among meadows and under shady trees, till it was lost in the great North Sea which lay not very far away. 'It was something to feel this country at hand, even if he had no time to visit it,' thought Frederich.

Certainly he had not many leisure hours. The bookseller's shop was not closed till nine o'clock in the evening, and once a week they were obliged to sit up half the night. But sometimes there were holidays given to them, and then Frederich, with young companions of whom he found a large number, used to go sailing down the river Elbe, singing and enjoying the sunshine and the rippling of the waves.

The German people have many more pleasures of this kind than we English people have, and in Hamburg it was the custom to spend holiday hours in the open air. To Frederich at first it was very delightful to find himself among young people, for he had had few companions of his own age since his school-days were over. With flags flying, amid laughter and joking, the merry party used to spend some hours in a boat on the river, finding pleasant shady nooks where they could land to picnic on the grass, and return in the cool of the evening to Hamburg. The summer passed quickly away, and for the time, philosophy

and French and English grammars had less attention than when he lived at Leipsig.

It was not strange, however, that Frederich, who had been used to the society of wise books and grave thoughts, grew weary of the endless joking and merriment of his new companions, and began to wish for more earnest and sober friends. It seemed to him a waste of the precious leisure hours to spend them thus, when he was so ignorant and there lay so much before him to be learned. The young girls, who appeared at first so charming, cared for nothing but laughter and foolish talk; and he could not help thinking how much better it would be if they would use the influence they possessed for some higher and better aim, and cared sometimes to be in earnest, and to lead those who talked and laughed with them to be in earnest too.

Frederich still wrote long letters, as he had always done, to his uncle and aunt, and told them all that happened to him. They were very glad at length to hear from him that he had found three friends in Hamburg who were all he wished his friends to be. They were about his own age, between twenty and twenty-five years old; but they had had more time and opportunity than himself for reading, and they were cleverer and wiser than he. They liked him, however, when they saw what he was wishing to become, and how eager he was to improve himself, and to learn all he could from books and the experience of other people. They had another reason, too, for liking

him, and for wishing to make a friend of him; a reason which made them say to one another, 'Though he is small and slender, and looks like a boy, after all little Perthes has the most manly spirit of us all.' Can you guess why they said this? The fact was they had two or three times seen how strong his will for goodness and right action was, and how it gave him power even over rough men when they were doing wrong, and over stubborn determined people who tried to tempt him to be less truthful or less honest than he knew he ought to be.

These three friends were a great contrast to the giddy boys and girls who invited him to their pleasure parties down the Elbe. Frederich was grateful for their invitation; but he never regretted the loss of the pleasant sail and the music and the merry picnic dinner, when he spent his leisure hours in more sober talk with his wiser friends, or in reading books which should make him a better companion for them. These holiday hours, however, were few and far between, and Frederich felt each day more and more that his time must be given to his business, and that he could make very little progress in study. He used to console himself by the hope that some time in years to come, when he had worked long and hard, perhaps he might go to live in some quiet country place, and, surrounding himself with books, read to his heart's content. But that was only a dream. Meanwhile he must live in the busy present, and his life became, as you will hear, more full of interests and cares.

After he had been three years in Hamburg, the notion came to him, that as he now knew the bookselling trade well, if he could begin a business of his own, he should be in a more useful and better position than when serving other masters, as he was doing at present. But he was very poor, as you know, and his relations had no money to lend him. How could this be done? It was a question he often asked himself. You shall hear how he managed it.

In the first place, it was no longer needful, as was once the case, for a bookseller to spend a large sum of money in filling his shop with a number of books that perhaps he might never be able to sell again. Publishers in Germany were willing to trust an honest bookseller with a stock of volumes, to take back those he did not sell, and to pay him a certain sum for those he sold. Frederich Perthes had a good character. Every one who knew him spoke well of him, and his old master in Leipsig and his later master in Hamburg told gladly of the honest, upright way in which he had served them. Publishers were therefore willing to trust him with their books, and some rich men in Hamburg offered to lend him money, which he could repay to them when his business began to succeed. His old friend Nessig, about whom you have heard at Leipsig, became his partner, a young Hamburg merchant joined them, and they opened a bookseller's shop in the town, which was filled with the best and choicest books.

It was an anxious, busy time for Frederich when he was opening this new business, and you will think he had not

many holidays to spend either in sailing down the Elbe or with his three friends; for there were journeys which must be made to different publishers, and book-fairs to attend, so that he was often obliged to be much away from Hamburg. Still he had often spoken of his hopes, and aims, and if his friends could not help him, he knew that they were wishing him success.

Of course, one of his designs in beginning this business of his own was to make money and a place for himself in the world. Every young man wishes to do that. But he had another hope, which was much stronger. You must know that while he was an apprentice, he had learned a great deal about the character of the people in the towns to which his master sent their books. He had observed that in the towns where there was no bookseller's shop—and there were many such places then in Germany—the inhabitants had very little love for reading. He observed, too, that in towns which had a bookseller, if the bookseller was a wise and educated man, good, first-class books were bought; but if he were a man of low tastes, and ignorant, then bad, worthless books only were bought. This discovery made him think how much influence a bookseller might have upon the German people, and made him wish above all things to be wise in choosing books, and to spread among them only those that were really good. 'Germany is full of wretched, bad books,' he said one day; 'it will never be improved till booksellers care for something better than gold.'

But he was not content to wait idly for the coming of that distant time. 'Rather,' thus he wrote to a friend, 'let us first see we are ourselves what we ought to be; let us also increase our knowledge, and try as much as possible to win for our opinions friends and advocates among the young people of our own standing, and to spread a high tone in our own circle. If we persevere, and if God help us, what may we not accomplish? what good may we not be the means of bringing about?' No wonder his friends wished him success, and said, 'Little Perthes has a manly spirit.' He was young and poor, but he did not say to himself, 'I shall have more influence when I am older; it will be time enough then to try to mend the world.' Instead of that, he began just where he was; and surely there is as good a work for any one of us to-day, as for Frederich Perthes seventy years ago. For our own land is full of ignorance and sin. We may be young and ignorant, but who knows what good any one of us, with God's help, may bring about, if we first try to make ourselves what we ought to be, and then to spread around us only good examples and right thoughts!

Old friends became no less dear to Frederich as time passed by and brought him many new ones. Far from this being the case, they seemed to grow each year dearer, for, like every other quality, our power of loving increases with use, and it is a true saying that 'the more we love, the more we may love.' His old home at Rudolfstadt, his Schwartzburg uncle, and all whom he had cared for in his

boyish days, became more precious to him. Thus, too, he thought of Frederica, and remembered the friendly hours they had passed together, her sympathy when he was ill and home-sick, and the unhappy home in which she lived. He had seen her again in her father's house in his recent visit to the book-fair at Leipsig, and found her unchanged; and now that he had a home and a business of his own, he longed to make her happy and to remove her from the troubles which made her life so sad. Frederica had a friendly feeling for her old friend, but she could not do as he wished. Let us hope that she found happiness in caring for her little brothers and sisters, and in knowing that her father would have missed her sadly if she had gone to another home. You will not hear anything more of Frederica. Her decision gave Frederich great sorrow at first. He felt inclined to lose all interest in his work, and to be gloomy and idle; but good resolutions came to his aid. He fought against the temptation, and finding how contented he became in doing the duties that God sent, learned to trust that a similar life would make her happier too than he could ever have made her.

Now we must leave Frederich Perthes for a time, working with all his might to make himself wiser and better, and to spread good thoughts and good books abroad in Germany. By degrees the way seemed to open for him to do this; but for a long time great patience was required, and for the first two years so little profit was gained that his partners withdrew from the business, in the

belief that it could never be made to succeed. Frederich worked for a time alone, and then a new partner named Besser joined him, with hopes and aims like his own. Publishers gladly sent books to those hard-working, earnest young men, and many families far out in the country, or in towns which possessed no bookseller, arranged that Frederich should choose books for them and keep them supplied throughout the year.

Three miles from Hamburg, in the village of Wandsbeck, lived a family of the name of Claudius. The father was the editor of a paper called the *Wandsbeck Messenger*, and he cared for books and the thoughts of wise men, and taught his children to care for them also. This was a very happy family, for they all loved each other dearly, and lived quiet, useful lives. The children found all their happiness at home, and never wanted to seek pleasure in picnics and excursions, or in anything more than their daily lives brought to them. I do not know that they ever went from home. They were never idle, and never wearied of each other; and the work and interests of every day never seemed to lose their charm and freshness.

I daresay the young people of Hamburg, who delighted to spend so much time in the merry parties on the Elbe, used to wonder how these children managed to be happy without any of the pleasures that seemed so needful to themselves. Very likely they would have found it difficult to understand the joy they had been taught to

find within their own souls in mere doing of the duty of each day.

In the year 1796 Frederich Perthes spent Christmas Eve with Mr. Claudius and his family at a friend's house at Hamburg. Christmas Eve in Germany is always a time of great rejoicing, and on this night they had merry games and a splendid Christmas tree, from the branches of which hung lighted tapers and gilded apples, and many presents. You know by this time how Frederich cared for what was good and beautiful in the characters of the people whom he knew. It is no wonder, therefore, that as he watched this family he thought he should like to know them better. It is to be feared that some other children that night liked to be first in the games, and tried for best places near the tree. One could not help seeing how differently *these* children acted, and Frederich noticed that the eldest daughter Caroline, unobserved by others, exchanged with her youngest sister the presents they had received from the tree, because the little one's was less beautiful than her own. It was only a small action, but life is made up of little things; and as a straw shows the way the stream flows, so a small deed or word will show what spirit we are of.

After this, Frederich often used to go out to Wandsbeck when his day's work was done, and before many months were over they had all become dear friends to him and he as dear a friend to them; and Caroline and he had agreed to try to make another home in Hamburg as peaceful and happy as her own home in her father's

house had been. She wrote to a friend to tell her of her happiness, and said: 'My Perthes is a good man, who does not think himself yet all he might be, but who knows and feels that he is not yet perfect. I think, therefore, that he and I may make common cause, and with God's help make progress.'

On the 2d of August 1797 they were married, and Caroline entered on her untried life in Hamburg. People cannot live together without influencing each other. It may be in words, or it may be that silently, but even more powerfully, our characters make themselves felt by the people with whom we come in contact. So this husband and wife influenced each other, and it was always towards being nobler and better than before. In the midst of all his hard work and constant activity, it was good for Frederich to watch the quiet, peaceful character of the woman he loved so much, and learn that its beauty arose from the grace and peace of God within. For her, too, there was a lesson to be learned. In her country home she had been far removed from the haste and the excitement of a busy life. Now, in Hamburg, all was changed; and she often felt sorrow and perplexity, and feared that she was losing the hidden peace of God which had made her so happy in her former quiet life. Frederich helped her to discover that we are not meant to withdraw from the world, but rather to help to make it better, and that, while we try to help our fellow-men, God will guard our peace of heart so long as we never lose our love and trust in Him. Thus it was that

as time passed on, and her household cares increased, and there were many calls upon her sympathy by people outside her home, and her children needed her thought and care, that in this work, which she did from love to God, she found inward happiness and peace, and learned to be calm and unruffled when great troubles came, and she was threatened with the loss of family and friends.

For nine or ten years everything prospered with Frederich Perthes and his family. The bookselling business flourished, and it was not only to Germany that good books went out from the warehouse in Hamburg. Frederich and his partner were beginning to find that publishers of other nations were willing to send their books to Germany through them, and that they could send German books to England, Italy, and France. This was a grand way of uniting different people who at that time knew little of each other's thoughts and ways. His home in Hamburg became a meeting-place for wise, earnest men from distant homes, and, as he travelled on his business journeys, he made friends among Protestants and Roman Catholics, and men of other languages and faiths. One thing only seemed to him needful for all men—difference of creed was a small matter, if men were only in earnest and strove after the love of God.

Six little children, Agnes, Matthew, Louisa, Matilda, John, and Dorothea, gladdened the house, and grew up together happily and lovingly as their mother and her brothers and sisters had done at Wandsbeck. Their first

trouble came when the baby Dorothea died. 'Dear mother,' wrote Caroline then, 'God has taken my angel calmly and gently to Himself; I thank our heavenly Father that He has heard my prayer and taken our darling child without pain. She looks so peaceful that we must be so too.'

So they bore their loss patiently, and the days passed gently on, till terrible news came like a thunder-clap on this peaceful time. You remember how, just before Frederich Perthes was bom, the Seven Years' War had ended, and left want and disease behind it in the land. The people of Europe had not yet learned to shun the horrors of war, and a fresh series of terrible battles began, when Napoleon Buonaparte, of whom you have often heard, sought to add other lands to France, of which he was the ruler. At the beginning of this nineteenth century he had conquered Italy, and was making preparations to conquer Germany too. The battle of Jena was fought, and when they had gained the victory, the French soldiers spread themselves through the country, and homes were broken up, and orphan children cast on the world, and misery and want were everywhere.

Still Hamburg was free; but Frederich Perthes could not rest happily in his own home when other homes were desolate. Wherever Napoleon's power reached, all freedom was lost. There was an end to the hope of spreading knowledge among the people, and of uniting all nations by means of the interchange of books and

thoughts; for tyrants always fear free speech, and Napoleon forbade the sale of literature, and put an end to trade, and every means for uniting and strengthening people, and making them earnest to be free. Frederich Perthes dearly loved his wife, and family, and friends; but his love did not end there. It spread out to the town in which he lived, and beyond that to his native land. It was terrible to him to think of his countrymen, crushed by the Emperor's power, with no chance of growing wise and noble; and, fearless of consequences to himself, he tried to waken a longing for unity in the country, and warned all whom he could reach, that 'young and old, rich and poor, strong and weak, all who love the Fatherland, freedom, law and order, must now act together.'

To him it appeared that, horrible as it was, war must come, and that the highest duty was to cast aside all thought of self and happiness, and give up life even for the sake of the land he loved. The histories of nations and the lives of men we have to take as we find them, and all right motives we must respect. There was no love of conquest in Frederich Perthes' mind, no notion that it was brave to take a fellow-creature's life. War was altogether terrible to him, and he was eager to sacrifice himself for his fellow-men; but there was something beyond this which he had not reached. It is right for a man's love to go out beyond his family to his town and native land; but it should reach out farther still, and lead him to see that all nations are brethren, children of one Father. When that time comes,

disputes and wars must cease. Meanwhile, we must take things as we find them, and remember that there is a soul of truth and goodness in all men who act up to the light they have.

A year after the battle of Jena, the French marched into Hamburg. Twelve French soldiers were quartered in the house of Frederich Perthes, all trade was stopped, and intercourse with England forbidden on pain of death. In consequence of the French regulations, many houses of business failed, and Perthes lost in this way, through the failure of others, so much money, that the savings of the past ten years were swept away. Still he did not lose his courage; his own losses seemed a very slight matter to him, and he remained true to the belief he had gained when a boy, that everything that happens will end for the best. 'God is guiding us,' he wrote to a friend, 'into a new order of things by paths of trouble and distress. The game cannot be played backwards, it must go forwards. The actors in the great play are playing their parts, but behind the scenes is the great Invisible Director, God, who is a comfort and support for us poor spectators, whose lot is bad enough. Every other support is giving way, in order that we may learn to trust in God.'

You can fancy those were dreary times for the little children, when they saw their father and mother so anxious about the future of their country. They were still more sad when John, the second brother, died, and the new baby who came soon after could not make up for the

loss of their old play-fellow. You will be glad to hear that the bright, warm, summer weather brought a great pleasure for them, and with it rest and change.

Nearly twenty years had passed since the happy time when Frederich Perthes used to spend his holidays at Schwartzburg Castle with his uncle, John Heubel; and now, at the urgent wish of the old man, he went with his wife and children to see again all that was so dear to him there. The long journey was a great treat, and when they came within sight of the beautiful Thuringian mountains, of which they had heard so often, their joy increased. The husband and wife left the carriage when the steep road wound up among the pine trees, and walked silently together, listening to the roar of the river, and gazing at the sharp crags above them standing out clearly against the morning sky. At a turn of the road the old uncle met them, and, in the German fashion, fell upon his nephew's neck, whom he remembered only as the 'little Fritz.' You must picture to yourselves his delight over the wife and children, and fancy them all gathered for breakfast on a flat rock beneath the trees, listening to tales which he seemed never tired of telling of the walks and adventures he and the boy had had so many years before.

During the visit, Frederich and Caroline cast aside their anxiety, and were as light-hearted as their children. By day, they all rambled together through the woods, and in the evening, when they had watched the sunset from the castle, and the little ones had gone to bed, the elders

talked in the twilight of the years that were gone, and of the prospects of the years to come. This happy time passed quickly, and then returning by Gotha, to stay for a few days with an uncle who was a bookseller there, they came back to Hamburg.

Frederich Perthes went back to his work refreshed by the holiday and the sight of his old friends, but he found gloom and sadness awaiting him. Hamburg was full of French spies; accounts were daily arriving of fresh conquests; and the people were losing all hope that their country could ever be free and happy again. The publication of a newspaper which he had set on foot was forbidden; and this was a wide-spread loss, for it contained each week the earnest, wise thoughts of many men, who tried with Frederich Perthes to spread a good spirit through the land. It had also become a matter of great difficulty to obtain any book ordered by his customers. It seemed hopeless to fight against so many difficulties. What was the use of trying to keep alive any love of truth and knowledge, when the French were masters, and were using threats and even violence to prevent such efforts? Should he not give it all up, he asked himself, leave his own land to do as she could, and go with his family to England, where he knew peace and a better trade awaited him? We may speak now in few words of the wearing anxiety of that time; but it is difficult to realize how great it really was, and to imagine how tempting this chance of safety and peace in England for himself and his

family must have been. But, true to his belief that his love ought to spread out from his home and embrace his countrymen, he determined rather to throw in his lot with theirs, and work his hardest in faith to help on better things.

While Hamburg and other towns were being guarded by the French, Napoleon and his army were carrying the war farther into Russia. Each day news was expected that he had taken the Russian city Moscow, when suddenly different tidings came. The French army had been driven from the city, and hundreds of French soldiers, worn out with a hasty retreat from the pursuing Russians, had fallen on the line of march, and were left to die among the snow far from home and friends. Quiet dwellers at Hamburg were startled after this news arrived by the confusion and tumult in the town, for the citizens armed themselves, rose against the French, and, with the hope of Russian help, were driving the French out of Hamburg.

'Ah!' said Caroline Perthes, as she watched the crowds gathered together in the evening when the struggle was over, and saw them moved with the feeling of rejoicing and of welcome to the Russians, 'never have I seen such a union of hearts—the feeling of thousands centred in one principle. If we could only centre ourselves in God, the best point of all, what a glorious Church we should form!'

Hamburg slept quietly that night without sentinel and guard; but such a peaceful state of things was not to last.

Before many days had passed, the French returned and laid siege to the city. Day and night, for nearly a month, the noise of cannon was to be heard; every man was armed, and women and little children waited in fear to hear that some one dear to them was killed. For twenty-one nights Frederich Perthes never lay down in bed. He was constantly to be seen among the people, quieting their fears; and sentinels at distant posts, who began to think themselves forgotten in the general alarm, gained courage from the words of the calm man who had no fear, when every one else was in dismay. His wife and four children, who would not leave their mother, were in Hamburg; she, like a brave woman, forgot her own fears in caring for other people. Sacks of straw to rest the weary were spread over the floors of the house, and food was always ready for any hungry man who might come in; but whenever the steady tramp of feet sounded in the street, she knew the wounded were being carried past, and hurried to the balcony to see if her husband might be among them.

