

Great Lives from Arabia & 1800s America

MONTH SEVEN

SELECTED AUTHORS

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from Arabia and 1800s America

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Libraries of Hope

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Great Lives Series: Month Seven

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Month 7

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Mohammed

570 - 632 A.D.

The Arabs are a dark skinned people that live near or on the great deserts of Arabia, one of the hottest and most desolate regions of the world. They have lived there for thousands of years in roving tribes and many of their traits and manners have come from their association with the desert, and the hardships that they have been obliged to undergo in making their journeys upon its fiery sands.

Thousands of years ago the Arabs had a religion that was not entirely different from that of the Jews. As the years passed, however, they began to turn away from the old beliefs and to worship stone idols. These idols were set up in their principal cities and villages, notably in the city of Mecca, where there also remained a temple, built in the time of the older religion, that the Arabs still held to be sacred.

As the Arabian tribes were very different from each other in many ways, it was only natural that their religion should grow different also. Some men worshipped the fire and some worshipped the stars. Some became Jews or Christians. For the most part, however, they worshipped stone images and many wise men preached and labored among them in vain to bring back the old religion of their fathers.

Such was the state of affairs when a child was born in the city of Mecca who was destined to become one of the greatest prophets of the world, and draw all the Arabs into a single religion that would spread as far as Spain and India. This child was named Mohammed, and he was born five hundred and seventy years after the death of Christ. His father, Abdallah,

died soon after he was born, and Mohammed's mother, according to custom, gave the baby into the charge of a nurse who might rear him in the free, open air of the desert where Arabs believed that children became strong and vigorous.

Mohammed was strong in many ways, but had one great physical failing: he was often seized with fits of a kind that nowadays would be ascribed to the disease called epilepsy. In those days, however, these fits were thought to be the work of devils who entered into and possessed the body. When he was six years old his mother died and he was brought up by his grandfather, Abd al-Muttalib, a poor man, but one who was greatly respected by everybody that knew him.

Abd al-Muttalib put him to work. When he grew old enough, he watched the flocks of the people of Mecca, and gained a meager livelihood by doing this. He had no schooling, but once or twice had the opportunity to travel, when he went with his uncle to southern Arabia and to Syria, where he saw people different from those of Mecca and learned of many different forms of religion.

When Mohammed was twenty-five years old there befell a change in his fortunes. In this year he entered the service of a rich widow, whose name was Kadijah, and went with her to the great fairs and bazaars on which journeys, perhaps, he acted as her camel driver. Kadijah soon fell in love with the young man of bright, piercing eyes and thoughtful demeanor, and one day she drew Mohammed aside and told him that she loved him, offering to become his wife and to give him her hand in marriage. By marrying Kadijah Mohammed became rich. He managed his wife's affairs at Mecca with great success, and became greatly respected there as a man of business. He and Kadijah had six children, four girls and two boys, but both of the boys died in their infancy.

But Mohammed was soon marked as being different from other men. He spent a great deal of his time in religious contemplation and would go off by himself into the solitude of

the mountains, to think and ponder without interruption.

When he was forty years old he went one day to a mountain called Hira which was not far from Mecca. And here a trance came upon him and in the night he believed that he saw the angel Gabriel. The angel was surrounded by a flaming aureole and in his hand he held a scroll of fire from which he commanded Mohammed to read. Now Mohammed knew not how to read or write, but to his amazement he found that the words on the scroll were quite plain to him, and he read a wonderful message that proclaimed the glory and the greatness of God, whom he called Allah.

Mohammed was frightened by what he had seen; he thought that perhaps the form of the angel had been taken by some evil spirit to lead him on to his undoing. But at last he had another vision in which Gabriel came to him again and called upon him to arise and preach the word of Allah throughout the land and bring back to the Arabs the faith of their fathers and the worship of a single god. And then for the first time Mohammed believed his visions and thought himself God's Prophet, and he called the new faith that he was to teach the faith of Islam, which means righteousness.

Mohammed went back to Kadijah and told her what he had seen. He said he was chosen by Allah to spread his faith over the land, and he himself was a prophet greater than any other in the world. Kadijah was a true and faithful wife and loved Mohammed better than herself. She believed that he spoke the truth, and looked upon him as some one who through God's means had become more than a man.

At first Mohammed did not try to preach his new faith to the people of Mecca, but contented himself with teaching the word of Allah to his nearest relatives. Most of them believed in him, but one of his uncles called him a fool and would have nothing to do with the new religion.

After four years of teaching Mohammed had only converted to the new belief forty people, who were mostly men of

low degree or slaves. He then thought that Allah called upon him to go forth publicly and preach his new belief to the entire world. And soon afterward Mohammed could have been seen in the market place preaching the word of Allah.

The faith that Mohammed taught was very much like the faith that we ourselves believe in. That is, it was much more like the religion of Christ than the worship of idols or the belief of the Romans and Greeks in gods and goddesses, or the worship of fire or the stars.

Mohammed preached that there was one God only, and that this God was greater than all things. If you died and had led a righteous life you went to Paradise; if you had been wicked you went to the lower regions to undergo eternal punishment. And there were a great many things in Mohammed's religion that any one would do well to follow, for he preached that God was merciful and his people on earth must be merciful also, that cleanliness was next to Godliness and that all his followers must wash themselves before they prayed.

In many ways, however, the Mohammedan faith was not so pure as the Christian faith, for the Heaven that Mohammed believed in was a place of feasting and merriment, but little else, and Mohammed also believed that it was right to teach his religion by the sword. In this, however, Mohammed's followers became more zealous than he had ever thought of being, and we must remember also that Christians of those days did not hesitate to use the sword, themselves.

To spread the faith Mohammed set about preparing a great book which was to be the bible of those who believed in his religion. This book was called the Koran. Because Mohammed could not write and still produced this marvelous book, which contained the word of Allah, he claimed that he was divinely inspired. It is thought, however, that he was helped in preparing the Koran by one of his disciples who could read and write.

When Mohammed prepared the Koran there was no paper, and writing materials were far removed from the Arabs who made little use of them. So Mohammed was compelled, as we are told, to write the Koran on any material that came to hand. He wrote it on pieces of stone and strips of leather, and on dried palm leaves — and some of the verses were even written on the bleached shoulder blades of sheep. Anything that could hold a mark was used by him as writing material, and the verses were later collected and made into a book by his disciples.

When Mohammed commenced to preach before the people, the citizens of Mecca looked on him as a madman. They did not molest him, however, because they held him to be a worthless dreamer who could do no harm to anybody. But as weeks went by, and the number of those who became converted to his faith grew larger, the wise men who still believed in the great stone idols named Hubal and Uzza began to grow afraid.

They were too cowardly to molest Mohammed, because he was a rich man and was protected by his uncle who had much influence among them — but they vented their spite on the humbler people who followed him and who were unable to protect themselves. So it came to pass that the poor men who were Mohammedans, particularly the slaves, were made to suffer dreadful tortures. They were scourged with whips and placed all day in the burning sunshine without a drop of water for their thirst. At last, however, the people of Mecca became bold enough to go to Mohammed's uncle and tell him that Mohammed must cease preaching against their idols. Mohammed, however, indignantly refused, and went on preaching, and his uncle continued to protect him.

At last Mohammed's enemies became so afraid of the success he was gaining that they decided they must have his life at all costs, and a plot was hatched against him. He was saved by being warned of this and hidden away, but at last he

and all his relatives who believed in his teachings, as most of them did, were driven from Mecca and were made outlaws.

His uncle's influence was so strong, however, that after Mohammed had lived in the mountains for three years, he and his relatives were allowed to return to Mecca. But a great misfortune fell upon him, for his faithful wife Kadijah, whom he had loved deeply, and who was the first person to believe in him as a prophet, died, and left him inconsolable. His uncle also died, and Mohammed lost his protection.

Without the influence of his uncle Mecca again became too dangerous for Mohammed to remain in. When he tried to preach he was pelted with stones and mud and mocked on every side. He was consoled, however, by a dream in which he thought that he was preaching to certain spirits whose bodies were made of fire and who were known to the Meccans as D'j'inns. And these spirits listened attentively to what Mohammed said and did him reverence.

Because he had converted a number of men from the nearby town of Yathrib, Mohammed decided that a better opportunity was given him to teach his faith there than in Mecca itself, and in the year 622 A. D., he and his followers fled to Yathrib and were made welcome. This flight was called the "Hegira," and the date of it is very important to the Mohammedans, for their calendar dates from it, and for them is practically the beginning of time.

In Yathrib the faith of Mohammed spread quickly and he received attention and reverence wherever he went. And when he had a large following he desired to put up a house of prayer, or a temple which he called a mosque. This was done, but the first Mohammedan mosque was a very simple affair indeed and the roof was supported by trees that were not removed from the earth where they had been growing.

And then for the first time began to be heard the call that today rings through so large a part of Asia and Africa, when the muezin, or crier, summons Mohammed's followers to

prayer five times a day. They must all face toward Mecca as they pray, for that is the sacred city; and Mohammed so considered it because of the mysterious temple or KaaBah that was in it, and because, before the days of the idolaters, this temple had been connected with the religion of Abraham. And every morning since that time up to the present day, Mohammedans have been summoned to prayer with the following words;

"God is great; there is no god but the Lord. Mohammed is the Apostle of God. Come unto prayer! Come unto salvation! God is great. There is no god but the Lord."

Another change was effected by Mohammed. Since Yathrib had been the first place to take him in and receive his religion, its name was changed to Medinat al Nahib, the city of the prophet, to do the place honor. And in Medinah, as it was later called, Mohammed spent the rest of his life.

It was not long before word came to Mecca that the man whom they had driven out had become powerful and mighty in a city not far off and that he was considered greater than a king among the disciples that followed him. Then the Meccans were again afraid, for they feared that some day Mohammed would appear with an army before their walls and revenge himself for the injuries that they had worked upon him. So, when a frightened messenger brought word to the Meccans that a number of Mohammed's followers were plundering the Meccan caravans, the people of Mecca raised an army to raze Medinah to the ground and put an end for all time to the man that had so troubled their affairs.

Mohammed, however, had already designed to march against Mecca and had raised an army for that purpose. And he came upon the Meccan soldiers at a place called Badrh. There were a great many more Meccans than Mohammedans, and should have won the day, for the odds against Mohammed and his followers were huge, but Mohammed had the advantage that every one of his soldiers was glad to die for

his leader and his army had the fierce, fanatical zeal which religion inspires in eastern people.

It was a wild fight, for the battle was fought in a furious storm of rain and wind that beat like whips upon the faces of the soldiers as they dashed against each other. It was desperate, too, and lasted nearly all day — and it was one of the important battles of the world, although the numbers engaged in it were not large. At first the fray went badly for the Mohammedans, for the enemy with their superior numbers forced them back. Everywhere Mohammed himself might have been seen, encouraging his followers and urging them to greater efforts. Then, when it seemed as if his forces were breaking and that nothing could be done to hold them together any longer, he stooped to the ground and picking up a handful of gravel, hurled it against his foes.

"May confusion seize them," he cried loudly, and at that the Mohammedans in the vicinity who had seen the act, rushed so furiously upon the Meccans that they recoiled. That was all that was needed. The entire Mohammedan army charged, shouting the names of Allah and Mohammed, and the battle was won. Many horses and camels and much valuable plunder were captured, and word was sent back to Medinah that a great victory had been gained.

The Meccans swore vengeance and in due time another army was advancing against Mohammed. He was engaged in prayer when the word was brought to him that the Meccans were coming and at once he summoned his followers and exhorted them to do their utmost and to die in defense of the faith.

With his army at his heels Mohammed went forth from Medinah and pitched his camp near Mount Uhud, only a bowshot away from his enemies. As soon as it was dawn both sides were drawn up ready for battle — and then the Meccans saw a sight that had never before taken place on any battlefield — for at the call of the Muezin, which took place as

though the Mohammedans were at home, the entire army bowed down in prayer.

At first the fight went well for the Mohammedans, but when a group of archers left their post to engage in the pursuit of the defeated Meccans this gave some of the enemy's cavalry a chance to surround or outflank Mohammed's soldiers. The Meccans rallied and attacked him in front and the rear at the same time, and the day was lost. However, the Meccans were too exhausted to pursue his men for a time and they believed that Mohammed himself had been slain, which was the first of their desires. So they returned to Mecca.

For about two years there was little fighting, and then the Meccans planned an attack against Medinah, and advanced upon it with a large army. And now Mohammed showed great military skill, for he conceived a plan that had never been known to the Arabians and that is still employed in modern warfare — namely that of fighting from the protection of trenches. With the hostile army almost upon them the Mohammedans worked furiously digging a deep ditch around the city, and so well did the ditch answer their purpose that the Meccans could accomplish nothing against them, but were obliged at last to turn tail and retreat to their own city.

In this siege there was a Jewish tribe in Medinah that had been treacherous to the Mohammedans, deserting them in their hour of need, and going over to the enemy. This caused Mohammed great difficulty and might easily have brought about his defeat. So, when the fight was over, he took a large number of soldiers and advanced against this tribe which had taken refuge in a stronghold in the mountains. When they saw the numbers that were against them a great fear came upon them and they surrendered to the Prophet without a fight, throwing themselves upon his mercy. They found, however, that from that mercy they could expect nothing, for all the men were put to death, and the women and children were sold into slavery.

Warfare between the Mohammedans and the Meccans continued in scattered outbursts until at last when both sides were weary of the struggle a treaty was made, and the Mohammedans were to be allowed to make a three day pilgrimage to Mecca to worship at the Kaabah or holy temple which was a part of Mohammed's religion.

This was considered by Mohammed as a great triumph for his cause. Determined now to spread his faith to the uttermost ends of the earth, he sent messengers to the rulers of all the civilized kingdoms that he knew. One went to Heraclius, Emperor of the Romans, who was in Syria at the time; one to the Roman Governor of Egypt, one to the King of Abyssinia and one to each of the provinces of Gassan and Yamam that were also under Roman control.

Then a ten year peace was agreed upon between the Meccans and the Mohammedans. This, however, was not kept long, for the Meccans killed some of Mohammed's followers. In fear for what they had done, they sent a deputation to request that he overlook what had taken place and allow the peace to continue as before, but Mohammed would give them no promises, and told his followers that the death of those who were slain by the Meccans would be amply avenged. With great secrecy he prepared an army and went forth once more against the city with which he had been engaged in warfare for so many years.

So swift was Mohammed's advance and so secret had his plans been kept that the Meccans knew nothing of his approach until they saw the camp-fires of his mighty army shining about their walls. They had no way of resisting his force for they had been surprised, and even if they could have prepared against him, their numbers were now far inferior to his own. And then came the greatest triumph of Mohammed's entire life, for the Meccans surrendered without conditions and promised to embrace the Mohammedan faith.

With ropes and axes Mohammed's followers tore the stone idols of Mecca from their pedestals and hewed them to pieces, while the Meccans sorrowfully beheld the destruction. And from that day to the present there has resounded over the city of Mecca five times each day the cry of "Allah Hu Akbar" — God is great, and the rest of the ritual calling the people to prayer.

Soon after this one desert tribe after another came under Mohammed's power, and finally all of Arabia had acknowledged him as God's prophet. He was planning to extend his religion still farther when a misfortune fell upon him that probably caused his death. With one of his followers he had partaken of a dish that had been prepared for him by a Jewish girl who hated him and all of his sect. The food was poisoned, and while Mohammed discovered it at once and ate but a single mouthful, the poison remained in his body.

Feeling that he was about to die he summoned his followers and preached to them a last sermon in which he exhorted them to obey all the rules of his religion, to treat their slaves and animals kindly and to beware of the works of the devils that were leagued against them. Not a great while after this the Prophet fell ill of a fever, and at last died, to the great grief of those disciples who had known and loved him. Although he had always given his wealth to the poor so that he lived as meanly as the humblest of his followers — for this was one of the first things that he preached — he was worshipped as being divine and had more than the homage of a mighty king. In the hands of his fanatical followers the scimitar became the symbol of the Mohammedan faith and hundreds of thousands were conquered and made to acknowledge its power. Today Mohammedanism is still one of the great religions of the world, and the name of the Prophet still sounds from thousands of mosques, when the muezin calls the people to prayer with the same words that were used while Mohammed was living.

Had You Been Born a Moslem

"In the name of God, the Beneficent, the Merciful…."

All over the world, five times each day, faithful worshipers kneel on prayer rugs, touch their foreheads to the ground, and fervently murmur the words, "In the name of God, the Beneficent, the Merciful…."

Had you been born a Moslem, you would have learned the prayer long before you grasped its full meaning. You would have been told that it came from the Holy Koran, the most beloved book in your parental home. This sacred scripture, considered to be the most classical and perfect of all books in Arabic literature, was dictated by the Angel Gabriel to an uneducated but chosen man of God, the Prophet Mohammed.

This you would truly believe, had you been born a Moslem. Like the 450,000,000 fellow members of your faith who believe as you do, you kneel in prayer, facing toward the holy city of Mecca in Hejaz, Arabia, and chant the impressive words, "In the name of God, the Beneficent, the Merciful."

The Meaning of Moslem

You were taught that Moslem means: surrender to the will of God. It also means: one who accepts God and the Islamic faith. The word Islam refers to the religion itself, while Moslem (or Muslim) signifies the individual member. Sometimes non-Moslems refer to you as a Mohammedan. They mean that you are a follower of the Prophet Mohammed, which is true, but you and your people prefer to be called Moslem, a term sanctioned by Mohammed.

Had you been born a Moslem, you would consider yourself a link in an unbroken chain of tradition, the tradition of a people who were divided until Mohammed united them, a people who had no consolidating belief until Islam and its teachings welded them together. Through the inspiration and guidance of the Holy Koran, the warring tribes of Arabia became the "People of the Book" joined by the universal prayer:

"In the name of God, the Beneficent, the Merciful,
Praise be to God, Lord of the worlds,
The Beneficent, the Merciful,
Master of the day of requital.
Thee do we serve and thee do we beseech for help;
Guide us on the right path,
The path of those upon whom thou hast bestowed favors,
Not those upon whom wrath is brought down,
Nor those who go astray."

Mosques, Minarets, and the Call of the Muezzin

In the village where you lived there were places associated with the prayer in a special way. These houses of God, which were the most beautiful and respected buildings in your community, were the mosques, a type of architecture introduced by Islam. These domed edifies expressed the highest artistry and workmanship of which your people were capable. Adjoining each house of worship is the minaret, a high tower with a circular platform near its very top. Onto this platform a man climbs five times daily. Silhouetted against the sky, he stands like a bearded prophet calling his people to worship. He is the muezzin, appointed to summon the faithful to prayer. Wearing a loose-fitting black robe and a green turban, he cups his hands and chants in a loud voice the unforgettable call:

"God is the Greatest, God is the Greatest,
I bear witness that there is only one God,
I bear witness that there is only one God;
I bear witness that Mohammed is the Prophet of God,
I bear witness that Mohammed is the Prophet of God,
Hasten to prayer, hasten to prayer;
Hasten to prosperity, hasten to prosperity;
God is the Greatest, God is the Greatest,
There is only one God."

Often when you heard the muezzin call out these words, you saw in your mind's eye your brother Moslems throughout the Middle East, Africa, Asia, Europe, and North America, listening to their muezzins and believing, as you believed, that God is very near and very personal. You saw them walking to their mosques to join in a fraternity of prayer to the God whose name is Allah. Allah is the Arabic word for the God who is worshiped by people of other religions as well as by Islam; the God who is the highest concept of all that is good, the Creator of all things and the Father who fills the earth with His love and His presence. Even though you knew this, how could you describe Him or explain His greatness? Islam tried to define Him when it said:

"God is one and has no partner;
Singular, without any like Him;
Uniform, having no contrary;
Separate, having no equal;
Ancient, having no first;
Eternal, having no beginning;
Everlasting, having no end;
Ever-existing, without termination;
Perpetual and constant, with neither interruption nor termination;
Ever qualified with the attributes of supreme greatness;

Unbound and undetermined by lapse of ages or times;
The Alpha and Omega, the Evident and the Hidden."

Whenever you were asked to define or describe God or Allah, your mind filled with visions of worship; you saw the mosque and the minarets; you heard the call of the muezzin; you recalled the prayer out of the Holy Koran and you said, "Allah simply is, and everything that is, is Allah. Allah is God and God is one."

God Alone Is Worthy of Worship

One of your most thrilling memories is the time your father first took you to the mosque. He said, "Come, son, we are going to the house of God." He took your hand and together you walked to the center of the city where the great mosque stood and where people were reverently gathering. It was Friday, the Islamic Sabbath, which for your people is the "day of gathering." High on the minaret the muezzin was calling, *"La illah illa'llah! Mohammed rasulullahr"* (There is no God but Allah. Mohammed is His Prophet.) When you heard the words, "Hasten to prayer! Hasten to prayer!" spoken by the muezzin, you and your father hurried to join the others who were hastening to the square.

In an outer room you paused and removed your shoes. Your father explained, "This is a mark of respect to the house of God and to the worshipers who follow you in prayer. Shoes soil the lovely prayer rugs with which the floor of the mosque is covered, and it is on these rugs that the worshipers touch their foreheads when they pray."

Then you entered a room equipped with basins and water for your ablutions. You were told that no one ever goes into a mosque or says his prayers unless he is scrupulously clean. You washed your hands and your face, then your feet, and any other part of your body which you believed to be unclean. So it had been done in the days of Mohammed when the people

washed themselves before worshiping, even while they were still wanderers in the desert and had no water. With nothing but the sparkling sand with which to cleanse themselves, they had complied with this ritual.

As you started toward the open doors which admitted you to the large, carpeted assembly room of the mosque, your father said, "Better than clean hands, my son, is a clean heart," which was his way of emphasizing that whoever comes to prayer should think clean thoughts and put every dishonest intention from his mind.

When you entered the prayer room, it was as though you stepped from the world of things into the presence of God. Beneath the great dome of the mosque your "brother Moslems were gathering, but this day there were no women present. Sometimes there were services especially for women, but the Prophet had said, "It is more meritorious for a woman to say her prayers in her own house or in the courtyard of her house." You felt that in a very real way Islam was a man's religion, and as you knelt down, facing in the direction of Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed, you were glad that you were a boy. When the murmur of the prayers rose around you like an enchanted chorus, filling you with a nearness to God, your heart was lifted up as if the prayers had wings. "O, you who believe!" said the Holy Koran, "when the call is made for prayer, endeavor to the remembrance of God!"

The words lingered in your mind as you knelt, lost among the rows upon rows of worshipers, and you bowed your forehead to the ground. As the men bent down in unison and raised themselves and bent down again, the rhythm seemed to you like the waves of the ocean, flooding your heart with Allah's love. Afterwards, as you listened to a sermon preached by the imam (minister) you realized that Islam is a religion of simple beauty which seeks to absorb the worshiper in the presence of God. There are no icons or statues or signs or symbols in this great room which is your church; there are no

pews or chairs or musical instruments. The designs on the walls are geometric or floral which lead your thoughts ever more to Allah, making you want to say no more than can be said in the Koran's immortal words, "In the name of God, the Beneficent, the Merciful, praise be to God, Lord of the worlds!"