At length the day came when Frederich Perthes could be of no more use, for the city must be given up to the French. He escaped with his wife and children, first to Wandsbeck, where two little ones were safe with their grandmother, and then to a lonely cottage on the shore of the Baltic Sea, which was offered to them as a refuge by one of his friends. His house was plundered by the French, his books and papers dispersed, and a large sum was offered to any one who would find and deliver him up to

death. You can fancy the homeless family arriving in the twilight at the low, damp, empty house. Gloomy pine-trees surrounded it, and they could hear the beating of the waves on the beach, and the moaning of the wind as it reached them from the Baltic Sea. For a short time, the father, mother, and children lived here together, with an old faithful servant and one of Caroline Perthes' sisters. Frederich Perthes was busied each day till late at night in looking into his business affairs. It troubled him much to think that possibly this stoppage of his business might bring loss to other people, and he never rested until he had formed plans by which all to whom he owed money should be paid, though it left him in great doubt how he should provide even necessaries for his wife and children while this evil time should last.

Aschau, his present refuge, belonged to Denmark, and very soon he received notice that if the French demanded him, the Government would have no power to refuse to give him up. It was a sad parting that took place beneath the gloomy pine-trees, when he once more set out as a wanderer, and this time alone. The prospect was open to him still of a safe home in England. Doubtless he and Caroline both pictured to themselves the welcome rest in some quiet place far away from this danger and trouble, and the certain livelihood that awaited them if they would turn from this poverty and ruined trade; but however tempting the picture might be was of no consequence to

them, for they believed that God had still work for them in their native land.

I think you will like to know the kind of life the little family led in their lonely house. The dwelling was built without storeys, and the windows opened without shutters to the ground. The kitchen, which contained only four pots, a bowl, and a few plates, was forty paces distant from the house. In the rainy season the rooms were very damp, and Caroline and her children were often ill, with no doctor's advice within a long distance. For eighteen weeks they had neither white bread nor meat, and the coarse black bread and other food could only be obtained after a walk of several miles. The eldest boy used to go at seven o'clock each morning a long distance through dreary country, to be taught with the sons of the Count Reventlow, to whom this summer-house belonged. The other children helped their mother and aunt in the house, and learned lessons better than those which the books they did not possess could have taught them.

It was weary work for Caroline to wait and hope for letters, which in that time of war were sent by hand, and often lost upon the way. For two months she could hear nothing of her husband; and for them all, nothing remained but prayer and patient waiting for the end. Sometimes in this life the hardest thing we have to do is to wait and trust. It was easier for Frederich Perthes to bear the anxiety he felt when he had the constant work to occupy him, about which you will soon hear; but still he

was very sad, and the sight of little children used to fill his eyes with tears in the longing for his own so far away. His brave wife tried to cheer him in her letters, and, in the midst of her sufferings, told him how she struggled to keep heart and fancy, thought and yearning, under control. 'God is my witness, who is more to me than even you are, that though I suffer inexpressibly, I do not wish you to do anything but your duty.' The chance letters that reached her told how Frederich was needed in Germany. The 'war of the German patriots' had begun, and the German people, aided by other nations, were in constant conflicts with the French. Frederich Perthes' work was to go from town to town carrying help to the widows and orphans, whom the war had left without home and friends, and who had fled thither for refuge from the enemy. Large sums of money were sent to him from England as well as by German people, and the great trust was placed in his hands of using this wealth rightly to lessen the misery which was so widely spread. He kept careful accounts of all he received and spent; and in addition to this work, he gained great influence over the young men who were enrolled as soldiers for the war. They saw how he never shrank from hardships and danger, and, trusting in his courage, they learned to trust too his earnest words when he warned them from the temptations to evil, in their reckless, often idle, lives.

People are sometimes tempted, when they hear of generous gifts and self-denying labours in time of war, to

think lightly of its horrors, and fancy it cannot be *altogether* hateful if it brings forth such good feeling and action. They forget that in peaceful times too there are always poor and sorrowful people, who need our help, and that we may always find endless opportunities for showing our sympathy and love; and they lose sight, in gazing at these brighter pictures, of the terrible passions and cruel selfishness which war never fails to awaken among men. Probably the people of Hamburg had only one thought of war. To them it must have been altogether horrible, when in the bitter winter cold the French general, Davoust, who was in possession of the town, drove out 20,000 helpless people into the snow-covered plains outside, and set fire to the hospital, while the drunken soldiers fought for the clothing and bedding of the sick. For many nights the sky was red with the glare of burning villages, and starving, broken-hearted women and children wandered among the ruins of their homes for miles round Hamburg, and bands of outcasts were to be seen traversing the bleak country in search of help and refuge.

There was plenty of work for Frederich Perthes, and other men such as he, in those fearful days. When on two occasions he made hurried secret visits to his wife, he once found a new-born baby in her arms, and at the other time a little one lying dead, yet they allowed themselves only four or five hours together. Then he returned to his work, and she to her patient watch.

Travelling from one town to another, providing food and clothing for the outcasts from the towns occupied by the French, and visiting the wounded in hospitals, he took no rest until illness confined him to bed for nine weeks. It was then discovered that for a fortnight he had been undergoing the great pain of a broken bone in his foot. Greatly thankful to have him with her again, his wife nursed him at a friend's house in the Danish town of Kiel, where it was then safe for him to live. News came to them each day of the retreat of the French, and at last of the possession of Paris by the allied armies. By the time Frederich Perthes was well enough to be moved, their house in Hamburg was free for them again.

In May 1814, on a spring day never to be forgotten, they watched the white banners floating from the towers of Hamburg, and the long procession of people streaming back into the town. Green branches, which they had broken from the trees as they passed through the country lanes, were waving in their hands, and shouts of joy were heard on every side. But it was a sad sight too, for the travellers were worn and ragged, and had few goods to call their own, and the old homes of which they came in search were empty and desolate, often only a heap of tottering walls. In the meadows near at hand, more than one thousand lay buried of those grey-haired men and women, and feeble little children, who had been driven in the winter from the town and had perished in the snow. Everywhere there was hunger and want, and many orphan

children, whose parents had died in the hospitals of other towns, were brought to Frederich Perthes' door. His own house was filled with rubbish and was blackened with smoke, and all the wood-work was burnt, while the floors were a foot thick with dirt and mud. Furniture had to be replaced; but there was little money or time for such a purpose, when hundreds of sufferers on all sides were praying for help.

Ceaseless activity was needful. There were houses to be rebuilt, workmen's tools to be replaced, and ruined shopkeepers to be helped into trade again. Money was not wanting to provide for these needs. The distress in Hamburg had awakened general pity, and the task of dispensing the relief fell to Frederich Perthes, whom every one could trust. There were no homes in the town that sad summer where he was unknown; and in addition to gifts of food and clothing, the people of Hamburg owed greater blessings to him. In his visits to their wretched houses he found something besides mere physical comfort was wanting. Doubt and ignorance were wide-spread, the Bible could only be obtained at a high price, and was unknown among the poor, and there were few to speak to them of trust in God. By his efforts a Bible society was founded, and the first meeting took place at his house. This was not enough, however. He knew that the mere reading of the Bible was not all that was required. Good men joined with him to collect subscriptions and then to establish schools. They went up and down through the

city streets and among the ignorant little children tending cattle in the fields, and before long seven hundred boys and girls were in their charge. Women of Hamburg with time and money at their command caught their spirit; and those who visit Hamburg now can see in the many schools and societies established there the results of the work which was thus begun.

In addition to all this labour, his own family must be supported and his ruined book-trade renewed. All his customers were dispersed, and the books scattered by the French must be restored. He and his partner sent out a circular, and set to work to get a fresh business together, and toiled bravely with the same high aim they exhibited before. It was wonderful to see how the aspect of affairs changed before winter set in, and how hope and happiness took the place of despair and grief.

Yet however earnestly men may work in the present, they must always reap the fruit of actions done in the past. Nothing could be again exactly as it would have been if the war had never taken place, and Frederich Perthes felt this in his own home. Anxiety, as well as the damp and hard work borne at Aschau, had told upon his wife, and brought upon her a heart complaint and much weakness and suffering. The old people at Wandsbeck, too, her father and mother, had suffered greatly. They had been driven from the home where they had lived fifty years to seek a shelter elsewhere, and in cold and want had occupied one wretched little room until the war was over. Then their

daughter and her husband would not permit them to return to Wandsbeck, but the Hamburg home received them, and they were lovingly cheered and nursed for the few months that remained till the old man died peacefully at the age of seventy-four.

The story of the next seven years can be quickly told. For Frederich Perthes it was a life of hard work and frequent long business journeys. To both him and his wife it was a great trial that they were obliged to spend so much time apart 'There is nothing I can do but love him,' she wrote to a friend, 'and bear him ever in my heart till it shall please God to bring us to some region where we shall no longer need house or housekeeping, and where there are neither bills to be paid nor books to be kept.' Illness obliged her to lead a quiet life, sometimes spending sunny days with her mother in the garden at Wandsbeck.

One by one her children were leaving her. Some of her daughters married, and her sons went out into the world; still, by her constant letters, she seemed almost as near to them as she was to the little ones at home. Some of these letters have been preserved, and they show us how, when ill health prevented active work, her gentle influence did not cease to make itself felt. All the lessons and experience she had learned in her past life were now helpful to her children. Perhaps she remembered how, when she had first married, the *trifling* interests and cares of her busy life seemed harassing and wearing; for she often mentioned the *little things* which form our work in life, and the small

troubles and perplexities which may increase our faith and love.

'It refreshes my spirit,' one of her letters said, 'to hear that, like me, you are seeking and finding God in many things that seem small and trivial, but do really gently stir and gladden our hearts all the day long. I can't say much about them; but I can thank God, and long for more. Let us only be faithful and earnest in little things, and perhaps in heaven greater things may be committed to us.'

Now and then, for some festival, children and grandchildren gathered together in the old Hamburg home, and those were happy occasions for the father and mother. One day in August 1821 Frederich Perthes wrote to his absent children to tell them that their mother's illness had greatly increased; and that same evening she died so suddenly, that there was no time for farewells to those who stood around her bed.

Twenty-five years had passed since the evening when they had first met, and the love of the husband and wife had grown stronger every year. Two or three children had been removed by death, and now that their mother had followed them, Frederich Perthes felt surely that there was another home preparing for them all in heaven. But the house was terribly sad and dreary, and it almost broke his heart to see the little ones seeking for their mother everywhere, and to hear their sobs when she was nowhere to be found. He had long planned to resign the Hamburg

business to his partner; and by the next spring he and the children had left the home which now seemed so lonely to them, and he had begun a new publishing business at Gotha, where three of his married daughters lived.

To the children Gotha seemed a wonderful place. It was a strange little town in those days, and notwithstanding all the learned men who lived there, and who were always seeking new ideas, it had retained many curious customs from old times. At night, the little ones were wakened from their sleep by the loud horn of the watchman as he went his rounds through the town; and they used to start up to listen for the tramp of his footsteps and to the words he said as he passed along the street;

'Put out fire and put out light,
That no evil chance to-night;
And praise we God the Lord.'

On market-days they liked to watch the gaily dressed peasants from the Thuringian hills filling the town-hall square; and sometimes they were taken to buy eggs and butter from them there, and to see the strange wooden figure on the town hall, which opened and shut its mouth when the clock struck the hour. Poor students used to wander singing through the town, or to stand in groups outside some rich man's door, earning money by their part-songs to pay their college fees. Several times a month, peaceful tradesmen of the town, in long white cloaks, with heavy swords and spurs, used to stalk fiercely up and down

the place, in imitation of the ancient guards that years before were always at their posts.

It was in this quaint town that Frederich Perthes at fifty years of age began his new business, by means of which he hoped to increase the sale of good and useful books, and also to have it in his power to help on young authors who were as poor as he had been when he first set out in life. His history tells us how earnestly he threw his whole heart into his work, and how it was his great desire by means of the book trade to make the Germans, who had been torn and divided by war, into a united and wisdom-loving people. His countrymen had to thank him for many religious books which were published at this time; and it must have been a happiness to him to think, as he sat in his own well-filled library, that the Bible was now finding its way into the poorest houses. But in both work and rest he sadly missed at every turn the dear companionship and counsel of his wife; and though his children loved him fondly, and did all to comfort him that was in their power, they could not prevent the loneliness he felt. Mrs. Claudius was much grieved to see this when she came from Wandsbeck to stay for some time with him after he had removed to Gotha. She told him how earnestly she hoped he would in course of time find some loving woman whom he could make as happy as her daughter Caroline had been, and who would be a companion to him and a second mother to his little children. Frederich did not believe this possible; but the

good Providence that leads us all to happiness brought him into the way of comfort and fresh hopes.

In the next house to himself lived a widow lady named Charlotte Becker, with her four little children. She had had heavy troubles, and they had left their marks upon her countenance; but yet she was always cheerful, and no one could help admiring the loving way in which she taught her children, and watched over and nursed the two younger ones, who had been invalids from their birth. Frederich Perthes, as you know, was always quick to see worth and goodness in the characters of the people whom he knew. He saw them in this faithful mother, who made her children and home duties her first thought. Perhaps, too, the knowledge that they had suffered a similar loss drew them together. However it might be, there was nothing but rejoicing among their friends, when in four or five years' time these two lonely people agreed to love and care for one another, and they and the seven children made one happy home together.

In course of time, Frederich Perthes became very ill, and change of air and rest were recommended to him. It was needful he should leave the town during the hot summer, and pleasant country was to be found not far from Gotha. Nine miles away, in a lovely valley which leads up among the Thuringian hills, lies the little village of Friedrichroda. Fine old fir-trees surround it, and a winding road leads past it up to mountain lakes and grand views of distant mountain peaks. Here, loving the country

more than ever as he grew older, he found a house, and came to it with his family in the summer of 1837, and occupied it each summer for five or six years afterwards, when the days were long and warm. A few steps only from the house door lay a portion of the great Black Forest, which covers so much of the central part of Germany. Shade is to be found there on the hottest days, and countless winding paths lead through mossy dells and thickly wooded glades to sunny open spaces in the midst of forest land, where wild deer congregate, and where, morning and evening, the sun casts long shadows on the turf, and tinges the stems of the neighbouring fir-trees with a ruddy glow. The woodmen, meeting Frederich Perthes in these forest paths, used to wonder at first what brought any one there who had neither a woodman's axe nor a hunter's horn. To them, the forest was a place where they earned their daily bread, where they cut down the tall trees, and sent them floating down the river Neckar, to be used by builders and carpenters in busy towns which they themselves had never seen. But Frederich Perthes, with his wide sympathy, knew well how to interest with his words these ignorant forest people, and they soon began to greet him gladly, and welcome him wherever he went. As a proof of their respect, they gave him the freedom of their little town of Friedrichroda, a gift bringing no practical advantages with it, but the dearest to him of the many honours he received.

While he was thus spending his time in a busy life at Gotha in the winter, and among the forest beauties in summer, many of the old friends of his earlier years were passing away from the earth. Among these were the dear old uncle and aunt who had adopted him when a child, and the still dearer Uncle John Heubel, who had all lived together at Schwartzburg Castle. Both at Gotha and at Friedrichroda he was only a short distance from the old people, and often managed to visit them, riding through storm and snow to Schwartzburg at appointed times. It is easy to guess how these visits must have cheered them, as they waited, feeling themselves almost the last of their generation, for the summons to depart. After one of these visits, old John Heubel wrote: 'I thank you, dear Fritz, for all your love. You love me now just as you did sixty years ago, when you used to ride upon my knee. This consciousness is ever with me in my solitude, and I thank you for it.' One by one the old people died, and when the last had departed, Frederich Perthes said: 'Schwartzburg is now desolate; the playground of my childhood is no more. The family is now dispersed. So goes the world. Who can suppose that this is our home?'

Yet there was no lasting melancholy in his mind; he was always full of hopefulness and content. On Saturdays and Sundays his house was cheerful with the voices of happy children, who filled it from roof to cellar; and he loved to show strangers his favourite forest paths, and take them to the lonely lakes and mountain views; for at

seventy years of age he could still walk for hours over hill and dale. He was very thankful, too, that his eyes remained strong and keen. He could read for eight or ten hours at a time without weariness. 'God be praised for this,' he wrote to his sister-in-law, Augusta Claudius. 'I can understand everything said to myself, but general conversation escapes me. I comfort myself with the thought that I have heard enough; but I am sorry to lose the prattle of my little girls among themselves. A certain inward feeling tells me that my life will not last more than two or three years. I have long fought the battle of life. I scarcely dare hope for the crown of life; but I know that the prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner," will be accepted of God.'

His forebodings were correct. The summer of 1843 was the last he spent at Friedrichroda. In Gotha, that year, the members of his family gathered from long distances to spend Christmas day with him. Within a week afterwards, illness attacked him, and before the end of March he was too exhausted to leave his room. It was hard for one who had been so active and strong to bear those months of powerlessness patiently; but no one ever heard him murmur, or saw him even for a moment irritable. On the twenty-first of April 1844, he was seventy-one years of age. For the last time his friends assembled in his room. On tip-toe the little ones came in, full of sorrowful wonder, to see the grandfather, who had been as merry as the youngest of them, lying there so worn and still. In grief, the older ones gathered round his bed. Spring flowers filled his room, and

quietly he spoke thus to them all: 'Should it be God's will that I should still spend a little more time with you, I shall do so gladly; and I should return with pleasure to my dear Friedrichroda, but this may not be. A rich life lies behind me. I have indeed had my trying days and hours, but God hath ever been gracious to me. Do not mourn for me when I am dead. I know that you will often long for me, and I am glad of it. I need not say to you, "Love one another," but so bring up your children that they may do so also. I die willing and calmly, and I am prepared to die, having committed myself to my God and Father, Here there is no abiding city,—we needs must part. Death cannot harm me; it must needs be gain.' He lingered for two or three weeks afterwards, and during that time his thoughts often turned to old times and old friends, and he spoke of the children and their mother who waited for him in the better land. Sometimes, in broken sentences, he repeated a favourite hymn, and his wife, standing near him, could catch the whispered words:

'Ye loved ones, bless the Lord for me,
And wipe away your tears;
You must not weep, for I am free
From sorrow, pain, and fears.
Steer for the port where storms shall cease,
Watching with stedfast heart;
When God shall fill you with His peace,
You shall with joy depart.

' I've given myself to God, how dear

My Father and my Friend;
There is no life for ever here,
All things of earth must end.
Death has no power to harm,
'Tis welcome to my heart;
If God upholds me with His arm,
I shall with joy depart.'

He was always calm; and one of his daughters afterwards said; 'When he folded his cold hands and prayed, it was all so sublime, so blessed, we felt as if our Lord Jesus Christ were with us in the room.'

So, with his family about him, he lay one evening, while the darkness gathered round, and the silence was only broken by his prayer, 'Lord, pardon!' When lights were brought, no trace of pain was on his face. His friends forgot their grief in the knowledge of his peace and joy. Three days after, in the early morning, they gathered round an open grave in the churchyard of Gotha. There they laid the worn-out body, and sang together the hymn he had loved to repeat in his sick-room.

The woodmen of Friedrichroda, grieving that they should see their old friend no more, erected a monument to mark his favourite walk. Far and wide through Germany sorrow was felt for his loss, and honours were heaped upon his memory.

We, before whom the whole course of his life is lying, can turn more easily than his contemporaries could do to

his earlier years, and trace *there* the secret of his noble later life.

Leland Stanford
Great Pioneer of the West
(1824-1893, America)

As the years accumulate between the living man herewith remembered, who died in 1893, and the memories of his life, the chief lesson of that life becomes clear—foresight. That is the useful, practical lesson to be learned from the career of Leland Stanford. To some, he was a financier; to others, a successful promoter; to others, that ever questionable human being, a rich man. The deeper qualities of his nature, the simplicity, modesty, sincerity and kindness which many acts of his life show, are not widely associated with his name. In fact there exists no biography of him, doubtless because he himself did not encourage the notion. His memory is reduced to a brief sketch in the encyclopedia among men who have left a mark that stretches into future generations.

There are three things he accomplished, in the short seventy years of his life, that explain his right to an important place in the world's history, particularly in American history.

First—He organized and built the Central Pacific Railroad, so completing a connecting thread with the Pacific and Atlantic.

Second—He exerted brilliant and loyal energies as Governor of California, in 1861, to sustain Lincoln and the Union.

Third—He built and gave to the country the Leland Stanford Jr. University, a gift inspired by the death of his son when a boy of fifteen, mingled with a dominating impulse of his life to contribute something useful and practical to the world, for the future.

He was usually building something—for to-morrow. What he had accumulated yesterday was only to improve that purpose. His impulse was—foresight. Not a spectacular man, for although he became extremely wealthy, and was twice elected to the United States Senate, he made no impressive speeches, adorned no heroic event. A slow-thinking, deliberate, conscientious, plain sort of man all through, and yet with a dynamic force in him that swayed other men. His chief sport was horse racing. He owned some famous beauties of the track, of his day. A man's man in every sense of the word,—and a self-made man in the sense that he became one of the "Argonauts" of California who accumulated stupendous fortunes in the West of the gold-fever period. It was not a sudden mining speculation, as it was with so many adventurers in the West during that gold excitement, that brought him wealth. He didn't strike ore in great quantities overnight, as some others did. There were no miracles of chance that might add a touch of picturesque adventure to his life. Leland Stanford was a man of quiet, slow, careful methods, a business man. He had an imagination that foresaw many things, and he encouraged these visions of the future, but he kept them harnessed to

practical, sane uses. His imaginative faculties were not indulgences, they were the supports of his practical plans.

The character of the man may be the result of boyhood environment, or may not be. There are many who claim that the impressionable years of a boy's life fasten deep upon the impulses and habits of manhood. Leland Stanford was born on a farm in the fertile hills of Central New York, about eight miles from Albany. The small settlement,—small at that time in 1824—was called Watervliet. He always claimed chiefly English ancestry, though there was a decided Irish mixture from his father's side of the family. His mother was of old Puritan, New England stock closely related to the direct descendants of the early "Mayflower" colonists in Massachusetts.

Josiah Stanford was an industrious, thrifty, intelligent man, whose place, Elm Farm, was on the main post-road from Albany to Schenectady. It would seem as though the farm environment did not wholly absorb Josiah Sanford, for he dabbled occasionally in the business of a contractor, when it looked like a profitable occupation. In this way he contracted to build and did build a portion of the turnpike between Albany and Schenectady, and built other roads and even bridges in the vicinity. He, too, had the gift of foresight, for he was one of the prime movers in the plans, just developing at the beginning of the nineteenth century, for building the Erie Canal. This was a period of considerable enthusiasm and activity in the growth of the farm communities of Central New York, for in 1829 the

New York legislature granted a charter for a railroad between Albany and Schenectady and Josiah Stanford was one of the principal contractors for this road. As a boy, Leland Stanford spent most of his spare time watching some of this construction work which was close to his father's home. From his infancy, almost, the boy was saturated with the business of railroads. Most of the men who came to his father's house discussed the railroad business. Furthermore, it was one of the most vital and inspiring subjects of that comparatively early period in railroad development in America. Transportation then was still a problem of vast conjecture and prophecy. It stimulated the imagination of engineers and business men so that they dreamed of the vast railroad achievements of to-day. Leland Stanford, then a boy, shared the excitement of these dreams, traveling in imagination with them when he heard his father and his friends discussing such a wild project as building a railroad as far as Oregon. His life on the farm was an active one. He was up at five every morning in winter, and four in summer, to do those early chores that the city lad escapes. He went to the public schools of his vicinity till he was twelve years old, and for three years he was taught at home. When he was fifteen he cleared off a wide sweep of timber land which his father had contracted for, and with his share of this work, the first money he ever earned, he paid for his own tuition at an academy in Clinton, N. Y. The chief curiosity of his boyhood was the construction, equipment and

extension of a railroad. His boyish imagination, when he was only thirteen, eagerly grasped the plans to build a railroad as far west as Oregon, regarded by many at that time as a wild project.

In after years he recalled especially a long session between his father and Mr. Whitney, one of the engineers of construction of the Mohawk and Hudson River Railway, in which the great plan of an overland steam road to Oregon was discussed from all points of view. His father stubbornly maintained that it could be done, in spite of obvious engineering difficulties, just as years later in California, Leland Stanford insisted that the Sierra Nevada Mountains could be conquered by railroad transportation. That night was the beginning of a dream that materialized many years later.

The first years of Leland Stanford's career were not of any brilliant promise. He chose the career of a lawyer, and began his studies in the office of Wheaton, Doolittle and Hodley, in Albany. At the end of three years he was admitted to the bar. Those were the days when the slogan of youth was, "Go West, Young Man!" and the newly appointed member of the bar promptly took this advice. He selected a small town, in Wisconsin, called Port Washington, where he hung out his shingle. Men were enthusiastic about the western country in those days, and Port Washington, though a community of about 1700 people, was boomed as the future great shipping point of the lake region, with expectations to rival Milwaukee or

Chicago in this respect. Young Leland Stanford succeeded in this early venture as a practicing lawyer, at the end of the first year having earned $1200, in those days a prosperous revenue. In fact he indulged himself, on the strength of this prosperity, in a trip home to Albany in 1850, when he was just twenty-six years of age. Without heralding the intentions of this trip, the young man no doubt had returned home with the specific plan of winning Jane Lathrop, daughter of Dyer Lathrop, a merchant of Albany, one of the oldest families in that aristocratic Dutch and English settlement. At any rate, they were married and he returned with his young bride to Port Washington, Wisconsin, where they lived for two years. Whatever the prospects of a young lawyer might have been, had Leland Stanford remained there he might never have been the man of large affairs he became. A kindly fate, in the disguise of what seemed a catastrophe, forced him into the far West. His office was burned out, with his entire law library and all papers, documents, and valuable files. It was the total destruction of his first ladder, and he received the first real bump of his young life. There was nothing left but to begin again. It was about this time that the great discovery of gold in California had been made, and the young man decided that was the place to which to go. He returned to Albany first, where his wife failed to get her father's permission to go with her husband into the unsettled portions of what was then a wild country, and she remained in Albany. The young

husband didn't waver in his plans, though those who saw in later years how devoted and single-minded he and his wife were can appreciate the courage it took to leave her for an adventure that promised hardship, danger, and a long separation.

His five brothers had preceded him to California, and that no doubt partly influenced his decision. It took him thirty-eight days from Albany to San Francisco, via steamer to Nicaragua, including twelve days crossing the Isthmus. The memory of that tedious, uncomfortable trip no doubt stimulated Mr. Stanford's determination to shorten it by building the Central Pacific to a point where it joined the Union Pacific. He found his brothers conducting a general merchandise business in Sacramento, and soon he began a mercantile career for himself at Cold Springs, Eldorado County.

He did not plunge into the speculative adventure of the prospector for gold. He didn't go out and pan dirt with the gambling impulse of the gold digger. He was a cautious, far-seeing man, and instead, he opened a store at Michigan Bluffs which was the central business point of the Placer County mining district. It was a rough, pioneer mining camp, and here the young lawyer endured some of the hardships of that frontier life in the '50s, in California.

In an address delivered forty years later he referred to these experiences.

"The true history of the Argonauts of the nineteenth century has to be written. No poet has yet arisen to immortalize their achievements in verse. They had no Jason to lead them, no oracles to prophesy success, nor enchantments to divert danger; but like self-reliant Americans, they pressed forward to the land of promise, and traversed thousands of miles where the Greeks heroes traveled hundreds. They went by ship and by wagon, on horseback and on foot, a mighty army, passing over mountains and deserts, enduring privations and sickness; they were the creators of a commonwealth, the builders of States."

Among the gifts which Leland Stanford had inherited or acquired was a shrewd business sense, for he invested in mining operations, prospered, and in three years bought out his brothers in Sacramento and immediately went East and returned with his wife to Sacramento. Some of his friends have always insisted that he was blessed with good luck; at any rate, he found himself in 1855, at the age of thirty-one, firmly established in business in Sacramento on a large scale. Up to this time the young man's work had been centered on making provisions for a home which he had lost in Wisconsin. There came to him, in a very short time, a realization that the political may also be a part of a man's patriotic obligations, so he became one of the first founders of a new party in California, the Republican Party, when he was still a young man in 1856. He ran for office in the State twice, and was twice defeated. In 1860

while a delegate at large to the Republican National Convention, he became a close friend of Abraham Lincoln, for whose nomination he was an influential advocate. These were the trying years of strife and civil war, and Lincoln's anxieties as to the possibility that California might secede from the Union made him value the friendship of Leland Stanford. At the invitation of Lincoln, he remained several weeks in Washington after the President's inauguration, and was consulted by him as to the loyalty of California to the Union.

In 1861, after a vigorous campaign, Leland Stanford was elected Governor of California. He was only thirty-seven years of age, a youthful Governor, especially at a critical period in both State and National affairs. He accomplished reforms. He organized the militia, abated the evils of squatter claims in the State, established a State Normal School and reduced the indebtedness of the State by one half. His services as the young War Governor of California alone would entitle him to a permanent place in National history. The project for constructing the Central Pacific Railroad was chiefly an achievement of his boyhood dreams, awakened when he listened to his father's argument with Mr. Whitney about building a road from Albany to Oregon.

"Never mind," he said to his wife during their voyage to California on a rough sea, "a time will come when I will build a railroad for you to go home on."

With what was regarded as a visionary faith in an engineer, Theodore D. Judah, who insisted that he could build a railroad over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, Leland Stanford induced his fellow merchants in Sacramento to subscribe enough to send this engineer to make a preliminary survey. This was the origin, the beginning of the Central Pacific. The men who started the enterprise were Leland Stanford, Collis P. Huntington, Charles Crocker, Mark Hopkins and James Bailey. C. P. Huntington was a hardware merchant and he was the first supporter of Leland Stanford's plans. These five men brought upon themselves the jibes and jeers of the thoughtless multitude for their organization of the Central Pacific. The whole project was treated with ridicule and contempt by every man of wealth in California. The five merchants stood alone, with their comparatively small capital pooled and committed to the project. Appeals for support to the wealthy men of the State failed entirely. It probably would never have been accomplished, and the five merchants of Sacramento would have gone broke, except for Leland Stanford's success in getting an Act of Congress by which Government aid was given to the construction of the Central Pacific. It was a gigantic task managed by these men of ability and courage, which fulfilled Leland Stanford's dream as a boy, a transcontinental railroad. The junction with the Union Pacific was made in the spring of 1869, and every one of the five men who had risked

everything against superhuman odds made a colossal fortune.

Governor Stanford became the largest landowner in California. When he contemplated building the Stanford University he and his wife visited the president of a New England College and asked what amount it would require to endow such an institution.

"About $5,000,000," said the president.

"Don't you think," said Leland Stanford, turning to his wife, "we had better make it ten millions?"

He died on his estate, Palo Alto, suddenly, June 20, 1893.

Leland Stanford
The Building of a Great University: Pioneer's High Ideals and Lofty Purposes.

Leland Stanford was a farmer's son, who learned to work hard when a boy. He acquired most of his preliminary "book learning" in a rural district school. The story goes that when the boy was but six years old, at the homestead at Watervliet, N. Y., he and his brothers set to work to clear his father's garden of horseradish, which was regarded as a weed. When the work was done Leland suggested that they take the horseradish to Schenectady and sell it. The suggestion was adopted and a dollar was realized, the first money that Leland Stanford had a share in earning. When he was eight years old he and his brothers gathered chestnuts and waited until a rise in the price enabled them to sell them for twenty-five dollars.

Leland grew to be a tall and powerful youth, very popular with his mates. When he was eighteen his father bought a piece of woodland. He offered Leland the lumber to do with as he pleased, if he would attend to the work of clearing. The young man took his axe, hired some helpers at twenty-five cents a day,—then the prevailing rate of wages,—and in a few weeks the land was cleared. Leland sold the timber to the Mohawk and Hudson River Railroad, and made a profit of twenty-six hundred dollars by the transaction.

HE BECAME A CALIFORNIA PIONEER.

Next came a move which foreshadowed the man. Young Stanford was not so eager to get rich as to devote this capital to further money-making ventures. He spent it on himself, his own development. Having long before determined to be a lawyer, he entered a law office in Albany in 1845, and four years afterwards, when twenty-three years of age, he was admitted to the bar. While he was a student at Albany an event occurred which had more influence upon his life, and more to do with his success, than any other. He met his future wife. Young Stanford went to Port Washington, on Lake Michigan, and began the practice of law. Visiting Albany again, he married and took his wife to Port Washington.

One night a fire swept away Mr. Stanford's house, furniture, and library. But little was left. His brothers had gone to California and he determined to follow them. The young wife, who remained behind until he should establish himself, bade him a tearful good-by, with a godspeed which, he afterwards said, was his inspiration throughout the toilsome journey and the first months of struggle amid the hard conditions of life then existing on the Pacific coast. Leland Stanford, the possessor of magnificent health and a fine spirit, was just the young man to subdue these conditions to his own uses.

He became a merchant and prospered. His wife joined him, and within ten years, so rapid was his rise, he was elected governor of California. He was the "war

governor," the man who, when the eyes of the nation were turned anxiously toward California filled with fear of its secession from the Union, said: "California will stick to the Union."

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Rich and beautiful as California was, she was isolated from the world; cut off from the rest of civilization by that mighty barrier, the Rocky Mountains.

"California must be opened to the rest of the country," said Leland Stanford. "We must have a railroad across the Rockies."

"It is impossible," replied the engineers; "the natural difficulties are too great."

"Impossible or not, it shall be done," said Stanford.

On Feb. 22, 1861, he threw out the first shovelful of gravel on the Central Pacific Railroad, and on May 10 1869, when the Central and the Union Pacific met at Promontory, Utah, eight hundred and thirty miles from San Francisco, one thousand and eighty-four miles from Omaha, and four thousand nine hundred feet above the sea, he held a sledge-hammer of solid silver to whose handle were fastened wires affording telegraphic communication with the principal cities of the United States. Telegraphic business was suspended, for the time, far and wide. The last tie, a masterpiece of California laurel with silver plates appropriately inscribed, was put into place, and the last rails were laid by the two companies.

The last spikes were handed to him, one of gold from California, one of silver from Nevada, and one of iron, gold, and silver from Arizona. At the first stroke of noon he struck the gold spike, loosing the lightning which told the nation that the East and West were united.

This great enterprise brought many millions of dollars to Leland Stanford, and added a vastly greater wealth to the Pacific coast.

A MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY.

The only child of the Stanfords, a very promising boy, died when he was sixteen years old. He had derived from his parents their sense of responsibility as the possessor of large wealth, and had vaguely formed a plan to found in California a great institution of learning, when he should reach manhood. After his death, in March, 1884, his grief-stricken parents resolved to carry out this plan, and thus perpetuate the memory of their boy. And so the great Leland Stanford Junior University stands a permanent and life-giving monument to the grand and noble ideals of a father, mother, and son.

Of the very extreme private beneficence of Mr. and Mrs. Stanford, the general public will never know; but the whole world knows of the Leland Stanford Junior University, the noble collection of buildings surrounded by the beautiful and luxuriant land of the great Palo Alto ranch in California. The endowment of the university is far greater than that of any other educational institution in

the world. Expense was not considered in the work of realizing the founder's purpose, which Mr. Stanford expressed in these words:

"I would have this institution help to fit men and women for usefulness in this life by increasing their individual power of production, and by making them good companions for themselves and for others."

One of the first departments opened was that of

MANUAL TRAINING.

The influence has been most helpful in the institution. A carpenter is held in the same estimation as a lawyer or an artist.

Each student in the university chooses and pursues the studies best adapted to his or her abilities and tastes. But each must select one subject for a specialty, and acquire a deep and wide and accurate understanding of it. Mr. Stanford realized that this is the age of the specialist. Much attention is devoted to mechanics at the university, but hardly more than to art, as is illustrated by the fine galleries of art. The aim of the founder was to have the work touch, at least, upon all that is best in human endeavor, and embrace the great principles of true living.

HIGH IDEALS AND LOFTY PURPOSES.

Mrs. Stanford, who has given ten millions of dollars to the university, has set forth the aims of the founder in these words:

"My husband's leading idea in the founding of the Leland Stanford Junior University was to develop the student's powers for attaining personal success. I do not mean financial success. His ideal of success was far higher. He measured success by but one standard, and that was usefulness. Very much more successful men, in his eyes, than a Napoleon Bonaparte or a money king, were Isaac Newton and Christopher Columbus. The men who have added to the world's riches rather than those who have stored up great individual wealth, he esteemed most highly.

"From the beginning of his manhood he had this ideal of success and it was really the foundation of all that he accomplished. He devoted the whole force of his brain and character to bringing about results, not because of the money there might be in them, but because they were important results, worth working for. And when wealth did come, he never regarded it as wholly his. He felt that it had been acquired through agencies which were really the common property of all the people, and that it was a great trust, for the proper administration of which he was responsible."

Marshall Field

(1834-1906, America)

This world-renowned merchant is not easily accessible to interviews, and he seeks no fame for his business achievements. Yet, there is no story more significant, none more full of encouragement and inspiration for youth.

In relating it, as he told it, I have removed my own interrogations, so far as possible, from the interview.

"I was born in Conway, Massachusetts," he said, "in 1835. My father's farm was among the rocks and hills of that section, and not very fertile. All the people were poor in those days. My father was a man who had good judgment, and he made a success out of the farming business. My mother was of a more intellectual bent. Both my parents were anxious that their boys should amount to something in life, and their interest and care helped me.

"I had but few books, scarcely any to speak of. There was not much time for literature. Such books as we had, I made use of.

"I had a leaning toward business, and took up with it as early as possible. I was naturally of a saving disposition: I had to be. Those were saving times. A dollar looked very big to us boys in those days; and as we had difficult labor in earning it, we did not quickly spend it. I however,

DETERMINED NOT TO REMAIN POOR."

"Did you attend both school and college?"

"I attended the common and high schools at home, but not long. I had no college training. Indeed, I cannot say that I had much of any public school education. I left home when seventeen years of age, and of course had not time to study closely.

"My first venture in trade was made as clerk in a country store at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where everything was sold, including dry-goods. There I remained for four years, and picked up my first knowledge of business. I

SAVED MY EARNINGS AND ATTENDED STRICTLY TO BUSINESS,

and so made those four years valuable to me. Before I went West, my employer offered me a quarter interest in his business if I would remain with him. Even after I had been here several years, he wrote and offered me a third interest if I would go back.

"But I was already too well placed. I was always interested in the commercial side of life. To this I bent my energies; and

I ALWAYS THOUGHT I WOULD BE A MERCHANT.

"In Chicago, I entered as a clerk in the dry-goods house of Cooley, Woodsworth & Co., in South Water street. There was no guarantee at that time that this place would ever become the western metropolis; the town had

plenty of ambition and pluck, but the possibilities of greatness were hardly visible."

It is interesting to note in this connection how closely the story of Mr. Field's progress is connected with Chicago's marvelous growth. The city itself in its relations to the West, was

AN OPPORTUNITY.

A parallel, almost exact, may be drawn between the individual career and the growth of the town. Chicago was organized in 1837, two years after Mr. Field was born on the far-off farm in New England, and the place then had a population of a little more than four thousand. In 1856, when Mr. Field, fully equipped for a successful mercantile career, became a resident of the future metropolis of the West, the population had grown to little more than eighty-four thousand. Mr. Field's prosperity advanced with the growth of the city; with Chicago he was stricken but not crushed by the great fire of 1871; and with Chicago he advanced again to higher achievement and far greater prosperity than before the calamity.

"What were your equipments for success when you started as a clerk here in Chicago, in 1856?"

"Health and ambition, and what I believe to be sound principles;" answered Mr. Field. "And here I found that in a growing town, no one had to wait for promotion. Good business qualities were promptly discovered, and men were pushed forward rapidly.