The Koran Speaks of Jesus

As far as you are concerned, Mohammed was the greatest prophet of God, but you were taught and you accepted the fact that Jesus, as well as all other true prophets such as Adam, Noah, Abraham, Jacob, Moses, should be equally revered. The Holy Koran says, "We believe in God, and that which hath been sent down to us, and that which hath been sent down to Abraham and Ishmael and Isaac and Jacob and the tribes; and that which was given to Moses and to Jesus, and that which was given to the prophets from their Lord. No difference do we make between any of them; and to God are we resigned."

Again the Koran says, "Some of the apostles we have endowed more highly than others; to some God hath spoken, and he hath raised others of them to the loftiest grade; and to Jesus, the son of Mary, we gave manifest proofs of his mission, and we strengthened him with the Holy Spirit."

But it also adds, "The Messiah (Jesus), son of Mary, is but an apostle; other apostles have flourished before him; and his mother was a just person; they both are good."

The Christian belief that Jesus was actually "God" walking on earth is difficult for you to understand. Equally difficult for you is the Christian concept that a loving God would demand the death of His son. Nor could you agree with the Christian view that man was "conceived and born in sin." Inherent in your faith is the belief that all men are born innocent and free. Sin is not inherited. It is acquired. Most of all, you often wonder why, if Jesus was really God, there should

be so many divisions in Christendom. Some Christians insisted that the soul died with the body and would be raised when the physical body was restored; others claimed that the soul was immortal and went immediately to heaven or hell; some worshiped the Virgin Mary and were called Mariamites; still others said that Jesus had not actually died on the cross at all but had been whisked away by faithful followers before death came to him.

But there are also divisions among the people of Islam. There are Shiites, who believe that the successors to Mohammed must come directly from among the members of the Prophet's immediate family. They consider Ali, Mohammed's son-in-law, as the first rightful successor to the prophetship. Within the Shiite branch are the Ismailians, who follow an 8th century imam named Ismail. And there are Sunnites, representing the more orthodox wing of Islam, who recognize the first four caliphs as the Prophet's true successors. These two divisions, the Shiites and the Sunnites, together with the mystical Sufis and other schools of thought, developed for the most part over the question of who should rule in Mohammed's place, and over differences in emphasis on pietistic practices.

These divisions never bothered you because you knew that all Moslems are united by the Holy Koran, which says, "There is no God but Allah. To Him shall be the final gathering." And all Moslems are united in their conviction that God divinely revealed Himself through Mohammed who taught his people the prayer, "In the name of God, the Beneficent, the Merciful…."

A Prophet Is Born

Who was Mohammed and what was he like? He was born in 570 A.D. of poor parents and named, it is said, Ubul Kassim, although some authorities claim he was named Mohammed from birth. His father, who belonged to the

Meccan tribe of Koraish, died two months before his son's birth. Six years later his mother also passed away, leaving the boy to be brought up by a grandfather, Abdul Muttalib, and later by an uncle, Abu Talib, who often took Ubul Kassim on caravan journeys to distant trading posts. Mecca, at this time (toward the close of the 6th century), was the commercial crossroads of the world, the thoroughfare between India and Persia, Syria and Greece, a place where travelers rested and merchants engaged in "international" trade. It was here, too, that Bedouins and other desert tribes came to sell their wares and satisfy their religious longings.

Religion was big business in Mecca. Here were shrines to 360 Arabian gods and goddesses. Here was Zemzem, the holy well, at which the followers of many gods drank of the water which was said to contain miraculous healing powers. Here in Mecca was the famous Black Stone. About the size of a pomegranate, it was oval in shape and approximately seven inches in diameter, very mysterious and, it was said, full of unexplained wonder. Long before the days of Mohammed, the Black Stone was an object of superstitious worship. Legend said that it had once been so purely white and so brilliant that pilgrims who came to the city were guided by its radiance.

Enshrined in a cube-like building called the Kaaba, the stone was watched over by relays of pagan priests. In those early days, fees were collected for prayers and promises of good luck, and there was so much commercialization of religion that, so it was said, the beautiful white stone turned black because of its displeasure over the sins of men. Though this was a myth, most people were convinced that the fabulous stone was the one which the Angel Gabriel had presented to the patriarch Abraham long ago.

The Kaaba is enclosed by a huge wall and is watched over by seven minarets. It is said that in the days of Mohammed there were temples dedicated to the seven planets and that various Arabian tribes had specified certain planets as their

guardian deities. Many households also had their sacred images, either in the form of a planet-god or a nature-spirit, representing certain cosmic forces. Judaism and early Christianity sought to make an inroad into this idolatry and had converted several tribes to their faiths.

Christian and Jewish thought, as well as the mystery and magic of Zoroastrianism and the philosophy and practices of Hinduism were all part of the confused religious scene in Mecca. The cries of vendors of religious articles, the chanted prayers of Arabian priests, and the incessant voices of beggars seeking alms in the name of numerous gods shocked Ubu'l Kassim whenever he returned to the city of his birth. He had an affection for the Kaaba as most people had, for there was a belief that before the creation of the world, a prototype of the Kaaba had been built in heaven and that Abraham and his son, Ishmael, erected this one in Mecca, directly under the heavenly spot where the eternal Kaaba is supposed to stand.

A legend tells how once when the sacred temple of the Kaaba was to be rebuilt, the question arose as to who should have the honor of replacing the Black Stone in its sacred niche. Because each tribe argued that it should have this great privilege, a priest advised the disputants to choose as their judge the first man who entered through a certain gate. The tribes agreed and, after several moments, a man appeared. It was Ubul Kassim, who later became the Prophet Mohammed. After he had considered the problem, he suggested that the stone be placed on a piece of cloth so that each tribe could share the honor of bearing the stone to its holy place.

It is possible that Ubul Kassim often thoughtfully placed his own offerings around the sacred stone just as did other worshipers. But more than any other seeker after truth, he hoped and prayed that the true God would reveal Himself. For this reason he frequently retired to the desert or to a cave in a mount outside the city of Mecca for meditation and prayer.

At the age of twenty-five he was described as being a serious-minded, generous and competent man, although he had never learned to read or write. He was handsome and commanding in appearance, a red-bearded man with fair skin and piercing black eyes, whose luxurious hair was usually hidden inside a large green turban. To this day the green turban is worn by the descendants of Mohammed, while black, red, and yellow turbans represent Dervish sects which are dedicated to a life of poverty and strict adherence to Islam.

At twenty-five, Ubul Kassim married a wealthy widow named Khadijah, a member of the Koreishite clan. Though she was twelve years his senior, the marriage proved singularly happy and their home life was an example of harmony and peace. Khadijah was blessed with seven children, among them Ali, the prophet's favorite son, and Fatimah, believed by the Shiites to represent the highest ideal of womanhood.

God Calls His Prophet

One evening as Ubul Kassim went up to the sandy cave on Mount Hira and looked out over the city of Mecca, his heart filled with compassion and grief for his people. He was now nearly forty years old. The Arab world was still hopelessly divided into warring tribes and separated by many religions and superstitions. Utterly alone, he resorted to prayer, as he had many times before, longing for a vision of the true God. There were no statues in the cave as there were around the Kaaba, no priests, no famous stone. There was only this seeker of Truth who, kneeling with his forehead to the damp earth, said, "O God, fill me with thy Presence and teach me who and what You truly are."

He remained there for a long time, wrapped in his cloak, as he had done throughout other nights. But suddenly a great light surrounded him, bursting upon the mountain with a brightness that spread across the sky. When he saw it, he cried

out, "Allah God!"

A voice said to him, "Read!"

"I cannot read," he said.

A second and a third time the voice ordered, "Read!"

"What shall I read?" he asked, and then it seemed to him that there were words all around him, living words written on the overhanging walls of the cave.

"Read," the voice insisted, and then as if to assist him, said, "In the name of Allah who created man from a clot, and thy Lord the Most Bounteous who teacheth by the pen, teacheth man that which he knew not. Read: Verily is man rebellious. He thinketh himself independent Lo! Unto thy Lord is the return!"

"Who are you? Let me see your face!" he cried.

"I am Gabriel," said the voice.

In a vision, the Angel appeared before him, standing in space and holding in his hands a silken shawl covered with words of gold. Mohammed recognized them as the words he earlier had been asked to read. No matter which way he turned, the Angel was there before him, and the voice said, "O, Mohammed! Thou art the Prophet of Allah, the most high God!" Then the vision ended and the voice was stilled.

The Test of Faith

Mohammed rushed from the cave. Could it have been a dream, he wondered? Had someone tricked him? God had been a mystery for so long that now the thought that He might be understood was greatly disturbing. He hurried home following old familiar paths which now seemed strangely new.

When he saw Khadijah, he cried out, "Wrap me up, wrap me up!" His wife, alarmed by his great agitation, brought him a garment and made him sit before the fire. When he had told her his story, she said, "Rejoice and be cheerful, for God has chosen you to be His prophet to His people."

Khadijah then told her cousin, Weraqa, a blind, aged

scholar of both Christianity and Judaism. Waraqa said, "Verily, this is the Holy Spirit that revealed Himself to Moses." Then the blind man spoke to Mohammed directly, "They will persecute you, they will banish you, and seek to kill you. Oh, that I could live to fight for you!"

Khadijah and Waraqa, the first converts to Islam, never doubted that God had revealed Himself to Mohammed. But as the days went by and the Angel Gabriel failed to reappear, Mohammed often despaired. People who watched the strongly-built, red-bearded man walk out beyond the city said, "He still goes to the cave in Mount Hira. What does he hope to find?"

One day, however, he did not go to the cave, but went instead to a towering cliff. He stood there looking for a long time into the sky. When he tried to pray, tears filled his eyes. He gazed down into the deep valley. Surely, he told himself, the vision in the cave must have been the sorcery of the evil one. How could God be found? How was it possible for a man ever to break through the veil that separated truth from illusion? Despair swept over him. Something told him to end it all by throwing himself over the cliff. Just as he started forward, a blinding light burst over him and before him stood the Angel Gabriel with upraised hand. Mohammed bowed his forehead to the ground. Then a voice from heaven commanded, "O thou, wrapped in thy mantle, rise up and glorify thy God!"

After this experience the Prophet never doubted God again, even though his faith was tested time after time. Again and again the Angel Gabriel appeared to him in heavenly visitations, dictating to Mohammed by way of inspiration the treasured suras (chapters) which were to make up the Holy Koran.

How the Holy Koran Was Written

On the coldest days and the darkest nights, Mohammed,

wrapped in his cloak, sat with his eyes closed, an instrument of Allah, making known Allah's will to men. While beads of sweat covered his face and dropped from his beard, he repeated aloud the words which Gabriel put into his heart. A hundred and fourteen suras, containing nearly 80,000 words, were dictated by him as the mouthpiece of God. These were copied down by friends and relatives either at the exact moment or later, because often the spirit of inspiration would come upon the Prophet when he was walking about or engaged in his work. Through the years, fragments were copied down upon stones or pieces of leather or upon palm leaves and then faithfully compiled. Chief among the recorders of Mohammed's words were his cousin Ali, his close friend Abu Bekr, and an amanuensis named Zaid Ibn Thabit. Skeptics also came to hear the Prophet's words, and often they went away convinced that Allah was indeed speaking through His chosen one.

These early converts saw what many non-believers did not see. They saw that God had called an unschooled messenger to be an instrument of His will. They saw in Mohammed not the fanatical, demented man many accused him of being, but a man destined for a great mission. They realized that Allah had no need of images or priests; Allah had need only of the trance-like figure of the bearded Prophet, through whom He could reveal His word.

The Holy Koran became that word, the very heart of Islam. Because its recitation was considered one of the most distinguished marks of faith and learning, many early converts memorized the entire book. He who was best versed in the Koran was usually called upon to conduct public prayers and to speak on the meaning of Islam. To this very day, he who knows the Koran is held in the highest possible esteem among Moslems throughout the world. For it is believed that no one can memorize the Holy Koran without having his life affected and changed.

This inspired scripture speaks of many things. It tells its people that no one can atone for sins excepting the sinner himself. It assures its readers that God will not burden any man beyond his ability to carry the burden. It insists that no individual is held responsible for evil thoughts which pass through his mind, nor is he condemned for mistakes that he does not honestly know to be wrong.

It sets forth Six Principles of Faith:

1. God is one, and this one is Allah.
2. God's angels are God's messengers and aids, and there are evil spirits to oppose them.
3. God sent his prophets to earth at stated times and for stated purposes. The last and greatest of these is Mohammed.
4. The Holy Koran is Allah's truly inspired book, and all the books of God Jewish and Christian scriptures are also holy.
5. The Day of Judgment will find good and evil deeds weighed in the balance and all souls will pass to heaven or to hell on a bridge finer than a hair and sharper than a sword.
6. The lives and acts of men are foreordained by an all-knowing God.

Because of the Koran and its holy Prophet, you try to live according to the Five Pillars of the Faith which say,

1. Recite the *shahadah* daily which says, "There is no God but Allah; Mohammed is the messenger of Allah."
2. Pray the *salat* or daily prayer five times daily, facing Mecca.
3. Give the *zakat* or tithe toward the expansion of Islam and the support of the poor.
4. Observe Ramadan, the ninth month of the Moslem calendar, during which a fast is kept during the

daylight hours as a commemoration of the first revelation of the Koran.

5. Make a pilgrimage to Mecca if your finances and your health allow, and pay your homage to Allah at the Holy Kaaba.

And you seek to obey the warnings and admonitions of the Holy Koran which implore you not to steal, not to lie, not to speak evil of anyone, not to indulge in intoxication or other bodily sin, and not to worship idols of any kind.

The Prophet's Mission

Mohammed's mission was to proclaim the unity of God to a people who were worshiping many gods, to emphasize personal responsibility in the matter of faith, and to warn men that judgment awaited them in the life to come. Any one of these pronouncements would have set the priests of Mecca against him; together they called forth ridicule and threats from both pagan priests and pagan people. Opposition to Mohammed was fanned by the keepers of the Kaaba, but despite this, or perhaps because of it, the Prophet's converts increased.

Often he stood at the very entrance of the Kaaba and preached his gospel of the One God and the Holy Book. When Abu Talib warned him of his danger and of the growing hatred, Mohammed said, "O, my uncle, if they placed the sun in my right hand and the moon in my left, to cause me to renounce my task, verily I would not desist until God made manifest His cause or I perished in the attempt."

So his converts grew and the Meccan priests said, "What will happen to us if people forsake our gods and follow the One God of Mohammed? Surely the whole business world of Mecca will be destroyed." They watched his popularity increase. They heard his pronouncements grow more bold. They realized that the secular kingdom was being threatened

by the kingdom of Allah, so they laid a plot to kill this fanatical Prophet of the Lord. Throughout Mecca the pagan hierarchy appointed numerous men bound by oath to take Mohammed's life.

Appearing in a vision, the Angel Gabriel warned Mohammed of his danger, advising him to urge his followers to leave the city and to seek refuge wherever they could. Then, on the night appointed for his death, Mohammed, together with Ali and Abu Bekr, remained in the city after all other Moslems had fled. The assassins came at midnight They surrounded the house, never suspecting that the power of Allah might be greater than the force and terror of their swords. They saw the door open but, according to one legend, that was all they saw, for when Mohammed appeared, Allah struck the would-be murderers with blindness. Numb with fright, they begged for mercy, and Mohammed walked through their ranks scattering dust upon their heads as he passed by. Seemingly as God willed, their blindness was only temporary, a protective shield by which Allah saved his messenger.

Another account describes how the murderous mob watched through a hole in the door while the Prophet slept. Their instructions had been to kill him the moment he left the house. The Prophet, however, had directed Ali to lie down in his place, wrapped in the Prophet's cloak, while Mohammed had already escaped unseen through a window.

However the miraculous escape may have been made, it was Allah who arranged the deliverance. It was Allah who guided Mohammed unharmed to the home of Abu Bekr and then to a cave in Mount Thor, southeast of Mecca. It was Allah who protected His Prophet for three days in the refuge of a cave. Some insist that Abu Bekr was with him, while others say that he was accompanied only by a servant. It is related that after Mohammed took refuge in the cave, two doves laid their eggs at the entrance and a spider covered the

mouth of the cave with its web, which prevented the enemies of the Prophet of God from detecting Mohammed's hiding place.

Once when a band of murderers came so near that the servant began to despair, Mohammed said, "Fear not. Allah is with us."

"And," says an inclusion in the Holy Koran, "Allah caused His peace of reassurance to descend upon him and supported him with hosts ye cannot see and made the word of those who disbelieved the nethermost, while Allah's word became the uppermost. Allah is Mighty, Wise!"

On the night that Mohammed fled from Mecca, July 2, 622 A.D., a new religious era dawned upon the world. Islam reckons time from the period of this flight, just as Christians begin their era from the year of Christ's birth. Christians speak of contemporary events as occurring in A.D. (Anno Domini), the year of the Lord; Moslems refer to them as occurring in A.H. (Anno Hegira), the year of the Prophet's flight.

Triumph of Islam

The Prophet fled to Medina, where the people welcomed him and great crowds flocked to learn from him. For seven years he was looked upon as an inspired religious and political leader. Two rival tribes which had long been engaged in bitter warfare found him to be their mediator. Mohammed united them, and under his influence Medina was so transformed in its faith and morals that even today it is called "the city of the Prophet."

His first official act was to build and dedicate a mosque; his first important program was to teach the people the Holy Koran. His first document which united the people began, "In the name of the Most Merciful and Compassionate God, this charter is given by Mohammed, the Apostle of God, to all believers…."

With Medina as the base of operations, Mohammed tried

many times to conquer Mecca. Great campaigns were lodged against the city and there was extensive loss of life, but even with failure the Prophet's following grew and his leadership became more established. On January 1,630 A.D., he surrounded himself with 10,000 men and once more marched against the "idolatrous city." This time he was met by a Meccan delegation which had been dispatched to negotiate terms of peace or persuade him to give up his campaign. When the leader of the delegation, Abu Sofian, confronted Mohammed, the latter said, "You ask me to abandon my plans. Has not the time come, O Abu Sofian, for you to acknowledge that there is no God but Allah, and that I am His Prophet?" At this Abu Sofian knelt down, touched his forehead to the ground, and embraced the faith of Islam.

Almost unopposed, the Prophet entered the city of his birth. Seated on his favorite camel, Al Kaswa, and with Abu Bekr riding next to him, he proclaimed Mecca henceforth to be the holiest city of Islam and dedicated it to the glory of God.

Critics of Islam say that Mohammed changed from a spiritual leader to a military dictator whose armies were to sweep across Egypt, Persia, and Greece, converting nations by means of the sword. You, however, see him as a man sent by God to crush evil and immorality and to destroy idolatry at any cost. You believe he entered Mecca with a prayer on his lips, and that the first thing he did was to give thanks to God for victory. You believe he circled the Kaaba seven times, that he destroyed the 360 images, and that with each shattering blow he cried, "God is great! Truth has come and falsehood is destroyed!" All that followed was part of destiny and the fulfillment of God's immortal plan.

Each year following the conquest, Mohammed came to Mecca from Medina to lead his people in a pilgrimage to the holy Kaaba where they bowed before the only symbol of Islam: the Sacred Stone. In 632 A.D. at the age of sixty-two, when

he said that this would be his farewell pilgrimage, more than 100,000 of the faithful walked with him in one of the most solemn marches ever made. At the Kaaba they worshiped together. Then Mohammed preached to them, predicting his death. He concluded his sermon by saying, "O God, I have fulfilled my message and accomplished my work!" To which the great multitude replied, "Yea, verily thou hast!" He returned to Medina and there are many tender recollections which Moslems have handed down from generation to generation concerning the Prophet's final days. The last time he appeared in the mosque, he said to the people, "O Moslems, if I have wronged any one of you, here I am to answer for it. If I owe aught to anyone, all I may happen to possess belongs to you." At this an old man arose and claimed that he once had given three coins to a poor man at the request of the Prophet. Mohammed immediately paid him the coins and said, "It is better to blush in this world than in the next."

On the day that word spread throughout Medina that the Prophet had died, faithful Moslems refused to believe it. Some insisted that Allah's chosen ones could never die. Mohammed's beloved wife, Khadijah, had passed away, to be sure, and he had mourned for her. Later, in keeping with Arabic custom, he had remarried—had married several women, as was permitted—and his favorite wife was young Aisha. Now Aisha herself confirmed the Prophet's death. She described how she had held his aged head in her arms as he lay on his sick bed. She reported how she saw him suddenly rise up and stare into the distance. She said she heard him whisper three times, "Gabriel, come close to me!" She was convinced that the Angel himself had come to escort him into the life beyond.

Listening to Aisha's account, the people were deeply affected. But the fact of Mohammed's passing was accepted only after the faithful Abu Bekr went into the room where the Prophet lay, kissed the dead man's forehead, and came out to

address the huge, excited throngs.

"O people!" Abu Bekr cried, "as for you who used to worship Mohammed, Mohammed is dead. But as for you who used to worship Allah, Allah is alive and dieth not. Does not the Holy Koran say, 'Mohammed is but a messenger, messengers the like of whom have passed away before him'? Will it be that, when he dieth, ye will turn back on your heels? He who turneth back doth not hurt Allah, and Allah will reward the thankful!"

There was some dispute between the various tribes as to where the Prophet should be buried, but Abu Bekr affirmed that Mohammed himself had once said that a prophet should be buried at the very spot on which he passed away. Accordingly, a grave was dug beneath the room in the house where Mohammed had died. Here his body was washed, perfumed, wrapped in a white shroud and lovingly laid to rest.

Religion Dictates Social Customs

Though Mohammed died, the faith of Islam was never to die, and the customs established by the religion were to change slowly if at all. The Holy Koran had dictated precepts for the individual and social life of its people and had enumerated many instructions in the matter of worship and prayer. It prohibited the use of intoxicating liquor, the eating of pork and the practice of gambling, and enjoined upon its followers the absolute keeping of one's word. It forbade adultery and commanded complete obedience to Allah's precepts.

These precepts Mohammed himself faithfully observed and from his life you and the people of Islam take inspiration. You picture him as a frugal, hard-working man who wove his own cloth, made his own garments and cobbled his own shoes. You cite many minute details of his life and habits: whenever he spoke to someone he faced the person fully and uprightly; whenever he shook hands, he was never the first to

withdraw his hand, nor the first to break off a conversation. He hated nothing more than lying, and loved nothing better than kindliness. He had a temper that flared easily, but he learned to discipline it and keep himself in hand, believing that a man must first master himself before he can presume to master others.

Had you been born a Moslem, you would understand the polygamous life of the Prophet and interpret it differently than most non-Moslems are wont to do. You would point out that for nearly thirty years he remained married to one wife, Khadijah, even though Arabian custom would have permitted him many wives. It was only after the death of Khadijah that he created his harem of nine wives, and, as everyone knew, his household was considered an example of virtuous living. The records of Islam show that his relationship with his wives was above suspicion of sensuality. He lived with them in a row of humble cottages, adobe huts, the doors of which were strips of leather. His attitude toward the women of his seraglio was quiet and subdued, for the Holy Koran had ordered that family life should be the embodiment of justice and love.

The Koran had put a sanction upon the Prophet's household when it said, "We have made lawful unto thee thy wives unto whom thou hast paid their dowries, and those whom thy right hand possesseth of those whom Allah hath given thee as spoils of war."