"After four years, in 1860, I was made a partner, and in 1865, there was a partial reorganization, and the firm consisted after that of Mr. Leiter, Mr. Palmer and myself (Field, Palmer, and Leiter). Two years later Mr. Palmer withdrew, and until 1881, the style of the firm was Field, Leiter & Co. Mr. Leiter retired in that year, and since then it has been as at present (Marshall Field & Co.)."

"What contributed most to the great growth of your business?" I asked.

"To answer that question," said Mr. Field, "would be to review the condition of the West from the time Chicago began until the fire in 1871. Everything was coming this way; immigration, railways and water traffic, and Chicago was enjoying 'flush' times.

"There were things to learn about the country, and the man who learned the quickest fared the best. For instance, the comparative newness of rural communities and settlements made a knowledge of local solvency impossible. The old State banking system prevailed, and speculation of every kind was rampant.

A CASH BASIS

"The panic of 1857 swept almost everything away except the house I worked for, and *I learned that the reason they survived was because they understood the nature of the new country, and did a cash business.* That is, they bought for cash, and sold on thirty and sixty days; instead of giving the customers, whose financial condition you could

hardly tell anything about, all the time they wanted. *When the panic came, they had no debts, and little owing to them,* and so they weathered it all right. *I learned what I consider my best lesson, and that was to do a cash business."*

"What were some of the principles you applied to your business?" I questioned.

"I made it a point that all goods should be exactly what they were represented to be. *It was a rule of the house that an exact scrutiny of the quality of all goods purchased should be maintained, and that nothing was to induce the house to place upon the market any line of goods at a shade of variation from their real value. Every article sold must be regarded as warranted, and*

EVERY PURCHASER MUST BE ENABLED TO FEEL SECURE."

"Did you suffer any losses or reverses during your career?"

"No loss except by the fire of 1871. It swept away everything,—about three and a half millions. We were, of course, protected by insurance, which would have been sufficient against any ordinary calamity of the kind. But the disaster was so sweeping that some of the companies which had insured our property were blotted out, and a long time passed before our claims against others were settled. We managed, however, to start again. There were no buildings of brick or stone left standing, but there were some great shells of horse-car barns at State and

Twentieth streets which were not burned, and I hired those. We put up signs announcing that we would continue business uninterruptedly, and then rushed the work of fitting things up and getting in the stock."

"Did the panic of 1873 affect your business?"

"Not at all. We did not have any debts."

"May I ask, Mr. Fields, what you consider to have been

THE TURNING POINT

in your career,—the point after which there was no more danger?"

"Saving the first five thousand dollars I ever had, when I might just as well have spent the moderate salary I made. Possession of that sum, once I had it, *gave me the ability to meet opportunities.* That I consider the turning-point."

"What trait of character do you look upon as having been the most essential in your career?"

"*Perseverance,*" said Mr. Field. But Mr. Selfridge, his most trusted lieutenant, in whose private office we were, insisted upon the addition of "*good judgment*" to this.

"If I am compelled to lay claim to such traits," added Mr. Fields, "it is because I have tried to practise them, and the trying has availed me much. I have tried to make all my acts and commercial moves the result of definite consideration and sound judgment. *There were never any great ventures or risks.* I practised honest, slow-growing

business methods, and tried to back them with energy and good system."

At this point, in answer to further questions, Mr. Field disclaimed having overworked in his business, although after the fire of '71 he worked about eighteen hours a day for several weeks:—

"My fortune, however, has not been made in that manner. I believe in reasonable hours, but close attention during those hours. I never worked very many hours a day. People do not work as many hours now as they once did. The day's labor has shortened in the last twenty years for everyone."

QUALITIES THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS

"What, Mr. Field," I said, "do you consider to be the first requisite for success in life, so far as the young beginner is concerned?"

"The qualities of *honesty, energy, frugality, integrity,* are more necessary than ever to-day, and there is no success without them. They are so often urged that they have become commonplace, but they are really more prized than ever. And any good fortune that comes by such methods is deserved and admirable."

A COLLEGE EDUCATION AND BUSINESS

"Do you believe a college education for the young man to be a necessity in the future?"

"Not for business purposes. Better training will become more and more a necessity. The truth is, with

most young men, a college education means that just at the time when they should be having business principles instilled into them, and be getting themselves energetically pulled together for their life's work, they are sent to college. Then intervenes what many a young man looks back on as the jolliest time of his life,—four years of college. Often when he comes out of college the young man is unfitted by this good time to buckle down to hard work, and the result is a failure to grasp opportunities that would have opened the way for a successful career."

As to *retiring from business*, Mr. Field remarked:—

"I do not believe that, when a man no longer attends to his private business in person every day, he has given up interest in affairs. He may be, in fact should be, doing wider and greater work. There certainly is no pleasure in idleness. A man, upon giving up business, does not cease laboring, but really does or should do more in a larger sense. He should interest himself in public affairs. There is no happiness in mere dollars. After they are acquired, one can use but a moderate amount. It is given a man to eat so much, to wear so much, and to have so much shelter, and more he cannot use. When money has supplied these, its mission, so far as the individual is concerned, is fulfilled, and man must look further and higher. It is only in the wider public affairs, where money is a moving force toward the general welfare, that the possessor of it can possibly find pleasure, and that only in constantly doing more."

"What," I said, "in your estimation, is the greatest good a man can do?"

"The greatest good he can do is to cultivate himself, develop his powers, in order that he may be of greater use to humanity."

John D. Rockefeller

(1839-1937, America)

The richest man in the United States, John Davidson Rockefeller, has consented to break his rule never to talk for publication; and he has told me the story of his early struggles and triumphs, and given utterance to some strikingly interesting observations anent the same. In doing so, he was influenced by the argument that there is something of helpfulness, of inspiration, in the career of every self-made man.

While many such careers have been prolific of vivid contrasts, this one is simply marvelous. Whatever may be said by political economists of the dangers of vast aggregations of wealth in the hands of the few, there can be no question of the extraordinary interest attaching to the life story of a man who was a farm laborer at the age of fifteen, who left school at eighteen, because he felt it to be his duty to care for his mother and brother, and who, at the zenith of his business career, has endowed Chicago University with $7,500,000 out of a fortune estimated at over $300,000,000,—probably the largest single fortune on earth.

The story opens in a fertile valley in Tioga County, New York, near the village of Richford, where John D. Rockefeller was born on his father's farm in July, 1838. The parents of the boy were church-going, conscientious, debt-abhorring folk, who preferred the independence of a

few acres to a mortgaged domain. They were Americans to the backbone, intelligent, industrious people, not very poor and certainly not very rich, for at fourteen John hired out to neighboring farmers during the summer months, in order to earn his way and not be dependent upon those he loved. His father was able to attend to the little farm himself, and thus it happened that the youth spent several summers away from home, toiling from sunrise to sunset, and sharing the humble life of the people he served.

HIS EARLY DREAM AND PURPOSE

Did the tired boy, peering from his attic window, ever dream of his future?

He said to a youthful companion of Richford, a farmer's boy like himself: "I would like to own all the land in this valley, as far as I can see. I sometimes dream of wealth and power. Do you think we shall ever be worth one hundred thousand dollars, you and I? I hope to, some day."

Who can estimate the influence such a life as this must have had upon the future multi-millionaire? I asked Mr. Rockefeller about this, and found him enthusiastic over the advantages which he had received from his rural surroundings, and full of faith in the ability of the country boy to surpass his city cousin.

"To my mind," he said, "there is something unfortunate in being born in a city. Most young men raised in New York and other large centers have not had

the struggles which come to us who were reared in the country. It is a noticeable fact that the country men are crowding out the city fellows who have wealthy fathers. They are willing to do more work and go through more for the sake of winning success in the end. Sons of wealthy parents haven't a ghost of a show in competition with the fellows who come from the country with a determination to do something in the world."

The next step in the young man's life was his going to Cleveland, Ohio, in his sixteenth year.

"That was a great change in my life," said he. "Going to Cleveland was my first experience in a great city, and I shall never forget those years. I began work there as an officeboy, and learned a great deal about business methods while filling that position. But what benefited me most in going to Cleveland was the new insight I gained as to what a great place the world really is. I had plenty of ambition then, and saw that, if I was to accomplish much, I would have to work very, very hard, indeed."

SCHOOL DAYS

He found time, during the year 1854, to attend the sessions of the school which is now known as the Central High School. It was a brick edifice, surrounded by grounds which contained a number of hickory trees. It has long since been superseded by a larger and handsomer building, but Andrew J. Freese, the teacher, is still living. It is one of the proudest recollections of this delightful old

gentleman's life that John D. Rockefeller went to school with him. I visited him at his residence in Cleveland the other day, and he said:

"John was one of the best boys I had. He was always polite, but when the other boys threw hickory clubs at him, or attempted any undue familiarities with him, he would stop smiling and sail into them. Young Hanna—Marcus A. Hanna,—who was also a pupil, learned this, to his cost, more than once, and so did young Jones, the present Nevada senator. I have had several very distinguished pupils, you see, and one of my girls is now Mrs. John D. Rockefeller. I had Edward Wolcott, the Colorado senator, later on. Yes, John was about as intelligent and well-behaved a chap as I ever had. Here is one of his essays which you may copy, if you wish."

Mr. Rockefeller, I am quite sure, will pardon me for copying his composition at this late day, for its tone and subject matter reflect credit upon him:—

"Freedom is one of the most desirable of all blessings. Even the smallest bird or insect loves to be free. Take, for instance, a robin that has always been free to fly from tree to tree, and sing its cheerful song from day to day,—catch it, and put it into a cage which is to it nothing less than a prison, and, although it may be there tended with the choicest care, yet it is not content. How eloquently does it plead, though in silence, for liberty. From day to day it sits mournfully upon its perch, meditating, as it were, some

way for its escape, and when at last this is effected, how cheerfully does it wing its way out from its gloomy prison-house to sing undisturbed in the branches of the first trees.

"If even the birds of the air love freedom, is it not natural that man, the lord of creation, should? I reply that it is, and that it is a violation of the laws of our country, and the laws of our God, that man should hold his fellowman in bondage. Yet how many thousands there are at the present time, even in our own country, who are bound down by cruel masters to toil beneath the scorching sun of the South. How can America, under such circumstances, call herself free? Is it extending freedom by granting to the South one of the largest divisions of land that she possesses for the purpose of holding slaves? It is a freedom that, if not speedily checked, will end in the ruin of our country."

It was greatly to the regret of the teacher that John came to him one day to announce his purpose to leave school. Mr. Freese urged him to remain two years longer, in order that he might complete the course, but the young man told him he felt obliged to earn more money than he was getting, because of his desire to provide for his mother and brother. He had received an offer, he said, of a place on the freight docks as a bill clerk, and this job would take him away from his studies.

A RAFT OF HOOP POLES

A short time afterwards, when Mr. Freese visited his former pupil at the freight dock, he found the young man seated on a bale of goods, bill book and pencil in hand. Pointing to a raft of hoop poles in the water, John told his caller that he had purchased them from a Canadian who had brought them across Lake Erie, expecting to sell them. Failing in this, the owner gladly accepted a cash offer from young Rockefeller, who named a price below the usual market rates. The young man explained that he *had saved a little money out of his wages,* and that this was his first speculation. He afterwards told Mr. Freese that he rafted the purchase himself to a flour mill, and disposed of his bargain at a profit of fifty dollars.

THE ODOR OF OIL

It was Mr. Freese, too, who first got the young man interested in oil. They were using sperm oil in those days, at a dollar and a half a gallon. Somebody had found natural petroleum, thick, slimy, and foul-smelling, in the Pennsylvania creeks, and a quantity of it had been received in Cleveland by a next-door neighbor of the schoolmaster. The neighbor thought it could be utilized in some way, but his experiments were as crude as the ill-favored stuff itself. These consisted of boiling, burning, and otherwise testing the oil, and the only result was the incurring of the disfavor of the near-by residents. The young man became interested at once. He, too, experimented with the black slime, draining off the clearer

portions and touching matches to it. The flames were sickly, yellow, and malodorous.

"*There must be some way of deodorizing this oil,*" said John, "*and I will find it.* There ought to be a good sale for it for illuminating purposes, if the good oil can be separated from the sediment, and that awful smell gotten rid of."

How well the young man profited by the accidental meeting is a matter of history. But I am digressing.

HIS FIRST LEDGER, AND THE ITEMS IN IT

While in Cleveland, slaving away at his tasks, Mr. Rockefeller was training himself for the more busy days to come. He kept a small ledger in which he entered all his receipts and expenditures, and I had the privilege of examining this interesting little book, and having its contents explained to me. It was nothing more than a small, paper-backed memorandum book.

"When I looked this book up the other day, I thought I had but the cover," said Mr. Rockefeller, "but, on examination, I perceived that I had utilized the cover to write on. In those days I was very economical, just as I am economical now. Economy is a virtue. I hadn't seen my little ledger for a long time, when I found it among some old things. It is more than forty-two years ago since I wrote what it contains. I called it 'Ledger A,' and I wouldn't exchange it now for all the ledgers in New York city and their contents. A glance through it shows me how

carefully I kept account of my receipts and disbursements. I only wish more young men could be induced to keep accounts like this nowadays. It would go far toward teaching them the value of money.

"*Every young man should take care of his money. I think it is a man's duty to make all the money he can, keep all he can, and give away all he can.* I have followed this principle religiously all my life, as is evidenced in this book. It tells me just what I did with my money during my first few years in business. Between September, 1855, and January, 1856, I received just fifty dollars. Out of this sum I paid for my washing and my board, and managed to save a little besides. I find, in looking through the book, that I gave a cent to Sunday school every Sunday. It wasn't much, but it was all that I could afford to give to that particular object. *What I could afford to give to the various religious and charitable works, I gave regularly. It is a good habit for a young man to get into.*

"During my second year in Cleveland, I earned twenty-five dollars a month. I was beginning to be a capitalist," said Mr. Rockefeller, "and I suppose I ought to have considered myself a criminal for having so much money. I paid all my own bills at this time, and had some money to give away. I also had the happiness of saving some. I am not sure, but I was more independent then than now. I couldn't buy the most fashionable cut of clothing, but I dressed well enough. I certainly did not buy any clothes I couldn't pay for, as some young men do that

I know of. I didn't make any obligations I could not meet, and *my earnest advice is for every young man to live within his means. One of the swiftest 'toboggan slides' I know of, is for a young fellow just starting out into the world to go into debt.*

"During the time between November, 1855, and April, 1856, I paid out just nine dollars and nine cents for clothing. And there is one item that was certainly extravagant as I usually wore mittens in the winter. This item is for fur gloves, two dollars and a half. In this same period *I gave away five dollars and fifty-eight cents. In one month I gave to foreign missions, ten cents, to the mite society, fifty cents, and twelve cents to the Five Points Mission, in New York.* I wasn't living here then, of course, but I suppose I thought the Mission needed money. These little contributions of mine were not large, but they brought me into direct contact with church work, and that has been a benefit to me all my life. It is a mistake for a man to think that he must be rich to help others."

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS

He earned and saved ten thousand dollars before he was twenty-five years old.

Before he attained his majority, Rockefeller formed a partnership with another young man named Hewett, and began a warehouse and produce business. This was the natural outgrowth of his freight clerkship on the docks. *In five years, he had amassed about ten thousand dollars*

besides earning a reputation for business capacity and probity.

HE REMEMBERED THE OIL

He never forgot those experiments with the crude oil. Discoveries became more and more frequent in the Pennsylvania oil territory. There was a rush of speculators to the new land of fortune. Men owning impoverished farms suddenly found themselves rich. Thousands of excited men bid wildly against each other for newly-shot wells, paying fabulous sums occasionally for dry holes.

KEEPING HIS HEAD

John D. Rockefeller looked the entire field over carefully and calmly. Never for a moment did he lose his head. His Cleveland bankers and business friends had asked him to purchase some wells, if he saw fit, offering to back him up with $75,000 for his own investment [he was worth about $10,000 at the time], and to put in $400,000 more on his report.

The business judgment of this young man at twenty-five was so good, that his neighbors were willing to invest half a million dollars at his bidding.

He returned to Cleveland without investing a dollar. Instead of joining the mad crowd of producers, he sagaciously determined to begin at the other end of the business,—the refining of the product.

THERE WAS MORE MONEY IN A REFINERY

The use of petroleum was dangerous at that time, on account of the highly inflammable gases it contained. Many persons stuck to candles and sperm oil through fear of an explosion if they used the new illuminant. The process of removing these superfluous gases by refining, or distilling, as it was then called, was in its infancy. There were few men who knew anything about it.

Among Rockefeller's acquaintances in Cleveland was one of these men. His name was Samuel Andrews. He had worked in a distillery, and was familiar with the process. He believed that there was a great business to be built up by removing the gases from the crude oil and making it safe for household use. Rockefeller listened to him, and became convinced that he was right. Here was a field as wide as the world, limited only by the production of crude oil. It was a proposition on which he could figure and make sure of the result. It was just the thing Rockefeller had been looking for. He decided to leave the production of oil to others, and to devote his attention to preparing it for market.

Andrews was a brother commission merchant. The two started a refinery, each closing out his former business connection. In two weeks it was running night and day to fill orders. So great was the demand, and so great was the judgment of young Rockefeller,—seeing what no one else had seen.

A second refinery had to be built at once, and in two years their plants were turning out two thousand barrels of refined petroleum per day. Henry M. Flagler, already wealthy, came into the firm, the name of which then became Rockefeller, Flagler and Andrews. More refineries were built, not only at Cleveland, but also at other advantageous points. Competing refineries were bought or rendered ineffective by the cutting of prices.

It is related that Mr. Andrews became one day dissatisfied, and he was asked,—"What will you take for your interest?" Andrews wrote carelessly on a piece of paper,—"One million dollars." Within twenty-four hours he was handed that amount; Mr. Rockefeller saying,—"Cheaper at one million than ten." In building up the refinery business Rockefeller was the head; the others were the hands. He was always the general commanding, the tactician. He made the plans and his associates carried them out. Here was the post for which he had fitted himself, and in which his genius for planning had full sway. In the conduct of the refinery affairs, as in every enterprise in which he has taken part, he exemplified another rule to which he had adhered from his boyhood days. He was the leader in whatever he undertook. In going into any undertaking, John D. Rockefeller has made it his rule to have the chief authority in his own hands or to have nothing to do with the matter.

STANDARD OIL

In 1870, when Mr. Rockefeller was thirty-two years old, the business was merged into the Standard Oil Company, starting with a capital of one million dollars. Other pens have written the later story of that great corporation; how it started pipe lines to carry the oil to the seaboard; how it earned millions in by-products which had formerly run to waste; how it covered the markets of the world in its keen search for trade, distancing all competition, and cheapening its own processes so that its dividends in one year, 1899, amounted to $23,000,000 in excess of the fixed dividend upon the whole capital stock. This is the outcome of thirty years' development. The corporation is now the greatest business combination of modern times, or of any age of the world. Mr. Rockefeller's annual income from his holdings of Standard Oil stock is estimated at about sixteen millions of dollars.

MR. ROCKEFELLER'S PERSONALITY

The brains of all this, the owner of the largest percentage of the stock in the parent corporation, and in most of the lesser ones, is now sixty-two years old. His personality is simple and unaffected, his tastes domestic, and the trend of his thoughts decidedly religious. His Cleveland residential estate is superb, covering a large tract of park-like land,—but even there he has shown his unselfishness by donating a large portion of his land to the

city for park purposes. His New York home is not a pretentious place,—solid, but by no means elegant in outward appearance. Between the two homes he divides his time with his wife and children. He is an earnest and hard-working member of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, in New York, and does much to promote the good work carried on by that organization. He is particularly interested in the Sunday-school work.

AT THE OFFICE

He arises early in the morning, at his home, and, after a light breakfast, attends to some of his personal affairs there. He is always early on hand at the great Standard Oil building on lower Broadway, New York, and, during the day, he transacts business connected with the management of that vast corporation. There is hardly one of our business men of whom the public at large knows so little. He avoids publicity as most men would the plague. The result is that he is the only one of our very wealthy men who maintains the reputation of being different from the ordinary run of mortals. To most newspaper readers, he is a man of mystery, a sort of financial wizard who sits in his office and heaps up wealth after the fashion of Aladdin and other fairy-tale heroes.

All this is wide of the mark. It would be hard to find a more commonplace, matter-of-fact man than John D. Rockefeller. His tall form, with the suggestion of a stoop in it, his pale, thoughtful face and reserved manner, suggest the scholar or professional man rather than an

industrial Hercules or a Napoleon of finance. He speaks in a slow, deliberate manner, weighing each word. There is nothing impulsive or bombastic about him. But his conversation impresses one as consisting of about one hundred per cent, of cold, compact, boiled-down common sense.

Here is to be noted one characteristic of the great oil magnate which has helped to make him what he is. The popular idea of a multi-millionaire is a man who has taken big risks, and has come out luckily. He is a living refutation of this conception. He is careful and cautious by nature, and he has made these traits habitual for a lifetime; he conducts all his affairs on the strictest business principles.

FORESIGHT

The qualities which have made him so successful are largely those which go to the making of any successful business man,—industry, thrift, perseverance, and foresight. Three of these qualities would have made him a rich man; the last has distinguished him as the richest man. One of his business associates said of him, the other day:—

"I believe the secret of his success, so far as there is any secret, lies in power of foresight, which often seems to his associates to be wonderful. It comes simply from his habit of looking at every side of a question, of weighing the favorable and unfavorable features of a situation, and of

sifting out the inevitable result through his unfailing good judgment."

This is his own personal statement, put into other words, so it may be accepted as true. The encouraging part of it is that, while such foresight as Rockefeller displays may be ascribed partly to natural endowment, both he and his friend say that it is more largely a matter of habit, made effective by continual practice.

HYGIENE

At noon he takes a very simple lunch at his club, or at some downtown restaurant. The lunch usually consists of a bowl of bread and milk. He remains at the office until late in the afternoon, and before dinner he takes some exercise. *In winter, he skates when possible.* And at other seasons of the year he nearly always drives in the park or on the avenues. Mr. Rockefeller has great faith in fresh air as a tonic.

AT HOME

The evenings are nearly always spent at home, for neither Mr. Rockefeller nor any of the children are fond of "society," as the word is understood in New York. The children seem to have inherited many of their father's sensible ideas, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has apparently escaped the fate of most rich men's sons. He has a deep sense of responsibility as the heir-apparent to so much wealth; and, since his graduation from college, he has devoted himself to a business career, starting at the

bottom and working upward, step by step. It is now generally known that he has been very successful in his business ventures, and he bids fair to become a worthy successor to his father. He is now actively engaged in important philanthropic enterprises in New York. Miss Bessie became the wife of a poor clergyman of the Baptist Church in Cleveland; while Miss Alta is married to a prominent young business man in Chicago.

PHILANTHROPY

Mr. Rockefeller has during many years turned over to his children a great many letters from needy people, asking them to exercise their own judgment in distributing charities.

While he has himself given away millions for education and charity, he would have given more were it not for his dread of seeming ostentatious. But he never gives indiscriminately, nor out of hand. When a charity appeals to him, he investigates it thoroughly, just as he would a business scheme. If he decides that its object is worthy, he gives liberally; otherwise, not a cent can be got out of him.

It may be imagined that such a man is busy to the full limit of his working capacity. This is true. He is too busy for any of the pastimes and pleasures in which most wealthy men seek diversion. He is thoroughly devoted to his home and family, and spends as much as possible of his time with them. He is a man who views life seriously, but

in his quiet way he can get as much enjoyment out of a good story or a meeting with an old friend as can any other man.

PERSEVERANCE

When I asked Mr. Rockefeller what he considers has most helped him in obtaining success in business, he answered: "It was early training, and the fact that I was willing to persevere. I do not think there is any other quality so essential to success of any kind as the quality of perseverance. It overcomes almost everything, even nature."

It is to be said of his business enterprises, looking at them in a large way, that he has given to the world good honest oil, of standard quality; that his employees are always well paid; that he has given away more money in benevolence than any other business man in America. And everything about the man indicates that he is likely to "persevere" in the course he has so long pursued, turning his vast wealth into institutes for public service.

A GENIUS FOR MONEY MAKING

"There are men born with a genius for money-making," says Mathews. "They have the instinct of accumulation. The talent and the inclination to convert dollars into doubloons by bargains or shrewd investments are in them just as strongly marked and as uncontrollable as were the ability and the inclination of Shakespeare to produce Hamlet and Othello, of Raphael to paint his

cartoons, of Beethoven to compose his symphonies, or Morse to invent an electric telegraph. As it would have been a gross dereliction of duty, a shameful perversion of gifts, had these latter disregarded the instincts of their genius and engaged in the scramble for wealth, so would a Rothschild, an Astor, and a Peabody have sinned had they done violence to their natures, and thrown their energies into channels where they would have proved dwarfs and not giants."

The opportunity which came to young Rockefeller does not occur many times in many ages: and in a generous interpretation of his opportunity he has already invested a great deal of his earnings in permanently useful philanthropies.

Stephen Girard
And His College for Orphans

(1750-1831, France/America)

Near the city of Bordeaux, France, on May 20, 1750, the eldest son of Pierre Girard and his wife, Anne Marie Lafargue, was born. The family were well-to-do; and Pierre was knighted by Louis XV. for bravery on board the squadron at Brest, in 1744, when France and England were at war. The king gave Pierre Girard his own sword, which Pierre at his death ordered to be placed in his coffin, and it was buried with him. Although the Girard family were devoted to the sea, Pierre wished to have his boys become professional men; and this might have been the case with the eldest son, Stephen, had not an accident changed his life.

When the boy was eight years old, his right eye was destroyed. Some wet oyster-shells were thrown upon a bonfire, and the heat breaking the shells, a ragged piece flew into the eye. To make the calamity worse, his playmates ridiculed his appearance with one eye closed; and he became sensitive, and disinclined to play with any one save his brother Jean.

He was a grave and dignified lad, inclined to be domineering, and of a quick temper. His mother tried to teach him self-control, and had she lived, would doubtless have softened his nature; but a second mother coming into the home, who had several children of her own, the

effect upon Stephen was disastrous. She seems not to have understood his nature; and when he rebelled, the father sided with the new love, and bade his son submit, or find a home as best he could.

"I will leave your house," replied the passionate boy, hurt in feelings as well as angered. "Give me a venture on any ship that sails from Bordeaux, and I will go at once, where you shall never see me again."

A business acquaintance, Captain Jean Courteau, was about to sail to San Domingo in the West Indies. Pierre Girard gave his son sixteen thousand livres, about three thousand dollars; and the lad of fourteen, small for his age, went out into the world as a cabin-boy, to try his fortune.

If his mother had been alive he would have been homesick, but as matters were at present the Girard house could not be a home to him. His first voyage lasted ten months; the three thousand dollars had gained him some money, and the trip had made him in love with the sea. He returned for a brief time to his brothers and sisters, and then made five other voyages, having attained the rank of lieutenant of the vessel.

When he was twenty-three, he was given authority to act as "captain of a merchant vessel," and sailed away from Bordeaux forever. After stopping at St. Marc's in the island of San Domingo, young Girard sailed for New York, which he reached in July, 1774. With shrewd business ability he disposed of the articles brought in his ship, and

in so doing attracted the interest of a prosperous merchant, Mr. Thomas Randall, who was engaged in trade with New Orleans and the West Indies.

Mr. Randall asked the energetic young Frenchman to take the position of first officer in his ship L'Aimable Louise. This resulted so satisfactorily that Girard was taken into partnership, and became master of the vessel in her trade with New Orleans and the West Indies.

After nearly two years, in May, 1776, Girard was returning from the West Indies, and in a fog and storm at sea found himself in Delaware Bay, and learned that a British fleet was outside. The pilot, who had come in answer to the small cannon fired from Girard's ship, advised against his going to New York, as he would surely be captured, the Revolutionary War having begun. As he had no American money with him, a Philadelphia gentleman who came with the pilot loaned him five dollars. This five-dollar loan proved a blessing to the Quaker City, when in after years she received millions from the merchant who came by accident into her borders.

Captain Girard sold his interest in L'Aimable Louise, and opened a small store on Water Street, putting into it his cargo from the West Indies. He hoped to go to sea again as soon as the war should be over, and conferred with Mr. Lum, a plain shipbuilder near him on Water Street, about building a ship for him. Mr. Lum had an

unusually beautiful daughter, Mary, a girl of sixteen, with black hair and eyes, and very fair complexion. Though eleven years older than Mary, Stephen Girard fell in love with her, and was married to her, June 6, 1777, before his family could object, as they soon did strenuously, when they learned that she was poor and below him in social rank.

About three years after the marriage, Jean visited his brother Stephen in America, and seems to have appreciated the beautiful and modest girl to whom the family were so opposed. Henry Atlee Ingrain, LL.B., in his life of Girard, quotes several letters from Jean after he had returned to France, or when at Cape Francois, San Domingo: "Be so kind as to assure my dear sister-in-law of my true affection … Say a thousand kind things to her for me, and assure her of my unalterable friendship … Thousands and thousands of friendly wishes to your dear wife. Say to her that if anything from here would give her pleasure, to ask me for it. I will do everything in the world to prove to her my attachment … I send by Derussy the jar which your lovely wife filled for me with gherkins, full of an excellent guava jelly for you people, besides two orange-trees. He has promised me to take care of them. I hope he will, and embrace, as well as you, my ever dear Mary."

Three or four months after his marriage, Lord Howe having threatened the city, Mr. Girard took his young wife to Mount Holly, N. J., to a little farm of five or six acres

which he had purchased the previous year for five hundred dollars. Here they lived in a one-story-and-a-half frame house for over a year, when they returned to Philadelphia and he resumed his business. He had decided already to become a citizen of the Republic, and took the oath of allegiance, Oct. 27, 1778.

Mr. Lum at once began to build the sloop which Mr. Girard was planning when he first met Mary, and she was named the Water-Witch. Until she was shipwrecked, five or six years later, Mr. Girard believed she could never cause him loss. Already he was worth over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, made by his own energy, prudence, and ability; but he lived with great simplicity, and was accumulating wealth rapidly. In 1784 he built his second vessel, named, in compliment to Jean, the Two Brothers.

The next year, 1785, when he was thirty-five years old, the great sorrow of his life came upon him. The beautiful wife, only a little beyond her teens, became melancholy, and then hopelessly insane. Mr. Ingram believes the eight years of Mary Girard's married life were happy years, though the contrary has been stated. Without doubt Mr. Girard was very fond of her, though his unbending will and temper, and the ignoring of her relatives, were not calculated to make any woman continuously happy. Evidently Jean, who had lived in the family, thought no blame attached to his brother; for he wrote from Cape Francois: "It is impossible to express to you what I felt at

such news. I do truly pity the frightful state I imagine you to be in, above all, knowing the regard and love you bear your wife … Conquer your grief, and show yourself by that worthy of being a man; for, dear friend, when one has nothing with which to reproach one's self, no blow, whatsoever it may be, should crush him."

After a period of rest, Mrs. Girard seemed to recover. Stephen and Jean formed a partnership, and the former sailed to the Mediterranean on business for the firm. After three years the partnership was dissolved by mutual consent, Stephen preferring to transact business alone. As soon as these matters were settled, he and his wife were to take a journey to France, which country she had long been anxious to visit. Probably the family would then see for themselves that the unassuming girl made an amiable, sensible wife for their eldest son.

In the midst of preparations, the despondency again returned; and by the advice of physicians, Mrs. Girard was taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital, at Eighth and Spruce Streets, Aug. 31, 1790, where she remained till her death in 1815, insane for over twenty-five years. She retained much of the beauty of her girlhood, lived on the first floor of the hospital in large rooms, had the freedom of the grounds, and was "always sitting in the sunlight." Her mind became almost a blank; and when the housekeeper came bringing the little daughters of Jean, Mrs. Girard scarcely recognized her.

To add still more to Mr. Girard's sorrow, after his wife had been at the hospital several months, on March 3, 1791, a daughter was born to her, who was named for the mother, Mary Girard. The infant was taken into the country to be cared for, and lived but a few months. It was buried in the graveyard of the parish church.

Bereft of his only child, his home desolate, Mr. Girard plunged more than ever into the whirl of business. He built six large ships, naming some of them after his favorite authors,—Voltaire, Helvetius, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Good Friends, and North America,—to trade with China and India, and other Eastern countries. He would send grain and cotton to Bordeaux, where, after unloading, his ships would reload with fruit and wine for St. Petersburg. There they would dispose of their cargo, and take on hemp and iron for Amsterdam. From there they would go to Calcutta and Canton, and return, laden with tea and silks, to Philadelphia.

Little was known about the quiet, taciturn Frenchman; but every one supposed he was becoming very rich, which was the truth. He was not always successful. He says in one of his letters, "We are all the subjects of what you call 'reverses of fortune.' The great secret is to make good use of fortune, and when reverses come, receive them with *sang froid*, and by redoubled activity and economy endeavor to repair them." His ship Montesquieu, from Canton, China, arrived within the capes of Delaware, March 26, 1813, not having heard of

the war between America and England, and was captured with her valuable cargo, the fruits of the two years' voyage. The ship was valued at $20,000, and the cargo over $164,000. He immediately tried to ransom her, and did so with $180,000 in coin. When her cargo was sold, the sales amounted to nearly $500,000, so that Girard's quickness and good sense, in spite of the ransom, brought him large gains. The teas were sold for over two dollars a pound, on account of their scarcity from the war.

Mr. Girard rose early and worked late. He spent little on clothes or for daily needs. He evidently did not care simply to make money; for he wrote his friend Duplessis at New Orleans: "I do not value fortune. The love of labor is my highest ambition … I observe with pleasure that you have a numerous family, that you are happy in the possession of an honest fortune. This is all that a wise man has a right to wish for. As to myself, I live like a galley-slave, constantly occupied, and often passing the night without sleeping. I am wrapped up in a labyrinth of affairs, and worn out with care."

To another he wrote: "When I rise in the morning my only effort is to labor so hard during the day that when the night comes I may be enabled to sleep soundly." He had the same strong will as in his boyhood, but he usually controlled his temper. He kept his business to himself, and would not permit his clerks to gossip about his affairs. They had to be men of correct habits while in his employ. Having some suspicion of one of the officers of his ship

Voltaire, he wrote to Captain Bowen: "I desire you not to permit a drunken or immoral man to remain on board of your ship. Whenever such a man makes disturbance, or is disagreeable to the rest of the crew, discharge him whenever you have the opportunity. And if any of my apprentices should not conduct themselves properly, I authorize you to correct them as I would myself. My intention being that they shall learn their business, so after they are free they may be useful to themselves and their country."

Mr. Girard gave minute instructions to all his employees, with the direction that they were to "break owners, not orders." Miss Louise Stockton, in "A Sylvan City, or Quaint Corners in Philadelphia," tells the following incident, illustrative of Mr. Girard's inflexible rule: "He once sent a young supercargo with two ships on a two years' voyage. He was to go first to London, then to Amsterdam, and so from port to port, selling and buying, until at last he was to go to Mocha, buy coffee, and turn back. At London, however, the young fellow was charged by the Barings not to go to Mocha, or he would fall into the hands of pirates; at Amsterdam they told him the same thing. Everywhere the caution was repeated; but he sailed on until he came to the last port before Mocha. Here he was consigned to a merchant who had been an apprentice to Girard in Philadelphia; and he, too, told him he must not dare venture near the Red Sea.

"The supercargo was now in a dilemma. On one side was his master's order; on the other, two vessels, a valuable cargo, and a large sum of money. The merchant knew Girard's peculiarities as well as the supercargo did; but he thought the rule to "break owners, not orders" might this time be governed by discretion. 'You'll not only lose all you have made,' he said, 'but you'll never go home to justify yourself.'

"The young man reflected. After all, the object of his voyages was to get coffee; and there was no danger in going to Java, so he turned his prow, and away he sailed to the Chinese seas. He bought coffee at four dollars a sack, and sold it in Amsterdam at a most enormous advance, and then went back to Philadelphia in good order, with large profits, sure of approval. Soon after he entered the counting-room Girard came in. He looked at the young fellow from under his bushy brows, and his one eye gleamed with resentment. He did not greet him, nor welcome him, nor congratulate him, but, shaking his angry hand, cried, 'What for you not go to Mocha, sir?' And for the moment the supercargo wished he had. But this was all Girard ever said on the subject. He rarely scolded his employees. He might express his opinion by cutting down a salary, and when a man did not suit him he dismissed him."

When one of Girard's bookkeepers, Stephen Simpson, apparently with little or no provocation, assaulted a fellow bookkeeper, injuring him so severely about the head that

the man was unable to leave his home for more than a week, Girard simply laid a letter on Simpson's desk the next morning, reducing his salary from fifteen hundred dollars to one thousand per annum. The clerk was very angry, but did not give up his situation. When an errand-boy was caught in the act of stealing small sums of money from the counting-house, Mr. Girard put a more intricate lock on the money-drawer, and made no comment. The boy was sorry for his conduct, and gave no further occasion for complaint.

Girard believed in labor as a necessity for every human being. He used to say, "No man shall be a gentleman on my money." If he had a son he should labor. He said, "If I should leave him twenty thousand dollars, he would be lazy or turn gambler." Mr. Ingram tells an amusing incident of an Irishman who applied to Mr. Girard for work. "Engaging the man for a whole day, he directed the removal from one side of his yard to the other of a pile of bricks, which had been stored there awaiting some building operations; and this task, which consumed several hours, being completed, he was accosted by the Irishman to know what should be done next. 'Why, have you finished that already?' said Girard; 'I thought it would take all day to do that. Well, just move them all back again where you took them from; that will use up the rest of the day;' and upon the astonished Irishman's flat refusal to perform such fruitless labor, he was promptly paid and discharged, Girard saying at the same time, in a rather

aggrieved manner, 'I certainly understood you to say that you wanted any kind of work.'"

Absorbed as Mr. Girard was in his business, cold and unapproachable as he seemed to the people of Philadelphia, he had noble qualities, which showed themselves in the hour of need. In the latter part of July, 1793, yellow fever in its most fatal form broke out in Water Street, within a square of Mr. Girard's residence. The city was soon in a panic. Most of the public offices were closed, the churches were shut up, and people fled from the city whenever it was possible to do so. Corpses were taken to the grave on the shafts of a chaise driven by a negro, unattended, and without ceremony.

"Many never walked in the footpath, but went in the middle of the streets, to avoid being infected in passing houses wherein people had died. Acquaintances and friends avoided each other in the streets, and only signified their regard by a cold nod. The old custom of shaking hands fell into such disuse that many shrank back with affright at even the offer of a hand. The death-calls echoed through the silent, grass-grown streets; and at night the watcher would hear at his neighbor's door the cry, 'Bring out your dead!' and the dead were brought. Unwept over, unprayed for, they were wrapped in the sheet in which they died, and were hurried into a box, and thrown into a great pit, the rich and the poor together."

"Authentic cases are recorded," says Henry W. Arey in his "Girard College and its Founder," "where parent and child and husband and wife died deserted and alone, for want of a little care from the hands of absent kindred."

In the midst of this dreadful plague an anonymous call for volunteer aid appeared in the *Federal Gazette*, the only paper which continued to be published. All but three of the "Visitors of the Poor" had died, or had fled from the city. The hospital at Bush Hill needed some one to bring order out of chaos, and cleanliness out of filth. Two men volunteered to do this work, which meant probable death. To the amazement of all, one of these was the rich and reticent foreigner, Stephen Girard. The other man was Peter Helm. The former took the interior of the hospital under his charge. For two mouths Mr. Girard spent from six to eight hours daily in the hospital, and the rest of the time helped to remove the sick and the dead from the infected districts round about. He wrote to a friend in Baltimore: "The deplorable situations to which fright and sickness have reduced the inhabitants of our city demand succor from those who do not fear death, or who at least do not see any risk in the epidemic which now prevails here. This will occupy me for some time; and if I have the misfortune to succumb, I will have at least the satisfaction to have performed a duty which we all owe to each other."