Non-Moslems might read into these words whatever they wished. You are convinced of the rightness of the Prophet's views and the infallible statutes of the Holy Koran. You remember how Aisha described Mohammed's personal habits: "He divides each day into three portions. The first portion of each day is given to God, the second to his family, and the third to his people." Because he loved freedom, he freed his slaves. Because he wished to be no better than other men, he put away the rings and jewels which devotees had

given him.

The life and the pronouncements of the Prophet became customs for Islam and for you. Once Mohammed said, "There are four things which, if a person is endowed with any of them, bless the individual and the world. *First, a heart that is grateful; second, a tongue that utters constantly the name of God; third, a mind that is patient and calm amid troubles; fourth, a wife that is never guilty of a breach of trust, either in respect of her own person or in respect of her husband's property.*"

Moslem Marriages

In some Islamic countries even today, Moslem men have several wives. Occasionally the wives are heavily veiled, as was the custom also among early Syrian Christians. Sometimes wives are in *purdah*, which means they appear in public completely covered from head to foot in a tentlike garment which has only a narrow aperture for the eyes. The Holy Koran does not order such extreme veiling, but it is believed by some that the custom originated from instructions concerning the behavior of men who wished to speak to the wives of the Prophet. They were ordered to do this only through a curtain. "That," observes the Koran, "is purer for your hearts and for their hearts." But whether the practice of purdah came from the Islamic faith or from some more ancient source, it has long been a part of Moslem tradition and is only now slowly giving way to change.

Marriage in Islam is both a civil contract and a sacrament. At the time of your marriage you and your partner would be asked to make a public declaration and have two witnesses attest that the marriage is of your own free will and that the contract has been concluded. Then following this simple form, the religious or sacred contract would take place, also in a simple ceremony with or without an imam officiating. Festivities are added to the wedding plans in accordance with the wishes and social status of the parties. These observances

vary all the way from the elaborate weddings of the late Aly Khan, who was head of the Ismaili sect, to the lowly marriage of a humble Saudi Bedouin who served each of his guests one date and one small cup of black coffee.

At your wedding, parents, relatives, and friends would be invited to the house of the bride. Here the imam opens the service by reading from the Holy Koran. Then he delivers a brief sermon embellished with many wise admonitions.

"Among my followers," Mohammed once said, "the best of men are they who are best to their wives, and the best of women are they who are best to their husbands….

"Verily, God exalts the position of a man in heaven, because his wife was pleased with him and prayed for him.

"Paradise lies at the feet of mothers….

"Fear God in regard to the treatment of your wives, for verily they are your helpers. You have taken them on the security of God, and made them lawful by the words of God.

"She is the ideal wife who pleases thee when thou lookest at her, obeys thee when thou givest her direction; and protects her honor and thy property when thou art away.

"Verily, of all believers he has the most perfect faith who has the best manners, and shows the greatest kindness to his wife and children."

The imam then inquires whether anyone has any objection to the marriage. There being none, he appoints four men to approach the bride and ask if it is her wish and will to marry the groom. The groom makes his own statement publicly. Satisfied that the couple wish to be married of their own free will, by having consulted the four interrogators on this point, the imam stands for a moment solemnly in prayer. Then he says to the assembled people, "Did you hear what the witnesses and the groom have said?" And the people answer, "Yes."

Then the bride is "given away" by her father or a relative, and the marriage vows are repeated. Sometimes a ring is used, particularly in western countries. In most Islamic countries,

the matter of a dowry still pertains and the father or guardian of the bride, as well as the groom, are called to the imam's side to sign the dowry contract. When this is done the imam says, "Al-Fatihah," (let us pray) and once again you hear the impressive words, "In the name of God, the Beneficent, the Merciful," following which the imam pronounces the couple man and wife.

Generally speaking a Moslem wife retains her distinct individuality after her marriage and need never assume her husband's name. This is a custom followed by Christians also in certain countries of the Middle East.

In the event of a divorce, the Islamic laws are very clear in providing for the protection of the wife's property against any avarice on the part of the husband. Islam says, "If the divorce is due to a cause imputable to the husband, he has to make over to her all her property, and pay off the dowry that had been settled upon her. If, however, the divorce has been resorted to at the instance of the wife, without any justifiable cause, she has simply to abandon her claim to the dowry."

A divorce may be granted for: 1) habitual ill-treatment of a marriage partner; 2) non-fulfillment of the terms of the marriage contract; 3) insanity; 4) incurable incompetency; 5) desertion; 6) other causes which in the opinion of a court of law justify a separation.

Occasionally the imam is consulted in the matter of marital difficulties, but his position is not as important in Islam as is the place of the priest in Catholicism or the rabbi in Judaism. In some Moslem villages problems are solved by the imam, but his capacity is mainly that of a teacher and a leader of the services in the mosque.

Children may be blessed by the imam if the parents so desire, but this is not considered a sacramental act as it is in the Christian faith. Circumcision is practiced among Moslems for reasons that vary all the way from hygienic justification to an early mark of tribal affiliation. The rite is often performed

by professional men who make this their business, by a physician or, in rare cases, by the imam himself.

But there is one circumstance when a Moslem, at whatever time, and wherever he may be, calls upon the imam for special comfort and wisdom. This is at the time of a death in the family.

Death Is a Time Appointed

Had you been born a Moslem, you would have a deep conviction that every individual's time on earth is foreordained. You believe with all your heart the words of the Holy Koran which say, "No one can die except by God's purpose, according to the Book that fixeth the term of life." You have been taught that, "Nothing can befall us, but what God hath ordained." These thoughts flood your mind when a loved one passes away, and if you are with someone at the time of his death, you say, "May God grant that we meet in the garden of Allah! God grant that you and I eat together from the fruits of Paradise." It is something of a custom for Moslems to believe that the dying one, if he can speak, will say something like this, "Forgive me in whatever I have failed."

A burial rite in the Moslem faith is marked by dignified simplicity. The body is washed, perfumed, and wrapped in a new white cloth. This shroud must be seamless and must cover the body from head to feet. The funeral service usually takes place in the home or in a mortuary, although sometimes the ceremony is observed in the mosque. The departed one is placed on a bier and carried on the shoulders of loved ones to his final resting place. Many Moslems believe that bands of angels follow the procession to the grave. Although today in Islam, as in most faiths, there is frequently a motorized funeral cortege, Moslems remember that the Prophet Mohammed always walked when he was among the mourners in a funeral procession. He was lost in thought whenever he attended the

burial of a loved one, as though he were himself communing with the angels. And because angels were very real to him, they are to most Moslems. Some believe that four mighty archangels are near to earth at the time a loved one dies. It is then that Gabriel, the angel of revelations, and Michael, the angel of rain, and Azrail, the angel of death, and Israfil, the angel of resurrection, walk with those who mourn.

When the body is laid to rest and the grave is sealed, the imam sits near the head of the grave and recites the *talqueen* which consists of questions and answers which, it is believed, the deceased is asking as he rests in his tomb. According to Mohammed, when an adult is placed in the grave, he encounters two angels, Nakir and Munkir, who come to hear the dead person's report. These angels question the deceased on the status of his faith and demand to know whether he believes in the unity of Allah and the mission of the Prophet. But actually this ritual has a deeper meaning than this, for the imam's *talqueen* is a reminder to those present that their souls will one day also be interrogated and that it is not only knowledge of Islamic truths, but also the deeds of the Islamic life which will judge a person on that final day. The *talqueen* is a warning to the living that all mortal men must one day face their encounter with Allah. It is also a warning to people that no one has perfectly fulfilled either the love of God or the love for man, and that mercy is a factor in all man's dealings. Therefore, the imam recites a prayer to the soul of the dead and then everyone says, "I forgive the beloved dead and ask him to forgive me. May the mercy of Allah be on him and on us."

The final hope is in the resurrection. You believe that both body and soul will some day be miraculously raised up and renewed. Just how and when this will happen is a mystery known only to God, but on the day of resurrection all mankind and all animals will be summoned to give an account of their actions. The Holy Koran is very clear and eloquent on

the subject of life after death, and though Moslems may be divided politically and culturally, and though they may dispute about which sect is the true successor to the undefiled teachings of the Prophet, they are all united in the teachings of the holy book.

Islam and You

To you, Islam is a great and beautiful religion and you would not change it for any other. You believe it is a world faith which draws no color lines and makes no distinctions between rich and poor. Whenever you meet a fellow Moslem you say, "*Salaam Alikum*" which means "Peace be upon you." You are continually challenged by the faith of your fathers and by your love of God to remember your daily prayers, to attend the services in the mosque, and to teach the rules and principles of Islam to your children.

You look forward to the day when you will be able to make your pilgrimage to the holy city of Mecca. Should your circumstances permit such a journey, or *hadj*, you would reverently enter the sacred portals of Mecca, put on a seamless gown, and walk in prayer seven times around the Kaaba as Mohammed did during his moment of conquest. You would stand where the Prophet stood and bow in prayer where once he prayed, and perhaps kiss the sacred Stone in his memory. When you returned to your home, many people would call you a hadji, that is, one who has made the great pilgrimage and who has rededicated his life to Allah and Islam.

Yours is a religion of joy and submission, a vital, moving, logical faith which throughout its history of triumph and tears has never doubted or criticized the will of God. Your greatest wish is to be worthy of the teaching of the Holy Koran; your greatest delight is when you gather your children around you and say, "Come, I will teach you the prayer my father taught me when he said, 'In the name of God, the Beneficent, the

Merciful. Praise be to God, Lord of the worlds, the Beneficent, the Merciful, Master of the day of Requital.'"

This, to you, would be the Lord's Prayer of Islam, and the fulfillment of your faith, had you been born a Moslem.

Stephen Girard
And His College for Orphans
1750 – 1831 A.D.

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 tomorrow, I should plant a tree, nevertheless, today."

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, steam fitting, 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.'"

Amos and Abbott Lawrence
Two Honest Merchant Princes
1786 – 1852 A.D., 1792 – 1855 A.D.

"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 22nd 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 today 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.

Peter Cooper

1791 – 1883 A.D.

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 millionaire, 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 bene-factor 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 depart-ment 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!'"

George Peabody

1795-1869 A.D.

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 hardworking 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.]

Johns Hopkins

1795 – 1873 A.D.

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 meetinghouse, 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, baseball 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 Tokyo, 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.

Horace Mann
An Unhappy Little Boy
1796 – 1859 A.D.

It is a very happy thing to be a little boy, although it is not a bit happier than being a little girl. The world is full of such a lot of child-things, story-books and fairy-tales, stars and swimming pools, raspberry tarts and birthday cakes and Christmas holidays. It seems almost a pity that people cannot stay girls and boys all their lives, instead of growing wrinkles and aches and pains and spectacles. And yet there are some children in this gay, joyful, holiday world who are not happy. There are some children who are even very sad. That doesn't seem possible. But I am going to tell you the story of one child who was like this.

He was born one hundred and seventeen years ago in the old-fashioned state of Massachusetts, and his name was Horace Mann. His father and mother were so poor and had to work so hard that they had no time to tell their two little sons and two little daughters how much they loved them. Of course they did love their children as much as your father and your mother love you, but they did not have the time to tell them so—or perhaps they didn't think of it. There are some people who never speak of the things that they feel the most. We say that such people are reserved. In New England, in those hard-working, stern, long-ago days, people were very reserved indeed. They talked together about the weather, and the crops and politics, not about affection or love or admiration. And so little Horace learned to keep his thoughts to himself. Think of that, you little boys and girls who run to

father and mother whenever you hurt your finger or your feelings! Poor little Horace was so reserved that he never even told his mother when he had a pain, until he grew so sick that she noticed it herself.

The Mann family lived on a little run-down farm that bore big crops of stones and weeds and small crops of everything else. Horace began to work on the farm earlier than he could remember, when most little boys are still thought babies and are playing all day long. Instead of play days he had only play hours, and very few of them; for whenever he played a little he had to work a great deal to make up for lost time. In the winter the whole Mann family earned their bread and butter and potatoes by plaiting straw for baskets and bonnets. It is not much fun to go barefoot, ploughing or hoeing or pulling weeds over stony fields while the sun scatters freckles and tan over a small, heated face. It is not much fun either, to sit barefoot in a cold room and plait, plait, plait straw until it is too dark to see to plait any longer. But little Horace did what he had to do patiently and without whining.

Besides, this braiding of straw was what earned enough money for Horace's school-books. There were very few school-books, or even picture or story books for children in those days, and what there were were badly written and illustrated. But to little Horace all books were wonderful treasures to be read reverently and taken great care of. He would have thought of sticking a pin into his own hand as soon as he would have stuck one into a book. Indeed, one of the chief reasons why Horace was so unhappy was that he could go to school only two or three months in the year. Some children may think that this should have made him happy, but Horace longed for an education. He wanted to know about the old wars of history, the strange countries that the geographies tell about, the stars and the tides and why the earth goes round. One day there came to the Mann's house to visit, a young lady who, people said, had studied a strange and remarkable

thing called Latin. Little Horace looked upon this young lady almost as a goddess. It did not seem possible that he could ever hope to study Latin.

In the little town of Franklin where Horace lived there was a tiny public library. The books in this library were mostly heavy, uninteresting histories, or long, dreary collections of sermons and essays. But Horace spent whatever time he could snatch from the farm in the library, bending over these dusty, dull old volumes and reading them as eagerly as boys nowadays read "Robinson Crusoe" or "Tom Sawyer."

Next to books and his mother and his older brother, Horace loved beauty. But there was very little beauty for him on the dreary farm or in the tiny town. People in those days thought that painting pictures or playing the piano was a foolish waste of time, because they earned no money and bought no bread or shoes or clothes. Whenever little Horace tried to make pictures of his beautiful thoughts on his slate at school, the hard knuckles of the master's ruler would set his poor red fingers a-tingle. Still Horace managed to steal a bit of beauty now and then by gazing at the red and golden sky at sunset or by lying on his back at night and watching and wondering at the dark blue curve of the heavens pricked by the tiny stars.

There was one thing more that made poor little Horace unhappy, and that was the cruelest thing of all. For it was the religion that the minister preached every Sunday and that the little boy was brought up to believe. Surely such a wonderful, beautiful thing as religion ought not to make any one unhappy, but the beliefs of those stern old days were unkind beliefs that taught the wrath of God and a dreadful place of punishment for people who did wrong, instead of the love of God and the mercy of God. Poor Horace could hardly sleep at night because he was so frightened at the thought of the dreadful punishment for sin. His dearly beloved brother was drowned when he was only twelve years old, before he had

joined the church. Horace used to make himself wretched with the fear that perhaps this dear brother would not be allowed to enter heaven. At last, when he was twelve years old, and twelve years wise, Horace Mann made up a religion that he could believe in without fear. It was based on the kindness of God and the forgiveness of sins. After this he was happier.

All this time, while he was ploughing, braiding straw, and sitting up late at night to read whatever books he could lay hands on by the light of a tallow candle, he was wishing that he could have a real education so that he might some day do something that would help the old world along, and make other unhappy boys and girls happier. At last his chance came as the chance always does come to people who work patiently and wait patiently and pray patiently for it. A teacher came to town, became interested in the ambitious, eager boy, and offered to help him get ready for college. It usually takes years to prepare for college; but Horace studied so hard and so well that in six months he entered Brown University, and his boyhood hopes were realized.

Nowadays even the poorest child may have good school opportunities and fine teachers. There are libraries full of books for children, free concerts of beautiful music, and free art galleries hung with masterpieces of painting. There is no reason why a single girl or boy should want an education without having it or starve for beauty in a world full of beautiful things. And the one person who did most to give the children good schools and libraries and teachers was Horace Mann, the miserable little drudge whose boyhood went hungry for these very things on the rocky New England farm.

Abdallah and Sabat

Sons of the Desert

Time of Incidents about 1800 – 1810 A.D.

Two Arab Wanderers

One day, more than a hundred years ago, two young Arabs, Abdallah and Sabat, rode on their camels toward a city that was hidden among the tawny hills standing upon the skyline.

The sun was beginning to drop toward the edge of the desert away in the direction of the Red Sea. The shadows of the long swinging legs of the camels wavered in grotesque lines on the sand. There was a look of excited expectation in the eyes of the young Arabs; for, by sunset, their feet would walk the city of their dreams.

They were bound for Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed, the Holy City toward which every man of the Mohammedan world turns five times a day as he cries, "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is the prophet of Allah." To have worshipped in Mecca before the sacred Kaaba and to have kissed the black stone in its wall—this was to make Paradise certain for them both. Having done that pilgrimage these two Arabs, Sabat and Abdallah, would be able to take the proud title of "Haji" which would proclaim to every man that they had been to Mecca—the Holy of Holies.

So they pressed on by the valley between the hills till they saw before them the roofs and the minarets of Mecca itself. As darkness rushed across the desert and the stars came out, the tired camels knelt in the courtyard of the Khan, and Sabat and Abdallah alighted and stretched their cramped legs, and

took their sleep.

These young men, Sabat and Abdallah, the sons of notable Arab chiefs, had struck up a great friendship. Now, each in company with his chum, they were together at the end of the greatest journey that an Arab can take.

As the first faint flush of pink touched the mountain beyond Mecca, the cry came from the minaret: "Come to prayer. Prayer is better than sleep. There is no God but Allah."

Sabat and Abdallah were already up and out, and that day they said the Mohammedan prayer before the Kaaba itself with other pilgrims who had come from many lands—from Egypt and Abyssinia, from Constantinople and Damascus, Baghdad and Bokhara, from the defiles of the Khyber Pass, from the streets of Delhi and the harbour of Zanzibar.

We do not know what Abdallah looked like. He was probably like most young Arab chieftains, a tall, sinewy man—brown-faced, dark-eyed, with hair and a short-cropped beard that were between brown and black.

His friend Sabat was, however, so striking that even in that great crowd of many pilgrims people would turn to look at him. They would turn round, for one reason, because of Sabat's voice. Even when he was just talking to his friend his voice sounded like a roar; when he got excited and in a passion (as he very often did) it rolled like thunder and was louder than most men's shouting. As he spoke his large white teeth gleamed in his wide mouth. His brown face and black arched eyebrows were a dark setting for round eyes that flashed as he spoke. His black beard flowed over his tawny throat and neck. Gold earrings swung with his agitation and a gold chain gleamed round his neck. He wore a bright silk jacket with long sleeves, and long, loose-flowing trousers and richly embroidered shoes with turned-up toes. From a girdle round his waist hung a dagger whose handle and hilt flashed with jewels.

Abdallah and Sabat were better educated than most Arabs, for they could both read. But they were not men who could stay in one place and read and think in quiet. When they had finished their worship at Mecca, they determined to ride far away across the deserts eastward, even to Kabul in the mountains of Afghanistan. So they rode, first northward up the great camel-route toward Damascus, and then eastward. In spite of robbers and hungry jackals, through mountain gorges, over streams, across the Syrian desert from oasis to oasis, and then across the Euphrates and the Tigris they went, till they had climbed rung by rung the mountain ranges that hold up the great plateau of Persia.

At last they broke in upon the rocky valleys of Afghanistan and came to the gateway of India—to Kabul. They presented themselves to Zeman Shah, the ruler of Afghanistan, and he was so taken with Abdallah's capacity that he asked him to be one of his officers in the court. So Abdallah stayed in Kabul. But the restless, fiery Sabat turned the face of his camel westward and rode back into Persia to the lovely city of Bokhara.

Abdallah the Daring

In Kabul there was an Armenian whose name we do not know: but he owned a book printed in Arabic, a book that Abdallah could read. The Armenian lent it to him. There were hardly any books in Arabic, so Abdallah took this book and read it eagerly. As he read, he thought that he had never in all his life heard of such wonderful things, and he could feel in his very bones that they were true. He read four short true stories in this book: they were what we call the Gospels according to Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. As he read, Abdallah saw in the stories Someone who was infinitely greater than Mohammed—One who was so strong and gentle that He was always helping children and women and people who were ill; so good that He always lived the very life that

God willed; and so brave that He died rather than give in to evil men—our Lord Jesus Christ.

"I worship Him," said Abdallah in his heart. Then he did a very daring thing. He knew that if he turned Christian it would be the duty of Mohammedans to kill him. Why not keep quiet and say nothing about his change of heart? But he could not. He decided that he must come out in the open and confess the new Captain of his life. He was baptized a Christian.

The Moslems were furious. To save his life Abdallah fled on his camel westward to Bokhara. But the news that he had become a Christian flew even faster than he himself rode. As he went along the streets of Bokhara he saw his friend Sabat coming toward him. As a friend, Sabat desired to save Abdallah; but as a Moslem, the cruel law of Mohammed said that he must have him put to death. And Sabat was a fiery, hot-tempered Moslem.

"I had no pity," Sabat told his friends afterward. "I delivered him up to Morad Shah, the King."

So Abdallah was bound and carried before the Moslem judges. His friend Sabat stood by watching, just as Saul had stood watching them stone Stephen nearly eighteen centuries earlier.

"You shall be given your life and be set free," they said, "if you will spit upon the Cross and renounce Christ and say, 'There is no God but Allah.'"

"I refuse," said Abdallah.

A sword was brought forward and unsheathed.

Abdallah's arm was stretched out: the sword was lifted—it flashed—and Abdallah's hand, cut clean off, fell on the ground, while the blood spurted from his arm.

"Your life will still be given you if you renounce Christ and proclaim Allah and Mohammed as His prophet."

This is how Sabat himself described what happened next. "Abdallah made no answer, but looked up steadfastly toward

heaven, like Stephen, the first martyr, his eyes streaming with tears. He looked at me," said Sabat, "but it was with the countenance of forgiveness."

Abdallah's other arm was stretched out, again the sword flashed and fell. His other hand dropped to the ground. He stood there bleeding and handless. He bowed his head and his neck was bared to the sword. Again the blade flashed. He was beheaded, and Sabat—Sabat who had ridden a thousand miles with his friend and had faced with him the blistering sun of the desert and the snowblizzard of the mountain—saw Abdallah's head lie there on the ground and the dead body carried away.

Abdallah had died because he was faithful to Jesus Christ and because Sabat had obeyed the law of Mohammed.

The Old Sabat and the New

The news spread through Bokhara like a forest fire. They could hardly believe that a man would die for the Christian faith like that. As Sabat told his friends afterward, "All Bokhara seemed to say, 'What new thing is this?'"

But Sabat was in agony of mind. Nothing that he could do would take away from his eyes the vision of his friend's face as Abdallah had looked at him when his hands were being cut off. He plunged out on to the camel tracks of Asia to try to forget. He wandered far and he wandered long, but he could not forget or find rest for his tortured mind.

At last he sailed away on the seas and landed on the coast of India at Madras. The British East India Company then ruled in India, and they gave Sabat a post in the civil courts as mufti, i.e. as an expounder of the law of Mohammed. He spent most of his time in a coast town north of Madras, called Vizagapatam. A friend handed to him there a little book in his native language—Arabic. It was another translation of those stories that Abdallah had read in Kabul—it was the New Testament.

Sabat sat reading this New Book. He then took up the book of Mohammed's law—the Koran—which it was his daily work to explain. He compared the two. "The truth came"—as he himself said—"like a flood of light." He too began to worship Jesus Christ, whose life he had read now for the first time in the New Testament. Sabat decided that he must follow in Abdallah's footsteps. He became a Christian. He was then twenty-seven years of age.