Mr. Ingram quotes from the *United States Gazette* of Jan. 13, 1832, the account of Girard at this time, witnessed by a merchant who was hurrying by with a, camphor-

saturated handkerchief pressed to his mouth: "A carriage, rapidly driven by a black servant, broke the silence of the deserted and grass-grown street. It stopped before a frame house in Farmer's Row, the very hotbed of the pestilence; and the driver, first having bound a handkerchief over his mouth, opened the door of the carriage, and quickly remounted to the box. A short, thick-set man stepped from the coach, and entered the house.

"In a minute or two the observer, who stood at a safe distance watching the proceedings, heard a shuffling noise in the entry, and soon saw the visitor emerge, supporting, with extreme difficulty, a tall, gaunt, yellow-visaged victim of the pestilence. His arm was around the waist of the sick man, whose yellow face rested against his own, his long, damp, tangled hair mingling with his benefactor's, his feet dragging helpless upon the pavement. Thus, partly dragging, partly lifted, he was drawn to the carriage door, the driver averting his face from the spectacle, far from offering to assist. After a long and severe exertion, the well man succeeded in getting the fever-stricken patient into the vehicle, and then entering it himself, the door was closed, and the carriage drove away to the hospital, the merchant having recognized in the man who thus risked his life for another, the foreigner, Stephen Girard."

Twice after this, in 1797 and 1798, when the yellow fever again appeared in Philadelphia, Mr. Girard gave his time and money to the sick and the poor.

In January, 1799, he wrote to a friend in France: "During all this frightful time I have constantly remained in the city, and without neglecting my public duties, I have played a part which will make you smile. Would you believe it, my friend, that I have visited as many as fifteen sick people in one day, and what will surprise you still more, I have lost only one patient, an Irishman, who would drink a little."

Busy as a mariner, merchant, and helper of the sick and the poor, Mr. Girard found time to aid the Republic, to which he had become ardently attached. Besides serving for several terms in the City Council, and as Warden of the Port for twenty-two years, during the war of 1812 he rendered valuable financial aid. In 1810 Mr. Girard, having about one million dollars in the hands of Baring Bros. & Co., London, ordered the whole of it to be used in buying stock and shares of the Bank of the United States. When the charter of the bank expired in 1811, Mr. Girard purchased the whole outfit, and opened "The Bank of Stephen Girard," with a capital of one million two hundred thousand dollars. About this time, 1811, an attempt was made by two men to kidnap Mr. Girard by enticing him into a house to buy goods, then seize him, and carry him to a small ship in the Delaware, where he would be confined till he had paid the money which they demanded. The plot was discovered. After the men were arrested, and in prison for several months, one was

declared insane, and the other was acquitted on the ground of comparative ignorance of the plot.

Everybody believed in Mr. Girard's honesty, and in the safety of his bank. He made temporary loans to the Government, never refusing his aid. When near the close of the war the Government endeavored to float a loan of five million dollars, the bonds to bear interest at seven per cent per annum, and a bonus offered to capitalists, there was so much indifference or fear of future payment, or opposition to the war with Great Britain, that only $20,000 were subscribed for. Mr. Girard determined to stake his whole fortune to save the credit of his adopted country. He put his name opposite the whole of the loan still unsubscribed for.

The effect was magical. People at once had faith in the Government, professed themselves true patriots, and persisted in taking shares from Mr. Girard, which he gave them on the original terms. "The sinews of war were thus furnished," says Mr. Arey, "public confidence was restored, and a series of brilliant victories resulted in a peace, to which he thus referred in a letter written in 1815 to his friend Morton of Bordeaux: 'The peace which has taken place between this country and England will consolidate forever our independence, and insure our tranquillity.'"

Soon after the close of the war, on Sept. 13, 1815, word was sent to Mr. Girard that his wife, still insane, was dying.

Years before, when he found that she was incurable, he had sought a divorce, which those who admire him most must wish that he had never attempted; and the bill failed. He was now sixty-five, and growing old. His life had been too long in the shadow ever to be very full of light.

He asked to be sent for when all was over. Toward sunset, when Mary Girard was in her plain coffin, word was sent to him. He came with his household, and followed her to her resting-place, in the lawn at the north front of the hospital. "I shall never forget the last and closing scene," writes Professor William Wagner. "We all stood about the coffin, when Mr. Girard, filled with emotion, stepped forward, kissed his wife's corpse, and his tears moistened her cheek."

She was buried in silence, after the manner of the Friends, who manage the hospital. After the coffin was lowered, Mr. Girard looked in, and saying to Mr. Samuel Coates, "It is very well," returned to his home.

Mary Girard's grave, and that of another who died in 1807, giving the hospital five thousand dollars on condition that he be buried there, are now covered by the Clinic Building, erected in 1868. The bodies were not disturbed, as there is no cellar under the structure. As a reward for the care of his wife, soon after the burial Mr. Girard gave the hospital about three thousand dollars, and small sums of money to the attendants and nurses. It was

his intention to be buried beside his wife, but this plan was changed later.

The next year, 1816, President Madison having chartered the second Bank of the United States, there were so few subscribers that it was evident that the scheme would fail. At the last moment Mr. Girard placed his name against the stock not subscribed for,—three million one hundred thousand dollars. Again confidence was restored to a hesitating and timid public. Some years later, in 1829, when the State of Pennsylvania was in pressing need for money to carry on its daily functions, the governor asked Mr. Girard to loan the State one hundred thousand dollars, which was cheerfully done.

As it was known that Mr. Girard had amassed great wealth, and had no children, he was constantly besought to give, from all parts of the country. Letters came from France, begging that his native land be remembered through some grand institution of benevolence.

Ambitious though Mr. Girard was, and conscious of the power of money, he had without doubt been saving and accumulating for other reasons than love of gain. His will, made Feb. 16, 1830, by his legal adviser, Mr. William J. Duane, after months of conference, showed that Mr. Girard had been thinking for years about the disposition of his millions. When persons seemed inquisitive during his life, he would say, "My deeds must be my life. When I am dead, my actions must speak for me."

To the last Mr. Girard was devoted to business. "When death comes for me," he said, "he will find me busy, unless I am asleep in bed. If I thought I was going to die to-morrow, I should plant a tree, nevertheless, to-day."

His only recreation from business was going daily to his farm of nearly six hundred acres, in Passyunk Township, where he set out choice plants and fruit-trees, and raised the best produce for the Philadelphia market. His yellow-bodied gig and stout horse were familiar objects to the townspeople, though he always preferred walking to riding.

His home in later years, a four-story brick house, was somewhat handsomely furnished, with ebony chairs and seats of crimson plush from France, a present from his brother Étienne; a tall writing-cabinet, containing an organ given him by Joseph Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon, and the ex-king of Spain and Naples, who usually dined with Mr. Girard on Sunday; a Turkey carpet, and marble statuary purchased in Leghorn by his brother Jean. The home was made cheerful by his young relatives. He had in his family the three daughters of Jean, and two sons of Étienne, whom he educated.

He loved animals, always keeping a large watch-dog at his home and on each of his ships, saying that his property was thus much more efficiently protected than through the services of those to whom he paid wages. He was very fond of children, horses, dogs, and canary-birds. In his

private office several canaries swung in brass cages; and these he taught to sing with a bird organ, which he imported from France for that purpose.

When Mr. Girard was seventy-six years of age a violent attack of erysipelas in the head and legs led him to confine himself thereafter to a vegetable diet as long as he lived. The sight of his one eye finally grew so dim that he was scarcely able to find his way about the streets, and he was often seen to grope about the vestibule of his bank to find the door. On Feb. 12, 1820, as he was crossing the road at Second and Market Streets, he was struck and badly injured by a wagon, the wheel of which passed over his head and cut his face. He managed to regain his feet and reach his home. While the doctors were dressing the wound and cleansing it of the sand, he said, "Go on, Doctor, I am an old sailor; I can bear a good deal."

After some months he was able to return to his bank; but in December, 1831, nearly two years after the accident, an attack of influenza, then prevailing, followed by pneumonia, caused his death. He lay in a stupor for some days, but finally rallied, and walked across the room. The effort was too great, and putting his hand against his forehead, he exclaimed, "How violent is this disorder! How very extraordinary it is!" and soon died, without speaking again, at five o'clock in the afternoon of Dec. 26, 1831, nearly eighty-two years old.

He was given a public funeral by the city which he had so many times befriended. A great concourse of people gathered to watch the procession or to join it, all houses being closed along the route, the city officials walking beside the coffin carried in an open hearse. So large a funeral had never been known in Philadelphia, said the press. The body was taken to the Holy Trinity Roman Catholic Church, and placed in the vault of Baron Henry Dominick Lallemand, General of Artillery under Napoleon I., who had married the youngest daughter of Girard's brother Jean. Mr. Girard was born in the Romish Church, and never severed his connection, although he attended a church but rarely. He liked the Friends, and modelled his life after their virtues; but he said it was better for a man to die in the faith in which he was born. He gave generously to all religious denominations and to the poor.

When Mr. Girard's will was read, it was apparent for what purpose he had saved his money. He gave away about $7,500,000, a remarkable record for a youth who left home at fourteen, and rose from a cabin-boy to be one of the wealthiest men of his time.

The first gift in the will, and the largest to any existing corporation, was $30,000 to the Pennsylvania hospital where Mary Girard died and was buried, the income to be used in providing nurses. To the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Mr. Girard left $20,000; to the Philadelphia Orphan Asylum, $10,000; public schools, $10,000; to

purchase fuel forever, in March and August, for distribution in January among poor white housekeepers of good character, the income from $10,000; to the Society for poor masters of ships and their families, $10,000; to the poor among the Masonic fraternity of Pennsylvania, $20,000; to build a schoolhouse at Passyunk, where he had his farm, $6,000; to his brother Étienne, and to each of the six children of this brother, $5,000; to each of his nieces from $10,000 to $60,000; to each captain of his vessels $1,500, and to each of his housekeepers an annuity or yearly sum of $500, besides various amounts to servants; to the city of Philadelphia, to improve her Delaware River front, to pull down and remove wooden buildings within the city limits, and to widen and pave Water Street, the income of $500,000; to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, for internal improvements by canal navigation, $300,000; to the cities of New Orleans and Philadelphia, "to promote the health and general prosperity of the inhabitants," 280,000 acres of land in the State of Louisiana.

The city of Philadelphia has been fortunate in her gifts. The Elias Boudinot Fund, for supplying the poor of the city with fuel, furnished over three hundred tons of coal last year; "and this amount will increase annually, by reason of the larger income derived from the 12,000 acres of land situated in Centre County, the property of this trust." The investments and cash balance on Dec. 31, 1893, amounted to $40,600.

Stephen Girard had a larger gift in mind than those to his adopted city and State. He said in his will, "I have been for a long time impressed with the importance of educating the poor, and of placing them, by the early cultivation of their minds, and the development of their moral principles, above the many temptations to which, through poverty and ignorance, they are exposed; and I am particularly desirous to provide for such a number of poor male white orphan children, as can be trained in one institution, a better education, as well as a more comfortable maintenance, than they usually receive from the application of the public funds."

With this object in view, a college for orphan boys, Mr. Girard gave to "the Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens of Philadelphia, all the residue and remainder of my real and personal estate" in trust; first, to erect and maintain a college for poor white male orphans; second, to establish "a competent police ;" and third, "to improve the general appearance of the city itself, and, in effect, to diminish the burden of taxation, now most oppressive, especially on those who are the least able to bear it," "after providing for the college as my primary object."

He left $2,000,000, allowing "as much of that sum as may be necessary in erecting the college," which was "to be constructed with the most durable materials, and in the most permanent manner, avoiding needless ornament." He gave the most minute directions in his will for its size,

material, "marble or granite," and the training and education of the inmates.

This residue "and remainder of my real and personal estate" had grown in 1891 to more than $15,000,000, with an income yearly of about $1,500,000. Truly Stephen Girard had saved and labored for a magnificent and enduring monument! The Girard estate is one of the largest owners of real estate in the city of Philadelphia. Outside of the city some of the Girard land is valuable in coal production. In the year 1893, 1,542,652 tons of anthracite coal were mined from the Girard land. More than $4,500,000 received from its coal has been invested, that the college may be doubly sure of its support when the coal-mines are exhausted.

Girard College, of white marble, in the form of a Greek temple, was begun in May, 1833, two years after Mr. Girard's death, and was fourteen years and six months in building. A broad platform, reached by eleven marble steps, supports the main building. Thirty-four Corinthian columns form a colonnade about the structure, each column six feet in diameter and fifty-five feet high, and each weighing one hundred and three tons, and costing about $13,000 apiece. They are beautiful and substantial, and yet $13,000 would support several orphans for a year or more.

The floors and roof are of marble; and the three-story building weighs over 76,000 tons, the average weight on

each superficial foot of foundation being, according to Mr. Arey, about six tons. Four auxiliary white marble buildings were required by the will of Mr. Girard for dormitories, schoolrooms, etc. The whole forty-five acres in which stand the college buildings are surrounded, according to the given instructions, by a wall ten feet high and sixteen inches thick, covered with a heavy marble capping.

The five buildings were completed Nov. 13, 1847, at a cost of nearly $2,000,000 ($1,933,821.78); and on Jan. 1, 1848, Girard College was opened with one hundred orphans. In the autumn one hundred more were admitted, and on April 1, 1849, one hundred more. Those born in the city of Philadelphia have the first preference, after them those born in the State, those born in New York City where Mr. Girard first landed in America, and then those born in New Orleans where he first traded. They must enter between the ages of six and ten, be fatherless, although the mother may be living, and must remain in the college till they are between fourteen and eighteen, when they are bound out by the mayor till they are twenty-one, to learn some suitable trade in the arts, manufacture, or agriculture, their tastes being consulted as far as possible. Each orphan has three suits of clothing, one for every day, one better, and one usually reserved for Sundays.

The first president of Girard College was Alexander Dallas Bache, a great-grandson of Benjamin Franklin, and head of the Coast Survey of the United States. He visited

similar institutions in Europe, and purchased the necessary books and apparatus for the school.

While the college was building, the heirs, with the not unusual disregard of the testator's desires, endeavored to break the will. Mr. Girard had given the following specific direction in his will: "I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatsoever shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said college, nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of the said college:—In making this restriction I do not mean to cast any reflection upon any sect or person whatsoever; but as there is such a multitude of sects, and such a diversity of opinion amongst them, I desire to keep the tender minds of the orphans, who are to derive advantage from this bequest, free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce. My desire is that all the instructors and teachers in the college shall take pains to instil into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that on their entrance into active life they may from inclination and habit evince benevolence toward their fellow-creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety, and industry, adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer." The heirs of Mr. Girard claimed that by reason of the above the college was "illegal and immoral, derogatory and hostile to the Christian

religion;" but it was the unanimous decision of the Supreme Court that there was in the will "nothing inconsistent with the Christian religion, or opposed to any known policy of the State."

On Sept. 30, 1851, the body of Stephen Girard was removed from the Roman Catholic Church, but not without a lawsuit by the heirs on account of its removal, to the college, and placed in a sarcophagus in the vestibule. The ceremony was entirely Masonic, the three hundred orphans witnessing it from the steps of the college. Over fifteen hundred Masons were in the procession, and each deposited his palm-branch upon the coffin. In front of the sarcophagus is a statue of Mr. Girard, by Gevelot of Paris, costing thirty thousand dollars.

Girard College now has ten white marble auxiliary buildings for its nearly or quite two thousand orphans. There are more applicants than there is room to accommodate. Its handsome Gothic chapel is also of white marble, erected in 1867. Here each day the pupils gather for worship morning and evening, the exercises, non-sectarian in character, consisting of a hymn, reading from the Bible, and prayer. On Sundays the pupils assemble in their section rooms at nine in the morning and two in the afternoon for religious reading and instruction; and at 10.30 and 3 they attend worship in the chapel, addresses being given by the president, A. H. Fetterolf, Ph.D. LL.D., or some invited layman.

In 1883 the Technical Building was erected in the western part of the grounds. Here instruction is given in metal and woodwork, mechanical drawing, shoemaking, blacksmithing, carpentry, foundry, plumbing, steamfitting, and electrical mechanics. Here the pupils learn about the dynamo, motor, lighting by electricity, telegraphy, and the like. About six hundred boys in this department spend five hours a week in this practical work.

At the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, in the exhibit made by Girard College, one could see the admirable work of the students in a single-span bridge, a four horse-power yacht steam-engine, a vertical engine, etc. The whole exhibit was given at the close of the Exposition to Armour Institute, to which the founder, Mr. Philip D. Armour, has given $1,500,000.

To the west of the main college building is the monument erected by the Board of Directors to the memory of Girard College boys killed in the Civil War. A life-size figure of a soldier stands beneath a canopy supported by four columns of Ohio sandstone. The granite base is overgrown with ivy. On one side are the names of fallen; on the other, these words, from Mr. Girard's will, "And especially do I desire that, by every proper means, a pure attachment to our Republican institutions, and to the sacred rights of conscience, as guaranteed by our happy constitutions, shall be formed and fostered in the minds of the scholars."

On May 20, each year, the anniversary of Mr. Girard's birth, the graduates of Girard College gather from all parts of the country to do honor to the generous giver. Games are played, the cadets parade, and a dinner is provided for scholars and guests. The pupils seem happy and contented. Their playgrounds are large; and they have a bathing-pool for swimming in summer, and skating in winter. They receive a good education in mathematics, astronomy, geology, history, chemistry, physics, French, Spanish, with some Latin and Greek, with a course in business, shorthand, etc. Through all the years they have "character lessons," which every school should have throughout our country,—familiar conversations on honesty, the dignity of labor, perseverance, courage, self-control, bad language, value and use of time, truthfulness, temperance, good temper, the good citizen and his duties, kindness to animals, patriotism, the study of the lives and deeds of noble men and women, the Golden Rule of play,—"No fun unless it is fun on both sides," and similar topics. Oral and written exercises form a part of this work. There is also a department of military science, a two years' course being given, with one recitation a week. A United States army officer is one of the college faculty, and commandant of the battalion.

The annual cost of clothing and educating each of the two thousand orphans, including current repairs on the buildings, is a little more than three hundred dollars. On

leaving college, each boy receives a trunk with clothing and books, amounting to about seventy-five dollars.

Probably Mr. Girard, with all his far-sightedness, could not have foreseen the great good to the nation, as well as to the individual, in thus fitting, year after year, thousands of poor orphans for useful positions in life. Mr. Arey well says: "When in the fulness of time many homes have been made happy, many orphans have been fed, clothed, and educated, and many men rendered useful to their country and themselves, each happy home, or rescued child, or useful citizen, will be a living monument to perpetuate the name and embalm the memory of the dead 'Mariner and Merchant.'"

Charles Pratt And His Institute

(1830-1891, America)

"It is a good thing to be famous, provided that the fame has been honestly won. It is a good thing to be rich when the image and superscription of God is recognized on every coin. But the sweetest thing in the world is to be loved. The tears that were shed over the coffin of Charles Pratt welled up out of loving hearts … I count his death to have been the sorest bereavement Brooklyn has ever suffered; for he was yet in his vigorous prime, with large plans and possibilities yet to be accomplished.

"Charles Pratt belonged to the only true nobility in America,—the men who do not inherit a great name, but make one for themselves." Thus wrote the Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler of Brooklyn, after Mr. Pratt's death in 1891.

Charles Pratt, the founder of Pratt Institute, was born at Watertown, Mass., Oct. 2, 1830. His father, Asa Pratt, a cabinet-maker, had ten children to support, so that it became necessary for each child to earn for himself whenever that was possible.