The Brother's Dagger

In the world of the East news travels like magic by Arab dhow (sailing ship) and camel caravan. Very quickly the news was in Arabia that Sabat had renounced Mohammed and become a Christian. At once Sabat's brother rose, girded on his dagger, left the tents of his tribe, mounted his camel and coursed across Arabia to a port. There he took ship for Madras. Landing, he disguised himself as an Indian and went up to Vizagapatam to the house where his brother Sabat was living.

Sabat saw this Indian, as he appeared to be, standing before him. He suspected nothing. Suddenly the disguised brother put his hand within his robe, seized his dagger, and leaping at Sabat made a fierce blow at him. Sabat flung out his arm. He spoilt his brother's aim, but he was too late to save himself. He was wounded, but not killed. The brother threw off his disguise, and Sabat—remembering the forgiveness of Abdallah—forgave his brother, gave him many presents, and sent loving messages to his mother.

Sabat decided that he could no longer work as an expounder of Moslem law: he wanted to do work that would help to spread the Christian Faith. He went away north to Calcutta, and there he joined the great men who were working at the task of translating the Bible into different languages and printing them. This work pleased Sabat, for was it not through reading an Arabic New Testament that all his own

life had been changed?

Because Sabat knew Persian as well as Arabic he was sent to help a very clever young chaplain from England named Henry Martyn, who was busily at work translating the New Testament into Persian and Arabic. So Sabat went up the Ganges to Cawnpore with Henry Martyn.

Sabat's fiery temper nearly drove Martyn wild. His was a flaming Arab spirit, hot-headed and impetuous; yet he would be ready to die for the man he cared for; proud and often ignorant, yet simple—as Martyn said, "an artless child of the desert."

Sabat's knowledge of Persian was not really so good as he himself thought it was, and some of the Indian translators at Calcutta criticised his translation. At this he got furiously angry, and, like St. Peter, the fiery, impetuous apostle, he denied Jesus Christ and spoke against Christianity.

With his heart burning with rage and his great voice thundering with anger, Sabat left his friends, went aboard ship and sailed down the Bay of Bengal by the Indo-Chinese coast till he came to Penang, where he began to live as a trader.

But by this time the fire of his anger had burnt itself out. He—again like Peter—remembered his denial of his Master, and when he saw in a Penang newspaper an article saying that the famous Sabat, who had become a Christian and then become a Mohammedan again, had come to live in their city, he wrote a letter which was published in the newspaper at Penang declaring that he was now—and for good and all—a Christian.

A British officer named Colonel MacInnes was stationed at Penang. Sabat went to him. "My mind is full of great sorrow," he said, "because I denied Jesus Christ. I have not had a moment's peace since Satan made me do that bad work. I did it for revenge. I only want to do one thing with my life: to spend it in undoing this evil that has come through my

denial."

Sabat left the house of the Mohammedan with whom he was living in Penang. He found an old friend of his named Johannes, an Armenian Christian merchant, who had lived in Madras in the very days when Sabat first became a Christian. Every night Johannes the Armenian and Sabat the Arab got out their Bibles, and far into the night Sabat would explain their meaning to Johannes.

The Prince from Sumatra

One day all Penang was agog with excitement because a brown Prince from Acheen, a Malay State in the island of Sumatra, had suddenly sailed into the harbour. He was in flight from his own land, where rebels had attacked him. The people of Acheen were wild and ferocious; many of them were cannibals.

"I will join you in helping to recover your throne," said Sabat to the fugitive Prince. "I am going," said Sabat to Colonel MacInnes, "to see if I can carry the message of Christianity to this fierce people."

So Sabat and the Prince, with others, went aboard a sailing ship and crossed the Strait of Malacca to Sumatra. They landed, and for long the struggle with the rebels swayed from side to side. The Prince was so pleased with Sabat that he made him his Prime Minister. But the struggle dragged on and on; there seemed to be no hope of triumph. At last Sabat decided to go back to Penang. One day he left the Prince and started off, but soldiers of the rebel-chief Syfoolalim captured him.

Great was the joy of the rebels—their powerful enemy was in their hands! They bound him, threw him into a boat, hoisted him aboard a sailing ship and clapped him in the stifling darkness of the hold. As he lay there he pierced his arm to make it bleed, and, with the blood that came out, wrote on a piece of paper that was smuggled out and sent to

Penang to Colonel MacInnes.

The agonies that Sabat suffered in the gloom and filth of that ship's hold no one will ever know. We can learn from the words that he wrote in the blood from his own body that they loaded worse horrors upon him because he was a Christian. All the scene is black, but out of the darkness comes a voice that makes us feel that Sabat was faithful at the end. In his last letter to Colonel MacInnes he told how he was now ready (like his friend Abdallah) to die for the sake of that Master whom he had in his rage denied.

Then one day his cruel jailers came to the hold where he lay, and, binding his limbs, thrust him into a sack, which they then closed. In the choking darkness of the sack he was carried on deck and dragged to the side of the ship. He heard the lapping of the waves. He felt himself lifted and then hurled out into the air, and down—down with a crash into the waters of the sea, which closed over him forever.

Charles Goodyear
A Knight-Errant of Invention
1800 – 1860 A.D.

Charles Goodyear had finished his arithmetic while the others of his class were still, with knit brows or screwed-up faces, wrestling with the problems of the day. He was idly playing with a problem of his own making—a problem bound up in a small lump of India rubber.

"It's strange stuff, when you stop to think about it," he said to himself. "How can it be so tough and so stretchy at the same time?" Then he began to finger a thin scale of the same puzzling substance that had been peeled from a bottle. "I think it might make first-rate aprons and other useful things if one could roll it out in the right way and keep it somehow from melting and sticking together," he hazarded.

When the boy's class was called, he rose promptly to his task; but the idea that the bit of rubber had brought remained with him after the affairs of school and sums were forgotten.

He was a quick, studious lad, this Charles Goodyear. It seemed as if the mysteries of books had no terrors for him. Printed pages that looked strange and forbidding to many others talked quite simply to Charles. "He should be a minister," the neighbors agreed.

For a while the boy accepted it as settled that he should one day wear the black suit and the serious look of a devoted pastor, like the leader of their church at Naugatuck. To this little village, eighteen miles from New Haven, Mr. Goodyear had removed when Charles was a very young lad, to make use, in his business, of the water-power of the swift river.

An American manufacturer in the early days of the nineteenth century was a real pioneer. Amasa Goodyear made buttons—the first pearl ones in America—and during the War of 1812 supplied the Government with metal buttons. He also made clocks, spoons, and farming-tools.

"An incident of my boyhood which made a deep impression on my mind," said Charles Goodyear, "was my father's experience with hay-forks. He succeeded in making a light, springy implement of steel, a great improvement on the heavy iron articles then in use. But it was soon apparent that the very excellence of these forks caused them to be looked on with suspicion by the people who were to profit by them. They were so different; they could not be practical and durable, it was objected. We had to give some of our product to neighboring farmers and beg them to grant us a trial in order to get a single one of our articles in use. I saw then that in business a man needed the resolution of the pioneer backed by the determination to do good to people in spite of themselves."

When Charles was a lad of fifteen he gave up the idea of being a minister. He saw that his father was not able to send him to college, indeed, that he could ill spare his help in his business. "Besides, it may be that the hardware trade needs men who want to make the world better even more than churches do," he thought. Perhaps something of the pioneer spirit of the boy's ancestor, Stephen Goodyear (who was, after Governor Eaton, the chosen leader of the first settlers of New Haven) made him long to blaze a new trail.

"I think that my place is in the world of business after all," he said when people asked why he had given up the idea of college. "I like to work with hands and head together."

At seventeen he went to Philadelphia, where he served for four years as apprentice to a hardware merchant, endeavoring to master every phase of the trade. Then he returned to his father's shop. He soon showed a wonderful skill in the use of tools and a cleverness in contriving ways of improving the

various implements turned out by the Goodyear manufactory.

"His gift was in the way of mechanics, after all," people said.

But Charles knew better. "I have no natural knack that way," he explained to one of his friends. "In fact, I even hate the whirr and whirl of machinery. But I long to make poor, clumsy things better. They seem to cry out to be improved. I should want to do it even if I did not have to earn a living. It should be possible for a business man to show that he cares for something more than the money that comes in and to live according to a better maxim than that which says: 'Things should be made so that they will not last too long.'"

When Goodyear was twenty-four years old he married and two years later set up in Philadelphia a hardware store stocked with goods from his father's workshop. After he had succeeded, despite the general prejudice against American-made articles, in building up a trade that reached to many sections of the country, his business failed because his kindly, trusting nature led him into giving credit wherever it was asked. Money was slow in coming in and some dealers who had taken his goods and his credit never met their bills. There came dark days when Goodyear, who assumed full responsibility for his firm, was put in prison for debt. Never for a moment losing heart, however, he had his bench brought to the jail and worked there to complete inventions that he was sure would be the means of repaying all his creditors as well as meeting the needs of his family.

"It must have been a bitter experience to go under through no fault of yours," Goodyear's friends said, "and to see others who had more capital to weather the days of bad debts reap a harvest out of the business you had built up and the goods of your own making."

"Well," Goodyear replied, with his slow, thoughtful smile, "I don't think you can prove the worth of a man—or of his career—in dollars and cents. I am not disposed to grieve

because others have gathered the fruits of my planting. Man has real cause for regret when he sows and no one reaps."

For ten years Charles Goodyear was constantly besieged by the demands of those who held claims against his business, and through the harsh laws of the time he was again and again imprisoned, since he refused to declare himself bankrupt. This would have meant freedom from all claims, but at the cost of turning over all that remained of his business, including his unfinished inventions.

"And I did not want to be released from anything; I only asked the chance to pay to the last penny," Goodyear mourned. "But it is certain that if one's conscience is clear and his purpose true he can find that even an experience such as mine is not without its silver lining. For I know that it is possible to find happiness everywhere, even within prison walls."

Later, Goodyear must have more fully appreciated that the trouble which made him yield first and last all the rewards of his agricultural inventions to others was a blessing in disguise, since because of it he turned his efforts into an entirely new channel where lay his real lifework.

One day while looking about a New York wareroom containing rubber goods, he chanced to observe that the life-preservers were defective, and, returning a few days later, he offered the merchant an improved tube for inflating them.

"You are a clever inventor," declared the gratified merchant. "Now, if you could only manage to hit on some way to prevent rubber from spoiling in hot weather you might make a fortune for yourself and at the same time save our factories from failure. We have risked all our capital in this business and unless help comes we must go to the wall."

Charles Goodyear looked at the man in amazement. It seemed impossible that they should have gone so far without first having overcome that difficulty. In a flash he remembered how as a boy at school he had marveled over the

wonderful properties of rubber. Now he said to himself, "Perhaps it remains for me to make this discovery that will bring to the world a new gift. It is true that I am ignorant of science, but new truth is often hidden from the learned and made known as if by accident to the one who perseveres and who observes everything related to the object of his search."

Soon Goodyear was so intent upon the quest that he could think of nothing but rubber. It was as if upon learning the secret of tanning or curing this substance so that it might be unchanged by changes of heat and cold depended not only his fortune but life itself.

He knew that Americans began to import gum elastic from Brazil in 1820, when he was learning the hardware business in Philadelphia. Crudely formed shoes, also brought from South America, sold for a good price because of their waterproof character. It seemed natural to believe that clever Yankees might succeed at this craft better than the dusky natives of the land of rubber trees and reap a goodly harvest. Much capital was put into the business. Beautifully fashioned shoes, coats, and other articles were made of the unmanufactured gum which, having been brought as ballast in ships from Brazil, was obtained at a small cost. A ready market was found for these attractive products and more capital was invested.

But alas, the cold clutch of winter put the American-made rubber garments to an unforeseen test. In a speech which Daniel Webster made some years later, defending Goodyear's title to the invention which made rubber serviceable to man, he said: "I well remember that I had some experience in this matter myself. A friend in New York sent me a very fine cloak of India-rubber, and a hat of the same material. I did not succeed very well with them. I took the cloak one day and set it out in the cold. It stood very well by itself. I surmounted it with the hat, and many persons passing by supposed they saw standing by the porch the Farmer of

Marshfield."

With warm weather there came an even more crushing blow to the dealers in the new rubber goods. Their interesting articles began to melt away, and with them the capital and the credit of the Roxbury Rubber Company.

Goodyear's sympathy and zeal were both enlisted in the cause. He knew the wrongs and the bitterness of business failure where the fortunes of the innocent and helpless are often wrecked through the fault or the misfortune of others. Besides, it seemed to him clear that human beings stood in need of just what this puzzling new substance could supply. Therefore it remained for some one to remove the difficulties that stood in the way of its use. And he was persuaded that Charles Goodyear was the man chosen for this task. Here was his opportunity and his real mission. As a knight of old he accepted the challenge of fate and set forth to win rubber for the use of man. With the determination and the ardor of a crusader he set about his life-work.

He began without equipment, mixing some of the gum elastic by hand and pressing it out in thin sheets with his wife's rolling-pin on a backing of flannel. Of this rubber-covered goods he made shoes, and set them in a row to wait for a change of season.

"My work always proceeded slowly because perforce I must often wait months for the frosts of winter and then for the heat of summer to put its worth to the trial," Goodyear explained. "I had indeed to 'learn to labor—and to wait'!"

It occurred to Goodyear that the stickiness of the rubber might be due to the turpentine with which it had been mixed; and, learning that there were on the market some casks of rubber sap diluted with alcohol, he resolved to put the matter to the test. Perhaps of this he could make the rubber that should answer his purpose.

Jerry, the lively Irishman who was at this time Mr. Goodyear's helper, knew of the inventor's hope. "'T would be

fun to give him a surprise like, and bring a smile to his countenance!" said Jerry to himself. So the night the new rubber arrived he spread the liquid gum over his work-trousers as he had seen Mr. Goodyear cover his pieces of cambric and flannel. The result seemed highly satisfactory.

"That's the thrick!" said Jerry, gleefully. "I'll show that an Irishman can beat a Yankee at the inventing."

All went well. The rubber gave a fine glazed surface to the overalls, and Jerry sat down complacently in front of the fire to go on with his appointed task of mixing the gum; but when he attempted to rise he found it was impossible even to move. The legs of his trousers were stuck firmly together, and Jerry himself was fastened down to his work-bench. The inventor did indeed smile when he came to the rescue and cut his helper free of the rubber trap.

"Well, Jerry, you've proved beyond doubt that we can't blame our troubles on the turpentine," he said. "The rubber's the real rogue, and I'll not rest till I bring it to terms."

But this dramatic display of the stickiness of rubber completely discouraged Goodyear's friends. They refused to help or encourage him further with his experiments. "Any sane man should see now that it's no use," they said.

But Goodyear found a little home for his family in a neighboring village and the means of paying its rent from the sale of his furniture. To further the work his wife even sold the precious linen that she had spun by hand in her girlhood days.

"If only, like the girl in the fairy tale, I could learn the trick of spinning gold!" she said, smiling bravely.

"Fate will spin a golden thread for many perhaps, because of what we are willing to do—and to do without, for a while now," replied Goodyear.

But many trials and much discouragement had to be met and mastered before the golden fortune came.

A series of tests were made with various chemicals. One

day Goodyear's hopes were raised by the discovery that when the gum elastic and magnesia were boiled in lime-water the stickiness disappeared. But alas, he saw that a dash of acid quickly ate away the lime coating, revealing the same melting rubber beneath, and he knew that the remedy was still to be sought. Then the day came when he noticed that where a little nitric acid had come in contact with his rubber the stickiness was gone. "Perhaps this is my chance—my door of opportunity if I can learn to fit the key," he said. Eagerly he followed up the hint with experiments, and developed the acid-gas process of treating rubber, from which he now made table covers, aprons, and similar articles.

These were satisfactory in every way, and it seemed that success was at last his. A manufacturer agreed to take him into partnership and begin making the rubber articles on a large scale. But then—once more Fortune turned her wheel and Goodyear was again down and without the means to provide food for his family. For a great panic came; many banks closed their doors and many businesses were wrecked. Among those who failed was the manufacturer who had undertaken to turn out the rubber articles by the acid-gas process.

Afterward Goodyear said: "It was in the end easy to understand. I was not to be allowed to pause in my labors until I had arrived at the goal and learned the secret of vulcanization. Under the spur of necessity I kept on until a new gift was won."

It was indeed a sharp goad, the necessity that urged Goodyear to even greater effort. One day he was forced to pawn his umbrella to the ferryman in order to pay his fare across the river to New York. "I'm used to facing what comes in the way of weather," he remarked cheerily. He even smiled when he took his most precious keepsakes to the pawnshop.

"I never doubted," he once said, "that I was the one chosen to do a needed work, and I could not turn back. So

how could I doubt that I must one day reach the goal?"

The days were not long enough for his work; he carried on his experiments far into the night. Never was there a man more single-minded in his devotion to a cause. In order to test the qualities of his products he even went about dressed in rubber.

People called him a crank. "If you meet a man who has on an India-rubber cap, stock, coat, vest, and shoes, with an India rubber money purse without a cent of money in it, it is he," a man once said when he was asked to point out Mr. Goodyear.

In those days, when anybody wanted to say that an investment was worthless, he didn't say, "It's a wildcat scheme," or "Something will soon prick that bubble"; he said "It's an India-rubber venture!" And if you could have seen the deserted rubber factories bearing dismal witness to wrecked fortunes you might have understood.

To the abandoned plant of the Eagle Rubber Company, Goodyear went. Perhaps he might persuade some one to set the wheels moving again when he brought the result of his experiments to the business. But no one could be induced "to send any more good money after bad." The pilgrimage was not, however, fruitless; for he found there a Nathaniel Hayward, at one time foreman of the works, who was making a few rubber articles for sale in a small way. Goodyear was at once interested in the process of "curing" the rubber that Hayward employed. He mixed the gum elastic with sulphur and then gave it a sun-bath with good result.

"I was told in a dream that sun and sulphur would do the work," he declared. "The plan works and I've taken out a patent."

"If I could patent a few of my dreams, I should not be afraid of want," said Goodyear smiling, "but I will agree to pay you for yours when I put on sale some goods made in the sun and sulphur way."

This was the first step toward vulcanization. The process worked well for goods that had only a thin surface to be treated; but, as Goodyear learned to his sorrow, the dream patent didn't go deep enough. Once more he went ahead confidently to meet success. Once more Fortune turned her wheel, and he found himself again in the depths of want—but not of despair. There was one more vital lesson to be learned and necessity pitilessly urged him on.

He took a contract from the Government to supply mail-bags of the new material. They were beautifully formed and colored cleverly to imitate leather. What a good advertisement they would prove! Surely his fortune and that of the despised rubber goods would now be established on a firm foundation! The bags were put on exhibition and much admired. But alas! they could not hold their own against the heat of summer. Goodyear saw that the battle was not yet won.

"How can you still keep on with that forlorn hope?" people asked. "It is madness to persist further in the face of the needs of your family. Go back to the hardware business and the work of making a decent living."

"I have more than hope," replied Goodyear. "I have faith that my work is not in vain. The long road must have an ending; and rest and reward belongs to the one who presses on to the end. It is clear that the world needs rubber; my work must meet that need."

The story of the hardships Goodyear endured is one of the saddest that can be imagined, and yet this knight-errant of invention was not sad, because he never doubted that good would result, and for its sake he was willing to meet whatever came. It was as if he said to good fortune and to ill, "There is something in the spirit of man that your favors cannot bribe or your frowns betray!"

Then one evening, when he was sitting with his family in the kitchen, trying the effect of heat on the rubber which he

had mixed with sulphur, he threw out his hand to add emphasis to a remark and suddenly brought his specimen in contact with the red-hot stove. And something amazing happened! In a moment he had forgotten what he was saying, forgotten where he was and those about him. It was as if he were alone in the world with that little piece of rubber, which instead of melting had strangely hardened. The stickiness was quite gone. How utterly astounding, when the one sure thing had seemed to be that a high temperature would melt rubber! Was it possible that this was true only up to a certain degree, and that an intense heat would cure the trouble that less heat caused?

His daughter in describing this great moment said, "As I was passing in and out of the room, I casually observed the little piece of gum which he was holding near the fire, and I noticed that he was unusually animated by some discovery which he had made. He nailed the piece of gum outside the kitchen door in the intense cold. In the morning he brought it in, holding it up exultingly. He had found it perfectly flexible, as it was when he put it out. This was proof enough of the value of his discovery."

The discovery came early in the year 1839.

Patiently the inventor set to work with new tests to try the effect of acids as well as of varying degrees of heat and cold on his new substance. The exact temperature which gave the best result must also be carefully determined. He worked on in the face of the blank indifference and unbelief of all about him, who could not conceive of any good coming from this rubber that had wrecked a good man's life and addled his brains. "But as for me," said Goodyear, "I felt myself amply repaid for the past, and quite indifferent as to the trials of the future."

For he knew that at last success had crowned his efforts and that through his labors a new gift had been won for mankind—the fifth necessity of life, it is sometimes called today.

The new process was called vulcanization, for it seemed that the spirit of Vulcan's forge was indeed at work in the magic change.

The greater part of the money which his patent brought him was used in making experiments.

"Why bother to test novelties when there are things tried and proved that yield profits?" he was asked.

"If I had been working first and last for profits, I should never have made my discovery," said Goodyear. "Money is indispensable for the perfecting of improvements, but it is trial and necessity that bring hidden things to light. As I pushed on through the days of want to my invention, so I shall continue through the days of plenty to put it to the test in different ways."

Mr. Parton in his sketch of the inventor says: His friends smiled at his zeal or reproached him for it.

It has only been since the mighty growth of the business that they have acknowledged that he was right, and that they were wrong. They remember him, sick and wasted, now coming to them with a walking-stick of India rubber, exulting in the new application of his material, and predicting its general use, while they objected that it had cost him fifty dollars; now shutting himself up for months trying to make a sail of rubber fabric, impervious to water, that should never freeze, and to which no sleet or ice should ever cling. There is nothing in the history of invention more remarkable than the devotion of this man to his object.

So to the last through the week-day of a life of struggle, Charles Goodyear devoted himself to his cause. On Sunday morning, July 1, 1860, when the bells were ringing for church, this loyal soldier and servant laid aside his armor and entered upon the reward of his labors.

"His greatest glory," said his son, William H. Goodyear, Curator of Fine Arts at the Brooklyn Museum, "is not that he discovered vulcanization, but that, having discovered it, he

scorned the wealth which the discovery created, except in so far as it helped him in the nobler task of continuing to create new industries."

Samuel G. Howe
"A Knight Without Reproach"
1801 – 1876 A.D.

For nearly four hundred years Greece had been subject to Turkey. The Greeks were oppressed and enslaved by their cruel conquerors; they scarcely dared to call their lives their own. At length, in 1821, they resolved to endure oppression no longer. Hopeless as their cause seemed to be, they took up arms and began a war for independence. The Turks were strong and pitiless; the Greeks were poor and weak, and yet they fought bravely for their country and their homes.

The war had been going on for two or three years, when a stranger appeared in Greece who at once attracted much attention. He was a young man of twenty-three or twenty-four. He was very tall and handsome. His long hair was black, his blue eyes were very large, his face was beaming with kindliness and courage.

It was soon learned that this stranger was a young American surgeon and that his name was Samuel G. Howe. He had come to Greece to give such assistance as he could to those who were fighting for liberty.

He began work at once, trying to establish hospitals for the wounded and the sick. He went from one battlefield to another, doing all in his power to relieve the suffering and dying soldiers. Then, when matters seemed to be most desperate, he shouldered a musket and went forth to share with the patriot Greeks the dangers and hardships of war.

He soon learned, however, that a stronger foe than the Turks was threatening the Greeks. That foe was hunger. The

war had required so many men that there was now no one left to till the fields. The vineyards had been neglected and trampled down. The cattle had been driven off and butchered. Unless help came, the Greeks would be conquered by starvation.

The young surgeon was not a man to hesitate. He hurried back to America. In letters to the newspapers, in public speeches and personal appeals, he made known the sad condition of the Greeks. Thousands of Americans came forward with gifts of money and food and clothing. A ship was loaded with these generous offerings, and Dr. Howe sailed with it for Greece.

How the poor people of that unfortunate land blessed the stranger who brought this much-needed relief! He gave the food to the famishing, he placed the money in the hands of those who would use it the most wisely for the good of all. The whole nation thanked him.

For a long time after the Greeks had won their independence they remembered with love the brave, handsome American who had done so much to aid them. One story, in particular, they liked to tell and tell again. It was of a Greek soldier, whose life the American had saved on the battlefield, and who always afterward followed him about like an affectionate dog. The poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, who knew and loved Dr. Howe, has repeated this story in the following verses, in which he also briefly alludes to the hero's later services in behalf of humanity:—

"Oh, for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear!
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!
"Oh, for the white plume floating
Sad Zutphen's field above,—
The lion heart in battle,

The woman's heart in love!
"But now life's slumberous current
No sun-bowed cascade wakes;
No tall, heroic manhood
The level dullness breaks.
"Oh, for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear!
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!"
Then I said, my own heart throbbing
To the time her proud pulse beat,
"Life hath its regal natures yet,
True, tender, brave, and sweet.
"Smile not, fair unbeliever!
One man at least I know
Who might wear the crest of Bayard
Or Sidney's plume of snow.
"Once, when over purple mountains
Died away the Grecian sun,
And the far Cyllenian ranges
Paled and darkened, one by one,—
"Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder,
Cleaving all the quiet sky,
And against his sharp steel lightnings
Stood the Suliote but to die.
"Woe for the weak and halting!
The crescent blazed behind
A curving line of sabers,
Like fire before the wind.
"Last to fly and first to rally,
Rode he of whom I speak,
When, groaning in his bridle-path,
Sank down a wounded Greek,—
"With the rich Albanian costume
Wet with many a ghastly stain,

Gazing on earth and sky as one
Who might not gaze again!
"He looked forward to the mountains,
Back on foes that never spare;
Then flung him from his saddle,
And placed the stranger there.
"'Allah! hu!' Through flashing sabers,
Through a stormy hail of lead,
The good Thessalian charger
Up the slopes of olives sped.
"Hot spurred the turbaned riders,—
He almost felt their breath,
Where a mountain stream rolled darkly down
Between the hills and death.
"One brave and manful struggle,—
He gained the solid land,
And the cover of the mountains,
And the carbines of his band."
"It was very great and noble,"
Said the moist-eyed listener then,
"But one brave deed makes no hero;
Tell me what he since hath been."
"Wouldst know him now? Behold him,
The Cadmus of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot clay a mind.
"Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day,
With the strong man's hand of labor
And childhood's heart of play.
"True as the knights of story,
Sir Lancelot and his peers,
Brave in his calm endurance
As they in tilt of spears.
"Wherever outraged Nature

Asks word or action brave,
Wherever struggles labor,
Wherever groans a slave,—
"Wherever rise the peoples,
Wherever sinks a throne,
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer in his own.
"Knight of a better era,
Without reproach or fear!
Said I not well that Bayards
And Sidneys still are here?"

Joseph Smith
From Plowboy to Prophet
1805 – 1844 A.D.

Birth of Joseph Smith

My dear Little friends: — I am going to tell you a wonderful story. It is one of the most interesting stories you have ever heard. It is also one of the best, because it is all true, from beginning to end.

The story was told to me many years ago, and it made me feel happier than ever I felt before.

You have all heard the beautiful story of the birth of the dear Lord Jesus. That story, as you know, had its beginning in a lowly manger, in the little town of Bethlehem, not far from Jerusalem.

The story I am going to tell you had its beginning in a small, frame house, which once stood in the little town of Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont. It was surrounded by a number of beautiful shade trees, and in it there lived a poor, but happy family by the name of Smith. The family consisted of Joseph Smith, the father, Lucy Smith, the mother, six sons and three daughters.

If you had lived in Sharon at the time of which I speak, and had taken a peep into that humble home on the 23rd of December— just two days before Christmas — 1805, you would have seen a good, kind mother lying upon a soft, warm bed, and a little, new-born babe sleeping peacefully on her bosom. The woman was Mrs. Lucy Smith, and the child which nestled in her loving arms was the baby Joseph, God's precious Christmas gift to her, and also to the whole world.

Day after day friends and neighbors called to see Mrs. Smith and her baby. They took the little one gently in their arms and kissed his dear, sweet, innocent lips, but not one of them knew that they were looking upon the great Prophet of the last days.

At the proper time the baby was christened. He was given the name of Joseph Smith. That, you know, was also the name of his father.

Light from the Scriptures

The Smith family was poor. Their farm was not a very good one, and the father and mother had to work hard for the support of themselves and their children.

As soon as the girls were able to help in the home, and the boys on the farm, they willingly did so.

In the picture you see the boy Joseph ploughing with a yoke of oxen. He had very little time for school, but in the evenings, when his work was done, he studied at home, and learned to read and write, and to work simple examples in arithmetic. I am sure he often felt sorry that he was not able to go to school as much as the other boys. But, then, he must have felt happy in the thought that he was helping to lighten the burdens of his parents.

When Joseph was ten years of age his father left his place in Sharon and moved the family to Palmyra, in the State of New York. Four years later they left Palmyra and went to live in the town of Manchester, in the same State.

At that time the people in that part of the country became very much excited over religious matters. Almost every evening meetings were held in the churches. Joseph's mother and two of his brothers and a sister joined the Presbyterian Church. But Joseph did not unite himself with any church. I suppose you would like to know the reason why. Well, the reason was because they all taught different doctrines, and he did not know which one taught the true Gospel, or which was

the true Church.

I think I know, to a certain extent, how he felt. One day I went to a railway depot in England to take a train for London. There were six or seven trains standing on different tracks, all waiting the signal to start. I did not know which train to take, and for a little while I stood puzzled. Just then I caught sight of a sign-board, on which was printed in large letters,

"Train for London on track 7."

Then I knew what to do. I boarded the train on the seventh track, and in due time arrived in London.

In the same way Joseph Smith was puzzled concerning the churches. How was he to know which of them was the true Church? Well, the Lord had prepared means, just as the railway company in England had prepared signs to direct people to the trains they wished to take. The way in which Joseph found the truth is told in the next chapter.

Joseph's First Prayer; The Answer

One evening Joseph took down the large, family Bible, and began to read its sacred pages. The Lord was guiding him at that time, but the boy did not know it. As he read, he came to the fifth verse of the first chapter of the Epistle of James, which reads as follows, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."

This scripture caused Joseph to stop and think, as you will see by looking at the picture. It made a great impression upon his mind. It seemed to say to him, "You wish to know which of the churches is the true Church. Well, if you will ask God He will, tell you."

Joseph decided to do that. But he did not tell any member of the family what was in his heart. He closed the Bible, put it back in its place, and then went to his bed, little dreaming that the next day he would have news which in the course of

time would startle the whole world.

He awoke early the next morning, arose and dressed himself. The rest of the family were fast asleep, so, slipping quietly out of the house, Joseph made his way to a small grove not far from his father's home. It was a beautiful spring morning. The sun was gilding the hill tops, the birds were singing their songs in the trees, and the air was scented with the fragrance of wild flowers. All nature seemed to say, "God lives. God is good. He loves His children and delights to bless them."

Selecting a suitable spot in the grove, Joseph knelt down and began to call upon God in earnest prayer. While he was praying he saw an exceedingly bright light coming down out of heaven. He gazed in astonishment on this strange sight, while a peaceful influence filled his soul. As the light reached the tops of the trees, Joseph beheld in the midst of it two heavenly Beings. They were in the form of men, but far more glorious and beautiful. They were God the Father and Jesus Christ His Son. Pointing to the Son, the Father said, "Joseph, this is my beloved Son, hear Him."

As soon as Joseph was able to speak he asked the Lord which of the churches was the true Church. He was surprised when the Lord told him that all the churches had departed from the right way, that they had been established by men and not by God, that none of them taught the true Gospel, and that he was not to join any of them.

Then the Lord told Joseph that in due time the true Church would be set up again on earth, and that if he were true and faithful he would be chosen to be its leader and Prophet.

Filled with wonder and surprise, Joseph arose and returned to his home.

How Joseph's Story Was Received.

Joseph felt very strange all the rest of the day. He could

think of nothing but the wonderful vision he had had, and the things which the Lord had told him. But these things had not been revealed to him just for his own benefit. Others should know of them as well as he. Yes, he would tell the people the glad tidings, so that they might rejoice with him, and look forward with joy to the time when the true Church would be again established in the earth.

Who should he tell first? Why, who but one of the ministers, and he in turn could tell all the members of his church. So, with a glad heart, Joseph went to the minister of one of the churches and told him about the glorious vision he had had in the grove, and also the things which the Lord had told him.

You can imagine how the boy felt when the minister turned to him and said, "I do not believe one word of what you have told me. It is all of the wicked one. There are no such things as visions and revelations in these days." But Joseph knew better. He knew that he had had a vision. He knew that he had seen the Father and the Son, and that the Lord had talked with him. People might mock his testimony and refuse to believe it, but that would not rob him of the knowledge he had received from God.

In a short time the news concerning Joseph's vision reached the ears of the ministers of the different churches in the neighborhood. What effect did it have upon them? I am sorry to tell you that it had much the same effect that the telling of Joseph's dreams had upon his brethren, that the news of the Savior's birth had upon Herod, and the testimony of Stephen had upon the people who heard it — it made them very angry, and aroused in their hearts a deadly hatred against him.

At that time Joseph was only a boy. His tender age alone ought to have protected him, but it did not. He was treated as if he were a full-grown man, and also as one of the greatest impostors the world had ever seen.

The courage which the boy displayed was truly marvelous. From every quarter he received bitter persecution, but as the Prophet Daniel stood undaunted in the midst of the lions, so Joseph Smith stood in the midst of his enemies. He never flinched from his position. Who gave him such courage? Who enabled him to stand alone? Who gave courage to Joseph, the son of Jacob, to defend the truth which had been revealed to him? Who gave courage to David to enable him to fight the giant Goliath? Who gave courage to Daniel to enter the den of lions? Who gave courage to the three Hebrews to face the fiery furnace? Who gave courage to Stephen to die for the truth? It was the God of Heaven. It was He, also, who sustained the boy Joseph Smith in the midst of all his trials and persecutions.

Joseph Visited by the Angel Moroni

I am now going to tell you about another wonderful thing. It took place one night in September, three years from the time Joseph had seen the glorious vision in the grove.

Joseph had just gone to bed. As he lay there his thoughts wandered back to the morning when, in answer to prayer, the Father and Son had appeared to him. He felt that he would like to know if the Lord was still pleased with him. He began to pray, believing firmly that his prayer would be answered. And so it was.

While Joseph was praying, a bright, heavenly light entered the room. The light increased, and in a few minutes the little bed-chamber was filled with it. On looking up, Joseph was greatly startled.

Close beside his bed stood a heavenly messenger, his feet a short distance from the floor. This holy being was the Angel Moroni. He had come with a very important message from the Lord.

The angel was clothed in a robe of spotless white. His head, hands and feet were bare. His face was as bright as the

sun at noonday. He called Joseph by name, and then began to tell him about a great work which the Lord had marked out for him.

Joseph listened with the greatest interest while the angel talked to him. He told him about a wonderful record, or history, which had been hidden from the world for hundreds of years. It was written in a strange language, upon gold plates, and was buried in the Hill Cumorah, not far from Joseph's home. It was a history of the people who lived in this land long before and after the time of the Savior.

It also told about Jesus appearing to them, after His resurrection, and of the glorious gospel which He had taught them.

The angel said that in the course of time the Lord would permit Joseph to take the plates from their hiding place. He would also help him to translate the writing upon them into the English language. After that the book would go into all the world, and the people would learn of the wonderful things which the Lord had done among the early inhabitants of this land.

Moroni told Joseph many other important things. When he had delivered his message, the angel departed.

As Joseph lay thinking over what had taken place, the light again entered his room. Then the angel appeared the second time, and repeated all that he had said before, adding some things. He then took his departure, but in a short time re-appeared, and delivered the same message. He told Joseph that when he received the plates he would have to take great care of them, and hold them as a sacred gift from God.

The vision closed, and the angel disappeared.

Joseph Visits Cumorah and Views the Plates

Joseph's interview with the angel lasted the whole night. When the morning came he arose and attended to his chores as usual. He did not tell anyone what had happened during

the night.

After breakfast, he went with his father to the field, but he was so weak that he could not work. His father, seeing that he was not feeling well, told him to go home.

Joseph started for the house, but in trying to climb a fence his strength failed him, and he fell helpless to the ground. He lay unconscious for some time. When he recovered he looked up and saw the Angel Moroni.

The heavenly messenger repeated what he had told him the previous night. He then told Joseph to go back to his father and tell him all that had taken place.

Mr. Smith listened to his son 's story with interest and astonishment. It was, indeed, a wonderful thing. But he knew that Joseph had told the truth, for he was a good, honest, truthful boy. Indeed, Joseph could not have told such a story if it had not been true. What boy ever thought of such things? Not one in all the world.

Joseph's father told him that what he had seen and heard was of God, and that he must do all that the angel told him. By this time Joseph felt better, and he started for the Hill Cumorah.

On arriving at the hill, he went straight to the place where the plates were buried. It had been shown to him in vision the night before. He saw a stone just a little above the ground. With the aid of a lever he raised it, and there, in a box made of four flat stones, lay the gold plates.

Beside the plates was a curious instrument, called the Urim and Thummim. It was like a pair of large spectacles. It had been put there to aid Joseph in translating the writing upon the plates.

Joseph put forth his hands to take the plates from their hiding place. At that moment the Angel Moroni appeared and stopped him. He said the time had not come for Joseph to get the sacred history. He told Joseph to come to the hill on the same day each year for four years. At the end of that

time, if he should prove faithful, the Lord would let him take the plates.

Joseph put the stone lid back on the box, covered it over as before, and returned to his home to begin the work of preparing himself for his great mission.

Joseph Receives the Plates

During the next two years Joseph helped his father on the farm. He also worked for neighboring farmers. He did his work well, and his employers were pleased with him.

Then he went to work in an old silver mine. It was owned by a man named Josiah Stoal. At the end of a month Joseph got Mr. Stoal to stop working the mine, as there was no sign that it would pay. But Mr. Stoal did not want to part with Joseph, so he kept him to do other work.

While working for this man, Joseph boarded with a family by the name of Hale. Mr. Hale had a daughter named Emma. Joseph and Emma grew to love each other, and in the course of time they were married. After his marriage, Joseph went to work again for his father.

Finally the time came for Joseph to get the plates. It was the 22nd of September, 1827. With feelings of joy and fear Joseph started for Cumorah. At the hill he was met by the Angel Moroni. The cover was taken off the stone box, the sacred record was lifted from its hiding place and placed in the hands of Joseph.

The heavenly messenger then told him to take the greatest care of the plates, and not to let them pass out of his hands. The plates were about eight inches long, and each one was almost as thick as common tin. They were bound together with three rings. They made a book about six inches thick. Part of the record was sealed. The angel told Joseph that when he had translated the unsealed part he would come and take charge of the plates again.

When it became known that Joseph had the plates,

wicked men did all in their power to get them. But they did not succeed, for Joseph remembered the instruction of the angel, and kept them hid.

Persecution became so strong in Manchester that Joseph and his wife decided to go to Pennsylvania, to the home of Mr. Hale, Emma's father. But how to get there they did not know. It was nearly one hundred and fifty miles, and Joseph had no money.

But the Lord sent help to His servant. He put it into the heart of a man named Martin Harris to give Joseph fifty dollars to help him on his journey. Joseph felt very grateful for this kindness, and from that time Martin Harris became one of his best friends.

With his wife and the sacred record Joseph started in a wagon for Pennsylvania. One day wicked men stopped him. They searched the wagon for the plates but failed to find them. Joseph had hidden them in a barrel of beans.

At the home of Mr. Hale, Joseph began to copy the characters which were upon the plates, and to translate them into the English language.

Professor Anthon's Testimony

Joseph spent about two months copying and translating the characters which were upon the plates. Some of the characters are shown on the opposite page. That kind of writing looks very strange to us. How hard it would be for a person to translate this waiting into English. Joseph could not have done such a thing without the help of the Lord.

One day Martin Harris went to Mr. Hale's home to visit the Prophet. He asked Joseph if he would let him take some of the characters he had copied and translated, to New York, to show to a learned man there.

Joseph said he could do so. On arriving in New York, Mr. Harris went to Professor Charles Anthon. This man was able to speak several languages. Mr. Harris showed him the work

Joseph had done, and asked him to give his opinion about it.

Professor Anthon looked at the characters which Joseph had copied, also the translation. He said the characters were true, and that the translation was correct. He gave Mr. Harris a letter to this effect.

Just as Mr. Harris was about to leave, Professor Anthon said to him, "How did the young man find out that there were gold plates in the place where he found them?" Mr. Harris said an angel of God had revealed it to him.

On hearing that, the professor said, "Let me see that letter." Mr. Harris took it out of his pocket and handed it to him. The learned man tore it into pieces, saying there were no such things now as the ministering of angels.

Professor Anthon told Martin Harris that if he would bring the record to him he would translate it. Mr. Harris said he could not do so, as Joseph would not let anyone take the plates. He also told the professor that part of the plates was sealed. On hearing that, the learned man said, "I cannot read a sealed book." Martin Harris went back to Joseph and told him all that Professor Anthon had said.

I am now going to show you how a prophecy was fulfilled at that time. You have all heard of the Prophet Isaiah. He lived before the time of the Savior. He wrote a book; it is one of the books of the Bible. If you will turn to the twenty-ninth chapter of the book of Isaiah, you will find these words, beginning at the 11th verse:

"And the vision of all is become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying. Read this, I pray thee: and he saith, I cannot; for it is sealed."

That prophecy was fulfilled when Martin Harris took the copy of the characters and the translation to Professor Anthon. When told that a part of the record was sealed, the learned man said, "I cannot read a sealed book."

The book was given to Joseph Smith, who was not

learned, and he, by the gift and power of God, translated it into the English language. That precious record is the Book of Mormon.

What Happened Through the Breaking of a Promise

Martin Harris was greatly interested in the Prophet Joseph and in the work which he was doing. Soon after his visit to Professor Anthon, he went to Joseph and told him he would like to write for him while he translated the engravings upon the plates. Joseph accepted this kind offer and Mr. Harris became his scribe.

The work of translation was very slow and also very difficult. But it gave Joseph and Martin great joy. They were in the service of the Lord. What a wonderful history they were preparing! Tens of thousands of people would rejoice when they read of the great things which the Lord had done among the early inhabitants of this land.

At the end of two months Martin Marris had written 116 large pages of the translation. His wife had asked him a number of times for permission to see what he had written.

One day Martin asked Joseph to let him take the papers away, to show to a few friends. Joseph refused to do so. Then Martin wanted Joseph to ask the Lord about the matter. The Prophet did so, and received an answer, through the Urim and Thummim, telling him not to let Martin have the papers.

But Martin was not satisfied. He asked Joseph to enquire of the Lord again. The answer was the same as before. A third time Martin asked for the same thing. Then the word of the Lord came to Joseph saying he might allow Martin Harris to take the papers, but that he, Joseph, would be held responsible for them.

Martin promised Joseph that he would let only five persons see the papers. These were his wife, his father and mother, his brother, and his wife's sister. I am sorry to say that Martin Harris failed to keep his promise. He let wicked men

have the sacred writings. They kept them, and neither Martin nor Joseph ever saw them again.

Joseph was punished for doing as Martin asked him. The Urim and Thummim was taken from him, so that he could not translate. The Prophet had great sorrow because of this. He humbled himself before the Lord and prayed for forgiveness. At length his prayer was answered, his sin was pardoned, and the Urim and Thummim given back to him.

Martin Harris was more severely punished. He lost his place as scribe, and was never allowed to write again for the Prophet. What a serious thing it is for a person to break a promise made to the Lord, or even to one of His servants!

The Aaronic Priesthood Restored

Joseph felt sorry at losing the help of Martin Harris. He had now no one to write for him. He prayed to the Lord to send some one to assist him. His prayer was answered; the help came.

One Sabbath evening a young man named Oliver Cowdery called at the home of Mr. Hale, and enquired for Joseph. He was introduced to the Prophet. He told Joseph he had just come from Manchester, where he had been teaching school. He had heard that Joseph had been visited by heavenly Beings, and had prayed to the Lord to know if the report were true. He received a testimony that Joseph had been called of God to do a great work, and was also told that he had been chosen to assist the Prophet.

Oliver said he would be glad to write for Joseph.

His offer was accepted, and two days later Joseph again began the work of translating, Oliver writing for him.

One day in May, 1829, they came to a passage in the sacred record which caused them to stop and think seriously. It spoke of baptism for the remission of sins. Joseph and Oliver had not been baptized. What were they to do?

After talking the matter over for some time, they decided

to pray to the Lord about it. They went to the woods, and there they asked the Lord to make plain to them the meaning of baptism for the remission of sins.

In answer to their prayer, a heavenly messenger appeared before them. He told them he was John the Baptist, the same who had baptized the Savior, and that he had been sent by the Apostles Peter, James and John to them. Placing his hands upon the heads of Joseph and Oliver, he uttered these words:

"Upon you my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah, I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall never be taken again from the earth until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness."

He then told Joseph and Oliver to go down to the water and baptize each other. After giving them other instructions, he was taken up in the midst of a pillar of light.

Joseph and Oliver then went to the river and were baptized. Joseph baptized Oliver and then Oliver baptized Joseph. The power of God rested upon them, and by the gift of prophecy Joseph foretold of the establishment of the Church of Christ upon the earth in these last days.

With hearts filled with thanksgiving and gladness they returned to their work of translation.

The Gold Plates Are Shown to Three Witnesses

At this time two of Joseph's brothers, Samuel H. and Hyrum, came to visit him. He was very glad to see them. He talked with them a long time. He told them about the visit of John the Baptist. This heavenly messenger had given him and Oliver Cowdery authority to baptize people for the remission of their sins. He and Oliver had been baptized.

Joseph told his brothers to pray to the Lord about this matter. They did so. The Lord gave them a testimony that what Joseph had told them was true. Then Joseph's brothers

were baptized.