When Charles was ten years old, he left home, and found a place to labor on a neighboring farm. For three years the lad, slight in physique, but ambitious to earn, worked faithfully, and was allowed to attend school three months in each winter. At thirteen he was eager for a

broader field, and, going to Boston, was employed for a year in a grocery store. Soon after he went to Newton, and there learned the machinist's trade, saving every cent carefully, because he had a plan in his mind; and that plan was to get an education, even if a meagre one, that he might do something in the world.

Finally he had saved enough for a year's schooling, and going to Wilbraham Academy, at Wilbraham, Mass., "managed," as he afterwards said, "to live on one dollar a week while I studied." Fifty dollars helped to lay the foundation for a remarkably useful and noble life.

When the year was over and the money spent, having learned already the value of depending upon himself rather than upon outside help, the youth became a clerk in a paint-and-oil store in Boston. Here the thirst for knowledge, stimulated but only partially satisfied by the short year at the academy, led him to the poor man's blessing,—the library. Here he could read and think, and be far removed from evil associations.

When he was twenty-one, in 1851, Charles Pratt went to New York as a clerk for Messrs. Schanck & Downing, 108 Fulton Street, in the oil, paint, and glass business. The work was constant; but he was happy in it, because he believed that work should be the duty and pleasure of all. He never changed in this love for labor. He said years afterwards, when he was worth millions, "I am convinced that the great problem which we are trying to solve is very

much wrapped up in the thought of educating the people to find happiness in a busy, active life, and that the occupation of the hour is of more importance than the wages received." He found "happiness in a busy, active life," when he was earning fifty dollars a year as well as when he was a man of great wealth.

Years later Mr. Pratt's son Charles relates the following incident, which occurred when his father came to visit him at Amherst College: "He was present at a lecture to the Senior class in mental science. The subject incidentally discussed was 'Work,' its necessary drain upon the vital forces, and its natural and universal distastefulness. On being asked to address the class, my father assumed to present the matter from a point of view entirely different from that of the text-book, and maintained that there was no inherent reason why man should consider his daily labor, of whatever nature, as necessarily disagreeable and burdensome, but that the right view was the one which made of work a delight, a source of real satisfaction, and even pleasure. Such, indeed, it was to him; he believed it might prove to be such to all others."

After Mr. Pratt had worked three years for his New York firm, in connection with two other gentlemen he bought the paint-and-oil business of his employers, and the new firm became Raynolds, Devoe, & Pratt. For thirteen years he worked untiringly at his business; and in 1867 the firm was divided, the oil portion of the business

being carried on by Charles Pratt & Co. In the midst of this busy life the influence of the Mercantile Library of Boston was not lost. He had become associated with the Mercantile Library of New York, and both this and the one in Boston had a marked influence on his life and his great gifts.

When the immense oil-fields of Pennsylvania began to be developed, about 1860, Mr. Pratt was one of the first to see the possibilities of the petroleum trade. He began to refine the crude oil, and succeeded in producing probably the best upon the market, called "Pratt's Astral Oil." Mr. Pratt took a just pride in its wide use, and was pleased, says a friend, "when the Rev. Dr. Buckley told him that he had found that the Russian convent on Mount Tabor was lighted with Pratt's Astral Oil. He meant that the stamp 'Pratt' should be like the stamp of the mint,—an assurance of quality and quantity."

For years he was one of the officers of the Standard Oil Company, and of course a sharer in its enormous wealth. Nothing seemed more improbable when he was spending a year at Wilbraham Academy, living on a dollar a week, than this ownership of millions. Now, as then, he was saving of time as well as money.

Says Mr. James McGee of New York, "He brought to business a hatred of waste. He disliked waste of every kind. He was not willing that the smallest material should be lost. He did not believe in letting time go to waste. He was

punctual at his engagements, or gave good excuse for his tardiness. Speaking of an evening spent in congratulations, he said that it was time lost; it would have been better spent in reviewing mistakes, that they might be corrected. It is said that a youth who had hurried into business applied to Mr. Pratt for advice as to whether he should go West. He questioned the young man as to how he occupied his time; what he did before business hours, and what after; what he was reading or doing to improve his mind. Finding that the young man was taking no pains to educate himself, he said emphatically, 'No; don't go West. They don't want you.'"

Active as Mr. Pratt was in the details of a great business, he found time for other work. Desiring an education, which he in his early days could not obtain, he provided the best for his children. He became deeply interested in Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn, was a trustee, and later president of the Board. In 1881 he erected the wing of the main building; and six years later, in 1887, he gave $160,000 for the erection of a new building.

He gave generously to the Baptist Church in Brooklyn in which he worshipped, and from the pews of which he was seldom absent on the Sabbath. He bestowed thousands upon struggling churches. He generously aided Rochester Theological Seminary. He gave to Amherst College, through his son Charles M. Pratt, about $40,000 for a gymnasium, and through his son Frederick B. Pratt

thirteen acres for athletic grounds. He helped foreign missions and missions at home with an open hand.

"There were," says Dr. Cuyler, "innumerable little rills of benevolence that trickled into the homes of the needy and the hearts of the straitened and suffering. I never loved Charles Pratt more than when he was dealing with the needs of a bright orphan girl, whose case appealed strongly to his sympathies. After inquiring into it carefully, he said to me, 'We must be careful when trying to aid this young lady, not to cripple her energies, or lower her sense of independence.'

"The last time his hand ever touched paper was to sign a generous check for the benefit of our Brooklyn Bureau of Charities. Almost the last words that he ever wrote was this characteristic sentence: 'I feel that life is so short that I am not satisfied unless I do each day the best I can.'"

Mr. Pratt was not willing to spend his life in accumulating millions except for a purpose. He once told Dr. Cuyler, "The greatest humbug in this world is the idea that the mere possession of money can make any man happy. I never got any satisfaction out of mine until I began to do good with it."

He did not wish his wealth to build fine mansions for himself, for he preferred to live simply. He had no pleasure in display. "He needed," says his minister, Dr. Humpstone, "neither club nor playhouse to afford him rest; his home sufficed. For those who use such diversions

he had no criticism. In these matters he was neither narrow nor ascetic. He was the brother of his own children. His home was to him the fairest spot on earth. He filled it with sunshine. Outside of his business, his church, and his philanthropy, it was his only sphere."

He was a man of few words and much self-control. Dr. Humpstone relates this incident, told him by a friend: "Some one made upon Mr. Pratt, openly, a bitter personal attack. The future revealed that this charge was entirely unmerited, and the man who made it lived to regret his act; but the moment revealed the greatness of our dead friend's love. He said no word; only a face pale with pain revealed how determined was his effort at self-control, and how keen was his suffering. When his accuser turned to go, he bade him good-morning, as though he had left a blessing and not a bane behind him. As I recall the past at this moment, I think of no word he ever spoke in my hearing that was proof of an unloving spirit in him."

For years Mr. Pratt had been thinking about industrial education; "such education as enables men and women to earn their own living by applied knowledge and the skilful use of their hands in the various productive industries." He knew that the majority of young men and women are born poor, and must struggle for a livelihood, and, whether poor or rich, ought to know how to be self-supporting, and not helpless members of the community. The study of algebra and English literature might be a delight, but not all can be teachers or clerks in stores; some

must be machinists, carpenters, and skilled workmen in various trades.

Mr. Pratt never forgot that he had been a poor boy. He never grew cold in manner and selfish in life. "He presented," says Mr. James MacAlister, President of the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, "the rare spectacle of a rich man in strong sympathy with the industrial revolution that was progressing around him. His ardent desire was to recognize labor, to improve it, to elevate it; and his own experience taught him that the best way to do this was to put education into the handiwork of the laborer."

Mr. Pratt gained information from all possible sources about the kind of an institution which should be built to provide the knowledge of books and the knowledge of earning a living. He travelled widely in his own country, corresponded with the heads of various schools, such as The Rose Polytechnic Institute at Terre Haute, Ind., the Institute of Technology in Boston, and with Dr. John Eaton, then Commissioner of Education, Dr. Felix Adler of New York, and others. Then Mr. Pratt took his son, Mr. F. B. Pratt, and his private secretary, Mr. Hemey, to twenty of the leading cities in England, France, Austria, Switzerland, and Germany, to see what the Old World was doing to educate her people in self-help.

He found great industrial schools on the Continent supported by the city or state, where every boy or girl could learn the theory or practice, or both, of the trade to

be followed for a livelihood. On leaving the schools the pupils could earn a dollar or more a day. Our own country was sadly backward in such matters. The public schools had introduced manual training only to a very limited extent. Mr. Pratt determined to build an institute where any who wished to engage in "mechanical, commercial, and artistic pursuits" should have a thorough "theoretic and practical knowledge." It should dignify labor, because he believed there should be no idlers among rich or poor. It should teach "that personal character is of greater consequence than material productions."

Mr. Pratt, on Sept. 11, 1885, bought a large piece of land on Eyerson Street, Brooklyn, a total of 32,000 square feet, and began to carry out in brick and stone his noble thought for the people. He not only gave his millions, but he gave his time and thought in the midst of his busy life. He said, "*The giving which counts, is the giving of one's self.* The faithful teacher who gives his strength and life without stint or hope of reward, other than the sense of fidelity to duty, gives most; and so the record will stand when our books are closed at the day of final accounting."

Mr. Pratt at first erected the main building six stories high, 100 feet by 86, brick with terra-cotta and stone trimmings, and the machine-shop buildings, consisting of metal-working and wood-working shops, forge and foundry rooms, and a building 103 feet by 95 for bricklaying, stone-carving, plumbing, and the like. Later the high-school building was added; and a library building

has recently been erected, the library having outgrown its rooms. In the main building, occupying the whole fourth floor as well as parts of several other floors, is the art department of the Institute. Here, in morning, afternoon, and evening classes, under the best instructors, a three years' course in art may be taken, in drawing, painting, and clay-modelling; also courses in architectural and mechanical drawing, where in the adjacent shops the properties of materials and their power to bear strain can be learned. Many students take a course in design, and are thus enabled to win good positions as designers of book-covers, tiles, wall-papers, carpets, etc. The normal art course of two years fits for teaching. Of those who left the Institute between 1890 and 1893, having finished the course, seventy-six became supervisors of drawing in public schools, or teach art elsewhere, with salaries aggregating $47,620. Courses are also given in wood-carving and art needlework. Though there were but twelve in the class in the art department at the opening of the Institute in 1887, in three years the number of pupils had increased to about seven hundred.

Mr. Pratt instituted another department in the main building,—that of domestic science. There are morning, afternoon, and evening classes in sewing, cooking, and other household matters. A year's course, two lessons a week, is given in dressmaking, cutting, fitting, and draping, or the course may be taken in six months if time is limited; a course in millinery with five lessons a week, and the full

course in three months if the person has little time to give; lectures in hygiene and home nursing, that women in their homes may know what to do in cases of sickness; classes in laundry work, in plain and fancy cooking, and preparing food for invalids. There are Normal courses to fit teachers for schools and colleges to give instruction in house sanitation, ventilation, heating, cooking, etc.

This department of domestic science has been most useful and popular. As many as 2,800 pupils have been enrolled in a single year. A club of men came to take lessons in cooking preparatory to camp-life. Nurses come from the training-schools in hospitals to learn how to cook for invalids. Many teachers have gone out from this department. The Institute has not been able to supply the demand for sewing-women and dressmakers during the busy season.

Mr. Pratt rightly thought "that a knowledge of household employments is thoroughly consistent with the grace and dignity and true womanliness of every American girl…The housewife who knows how to manage the details of her home has more courage than one who is dependent upon servants, no matter how faithful they may be. She is a better mistress; for she can sympathize with them, and appreciate their work when well done."

Mr. Pratt had another object in view, as he said, "To help those families who must live on small incomes,—say,

not over $400 or $500 per year,—teaching the best disposition of this money in wise purchase, economical use of material, and little waste. One aim of this department is to make the home of the workingman more attractive."

Mr. Pratt said in the last address which he ever made to his Institute: "Home is the centre from which the life of the nation emanates; and the highest product of modern civilization is a contented, happy home. How can we help to secure such homes? By teaching the people that happiness, to some extent at least, consists in having something to occupy the head and hand, and in doing some useful work."

In the department of commerce, there are day and evening classes in phonography, typewriting, bookkeeping, commercial law, German, and Spanish, as the latter language, it is believed, will be used more in our commercial relations in the future.

There is a department of music to encourage singing among the people, with courses in vocal music, and in the art of teaching music; this has over four hundred students. In the department of kindergartens in the Institute Mr. Pratt took a deep interest. A model kindergarten is conducted with training-classes, and classes for mothers, who may thus be able to introduce it into their homes. The high-school department, a four years' course, combining the academic and the manual training, has

proved very valuable. It was originally intended to make the Institute purely manual, but later it was felt to be wise to give an opportunity for a completer education by combining head-work and hand-work. The school day is from nine o'clock till three. Of the seven periods into which this time is divided, three are devoted to recitations, one to study,—the lessons are prepared at home,—one to drawing, and two to the workshop, in wood, forging, tin-smithing, machine-tool work, etc. When the high school was opened, Mr. Pratt said, "We believe in the value of co-education, and are pleased to note the addition of more than twenty young women to this entering class."

The high school has some excellent methods. "For making the machinery of National and State elections clear," says Mr. F. B. Pratt, the secretary of the Institute and son of the founder, "the school has conducted a campaign and election in close imitation of the actual process… Every morning the important news of the preceding day has been announced and explained by selected pupils." The Institute annually awards ten scholarships to ten graduates of the Brooklyn grammar schools, five boys and five girls, who pass the best entrance examinations for the high school of Pratt Institute. The pupils after leaving the high school are fitted to enter any scientific institution of college grade.

Mr. Pratt was "so much impressed with the far-reaching influence of good books as distributed through a free library," that he established a library in the Institute

for the use of the pupils, and for the public as well. It now has fifty thousand volumes, with a circulation of over two hundred thousand volumes. In connection with it, there are library training-classes, graduates of which have found good positions in various libraries.

A museum was begun by Mr. Pratt in 1887, as an aid to the students in their work. The finest specimens of glass, earthenware, bronzes, iron-work, and minerals were obtained from the Old World, specimens of iron and steel from our own country to illustrate their manufacture in the various articles of use; much attention will be given to artistic work in iron after the manner of Quentin Matsys; lace, ancient and modern; all common cloth, with kind of weave and price; various wools and woollen goods from many countries.

In the basement of the main building Mr. Pratt opened a lunch-room, a most sensible department, especially for those who live at some distance from the Institute. Dinners at a reasonable price are served from twelve to two o'clock, and suppers three nights a week from six to seven p.m. Over forty thousand meals are served yearly. Soups, cold meats, salads, sandwiches, tea, coffee, milk, and fruit are usually offered.

Another thought of Mr. Pratt, who seemed not to overlook anything, was the establishing of an association known as "The Thrift." Mr. Pratt said, "Pupils are taught some useful work by which they can earn money. It seems

a natural thing that the next step should be to endeavor to teach them how to save this money; or, in other words, how to make a wise use of it. It is not enough that one be trained so that he can join the bands of the world's workers and become a producer; he needs quite as much to learn habits of economy and thrift in order to make his life a success."

"The Thrift" was divided into the investment branch and the loan branch. The investment shares were $150, payable at the rate of one dollar a month for ten years. The investor would then have $160. Any person could loan money to purchase a home, and make small monthly payments instead of rent. As many persons were unable to save a dollar a month, stamps were sold as in Europe; and a person could buy them at any time, and these could be redeemed for cash. In less than four years, the Thrift had 650 depositors, with a total investment of over $90,000. Twenty-four loans had been made, aggregating over $100,000. The total deposits up to 1895 were $260,000.

Most interesting to me of all the departments of Pratt Institute are the machine-shops and the Trade School Building, where boys can learn a trade. "The aim of these trade classes," says Mr. F. B. Pratt, in the *Independent* for April 30, 1891, "is to afford a thorough grounding in the principles of a mechanical trade, and sufficient practice in its different operations to produce a fair amount of hand skill." The old apprenticeship system has been abandoned, and our boys, must learn to earn a living in

some other way. The trades taught at Pratt Institute are carpentry, forging, machine-work, plastering, plumbing, blacksmithing, bricklaying, house and fresco painting, etc. There is an evening class of sheet-metal workers, who study patterns for cornices, elbows, and other designs in sheet-metal. Much attention is given to electrical construction and to electricity in general. The day and evening classes are always full. Some of the master-mechanics' associations are cordial in their co-operation and examination of students through their committees. After leaving the Institute, work seems to be readily obtained at good wages.

Mr. Pratt wished the instruction here to be of the best. He said, "The demand is for a better and better quality of work, and our American artisans must learn that to claim first place in any trade they must be intelligent … They must learn to have pride in their work, and to love it, and believe in our motto, 'Be true to your work, and your work will be true to you.'"

The sons of the founder are alive to the necessities of the young in this direction. If it is true that out of the 52,894 white male prisoners in the prisons and reformatory institutions of the United States in 1890 nearly three-fourths were native born, and 31,426 had learned no trade whatever, it is evident that one of the most pressing needs of our time is the teaching of trades to boys and young men.

Mr. Charles M. Pratt, the president of the Institute, says in his Founder's Day Address in 1893 concerning technical instruction: "Our possible service here seems almost limitless. The President of the Board of Education of Boston in a recent address congratulated his fellow-citizens upon the fact that Boston has her system of public schools and kindergartens, and now, and but lately, her public school of manual training; but what is needed, he said, 'is a school *of technical training in the trades*, such as Pratt Institute and other similar institutions furnish. I sincerely trust that the next five years of life and growth here will develop much in this direction…We are willing to enlarge our present special facilities, or provide new ones for new trade-class requirements, as long as the demand for such opportunities truly exists.'"

One rejoices in such institutions as the New York Trade Schools on First Avenue, between Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth Streets, with their day and evening-classes in plumbing, gas-fitting, bricklaying, plastering, stone-cutting, fresco-painting, wood-carving, carpentry, and the like. A printing department has also been added. This work owes its inception and success to the brain and devotion of the late lamented Richard Tylden Auchmuty, who died in New York, July 18, 1893. Mrs. Auchmuty, the wife of the founder, has given the land and buildings to the school, valued at $220,000, and a building-fund of $100,000. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has endowed the school with a gift of $500,000.

Mr. Pratt did not cease working when his great Institute was fairly started. He built in Greenpoint, Long Island, a large apartment building called the "Astral," five stories high, of brick and stone, with 116 suites of rooms, each suite capable of accommodating from three to six persons. The building cost $300,000, and is rented to workingmen and their families, the income to be used in helping to maintain the Institute. A public library was opened in the Astral, with the thought at first of using it only for the people in the building; but it was soon opened to all the inhabitants of Greenpoint, and has been most heartily appreciated and used. Cut in stone over the fireplace in the reading-room of the Astral are the words, "Waste neither time nor money."

When Mr. Pratt made his first address to the students of Pratt Institute on Founder's Day, Oct. 2, 1888, his birthday, taking the Bible from the desk, he said, before reading it and offering prayer, "Whatever I have done, whatever I hope to do, I have done trusting in the Power from above."

Before he built the Institute many persons asked him to use his wealth in other ways; some urged a Theological School, others a Medical School, but his interest in the workingman and the home led him to found the Institute. He rejoiced in the work and its outlook for the future. He said, "I am so grateful, so grateful that the Almighty has inclined my heart to do this thing."

On the second and third Founder's Days, Mr. Pratt spoke with hope and the deepest interest in the work of the Institute. He had been asked often what he had spent for the work, and had prepared a statement at considerable cost of time, but with characteristic modesty he could never bring himself to make it public. "I have asked myself over and over again what good could result from any statement we could make of the amount of money we have spent. The quality and amount of service rendered by the Institute is the only fair estimate of its real value."