Joseph was very poor at that time. He had no money to buy food for his family. He was thinking about going out to work. Just then help was sent him. A kind-hearted man named Joseph Knight, who lived in New York, had heard of the Prophet. He came to see him, and brought him a supply of food.

Soon after that, Joseph was visited by a young man named David Whitmer. He came with a message from his father, Peter Whitmer. Mr. Whitmer lived in Fayette, Seneca county, New York. He also had heard of the Prophet, and of the wonderful book he was translating. He invited Joseph and Oliver to come to his home and do the work there. He would keep them, free of charge, and would see that no harm came to them.

Joseph felt thankful for this kind offer. He said he would go. He and Oliver got ready to move to Fayette. But Joseph was troubled about the gold plates. He might be robbed of them on the way. Just then the Angel Moroni appeared and told Joseph that he would take charge of the plates.

After Joseph had been at Mr. Whitmer's home a short time he went out into the garden. He there met the Angel Moroni and received from him the sacred record.

The Whitmer family were very kind to Joseph and Oliver. They told some of their neighbors about the Prophet, and invited them to come and see him. Joseph told them about the great things which the Lord had done. Some of them believed his words and were baptized.

One day the Lord made known to Joseph that three witnesses were to see the gold plates. These men were Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris. They felt very happy when they heard the news.

Joseph went to the woods with these three brethren. They all prayed to the Lord. But their prayer was not answered. They prayed again. Still no answer came. Then Martin Harris

said he was the cause of their prayers not being answered. The Lord was not well pleased with him, because he had broken his promise to Joseph.

Martin Harris left the brethren. He felt very sorry. He went off by himself, to ask the Lord to forgive him. After he had gone, Joseph, Oliver and David began to pray. While they were doing so a bright light shone down upon them. Then the Angel Moroni appeared before them. He had with him the gold plates, also the Urim and Thummim.

The heavenly messenger turned over, one by one, the leaves of the part that was not sealed. The brethren saw the characters which were upon them. While they were looking upon the plates they heard a voice from heaven. It was the voice of the Lord. He said the record was true, and that it had been translated correctly. They were told to bear testimony to the world of the things they had seen and heard.

Then Joseph went to Martin Harris and they prayed together. Their prayer was answered. The angel came and showed the plates to Martin. He also heard the voice from heaven. He fell on his face, crying, "It is enough! Mine eyes have beheld! Mine eyes have beheld!"

The three witnesses then returned with the Prophet to the home of Peter Whitmer. You can find their testimony, also the testimony of eight other witnesses, in the front of the Book of Mormon.

The Melchizedek Priesthood Restored

At last the work of translating was done. Then the Angel Moroni called for the plates. He still has charge of them. Part of them, you know, was sealed. Some time the sealed part will be translated. Then we will learn more about the great things which the Lord has done.

The book was now ready to be printed. Mr. Grandin, a printer in New York, said he would print and bind five thousand copies for three thousand dollars. He was given the

work. Martin Harris gave security for the payment of the printing.

Then Joseph went back to Pennsylvania to visit his wife Emma. He told her how the Lord had blessed him in his work. It made her feel very happy.

Soon after that another wonderful thing took place. One day in June, 1829, Joseph and Oliver were in the State of New York. They were out in a quiet part of the country. They were talking about the Lord and about the great work He was helping them to do.

Just then three angels came down and stood before them. These heavenly visitors were three of the Lord's apostles. They were Peter, James and John. They told Joseph and Oliver that they had come to confer upon them the Melchizedek Priesthood. That would give them authority to lay on hands for the gift, of the Holy Ghost. They could also organize the true Church of Christ again on the earth.

Then Peter, James and John placed their hands upon Joseph's head and ordained him the first Elder in the Church. They then ordained Oliver the second Elder.

In the year 1830, the Book of Mormon was published. On the 6th day of April, in the same year, a meeting was held at the house of Peter Whitmer. A number of people were present who had been baptized. Joseph asked them if they would like him and Oliver to be their leaders and teachers. They all said they would. The Sacrament was administered. Joseph and Oliver then laid their hands upon the heads of those who had been baptized, and con- firmed them. On that day the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized.

The First Miracle

The next Sunday after the Church was organized a meeting was held at the home of Peter Whitmer, senior. There were many people present. Oliver Cowdery preached

to them. He told them about the Book of Mormon. He also told them about the visit of John the Baptist. He said if they would be baptized the Lord would forgive all their sins. Then they could be confirmed members of the true Church.

At the close of the meeting three men and three women were baptized in Seneca Lake. The following Sunday seven others were baptized.

At this time Joseph went to visit Mr. Knight. This man had been kind to the Prophet. He brought him a supply of food when he was translating the plates. The Knight family were glad to see Joseph. He stayed with them several days. Joseph held meetings in Colesville, where the Knight family lived.

Mr. Knight had a son named Newel. He talked with the Prophet often about the great latter-day work. He also attended the meetings. Joseph asked him several times to pray. He said he could not do so. One day he told Joseph he would pray at the next meeting. He did not keep his promise.

The next morning Newel went into the woods. He knelt down and tried to pray. But he was not able to speak. The Lord was not pleased with him. A strange feeling came over him.

He went back to his home feeling very bad and acted in a strange way. An evil spirit had entered into him. He suffered great pain. A number of relatives and friends heard what had taken place. They came to see him, but could not help him.

Mr. Knight told his wife to go for the Prophet. Joseph came quickly. He felt very sorry when he saw Newel. Joseph took hold of his band. "There is an evil spirit in me, Joseph," said Mr. Knight, "and I want you to cast him out. I know you can do so."

Then the power of God was with the Prophet. He said to the evil spirit, "In the name of Jesus Christ I command you to come out of him."

At that moment the evil spirit left Mr. Knight. Newel was

so weak that he had to be placed upon his bed. Then the Spirit of the Lord entered into him, and in a short time he was well again. He thanked and praised the Lord for healing him. He soon after joined the Church.

This was the first miracle wrought in the Church. Many who saw it believed it was done by the power of God. They also were baptized and became members of the Church.

How Joseph Was Saved from His Enemies

On the 9th day of June, 1830, the first conference of the Church was held. There were thirty members present, also many others. The Sacrament was administered. Then some people who had been baptized were confirmed members of the Church.

That was a happy day for the Saints. The Holy Spirit was poured out upon them. Some prophesied, and others were given glorious visions.

Newel Knight was greatly blessed of the Lord. He saw, in vision, the Savior, seated beside His Father on a throne in the heavens. Mr. Knight was told the time would come when he would be with the Lord. Soon after the conference David Whitmer baptized a number of persons.

There were several people in Colesville who wanted to be baptized. Joseph and some of his brethren went there. Saturday afternoon they built a dam across a stream of water. They were going to baptize there the next day. But they were not able to do so, for during the night a mob gathered and tore down the dam.

The next day, the Sabbath, a meeting was held in the home of Mr. Knight. Some of the men who had broken the dam were there. They were pleased with what they had done. But Joseph and his brethren had a good plan in their minds. They arose early the next morning, re-built the dam, and baptized thirteen persons. One of them was Emma Smith, the Prophet's wife.

That made the mob very angry. They went to a police officer and told him things about Joseph which were not true. A meeting was to be held that evening. Before it took place the officer came and arrested Joseph. He told the Prophet a mob was waiting for him, but that he would be his friend, and save him, if he could.

Joseph and the officer got into a wagon. They had not gone far when the mob rushed out upon them. The wicked men thought the officer would turn Joseph over to them, but instead of doing that he drove quickly past them.

That angered them more. They ran as fast as they could after the wagon. Joseph and the officer were getting ahead, when suddenly one of the wheels came off. The two men jumped out of the wagon. They lifted the wheel, put it back in its place and fastened it. Then they sprang to their seats, put the whip to the horse, and were soon out of reach of the mob.

They drove to South Bainbridge. The officer engaged a room in a small hotel. He was afraid the mob might come during the night. So he made Joseph lie on the bed while he slept on the floor, with his feet against the door. He kept his loaded gun by his side. They were not disturbed.

The next day Joseph was tried in court. Two able men defended him. They proved to the judge that Joseph had not done any harm, and the Prophet was set free.

Joseph Opposed by His Brethren.

The Lord had given Joseph a number of revelations. He and his wife Emma had written them. While reading one of these revelations, Oliver Cowdery thought he saw a mistake. He wrote at once to the Prophet, telling him to change certain words.

Joseph felt very sorry when he read the letter. He knew that what he had written was true. It had come from the Lord, and he would not change it.

A few days later Joseph went from Harmony to Fayette, to see Oliver Cowdery. Oliver was staying with the Whitmer family. He had led the Whitmers to believe that Joseph had made a mistake. They did not feel as kindly toward the Prophet as before. Joseph tried to reason with them, but they would not listen to him.

The Prophet prayed to the Lord to help him. Soon after that Oliver Cowdery and the Whitmers say that they were wrong. They felt sorry for what they had done, and asked Joseph to forgive them, which he did. Then Joseph went back to Harmony, to the home of his father-in-law, Mr. Hale.

What a change he found there! While he had been at Fayette a wicked minister had visited the Hale family. He told them evil things about the Prophet. His stories were false, but the Hales believed them. From that time Mr. Hale and his family turned against Joseph, and opposed him and his work.

At this time Newel Knight and his wife came to visit the Prophet. It was decided to hold a meeting. Joseph went out to buy wine for the Sacrament. On the way he was stopped by a heavenly messenger. The angel told him not to buy any more wine from his enemies. The Saints were to make their own wine. If they could not do that, then water would be just as acceptable to the Lord. This explains the reason why we use water instead of wine in the Sacrament.

Joseph returned to the house. A little pure wine was made. Then a meeting was held and the Sacrament administered. There were only five persons present, but the Lord blessed them, and they had a happy time together. At that meeting Emma Smith and Mrs. Knight were confirmed members of the Church.

Soon after that, Joseph, his brother, Hyrum, John and David Whitmer set out to visit the Church at Colesville. There were many wicked men in that place. It was there that Joseph had been chased by a mob.

The Prophet and his brethren prayed to the Lord to take

care of them, and He did. On the way to Colesville, Joseph and his companions passed a large number of men working on the road. Several of them were bitter enemies of the Prophet. They were looking out for him. But the Lord caused something to come over their eyes, so that when Joseph came up to them they did not know him.

The brethren reached Colesville in safety. A meeting was held at the home of Mr. Knight. A number of persons who had been baptized were confirmed. The members of the Church partook of the Sacrament. Then they all listened with delight while the Prophet and others preached to them.

The next day the mob heard that Joseph was at the home of Mr. Knight. They rushed to the place and demanded that the Prophet and his companions be turned out. Mr. Knight told them they had come too late, that Joseph and his brethren had left for Harmony several hours before.

In that time of trouble Joseph found a friend in Peter Whitmer. This good man invited the Prophet and his family to come and make their home with him in Fayette, and they did so.

There was a member of the Church at Fayette named Hyrum Page. He was leading some of the Saints astray. He had a strange stone, by which he received revelations. But they had not come from the Lord. They were given by the evil one.

Joseph talked and prayed with the brethren. They saw that the revelations which Hyrum Page had received were not true. At that time the Lord gave a revelation to Oliver Cowdery through the Prophet Joseph Smith. He told Oliver that no one had been appointed to receive revelations for the Church except Joseph the Prophet. That settled the matter, and peace was restored.

Before closing this chapter, I wish to say to my young readers: There is only one man on the earth at a time appointed to receive revelations for the Church. That man is

the President of the Church.

Mission to the Lamanites

While the Prophet Joseph and Oliver Cowdery were translating the Book of Mormon they found many things which gave them great joy. Among them were glorious promises made by the Lord to the Lamanites, or Indians. The Book of Mormon would be taken to them. It would tell them where they came from, and the great things which the Lord had done for their forefathers. They would also learn the Gospel, and in the course of time many of their race would become white.

Joseph enquired of the Lord about these things. He was told that the time was near at hand when the Lamanites would also have the Gospel preached to them. The Lord was preparing men for that mission.

One of these was a man named Parley P. Pratt. He and his wife lived in a little home in the wilderness, near Cleveland, Ohio. They were good people. Some time before, a young preacher named Sidney Rigdon had visited them. Mr. Pratt became a member of his church. Then he decided to give up farming and become a preacher. He sold all his goods, and started with his wife for New York, to visit relatives there. On reaching Newark, Mr. Pratt felt impressed to stop there, but Mrs. Pratt continued her journey. Why he should stop, he could not tell. He soon learned the reason.

At Newark, Parley P. Pratt first heard of the Prophet Joseph Smith and the Book of Mormon. He wondered if what he had heard of them was true. He would try to find out for himself.

For this purpose he went to the home of the Smith family, near Manchester, New York. There he learned from Hyrum Smith the truth about the whole matter. His heart was filled with joy as he listened to the glad tidings.

He and Hyrum then went to Fayette, where Mr. Pratt was

introduced to Oliver Cowdery. He told Oliver he believed that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God, and that the Book of Mormon was a true record. He wanted to become a member of the Church, so Oliver took him to Seneca Lake and baptized him.

After his baptism, Brother Pratt was ordained an Elder. He then continued his journey to the home of his parents. He had a brother named Orson. He told him about the Prophet Joseph Smith, and the great work he was doing. Orson believed the good news, and his brother Parley baptized him.

After a brief visit with his folks. Parley returned to Fayette. There he had the pleasure of meeting the Prophet Joseph. A conference of the Church was held, which lasted three days. The Saints were greatly blessed, and a number of people were converted and baptized.

At that time the Lord called Oliver Cowdery, Peter Whitmer, Jr., Ziba Peterson, and Parley P. Pratt to go on a mission to the Lamanites. Starting without delay, they journeyed towards Kirtland, Ohio, and preached the Gospel to the people in the villages along the way.

On nearing Kirtland, they came to the home of the young preacher, Sidney Rigdon. Brother Pratt told him all that had happened since they parted. Mr. Rigdon gave the brethren permission to preach in his chapel. He and his wife and a large number of his congregation were baptized. A branch of the Church was organized in that part of Ohio.

The missionaries then went to Kirtland, where they met with great success. Many people were converted, and a branch of the Church was organized.

After staying a short time in Kirtland, the brethren continued their journey. On coming to a tribe of Indians called the Wyandots, they stopped and preached the Gospel to them. Then they went on to Independence, a small town in Jackson county, Missouri. From there they passed into the State of Kansas, where they spent some time preaching to the

Delaware Indians.

Since then the Gospel has been preached to thousands of the Lamanites. Hundreds of them have accepted it, and have become members of the Church. And thus some of the promises made to them in the Book of Mormon have been fulfilled.

The First Bishop Chosen— Gathering of the Saints to Ohio.

In the month of December, 1830, two men came from Kirtland to see the Prophet. They found him at the home of his parents, near Fayette. One of these men was Sidney Rigdon, the young preacher who had joined the Church a short time before. The other was Edward Partridge.

After talking with the Prophet a short time, Mr. Partridge requested baptism. He was taken to Seneca Lake and there baptized by the Prophet Joseph. On the 4th day of February, 1831, Elder Partridge was appointed by revelation to be the first Bishop of the Church.

The Saints in the State of New York were being persecuted by their enemies. The Prophet Joseph visited them, and his presence gave them great joy. The Lord was watching over His people, and was preparing a place for them to move to.

On the 2nd day of February, 1831, the third conference of the Church was held at Fayette. It was a time of rejoicing for the Saints. They were promised many choice blessings from the Lord. They were told about a revelation which the Prophet Joseph had received a short time before. In that revelation the Saints were commanded to leave the State of New York and gather to Ohio. This they agreed to do as soon as possible.

Soon after the conference, Joseph, accompanied by his wife and several brethren, began the journey to Kirtland. They stopped at a number of places on the way and held meetings. Through the preaching of the Prophet and his

brethren many people were added to the Church.

On arriving in Kirtland, the company stopped in front of a store. Joseph got out of the sleigh and went into the building. Going up to Mr. Whitney, a member of the firm, he offered him his hand, saying, "Newel K. Whitney! Thou art the man!"

Mr. Whitney looked quite surprised. He did not know the stranger. "You have the advantage of me," he said, as he shook Joseph's hand. "I could not call you by name as you have me."

Then Joseph said, "I am Joseph the Prophet. You have prayed me here, now what do you want of me?"

One evening, a short time before this, Mr. Whitney and his wife were praying to the Lord. While doing so they saw a bright cloud resting upon their house. Then they heard a voice from heaven, saying, "Prepare to receive the word of the Lord, for it is coming."

While Joseph was in the East, in a vision he saw them praying. That is why he knew Mr. Whitney.

Mr. Whitney took Joseph and his wife to his home. They stayed there several weeks, and were very kindly treated. The Whitneys afterwards joined the Church.

The following spring, all the branches of the Church in the State of New York removed to Ohio.

The Foundation of Zion Laid

In June, 1831, the fourth general conference was held in Kirtland. A little over a year before, the Church had been organized with six members. It now numbered two thousand.

The Prophet Joseph presided at the conference. It was a time of rejoicing for the Saints. The Lord poured out His Spirit upon them, and they saw and heard wonderful things. Joseph was filled with the spirit of prophecy. He said that John the Revelator was at that time with the Lost Tribes, preparing them for their return to the land of their fathers.

At this conference a number of missionaries were chosen, and sent out two by two to preach the Gospel. The Lord told the Prophet Joseph and Oliver Cowdery to go to the land of Missouri. He said that, if they proved faithful, He would reveal to them the place where the City of Zion, the New Jerusalem, would be built.

With this promise in mind, Joseph and a number of his brethren left Kirtland, on the 19th of June, 1831, They traveled by wagon and stage to Cincinnati, Ohio. From there they went by steamer to Louisville, Kentucky. At that place they had to wait three days for a vessel to take them to St. Louis. After resting a short time in St. Louis, Joseph and four of his companions started to walk across the entire State of Missouri. After traveling almost three hundred miles, they arrived in Independence. Here they were joined by Oliver Cowdery and a number of other missionaries. The meeting was a joyful one, for Joseph had not seen his brethren since they started on their mission to the Lamanites.

Soon after the arrival of the Prophet and his party in Jackson county, Missouri, the Lord fulfilled His promise. He made known the place where the City of Zion would be established, which is where Independence is now built. He commanded the Saints to purchase the land in and around there and to gather to that place as soon as possible. He also revealed the spot where a great Temple would be built to His name.

A few days later the Saints of the Colesville branch arrived in Independence. They viewed with delight the land of Zion. It was, indeed, a beautiful place. Miles and miles of rich prairie land stretched before them. Wild flowers of almost every kind filled the air with their sweet perfume. There were large forests of choice timber. Buffalo, elk, deer, bear, wolves, beaver, and many smaller animals roamed round at pleasure. There was also a great variety of wild fowl, including turkeys, geese, swans and ducks.

On the 2nd day of August, 1831, the Prophet Joseph assisted the members of the Colesville Branch in laying the first log for a house, as a foundation of Zion. This took place in Kaw township, about 12 miles west of Independence. The log was carried by twelve men, in honor of the Twelve Tribes of Israel. Then the land of Zion was dedicated by Sidney Rigdon as a gathering place of the Saints.

The next day Joseph, accompanied by Sidney Rigdon, Edward Partridge, W. W. Phelps, Oliver Cowdery, Martin Harris, and Joseph Coe went to a spot a little west of Independence, and there the Prophet dedicated it as the site for the Temple of the Lord.

The first conference of the Church in the land of Zion was held on the 4th day of August, 1831, at the home of Brother Joshua Lewis. On the 19th of the same month the Prophet and ten of his brethren took leave of the Saints and started for Kirtland, arriving there August 27. They had been absent a little over two months, and had traveled two thousand miles.

A Terrible Night

The Prophet Joseph and Sidney Rigdon were spending all their time in the work of the Lord. They were not getting any money for their labor. But they had friends who were kind to them and helped them.

One of these was a man named John Johnson, who lived at Hiram, Ohio. He took Joseph and Sidney to his home, and kept them and their families while they attended to certain work for the Church.

Emma Smith, the Prophet's wife, had adopted two little babies. They were twins, and were just eleven months old. They became very sick. Joseph and Emma watched over them with tender care. At night Joseph took charge of them while Emma slept. Then she took her turn beside the sick-bed while her husband rested.

One night Mrs. Smith was almost worn out. Joseph told her to go to bed. He said he would sit up and take care of the child that was much worse than the other. As I write, I fancy I can see the Prophet watching beside the cot of the little sufferer, and praying for its recovery.

At last the baby fell asleep, and Joseph lay down upon his bed. In a little while he was asleep, too.

But what do you think had been going on outside? While Joseph was watching over the sick child, a mob of wicked men had gathered and were laying plans to kill him.

In the mob were a number of men who had left the Church. They had lost the Spirit of the Lord, and the spirit of the evil one had entered into them. They hated the Prophet and his work, and were trying to destroy them.

The mob came up to Mr. Johnson's place. They burst into the house, and seizing Joseph, dragged him out into a meadow. Emma screamed, but she could not help her husband. Others of the mob laid hold of Sidney Rigdon and dragged him out, too.

Some of the wicked men wanted the Prophet to be killed. Others said, "No, we will not kill him, but we will tar and feather him."

Several of the mob held Joseph while others covered his body with tar. One of them tried to force the tar paddle into his mouth, but he kept his teeth tightly closed. Then they thrust a bottle of poison between his lips, but the bottle broke and the poison was spilled upon the ground.

When they had finished their awful work they ran away. Joseph was so weak that he could not stand. After a time he got strength, and made his way back to the house. There he found Brother Rigdon suffering terribly from the injuries he had received. Joseph spent the rest of the night getting the tar off his body.

The next day was Sunday. A meeting was held. The Prophet attended it and preached to the people. Several of

the mob were in the meeting, but Joseph did not say anything about the mobbing. At the close of the service three persons were baptized. Soon after that Joseph and Sidney, with their families, moved from Hiram.

What Happened on the Way to Kirtland

From Hiram, Ohio, the Prophet Joseph went to Missouri, to visit the Saints. Sidney Rigdon, Newel K. Whitney, Peter Whitmer and Jesse Gause went with him. They stayed there two weeks. During that time meetings were held, and the members of the Church had a delightful time.

Then Joseph decided to go to Kirtland, where his wife was. Newel K. Whitney and Sidney Rigdon accompanied him. There was no railroad in that part of the country. Most of the journey had to be made by stage.

One day a sad accident took place. The horses became frightened and ran away. Joseph jumped out of the stage. Newel K. Whitney also sprang out, but in doing so his foot caught in the wheel and his leg and foot were broken in several places.

Joseph helped Brother Whitney to a house owned by a man named Porter. They stayed there four weeks. During that time the Prophet administered often to his companion, which helped the sufferer very much.

The Porters were wicked people. One day they tried to kill the Prophet by putting poison in his food. Joseph had just finished his dinner. He felt a strange feeling come over him. He went outside and threw up much poisonous matter. That saved his life.

He returned to the house and told Newel what had happened. Brother Whitney laid his hands upon the head of the Prophet and prayed for him. His prayer was answered, and Joseph was healed.

They decided to leave the place at once. Newel wondered how they could get away. Joseph told, him the Lord would

provide means. The next morning a wagon drove up to the door. Joseph and Newel got into it and rode four miles to the river. There they found a ferryboat, on which they crossed to the other side. A carriage was waiting. They got into it and were driven to a boat which took them to Wellsville. From there they went by stage to Kirtland.

One day soon after Joseph had returned to Kirtland he was visited by three men. One of them was Brigham Young. This was the first time these men had met the Prophet. Brigham Young had been baptized into the Church about two months before.

The visiting brethren stayed in Kirtland four or five days. They saw and talked with the Prophet often.

One evening a meeting was held. Brigham Young arose and greatly surprised all present by speaking in a strange language. He had received from the Lord the gift of tongues. The Prophet Joseph was given the interpretation, and he told the people what Brother Young had said.

One day before Brigham Young left Kirtland Joseph pointed to him, saying: "That man will yet preside over this Church." You all know how that prophecy was fulfilled.

Work of a Missouri Mob

The Church was organized on the 6th day of April, 1830. Three years later the Saints in Missouri met to celebrate its birthday. They were very happy. A glorious time was spent, and with joyful hearts the brethren and sisters returned to their homes. They had no thought at that time that in a little while their joy would be turned into sorrow.

Soon after this a mob of three hundred wicked men gathered at Independence. They hated the Saints, and had made up their minds to drive them from their homes and destroy the Church there.

But they did not succeed at that time. The leading brethren at Independence met together and prayed to the Lord to

protect His people. Their prayer was answered. The mob became drunken, quarreled among themselves, and broke up without doing any harm to the Saints.

Three months passed, and then fresh trouble came to the Saints in Missouri. Five hundred men, enemies of the Church, met at Independence, on the 20th of July, 1833. They decided that from that time no Latter-day Saint should be permitted to settle in Jackson county; that the twelve hundred Saints who were there should leave, and that the Church paper — The Evening and Morning Star — should no longer be published.

A committee was appointed to call on the leading brethren and to tell them what had been decided at the meeting. You can imagine how the members of the Church felt when they heard the report. What was to be done? The brethren asked for ten days in which to think over the matter. The answer they received was, "Fifteen minutes are enough."

The committee returned and reported. The enemies of the Saints refused to wait. Headed by a red flag, they went to the home of Elder Wm. W. Phelps, where the Church paper was published, tore the printing office to the ground and carried away the type, press, and other things. Sister Phelps, with a sick babe in her arms, was turned out into the street. The mob then took Bishop Partridge and Elder Charles Allen to the courthouse, where they stripped them of their clothing and covered their bodies with tar and feathers.

The Lieutenant Governor of the State, Lilbum W. Boggs, was present and saw what took place. Instead of protecting the Saints, he made mock of them in their trouble, saying, "You now know what our Jackson boys can do, and you must leave the country."

Night came, and the wicked men, well pleased with what they had done, returned to their homes.

Three days later the mob met again. The Saints saw they were at the mercy of these wicked men. It would be a great

trial to them to leave the houses and lands for which they had worked so hard. But by refusing to go they would bring upon themselves greater trouble — perhaps the loss of many lives.

They told the mob that one-half of their number would leave Missouri the 1st of the following January, and that the rest would follow the 1st of the next April. Their enemies agreed to this, and told the Saints they would not trouble them any more.

The Saints Driven from Jackson County

On hearing what the mob had done, Governor Dunklin advised the Saints to have their enemies arrested and tried by law. They decided to do so. They hired four lawyers at one thousand dollars to plead their cause in court.

When the enemies of the Saints heard this they became very angry. About fifty of them met and held a meeting. They were armed with guns and clubs. They decided to attack a little branch of the Church which was on the west bank of the Big Blue River, and destroy the homes of the Saints there.

When night came these wicked men went to the little settlement. All was peace and quiet. The Saints were asleep. Suddenly the doors of their homes were burst open, and the mob began its cruel work. The mothers and children were frightened almost to death. They ran screaming from their homes and hid themselves among the bushes. The husbands and fathers tried to escape, but failed. They were caught by the mob, and were badly beaten with clubs and other weapons.

When their enemies had left, the women and children crept from their hiding places. They made their way back towards their humble homes, but found some of them in ruins. These are some of the things which the Saints in those days suffered because they would not deny the truth.

Night after night the work of destruction was carried on. The mob broke into the store owned by Gilbert and Whitney,

threw some of the goods into the street, and carried much away.

A few days later the mob decided to make another attack upon the Saints at Independence. A number of the brethren armed themselves with guns. They felt that it was right for them to protect themselves, their wives and children. There were sixty wicked men in the mob. When they came to the place where the Saints were they fired upon them, wounding several. Two of the brethren, Andrew Barber and Philo Dibble, were seriously wounded. Brother Dibble recovered, but Brother Barber died the next day. He laid down his life for his friends.

The mob was stopped in its deadly work by the guns of the Saints. When the mob opened fire, some of the brethren who had guns used them. Two of their enemies fell dead. The rest became frightened and ran away, leaving their horses and dead companions.

A report of the battle soon spread over the country. Then followed a time of great excitement. Wicked falsehoods were told about the Saints. It was said they were going to drive the rest of the people out of the country. Instead of that it was the Saints who were about to be driven.

One of the bitterest enemies of the Saints was Lieutenant-Governor Boggs. What do you think he did at this time? He organized a company of the state militia, which many of the mob joined, and placed Colonel Pitcher, as wicked a man as himself, in charge.

Pitcher ordered the Saints to deliver up their guns, and to leave the country at once. He deceived them by telling them that their enemies would have to give up their weapons also. He also told the Saints he would give them protection.

The members of the Church had been taught to obey the laws of the land, and to be subject to those in authority. They, therefore, turned over their weapons.

Then a mob of human fiends attacked their homes. They

drove out helpless women and children, and threatened to take their lives if they did not leave the country. Frightened almost to death, the poor Saints fled in all directions. Some of them stayed all night on the open prairie, while others sought protection along the banks of the Missouri River.

When the Prophet heard what had taken place, he burst into tears. "Oh, my brethren, my brethren," he sobbed, "Would that I had been with you to share your fate."

Zion's Camp

The Saints who were driven from Jackson county settled in Clay, Van Buren and Lafayette counties. They were very kindly treated by the citizens of Clay county.

The Prophet Joseph prayed often to the Lord for them. He was told in a revelation to organize a company to assist them, and to try to get their homes restored to them. He organized the company and gave it the name Zion's Camp.

The company left Kirtland on the 5th of May, 1834. It was led by the Prophet Joseph. There were about one hundred and fifty men in the party. They had twenty wagons filled with food and clothing for their poor brethren and sisters in Missouri. Nearly all the brethren had to walk. Sometimes they traveled forty miles in a day. They rested Sundays and held meetings.

Each night at the sound of a trumpet the men went to their tents. They knelt down and thanked the Lord for His blessings. They also prayed for the dear ones they had left behind. In the morning when the trumpet sounded, the men of the camp knelt upon the ground and asked the Lord to take care of them during the day.

One evening, when some of the brethren were putting up the Prophet's tent, they saw three rattlesnakes. They were about to kill them when Joseph stopped them. "Men must become harmless themselves," he said, "before they can expect the brute creation to be so."

A few days later one of the company, Solomon Humphrey, lay down on the prairie to rest. While he slept, a large rattlesnake coiled itself up near his head. When Brother Humphrey awoke and saw the serpent, he said to some of the brethren who would have killed it, "No, I will protect him, for he and I have had a good nap together." The rattlesnake's life was spared.

The journey to Missouri was a very trying one. At times the men had to wade through rivers and struggle through swamps. With bruised and bleeding feet they traveled over hills and sandy plains. Because of these trials some of them began to murmur. Joseph spoke kindly to them. He pleaded with them to stop finding fault, and to humble themselves before the Lord. He said the Lord had revealed to him that if they did not do so, a scourge would come upon the camp.

After traveling a little over a month, Joseph and his brethren arrived at Salt River, in the State of Missouri. Here they were joined by another party which Hyrum Smith and Lyman Wight had gathered in the State of Michigan and other places. There were now two hundred and five men and twenty-five wagons in Zion's Camp.

After resting several days at Salt River, the Camp proceeded on its journey. On hearing of the coming of Joseph and his brethren, a mob of wicked men started to raise an army to attack them. The leaders of the mob were Samuel C. Owens and James Campbell. As Campbell placed his pistols in his belt he said he would fix Joe Smith and his army before two days were past.

He did not live to carry out his threat. That night, as twelve of the mob were trying to cross the Missouri River, the boat sank and seven men were drowned. Campbell was one of them. In seeking the lives of others, he lost his own.

How the Lord Protected His People

The members of Zion's Camp were in great danger. They

were surrounded by wicked men who had made up their minds to murder them. And they would, no doubt, have done so, if the Lord had not prevented them.

On the night of June 19, 1834, Joseph and his party passed safely through the town of Richmond. They camped between two branches of Fishing River. They were getting ready to lie down to rest when five rough men, with loaded guns, appeared before them. "You shall not live to see morning," they said. "Sixty men are coming from Richmond, and seventy more from Clay county, to utterly destroy you."

How easy it is for the Lord to overthrow the plans of wicked men. You remember reading in the Bible how He saved the children of Israel from the Egyptians. Well, in much the same way He saved the members of Zion's Camp.

That night a terrible storm arose. The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and rain came down in torrents. Some of the mob said afterwards that Little Fishing River rose thirty feet in thirty minutes. The awful storm filled the enemies of the Saints with fear. They fled in all directions, trying to find shelter. One of their number was struck by lightning and killed.

Where were the members of Zion's Camp all this time? They were safe and dry in a schoolhouse. How grateful they all felt! From the heart of each one there went up a prayer of thanksgiving to the Lord for His protecting care.

Two days later, three leading men of Ray county came to see the Prophet. He received them kindly. One of them said, "We see that there is an Almighty power that protects this people." He told Joseph that he was leading an armed mob against him and his party when the storm burst upon them and drove them back.

The Prophet told them the mission of Zion's Camp. He said they were carrying food and clothing to their poor brethren and sisters who had been driven from their homes in Independence. They had no thought of doing harm to

anyone.

Before Joseph had finished speaking the three men were shedding tears. They offered the Prophet their hands, and told him they would do all in their power to stop the cruel work of the enemies of the Saints.

Soon after this, Zion's Camp was disbanded. Taking a few faithful brethren with him, Joseph went to Independence. He felt very sorrowful as he looked upon the lands from which his people had been driven. They were then in the hands of their enemies. But he was made glad on remembering what the Lord had told him in a revelation a short time before — that the day would come when Zion would be redeemed, and the Saints would again possess the land.

After visiting several days among the members of the Church, Joseph returned to Kirtland.

The Book of Abraham

For three years the Church had peace. The Saints made good use of the time. The Lord had commanded them to build a Temple in Kirtland. There were only thirty families of Saints in that place. They were very poor, and they had to make great sacrifices in order to build the Temple. The Prophet Joseph worked in the stone quarry, and his brother Hyrum also labored faithfully on the sacred building.

The Lord had revealed to the Prophet Joseph that Twelve Apostles should be called to preach the Gospel, and to assist the First Presidency in presiding over the Church. The time had now come for these men to be chosen. They were selected from the members of Zion's Camp. Their names were: Thomas B. Marsh, David W. Patten, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, William Smith, Orson Pratt, Orson Hyde, William E. McLellin, Parley P. Pratt, Luke Johnson, John P. Boynton and Lyman E. Johnson.

A few days later the First Quorum of Seventy was organized. Soon after their ordination the Apostles were called to

go on missions. They traveled like the early Apostles — without purse or scrip. They were blessed of the Lord. Kind friends took care of them, and through their preaching many were brought into the Church.

One day a French traveler, Mr. Michael H. Chandler, came to Kirtland to see the Prophet. He had with him four mummies and some rolls of papyrus. These had been found in Thebes, Egypt, by Mr. Chandler's uncle.

Mr. Chandler had shown the mummies and papyrus to learned men in Philadelphia. They were able to translate only a few of the characters which were upon the parchment. On hearing of Joseph Smith, and that he was able to translate strange writings, Mr. Chandler brought the mummies and manuscript to him.

Joseph examined the characters upon the parchment, and to his surprise and delight found they had been written by Abraham. By the power of God he translated some of the characters, and Mr. Chandler said it was much better than the learned men of Philadelphia had done.

Some friends of the Prophet bought the mummies and parchment from Mr. Chandler. Joseph translated the writing which was upon the parchment. Then it was printed in a book. You can find it in "The Pearl of Great Price." It is called "The Book of Abraham."

Remarkable Visions in Kirtland Temple

For three years the Saints worked faithfully on the Kirtland Temple. At the end of that time the sacred building was finished and dedicated. The dedication took place on the 27th of March, 1836.

One day, about two months before the dedication, the Prophet Joseph, his two counselors, Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams and the Prophet's father went to the Temple. There Father Smith was anointed as the Patriarch of the Church. He anointed and blessed Joseph and his

counselors. Just then a wonderful thing took place. The heavens were opened and a glorious vision was given to the Prophet. He saw the celestial kingdom, and beheld its glory. He saw a beautiful throne, on which were seated the Father and the Son. He also saw fathers Adam and Abraham, and was told things which you will learn as you grow older.

Joseph's father and the other brethren were also greatly blessed of the Lord. Some of them beheld the Savior, and others saw holy angels. They rejoiced and praised the Lord for the glorious things they had seen and heard.

The evening of the dedication Joseph met with the quorums of the Priesthood in the Temple. While Brother George A. Smith was speaking, a noise was heard like the rushing of a strong wind. The whole congregation arose at once. Some spoke in tongues, others prophesied and others saw heavenly visions. The Temple was filled with angels. People outside heard the strange sound, and came running to the Temple. They beheld a bright light, like a pillar of fire, resting above the sacred building.

On Sunday, the 3rd of April, 1836, while the Prophet Joseph and Oliver Cowdery were praying in the Temple a remarkable vision was given to them. They saw the Lord standing upon the breastwork of the pulpit. His eyes were as a flame of fire. His hair was white as pure snow, and His face was brighter than the sun. He spoke to Joseph and Oliver, saying:

"I am the first and the last; I am he who liveth, I am he who was slain, I am your advocate with the Father;

"Behold, your sins are forgiven you, you are clean before me, therefore lift up your heads and rejoice.

"Let the hearts of your brethren rejoice, and let the hearts of all my people rejoice, who have with their might built this house to my name.

"For behold, I have accepted this house, and my name shall be here, and I will manifest myself to my people in mercy

in this house;

"Yea, I will appear unto my servants, and speak unto them with mine own voice, if my people will keep my commandments, and do not pollute this holy house.

"Yea, the hearts of thousands and tens of thousands shall greatly rejoice in consequence of the blessings which shall be poured out, and the endowment with which my servants have been endowed in this house;

"And the fame of this house shall spread to foreign lands, and this is the beginning of the blessing which shall be poured out upon the heads of my people. Even so. Amen."

The word of the Lord has been fulfilled. The fame of the Kirtland Temple has spread into foreign lands, and people of many nations have heard of the wonderful visions and revelations which were given in that holy place.

After the vision of the Savior, Moses, Elias and Elijah appeared to Joseph and Oliver. Moses gave them authority to gather the people of the Lord from the nations of the earth, and Elijah revealed to them the work for the dead. This work is now being done in the Temples, and the dead as well as the living are receiving the blessings of the Gospel.

The British Mission Opened

No greater work was ever done by mortal man than by the Prophet Joseph Smith. Tens of thousands of people in this land praise his name for the blessings they have received through him. As you know, it was through Joseph the Gospel was restored. The Gospel was taken to the lands in which the British people lived. They received it, and it has brought to them peace, joy and happiness such as they never had before.

That is not all. Many of them were found in the depths of poverty. But the Lord opened the way for them to come to Zion, where they have been blessed with houses and lands, orchards and vineyards, and now live surrounded with peace and plenty.

In the year 1837 the Lord revealed to the Prophet Joseph that missionaries should be sent to Great Britain. Apostle Heber C. Kimball was chosen to take charge of this work. A better selection could not have been made. Elder Kimball was a man of strong faith. He loved the Gospel. It had brought such joy to his soul that he was willing to make any sacrifice to carry the glad tidings to others.

Apostle Orson Hyde and Elders Willard Richards and Joseph Fielding were called to go with Brother Kimball. On reaching New York they were joined by three brethren from Canada. The company sailed from the United States on the 1st of July, 1837, on the ship Garrick, and on the 20th of the same month arrived in Liverpool, England.

The missionaries decided to go to Preston, a town about thirty miles from Liverpool. Elder Fielding had a brother, a minister, living at that place. On getting out of the coach at Preston, one of the first things the brethren saw was a large flag, on which were the words, "Truth will prevail." Just three simple words, but they filled the hearts of the servants of the Lord with hope and courage.

The Sunday morning after the arrival of the missionaries in Preston, the Reverend Mr. Fielding told the members of his church assembled in meeting that some ministers from America would preach in his chapel that afternoon. You can imagine how glad the brethren felt. Elders Kimball and Hyde addressed the meeting in the afternoon. They told the people about the Prophet Joseph Smith, and some of the wonderful things which the Lord had revealed to him.

Another meeting was held in the evening, and one on the following Wednesday night. Some of the members of Mr. Fielding's church were beginning to believe the teachings of the Elders. That displeased the minister, and he told the missionaries he would not allow them to preach in his chapel any more. They met, however, in the homes of some of the people, and at the end of a week nine persons were baptized

into the Church.

One morning, soon after that, the missionaries were attacked by evil spirits. Their room was filled with them. Brother Kimball was sorely afflicted. The brethren prayed to the Lord to deliver them. He rebuked the evil spirits, and the brethren had peace.

The Lord blessed the labors of His faithful servants, so that in five months one thousand people were converted and made members of the true Church. This was the beginning of the great latter-day work in England.

The Haun's Mill Massacre.

While a glorious work was being done for the Church in England, it was having a very hard time at home. It had not only foes without but foes within. A number of its leading men did things that were wrong, and they were cut off from membership in the Church. Some of them turned against the work of the Lord and tried to destroy it .

It was a terrible time for the Saints in Missouri. Each day brought them fresh trouble. Their enemies had made up their minds to either destroy them or drive them out of the state.

One day a mob of wicked men entered the little town of De Witt, in Carroll county, where a number of the Saints resided. They had guns and cannon, and at once opened fire on the town. The Saints defended themselves as well as they could. They had to stay in their homes for two days.

Their enemies decided to starve them out. They set fire to some of the homes, and killed and roasted a number of cattle. When the Saints saw they could not hold out any longer they agreed to leave the place. They were promised pay for their homes and other property, but they did not receive anything. The Saints fled to Far West. But before reaching that place some of their number died. One poor mother, with a baby a day old, could not stand the journey. She died, and had to be buried without a coffin.

Soon after this a wicked mob, led by a scoundrel named Bogart, attacked a camp of the Saints on Crooked River. They took three of the brethren prisoners, and said they would put them to death before nightfall.

Word was sent at once to Far West. Apostle David W. Patten quickly gathered fifty men and started with them for the scene of the capture. They came in sight of Bogart's camp at daybreak. Bogart's men were hidden behind trees, and as the brethren drew near they opened fire on them. In the battle which followed Apostle Patten lost his life. As he was dying that night, surrounded by the Prophet Joseph and a number of friends, he turned to his wife and said, "Whatever else you do, do not deny the faith."

Then the whole State of Missouri was aroused. Lieutenant-Governor Boggs ordered out two thousand men, and told them to either kill the "Mormons" or drive them out of the state. They began at once to carry out his instructions. Two hundred and forty of them went to a settlement of the Saints at Haun's Mill, in Caldwell county, and without a moment's warning began to fire upon men, women and children.

The poor Saints pleaded for mercy, but the wretches paid no heed to their cries. In a little while they had killed seventeen members of the Church. There was an old well near by, and the bodies of the murdered Saints were thrown into it. These good Latter-day Saints laid down their lives for the truth's sake, and great shall be their reward in heaven. But woe to those who so foully murdered them. Better for them if they had never been born.

The Prophet Joseph in Richmond Jail.

Soon after the terrible massacre at Haun's Mill, a large army of mob militia gathered at Richmond. From here they marched to within a short distance of Far West, where they camped. One morning, a few days later, men carrying a white

flag were seen approaching the City of Far West. They were members of the militia. The white flag was a sign of peace.

Colonel Hinkle went out to meet the men. He went back with them to their camp, and there he entered into an agreement with the enemies of the Saints to deliver the Prophet Joseph and a number of the leading brethren into their hands. The name of this traitor may well be linked with that of Judas Iscariot.

He returned to Far West and told the Prophet that the officers in charge of the militia desired him and other leading men to come to their camp that night. They wished, he said, to have the difficulties settled. Joseph asked Hinkle for the names of the other brethren, and he said they were Sidney Rigdon, Parley P. Pratt, Lyman Wight, and George W. Robinson. Hinkle assured the Prophet that no harm would come to him or his brethren.

Hinkle accompanied Joseph and his brethren to the camp of the militia, and there the true character of the traitor was revealed. Addressing General Lucas he said, "These are the prisoners I agreed to deliver up." The whole camp yelled with delight, and General Lucas brandished his sword as if he had gained a great victory.

The Prophet and his companions were immediately placed in charge of strong guards. They had to lie upon the wet ground. They were kept awake all night with the mockings, curses and threats of the vile wretches in charge of them. The next morning Hyrum Smith and Amasa M. Lyman were dragged from their families in Far West, and brought into the camp.

It was decided to send the prisoners to Independence. The Saints at Far West were told by the mob that they need never expect to see their leaders again, for their doom was sealed. However, while Joseph and his companions were camped at night on Crooked River the word of the Lord came to the Prophet assuring him that their lives would be spared.

The next morning Joseph spoke to his fellow-prisoners in a low, cheerful tone, saying: "Be of good cheer, my brethren, the word of the Lord came to me last night that our lives should be given us, and that whatever else we might have to suffer during this captivity, not one of us should die."

The prisoners were taken to Independence. A few days later General Clark gave orders for them to be taken to Richmond and placed in jail there. On the way the guards got drunk. It would have been easy for Joseph and his brethren to have made their escape. They knew, however, that they had not broken any law. If they were to run away people would say they were guilty. All they wanted was a fair trial. They knew they could prove their innocence. The Prophet and his companions took charge of the guards' guns and horses, and returned them to the guards when the latter became sober.

On arriving in Richmond the brethren were taken to the jail, and there they were bound with chains and placed in charge of as vile wretches as ever lived. They had to lie upon the bare floor, without any covering.

The Prophet and his friends suffered terribly, not only in body but also in spirit. Night after night they had to listen to the vulgar songs and stories, the curses and laughter of those who kept guard over them.

One night the wretches were telling with great glee of the way in which they had treated some of the Saints. They boasted of the awful crimes they had committed upon mothers and daughters, and that they had even killed little children.

Suddenly the Prophet sprang to his feet, and in a voice that almost shook the prison he rebuked the inhuman monsters. "Silence!" said he, "ye fiends of the infernal pit! In the name of Jesus Christ I rebuke you and command you to be still; I will not live another minute and hear such language. Cease such talk, or you or I die this instant!"

"He ceased speaking. He stood erect in terrible majesty.