In closing his address Mr. Pratt said, "To my sons and co-trustees, who will have this work to carry on when I am gone, I wish to say, "The world will overestimate your ability, and will underestimate the value of your work; will be exacting of every promise made or implied; will be critical of your failings; will often misjudge your motives, and hold you to strict account for all your doings. Many pupils will make demands, and be forgetful of your service to them. Ingratitude will often be your reward. When the day is dark, and full of discouragement and difficulty, you will need to look on the other side of the picture, which you will find full of hope and gladness."

When the next Founder's Day came, Mr. Pratt was gone, and the Institute was in the hands of others. At the close of a day of work and thought in his New York office, Mr. Pratt fell at his post, May 4, 1891, and was carried to his home in Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn. After the funeral,

May 7, memorial services were held in the Emmanuel Baptist Church on Sunday afternoon, May 17, with addresses by distinguished men who loved and honored him.

A beautiful memorial chapel was erected by his family on his estate at Dosoris, Glen Cove, Long Island; and there the body of Mr. Pratt was buried, July 31, 1894. The chapel is of granite, in the Romanesque style, with exquisite stained glass windows. The main room is wainscoted with polished red granite, the arching ceiling lined with glass mosaic in blue, gold, and green. At the farther end, in a semi-circular apse reached by two steps through an imposing arch, stands the sarcophagus of Siena marble, with the name, Charles Pratt, and dates of birth and death. The campanile contains the chime of bells so admired by everybody who visited the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, and heard it ring out from the central clock tower in the Building of Manufactures and Liberal Arts. Few, comparatively, will ever see this monument erected by a devoted family to a husband and father; but thousands upon thousands will see the monument which Mr. Pratt built for himself in his noble Institute. Every year thousands come to learn its methods and to copy some of its features, even from Africa and South America. The Earl of Meath, who has done so much for the improvement of his race, said to Dr. Cuyler, "Of all the good things I have seen in America, there is none that

I would so like to carry back to London as this splendid establishment."

One may read in Baedeker's "Guide Book of the United States" instructions how to find "the extensive buildings of Pratt Institute, one of the best-equipped technical institutions in the world. None interested in technical education should fail to visit this institution."

During his life, Mr. Pratt gave to the Institute about $3,700,000, and thus had the pleasure of seeing it bear fruit. Of this, $2,000,000 is the endowment fund. Small charges are made to the pupils, but not nearly enough to pay the running expenses. Mr. Pratt's sons are nobly carrying forward the work left to their care by their father, who died in the midst of his labors. Playgrounds have been laid out, a gymnasium provided, new buildings erected, and other measures adopted which they feel that their father would approve were he alive.

Courses of free lectures are given at Pratt Institute to the public as well as the students; a summer school is provided at Glen Cove, Long Island, for such as wish to learn about agriculture, with instruction given in botany, chemistry, physiology, raising and harvesting crops, and the care of animals; nurses are trained in the care and development of children; a bright monthly magazine is published by the Institute; a Neighborship Association has been formed of alumni, teachers, and pupils, which meets for the discussion of such topics as "The relation of

the rich to the poor," "The ethics of giving," "Citizenship," etc., and to carry out the work and spirit of the Institute wherever opportunity offers.

Already the influence of Pratt Institute has been very great. Public schools all over the country are adopting some form of manual training whereby the pupils shall be better fitted to earn their living. Mr. Chas. M. Pratt, in one of his Founder's Day addresses, quotes the words of a successful teacher and merchant: "There is nothing under God's heaven so important to the individual as to acquire the power to earn his own living; to be able to stand alone if necessary; to be dependent upon no one; to be indispensable to some one."

About four thousand students receive instruction each year at the Institute. Many go out as teachers to other schools all over the country. As the founder said in his last address, "The world goes on, and Pratt Institute, if it fulfils the hopes and expectations of its founder, must go on, and as the years pass, the field of its influence should grow wider and wider."

On the day that he died, Mr. Herbert S. Adams, the sculptor, had finished a bust of Mr. Pratt in clay. It was put into bronze by the teachers and pupils, and now stands in the Institute, with these words of the founder cut in the bronze: "*The giving which counts is the giving of one's self.*"

Employers and Employees

A manager of large manufacturing interests, who had a reputation for squeezing an enormous amount of work out of the employees under him, in explaining to his board of directors how he got results said: "I tell yer I can squeeze the work out of 'em. I just grind it right out of 'em. That's the only way to make these factories pay big dividends, just to grind results out of employees, and I keep 'em guessing. I keep right after 'em. They never know when I am coming and they all fear me. I keep 'em on the very verge of discharge. They never know when they are going to get the yellow envelope."

This man, who boasted of coining flesh and blood into big dividends employed thousands of women and children in his factories. Many of the women were, of course, very poor, mothers with large families, who were obliged after long hours in the factory to do the family cooking, washing and mending, all the family work. Some of this work was done in the morning before starting the day in the factory at six or seven o'clock, the rest when they returned late at night.

I was talking recently with a cold-blooded, overbearing, browbeating business man of this type who told me that he was going out of business because he was so tired and sick of incompetent, dishonest help. His employees, he said, were always taking advantage of

him—stealing, spoiling merchandise, blundering, shirking, clipping their hours. They took no interest in his welfare, their only concern being in what they found in their pay envelope. "I have enough to live on," he concluded, "and I don't propose to run a business for their benefit. I have tried every means I know of to get good work out of ignorant, selfish help, but it is no use, and now I have done with it. My nervous system is worn out and I must give up the game."

"You say you have tried everything you could think of in managing your employees, but has it ever occurred to you to try love's way?" I asked.

"Love's way!" he said disgustedly. "What do you mean by that? Why, if I didn't use a club all the time my help would ride right over me and ruin me. For years I have had to employ detectives and spies to protect my interests. What do these people know about love? Why I should have the red flag out here in no time if I should attempt any such fool business as that."

A young man who had been successful in employing Golden Rule methods in business management hearing of the situation saw in it a possible opening, and asked this man to give him a trial as manager before giving up his business altogether. The result was the disgruntled business man was so pleased with the young man's personality that in less than half an hour he had engaged

him as a manager, although he still insisted that it was a very doubtful experiment.

The first thing the new man did on taking charge was to call the employees in each department together and have a heart-to-heart talk with them. He told them that he had come there not only as a friend of the proprietor, but as their friend also, and that he would do everything in his power to advance their interests as well as those of the business. The house, he told them, had been losing money, and it was up to him and them to change all that and put the balance on the right side of the ledger. He made them see that harmony and cooperation are the basis of any real success for a concern and its employees.

From the start he was cheerful, hopeful, sympathetic, enthusiastic, encouraging. He quickly won the confidence and good-will of everybody in the establishment, and had them all working as heartily for the success of the business as if it were their own. The place was like a great beehive, where all were industrious, happy, contented, working for the hive. So great was the change that customers began to talk about the new spirit in the house. Business grew and prospered, and in an incredibly short time, the concern was making instead of losing money.

The Golden Rule method had driven out hate, selfishness, greed and dissension. The interests of all were centered on the general welfare, and so all prospered. When the proprietor returned from abroad, whither he

had gone for a few months' rest and recuperation, he could scarcely believe in the reality of the transformation that "love's way" had effected in his old employees and in the entire establishment.

Some men will make good employees out of almost any kind of people. They pick up boys on the street, they take criminals released from prison, as Henry Ford is doing, and develop them into splendid men. They have the faculty of calling out the best in them, appealing to their manliness, their sense of fairness, of justice, in doing as they would be done by.

"Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." All the philosophy of the ages is concentrated in this single sentence. It embodies the essential element in practical Christianity. All law lives in it, the principle of all reform. Its practice will ultimately swallow up all greed, and the time will come when every man will see that his own best good is in the highest good of everybody about him. The time will come when even in the business world the Golden Rule will be found by all to be the wisest and most businesslike policy.

Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge thinks that the labor problem would solve itself if employers treated their employees as they would like to be treated themselves, or as they would like to have their children treated. He says that the keeping these points in mind constitutes seventy-five per cent, of the secret of the success of his great department store in

London, which, in the third year of his business there, made a profit of half a million dollars. Yet when he started his enterprise the best business men in London predicted that it would be a complete failure. Conservative people said: "He'll be broke within a year. It can't be done. We don't like this kind of pushing business over here." But by projecting the progressive spirit of Americanism into his business methods in the heart of London, where for centuries men had done business as their fathers and grandfathers and their remote ancestors had done, and by humane kindly treatment of his employees, he smashed old traditions and broke all business records.

"I have found the English employees exceedingly satisfactory to work with," said Mr. Selfridge. "They are not clockwatchers and they have been loyal."

There are few employees who would not be "satisfactory" and "loyal" if treated according to this great merchant's plan of campaign, which he sums up thus:

"Pay your employees decent living wages, and don't make them afraid of you. A smile and a pleasant word go a mighty long way. Instil into them a feeling of responsibility, make them feel that they are a necessary unit, a wheel, if only a small one, but a necessary wheel in the large system of the store. In short, treat them as you would wish to be treated yourself, or as you would like to see your children treated."

Henry Ford, John Wanamaker, Charles M. Schwab and others of our most prominent and successful merchants and manufacturers owe their success and their popularity with their employees to the same sort of business methods which won H. Gordon Selfridge his great London success.

Mr. Schwab told me recently that he is having wonderful results from his profit-sharing policy. He says that before any dividends are paid the first fifteen percent of all profits in the business are divided among his employees. One of his head men, in addition to his salary, received last year over a million dollars and another received four hundred thousand dollars on the profit-sharing plan.

Henry Ford, discussing his novel plan of profit sharing in advance, with an interviewer, said: "If I can further strengthen the goodwill of the thousands of men working in our factories it stands to reason that they are going to do better work for us, does it not?"

Mr. Ford had been sharing profits with his employees in the usual way after the profits had been made, but when he announced his purpose of paying his men in advance their share of the profits the firm figured on making each year, the industrial world regarded his scheme as quixotic. Mr. Ford, however, insisted that it was only social justice, though he believed it was besides a matter of business in obtaining the good-will of his employees. "If men will

work better," he reasoned, "in the mere hope of something better, how will they work with that something actually in hand? ... We have calculated to a definite certainty what business we shall do the coming year. We know the capacity of our plant and we know what the profits will be. Ten millions of dollars of these anticipated profits will go to the men who work by the day. They are not to get this with an 'if' attached to it. They are to get their share every two weeks. We can do that because they are going to aid us in making the profits:

"Of course we, the members of the company, will derive a benefit from their better work, but even if we do not make an increased profit in dollars and cents we would have the satisfaction of making twenty thousand men prosperous and contented, rather than making a few slave-drivers in our plant millionaires."

That is love's way in business. And it pays royally, not only in making better men and better workers, but also in making profits.

Andrew Carnegie says that if he were to start in the steel business again he would adopt the profit-sharing plan with all of his employees, thus making them feel that they were really partners instead of employees.

The employer who can make his employees feel that they are virtually partners in the business instead of merely working for a salary is calling out of his employees a quality of work which can never be brought out in any

other way. Really up-to-date, efficient business men know that the slave-driving, bull-dozing, domineering methods, the nagging, suspicious, fault-finding methods do not bring the desired results. All business men are finding that a one-sided bargain, whether with customer or employee, is a bad bargain.

Good fellowship between employers and employees is the very foundation of successful business management, and good fellowship cannot exist where there is injustice, bullying and constant fault-finding, or a spirit of superiority on the part of employers, where the employees do not have fair treatment and are made to feel that they are dependents of the employer.

It is human nature to resent unfairness, to resent being patronized, to resent injustice. Good fellowship means team work, and perfect team work is impossible where either employee or employer is dissatisfied, where there is a feeling of resentment or ill will. Good fellowship between employer and employed is one of the greatest assets in business.

This good fellowship or good-will spirit is one of the most noticeable features of the John Wanamaker stores. Mr. Wanamaker's employees have been heard to say, "We can work better for a week after a pleasant 'Good morning' from Mr. Wanamaker." His kindly disposition and cheerful manner, and his desire to create a pleasant feeling and diffuse good cheer among those who work for him

have had a great deal to do with this merchant's remarkable success.

Another big employer who has a thousand employees in his factory recently said to a visitor: "I want you to take a walk through the place with me and see if you can find a sullen or discontented face. I know everyone of my employees by their first name and they all know me. If anyone has a grievance, he or she can find their way to my office and no one can keep them out, and they know that they will get justice. I consider myself responsible for the moral and physical well-being of every girl in the place from the moment she enters in the morning until she leaves in the evening. I not only want my girls to be contented while they are working, but I want them to go home that way and arrive that way in the morning. You don't see any of these girls speeding up and looking unusually busy when I come round. They know that I am not that kind of man. When business is slow I tell them to let up and take their time because we will have to work very hard in December. The result is that without a word from me they will turn out three times as much work in December as they do in April.

"My employees give me the kind of work that mere wages cannot buy. They are honest with me because I am honest with them, and they are honest with each other. A man found twenty-eight dollars on the floor in one of the rooms one day. I advertised through the factory that money had been found and there was only one claimant

out of a thousand of employees, and he was the boy who lost it. Aside from the money-making interest I have in my concern, a decent man feels proud to know that there is that kind of a spirit among those who work for him."

I know a New York business man who has won the love and respect of every employee in his large establishment by the use of similar methods. He says that if he notices a sad, sour, discontented face anywhere in his establishment he calls the owner of it into his private office and says: "Look here, you are not happy; there is something wrong. Now, be frank with me and tell me what the trouble is." The disgruntled employee then tells what the trouble is. Perhaps some other employee is abusing him; perhaps someone over him is not treating him right. Whatever the complaint the employer sends for the other person implicated. Then they talk the matter over together; it is usually adjusted easily, and the employer sends both employees away happy. This is the only way to get the best out of employees, to make them happy and contented in their work, by kindness and sympathy and fair and honorable treatment in all respects. There is something seriously lacking in an employee who will not respond to such treatment, and he will pay the price for it as did that dishonest builder, "a foolish eye-servant, a poor rogue," of whom Edwin Markham tells this story.

"He and his little ones were wretched and roofless, whereupon a certain good Samaritan said, in his heart, 'I will surprise this man with the gift of a comfortable home.'

So, without telling his purpose, he hired the builder at fair wages to build a house on a sunny hill, and then he went on business to a far country.

"The builder was left at work with no watchman but his own honor. 'Ha!' said he to his heart, 'I can cheat this man. I can skimp the material and scamp the work.' So he went on spinning out the time, putting in poor service, poor nails, poor timbers.

"When the good Samaritan returned, the builder said: 'That is a fine house I built you on the hill.' 'Good,' was the reply; 'Go, move your folks into it at once, for the house is yours. Here is the deed.'

"The man was thunderstruck. He saw that, instead of cheating his friend for a year, he had been industriously cheating himself. 'If I had only known it was my own house I was building!' he kept muttering to himself."

I know a young man who is acting like this unfaithful servant, who also doesn't know that he is cheating himself. For several years he has been clipping his office hours, going to his work late in the morning, remaining away for half a day or more at a time under all sorts of pretexts—illness, or pretended blocks on the street-cars, and yet he thinks he has a grievance because he is not advanced more rapidly. He tells me that his salary has not been advanced for years, and that he sees no chance for promotion. He complains that many of his fellow workers with less ability

have been promoted many times while he has remained stationary.

This "foolish eye-servant" seems to think that his employer is blind, and that he has been able to pull the wool over his eyes for years without arousing even a suspicion of his backslidings. He brags of his ability, but he hasn't intelligence enough to see that the same qualities which have put his employer at the head of a large business enable him to read the character of his employees, to know those who are faithfully and loyally serving his interests, and those who are backsliding and serving only their own ease and pleasure. In the long run this young man and all employees of his type will find that, like the dishonest builder, they are cheating themselves.

Many young employees, just because they do not get quite as much salary as they think they should, throw away all of the other, larger, grander remuneration possible for them to get outside of their pay envelope, for the sake of "getting square" with their employer. They deliberately adopt a shirking, do-as-little-as-possible policy, and instead of getting this larger, more important salary, which they can pay themselves, they prefer the consequent arrested development, and become small, narrow, inefficient, rutty men and women, with nothing magnanimous, nothing broad, noble or progressive in their nature. Their leadership faculties, their initiative, their planning ability, their ingenuity and resourcefulness, inventiveness, and all the qualities which make the leader,

the complete, well rounded man, remain undeveloped. While trying to "get square" with their employer, by giving him pinched service, they blight their own growth, strangle their prospects, and go through life half men instead of full men—small, narrow, weak men, instead of the strong, grand, complete men they might be.

There is another class of employees who by their disloyalty, both in and out of the office, factory or shop—wherever they are employed—in constantly "knocking" their employers, hurt themselves as much as the shirkers. I know one of those knockers who is always sneering at his employer, criticizing his methods and making slurring or insulting remarks about him. It is positively painful to hear this young man's querulous complaints and bitter criticisms of his "boss."

It always pains me to hear employees knocking the employer and the concern they are working for, criticizing their methods, turning up their noses at their policy. Apart from the lack of good-will, of sympathy in their attitude, it shows lack of principle and great weakness of character. If you do not like the people you are working for; if their methods are unfair, dishonest; if your conscience does not approve them, then you should leave them instead of finding fault and criticizing. You should get another job. Whatever the cause may be, the habit of knocking is very injurious to the "knocker." It keeps the mind embittered, and tends to kill creative power. No one can do his best

work while he nurses bitterness in his heart toward anyone.

There is yet another class of employees who are so thin-skinned and sensitive that they cannot stand any criticism or correction from employers, even though it be for their own good. A young man of this type threw up his job recently because, as he put it, he "couldn't stand the gaff." His manager, he said, was always criticizing his work, constantly prodding him for not doing better, and so he got tired of it and quit.

To be too thin-skinned or sensitive is also to be weak, and it will not pay either in business or in social life. If the climbing instinct is sufficiently strong in you, if you are determined to get on and up in the world, if you have backbone, you won't be afraid of a little criticism or correction, especially when it is intended for your improvement.

There are some employees that the meanest employers cannot find fault with, because their work is always carefully, conscientiously, and painstakingly done. And if your employer is always scolding you and criticizing your work, you will find, if you examine yourself carefully, that there is a reason for it. If you are honest with yourself you will probably find that to attribute all of it to his meanness, to his unfortunate disposition or bad temper, is simply covering up the real reason and deceiving yourself.

But in the final equation the burden of responsibility for making a good or a bad employee rests largely with the employer, for we call out of others the qualities we appeal to. Whatever we awaken in another's nature has an affinity for the influence which awakened it. A magnet run through a pile of rubbish will draw out only nails, tacks, screws, or whatever has an affinity for it. We draw out of employees or others just the qualities which correspond with our moods, our motives, and our manner toward them. Every manager, every employer, is a magnet which calls certain things out of employees. Some men never touch the best in their employees, never arouse their best qualities, because the methods they use are not calculated to do so. Their character is expressed in their methods, and they appeal to the lowest, instead of the highest, in human nature.

It is astonishing how quickly the qualities of the head of a concern will trickle clear down to every employee on his force, so that they will take on his characteristics. If he has high ideals, if he is refined and cultivated, they will tend to reflect his ideals, his refinement, his culture. If he is low, coarse, animal in his tastes, in his instincts, he will draw out all that is worst in his employees.

I tell you, my friend employer, it is give and take in this world. Action and reaction are equal. We get what we give. I have heard employers say: "What's the use in wasting your sympathy in trying to help employees; they don't appreciate it; they are a lot of cattle." Now if you hold that

sort of attitude toward those who are making your success possible, you will always have a troublesome labor problem. Your employees are your brothers and sisters, and until you regard them as such, and treat them as such, you are going to be in hot water, and they are going to stint their services. It is only human nature that they will try to get all they can out of you as long as you are playing the same game with them.

The intelligent business world, generally, and many of our housewives, are beginning to find that a pooling of interests, mutual respect, sympathy, kindness and consideration between employer and employee, in short, the practice of love's way, is the one only and infallible solution of labor problems and difficulties.