Chained, and without a weapon, calm, unruffled and dignified as an angel, he looked down upon the quailing guards, whose knees smote together, and who, shrinking into a corner, or crouching at his feet, begged his pardon, and remained quiet until change of guards."

From Missouri to Illinois—
A Day of Miraculous Healings.

I have not told you a hundredth part of the sufferings of the Saints in Missouri. They were not only robbed of their homes, their lands, cattle, etc., but between three and four hundred of them — men, women and children — were murdered in cold blood. Sister Amanda Smith, whose husband and little son were murdered at Haun's Mill, says:

"The mob told us we must leave the state forthwith or be killed. It was cold weather, and they had our teams and clothes, our men all dead or wounded. I told them they might kill me and my children and welcome. They sent word to us from time to time, saying that if we did not leave the state they would come and kill us. We had little prayer meetings. They said if we did not stop them they would kill every man, woman and child. We had spelling schools for our little children. They said if we did not stop these they would kill every man, woman and child. We (the women) had to do our own milking, cut our own wood; no man to help us. I started on the 1st of February for Illinois, without money; mobs on the way; drove our own teams; slept out of doors. I had five small children; we suffered hunger, fatigue and cold."

The people of Illinois had heard of the terrible persecutions of the Saints in Missouri. They felt sorry for them, and were willing to help them. So, on being driven from Missouri, the Saints took up their abode in Illinois. There, on the banks of the Mississippi River, they founded the beautiful little city of Nauvoo.

After being in prisons for almost six months, Joseph and

his brethren regained their liberty and joined the Saints in Illinois. There was much joy among the members of the Church when their beloved Prophet appeared in their midst again. He found his family very poor. Their home was a little log cabin, but even for it they were thankful.

Nauvoo was a beautiful place for a city. The Mississippi swept around it in a half circle, giving the place three fronts upon the noble river. But it proved to be an unhealthful place, for soon after the Saints had settled there many of them suffered with malarial fever.

The Prophet himself was afflicted and confined to his bed; but through the power of the Lord he overcame the disease and went forth and began to administer to many who were ill. He walked along the bank of the river, healing all the sick who lay in his path. Going to the tent of Brother Henry G. Sherwood, who was almost at the point of death, he commanded him in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to arise and be made well. Brother Sherwood was healed immediately, and arose and walked out of the tent. Joseph, with Elder Heber C. Kimball and others, then crossed the river to Montrose. There they found several of the Apostles very ill. They were also healed, and straightway arose and went with the Prophet to administer to other sick persons. They first called at the home of Brother Elijah Fordham, who it was expected every minute would die. Joseph walked up to the dying man, and took hold of his right hand and spoke to him; but Brother Fordham was unable to speak; his eyes were set in his head like glass, and he seemed entirely unconscious of all around him. Joseph held his hand and looked into his eyes in silence for a short time. A change in Brother Fordham was soon noticed by all present. His sight returned, and upon Joseph asking him if he knew him, he, in a low whisper, answered, "Yes." Joseph asked him if he had faith to be healed. He answered, "I fear it is too late; if you had come sooner, I think I could have been healed." The Prophet said, "Do you not

believe in Jesus Christ?" He answered in a feeble voice, "I do." Joseph then stood erect still holding his hand in silence several moments. Then he spoke in a loud voice, saying, "Brother Fordham, I command you in the name of Jesus Christ to arise from this bed and be made whole." His voice was like the voice of God, and not of man. It seemed as though the house shook to its very foundation. Brother Fordham arose from his bed and was healed that moment. He put on his clothes, and after eating a bowl of bread and milk, followed the Prophet into the street.

These things strengthened greatly the faith of the Saints, who gave thanks and praise to the Lord for the power which He had given to His servants.

The Prophet's Visit to Washington

Joseph now decided to go to Washington, and make a full report to the President of the United States and Congress of the wrongs which his people had suffered in Missouri. The Saints at that time were very poor, for they had been robbed of almost all their property. The Prophet hoped to be able to get them help. He felt that the State of Missouri should be made pay the Saints for the great loss they had suffered.

In the month of October, 1839, in company with Sidney Rigdon and Judge Elias Higbee, Joseph started for the national capital. They traveled by stage. There were in the coach some women and children, also two or three members of Congress.

One day while they were traveling through the mountains the driver stopped at a house to get some liquor. While he was gone, the horses became frightened and started to run at full speed down a steep hill. The women screamed, and one lady, fearing she would be killed, was about to throw her baby out of the window when the Prophet got hold of her and kept her from doing so.

Of all the passengers, he was the least excited. When he

had calmed the women, he opened the door and climbed up into the driver's seat. Then he got hold of the reins, and in a little while brought the horses under control and stopped them. They had run about three miles.

The passengers gave much praise and thanks to the young man for his brave act. Had it not been for his heroic work perhaps some of them would have lost their lives. The gentlemen from Washington said they would call the attention of Congress to the noble deed. They asked the Prophet his name. He told them he was Joseph Smith. On hearing that, they looked at each other in surprise and said no more about the matter.

On the way, Sidney Rigdon took sick, and had to be left at Philadelphia. Soon after their arrival in Washington, the Prophet Joseph and Judge Higbee called upon President Van Buren and gave him their letters of introduction. When he had learned their errand, a frown came over his face, and he said sharply, "I can do nothing for you. If I do anything I shall come in contact with the whole State of Missouri."

Then Joseph told him of the terrible wrongs which had been done to the Saints in Missouri. As he related them, the feelings of the President seemed to change, and he said he would think the matter over.

When the Prophet and his companion called on the President again they were surprised to find that he had no desire to help the poor people who had been so cruelly wronged. "Your cause is just," he said; "but I can do nothing for you. If I take up for you, I shall lose the vote of Missouri."

A committee had been appointed by Congress to consider the matter, but the members of it, like the President, were afraid to do anything in behalf of the despised "Mormons."

But Joseph's mission to Washington was not an entire failure. He preached several public sermons, and made many warm friends, who afterwards wrote and spoke well of him.

Remarkable Prophecies and Their Fulfillment

One day a number of Indians came to Nauvoo to see the Prophet. Some of them had read the Book of Mormon, and they wanted to meet the man who had sent them the wonderful history.

Joseph told them about their forefathers, who had come across the great waters to this land. He told the Indians of the many ways in which the Lord had blessed their fathers. But because they would not do as the Lord told them, but quarreled and fought among themselves, He was angry with them and caused a dark skin to come upon many of them.

The Prophet told the Indians that if they would do right, and live in peace, the Lord would bless them and they would be happy. When he had finished speaking one of the chiefs said: "I believe you are a great and good man. I look rough, but I am also a son of the Great Spirit. I have heard your voice; and we intend to quit fighting, and follow the good advice you have given us."

Nauvoo grew very fast. In less than two years there were thousands of Saints living there in good homes. A university was planned, and later the city was crowned with a beautiful Temple.

The Prophet felt, however, that his people would not remain there long. One day he crossed the river to Montrose. Standing in the shade of a building there he uttered a remarkable prophecy. He said the Saints would continue to suffer much affliction, and would be driven to the Rocky Mountains. Many would leave the Church, others would be put to death or lose their lives through disease, and because of the trials that would come to them; but some of those present would live to go and help make settlements and build cites and see the Saints become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains. That was a wonderful prophecy. It has been fulfilled to the very letter.

One night the Prophet Joseph, Wilford Woodruff and

Willard Richards were out walking together, and talking about the great latter-day work. Suddenly a strange light appeared in the heavens. It was in the shape of a sword. As they stood looking at it, Joseph told them that it was a sign of a terrible war which would take place in this country.

Some years before this he prophesied about this great war. He said it would be brought about by the Southern States rebelling against the Northern States; that the Southern States would call on Great Britain for help; that the war would begin in South Carolina, and that it would end in the death of many men.

About twenty-eight years later this prophecy began to be fulfilled. The Southern States rebelled against the Northern States, which brought about the great Civil War. The war commenced where the Prophet said it would, in South Carolina, and it ended in the death of over one million men.

Before closing this chapter I wish to tell you about another prophecy which Joseph gave in the month of May, 1843. He was dining at Carthage, Illinois, with Judge Stephen A. Douglas and others. After dinner, Judge Douglas asked the Prophet to give him an account of the persecutions of the Saints in Missouri. Joseph did so, talking for almost three hours.

At that time the judge seemed to be very friendly towards the Prophet. When Joseph had told him all that the Saints had passed through, he looked straight into Mr. Douglas' face and said: "Judge, you will aspire to the Presidency of the United States; and if you ever turn your hand against me or the Latter-day Saints, you will feel the weight of the hand of the Almighty upon you; and you will live to see and know that I have testified the truth to you; for the conversation of this day will stick to you through life."

Seventeen years afterwards Mr. Douglas was named for President of the United States. It was firmly believed that he would be elected, for he was looked upon as a great man. But,

in order to make friends of those who were opposed to the Saints, he turned against the Latter-day Saints, and said many things about them which were false and wicked.

When, the day of the election came, and Judge Douglas was defeated; he was voted down in every State in the Union except one. It was at that time that Abraham Lincoln was made President.

In less than a year Judge Douglas died at his home in Chicago, a disappointed and almost broken-hearted man.

A Cold-Blooded Murder

On the 6th day of April, 1844, a special conference of the Church was held in Nauvoo. There were twenty thousand people present. The Prophet seemed to be filled with the Spirit of the Lord. He preached for three and a half hours, and during all that time the people sat in silence, drinking in the glorious truths that fell from his lips. That sermon will never be forgotten. People often talk about it now.

At that time a number of men were cut off from the Church. Their names were William Law, Wilson Law, Chauncy L. Higbee, Francis M. Higbee, and Robert D. Foster. They had been found guilty of wicked things. They had even gone so far as to lay plans to kill the Prophet.

These vile traitors went to Carthage, Illinois, and made false and wicked charges against the Prophet Joseph. On hearing that an order had been issued for his arrest, Joseph went to Carthage and placed himself in charge of an officer of the court. All he wanted was a fair trial, and that it be held at once. The other side, however, wanted the case held back for a time. It was decided to do this. Joseph was given in charge of the sheriff; but that officer allowed him to return with his companions to Nauvoo. Joseph learned later that it was the intention of his enemies to kill him that night in Carthage.

On the night of the 22nd of June, 1844, Joseph and his brother, Hyrum left Nauvoo. They had decided to go to the

Rocky Mountains, to escape from their enemies, and to choose a place of safety and rest for the Saints. Tears streamed down the Prophet's cheeks as he bade good-by to his loved ones.

Some time after Joseph and Hyrum had left, Emma Smith, the Prophet's wife, and others sent messengers after them, asking them to come back, as they were being spoken of as cowards. They turned at once and started back towards Nauvoo. "Hyrum," said Joseph, "we are going back to be murdered." To this Hyrum replied, "If we live or die we will be reconciled to our fate."

Next morning Joseph, with seventeen others, started for Carthage. On the way Joseph said to his companions, "I am going like a lamb to the slaughters, but I am calm as a summer's morning. I have a conscience void of offense toward God and toward all men. If they take my life I shall die an innocent man, and my blood shall cry from the ground for vengeance, and it shall yet be said of me, 'He was murdered in cold blood'."

On the 27th of June, 1844, the Prophet Joseph, his brother, Hyrum, Apostles John Taylor and Willard Richards were sitting as prisoners in Carthage jail. They were very sad, for they felt that something awful was going to happen. Joseph asked Brother Taylor to sing a hymn, which he did.

A little later the brethren saw a number of men with painted faces running around the jail. They had guns in their hands. They rushed up the stairway, burst open the door and began firing upon the prisoners. The beloved Hyrum was the first to fall. He received three bullets, and sank to the floor, saying, "I am a dead man." Joseph sprang to the window. As he stood for a second looking out, two bullets from behind and one from the mob in front pierced his body, and he fell to the ground exclaiming, "My Lord! my God!" Elder Taylor received five bullet wounds, but, strange to tell, they did not prove fatal. Elder Richards was left unharmed.

Thus ended the mortal lives of two of the noblest and best men the world has ever seen. Save Jesus of Nazareth, no greater Prophet ever lived than Joseph Smith.

"Praise to his memory, he died as a martyr,
Honored and blessed be his ever great name;
Long shall his blood which was shed by assassins
Stain Illinois, while the earth lauds his fame."

The Mormon

Ted Logan's interest in the Mormon faith was spiritual; mine, geographic. He was following a religious trail; I, road maps.

Our Protestant backgrounds were much alike. We had been indoctrinated with the same catechism, studied the same church histories and subscribed to the same creeds. As we grew older we both felt that there should be more to religion than we had found in books, and I think we were both looking for whatever it is that helps men give a better account of themselves right here and now. Our quests had followed similar lines until the day Ted found his answer in the Mormon faith. Then he said, "Someday when you, too, find the truth, those lines will converge."

About the time he joined the Mormon Church I was sightseeing, standing on a lonely wind-swept hill in the Green Mountains near Sharon, Vermont. The Mormons had sanctified this verdant spot with landscaping and an obelisk that looked like the Washington Monument in miniature. I was told that it weighed a hundred tons and that it was thirty-eight and a half feet high, a foot for every year of the life of the man to whom it was dedicated. On the dark gray granite shaft was the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Joseph Smith, the Prophet, born here 23rd December, 1805, martyred at Carthage, Illinois, 27th June, 1844."

Near by stood "Memorial Cottage," a modest white frame house honoring the boyhood years of the Prophet's life. I went in and found in the visitors' register a cross section of what America thinks about Mormonism. There before me were the

comments in various languages, in many styles of handwriting:

Deep respect for the Mormon faith.
I found God through Joseph Smith.
Baptized here today. Wonderful faith!
Joseph Smith, a man who has deluded millions.
Who can believe all this?
Judge not for ye know not.
I helped draw this monument up here with my team.
Joseph Smith, a false prophet.
Joseph Smith, a true prophet
The Spirit of the Prophet is upon me.

I went to the farm near Palmyra, New York, where the boy Joseph came with his parents. Here at the age of fourteen he saw a vision and heard a voice. To my convert friend this was Joseph's first revelation; to me it was a legend. I walked the short quarter-mile of farm lane to the remnant of an old rail fence where a sign read: "Sacred Grove…Silence please." I pushed open the rustic iron gate.

Enchanted elms and maples which sheltered the place from the world let in the soft glow of late afternoon and wove patterns on the grass-covered ground. Above me transparent clouds lined with the mystic blue of the sky might have been spirit forms brushing against the topmost leaves. Mormons believed that Joseph Smith saw much more than this. He came here one day confused by the multiplicity of Christian sects which during the days of his youth were beating revival drums in opposing camps. He knelt down in this grove. Here where I was standing he prayed aloud and asked God to show him the true faith. His answer was a shaft of light breaking through the trees and stretching into heaven like a marble tower. Dazed, he looked at it and saw within it two personages. He heard a voice: "This is my beloved Son. Hear

Him!" He was almost overcome as the voice continued, telling him to join none of the existing faiths. "They draw near to me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me. They teach false doctrines and the commandments of men. They have a form of godliness but deny the power thereof. Soon the fullness of the gospel will be revealed to you."

This, then, was hallowed ground. This was the site of the first great Mormon miracle. But I saw only drifting clouds. The voices I heard were chirping birds. Silently the mystery of religion held me in thought; not only Mormon religion; every religion with its claims of miracles and voices and visions.

There was the sound of someone approaching. Into the clearing came an elderly man who nodded a greeting and made his way slowly to a weathered bench at the edge of the grove. He sat down, carefully putting his hat beside him. Soon he leaned back and closed his eyes.

I moved about in the grove interesting myself in some of the initials which thoughtless worldlings had carved into the trees. After a moment the stranger spoke. "Your first visit here?" he asked.

"Yes. And yours?"

"I come here often," he said. "It is very peaceful."

"Are you a Mormon?"

"I am."

"Have you always been one?"

"No."

"Didn't you find it hard to believe some of these Mormon miracles, such as the one that is supposed to have happened here?"

"Very hard," he confessed.

"I should think so," I said.

"Very hard," he repeated as if recalling obstacles which had seemed insurmountable in the path of his quest. "But then I remembered that what took place here is not so

unusual in religion."

"What do you mean?"

"A voice came to Samuel," he reflected. "Angels stood at the tent of Abraham. Shepherds heard a song in the night and saw a heavenly host. The disciples were filled with the Holy Spirit. These and many other happenings are like the Prophet's experiences. The day of revelation is not past. Religion is a matter of belief. There is always something that we must accept on faith."

The wind stirred through the trees. The clouds went on their mysterious unobstructed way. Perhaps the old man was right. But there was something about miracles in the State of New York that seemed a good deal less genuine than miracles in Bible lands. Why that should be, I did not know. I suppose I had been thoroughly indoctrinated with such things as the "song in the night" and with the heavenly visitations recorded in Holy Writ. The element of time also played its part. It was much easier to accept the accounts of a few thousand years ago than to believe those that had happened during the past century. After all, the boy Joseph was not the boy Samuel, though for a moment I wondered why he should not have had a right to hear voices if heaven wanted it so. "The day of revelation is not past" was a basic Mormon concept, and I could not say that I did not agree. But there was no converging of the lines of Ted Logan's quest and mine when I left the Sacred Grove. He, like the stranger, had the will to believe; I, the urge to investigate.

Not far from the entrance to the lane, just across a country road, stood the Smith farmhouse. This was also historically important, and the guide led me reverently up the spindled stairway to Joseph's bedroom.

"Is this where he had his other vision?" I asked.

"The Angel Moroni appeared to Joseph several times" came the answer. "But the house where the first visitations occurred was a log cabin which stood on the other side of the

road. Unfortunately that has been torn down."

"How old was Joseph when Moroni first appeared to him?"

"He was eighteen."

"And he was told where the book of gold was hidden?"

"'Yes, the book and the Urim and Thummim. Those are the crystals which were to help in the translation. Some call them magic spectacles. There was also a breastplate into which these fit, and it must have resembled the breastplate of the ancient high priests."

"So Joseph went out and dug up the treasure?"

"No," corrected the guide. "The Angel Moroni appeared to him three times during that first period of visitation. He took Joseph to the Hill Cumorah and showed him the hiding place. He showed him the book and the breastplate. But there was a long period of testing before Joseph was allowed to receive them. He had to wait four years."

"Did his parents know about all of this?"

"They did."

"What did they say?"

"They knew it was of the Lord, but they kept the secret to themselves as much as they could. They knew that Joseph had been set aside for a special mission."

"No one else knew about it?"

"Joseph married Emma Hale during this time and she, of course, knew the story. It is said that she waited at the bottom of the Hill Cumorah on the day that the book was delivered to Joseph. She waited in the wagon knowing that the miracle was being enacted. You must visit the Hill Cumorah. It is very beautiful, but I think perhaps it was even more beautiful when Joseph stood there with the angel."

A short time later I, too, saw Moroni brilliant and compelling against the distant sky. Standing with his right hand pointed to the heavens, he ruled the countryside from the highest point on Cumorah Hill. He did not come to me. I climbed the long stretch of grassy slope and went to him. To

Joseph he was substance and spirit. To me he was only a sculptured figure atop a towering shaft. Yet from his exalted station he seemed to be saying, "Here on this spot plates of gold were actually buried for fourteen hundred years. Here I revealed these plates to Joseph Smith. Here I said to him, 'God has work for you to do and your name shall be held for good and evil among all nations.'"

It was only the echo of my thoughts. Fragments of Mormon history were crystallizing in my mind in this locale where the Mormon story was born. Here at the end of the fourth year of his time of testing when Joseph was twenty-one, he was ordered by Moroni to grub away the earth from the surface of a stone. Then he fixed a lever under it and pried it up. Before him lay the religious treasure. The plates of gold were about seven inches wide and eight inches long, paper-thin and fastened together by three rings near the edge. In thickness the book measured about six inches. Part of it was sealed, which meant that it contained prophecy for a still later revelation. Near the plates lay the breastplate together with the crystal spectacles. Joseph touched these things and handled them.

Moroni gave him strength to carry them, hidden beneath his coat, down to where his wife was waiting. Excitedly they drove home, and Joseph told the story first to his father and mother and then to his two brothers and his sister. Carefully he concealed the precious apports, thereby keeping Moroni's command to show them to no one for the time being. The members of the family kept his sayings in their hearts. Soon the work of translation would begin. Soon Joseph would be directed how this was to be done. "Truly," said the father, "this thing is of the Lord."

To me it was a story; to Ted Logan, a miracle.

Skeptics there must have been among those who made the pilgrimage to Mormon hill the day I stood near the Moroni monument. Some looked at the sculptured panels at

the base of the shaft and turned away smiling wisely. One man remarked, "Doggonedest story I ever heard." Another: "Well, who's to say?" And still a third: "You should see this at night when the lights are on. You'd swear the angel was real." Silently Moroni stood with his right hand raised to heaven and his left hand over the book of gold, and no one looked up at him without going away in a more thoughtful mood than he had come.

A young couple in their early twenties lingered beside the monument until everyone else had gone. I said to them, "What do you think?"

"It's wonderful!" exclaimed the girl.

"What do you think about the miracle?" I asked.

"That's what it was," proclaimed the boy. "A miracle."

"What makes you so sure?"

"If it isn't true," said the boy confidently, "where did the Book of Mormon come from?"

"It could have been made up," I told him.

"By whom?"

"By anyone. By Joseph Smith himself."

"That would have been even more of a miracle. He had no education."

"There's the story of the Spaulding manuscript," I suggested. "It's said that a Presbyterian minister by the name of Solomon Spaulding wrote a story very much like the Book of Mormon. The manuscript fell into the hands of a Baptist named Sidney Rigdon who, in turn, was accused of giving it to Joseph Smith. Now that might be where the Book of Mormon came from."

Instantly the young man spoke up. "That story has been conclusively refuted by the church."

"You are – a member?" I asked.

"We both are."

"Oh, I see. Well, I – well, anyway, that's the Spaulding story. By the way, have you been on a mission?"

"No, I haven't," he replied. "But I may go on one. Perhaps soon."

"For two years?" I asked.

"That's usually the time."

"Well, I didn't mean to accuse your leader of plagiarism," I apologized.

"That's all right," acknowledged the boy amiably. "People have many mistaken ideas about our church and our leaders. That's why I feel I ought to go on a mission."

"Well, good luck!" I said, feeling again that in the realm of faith he who lives the life of it, however little, has a stronger argument than he who has only the knowledge of it, however much.

Some days later I followed the trail of Joseph Smith to a farm south of Fayette, New York. Religious adventure was the spoor that led me over paths where Ted Logan had never been, but I knew from letters that he was accompanying me vicariously from behind the grocery-store counter in the Midwestern town where he was employed. He told me that he was now taking an active part in the work of the small group which constituted the Mormon Church of his home town. The opposition of some of his friends only strengthened his loyalty. "Persecution and the Mormon faith have always gone hand in hand," he wrote. As for me and my wanderlusting, he had this to say, "The miracles of Mormonism are intended to be a challenge to a man's life, not a test of his credulity."

He must have known I would need such an injunction when I drove into the isolated yard of the Whitmer farm. Here the Mormon Church was founded on April 6, 1830, in circumstances as dramatic as a movie thriller. I had read the details, I had talked about them with Ted; now I was to hear the story on location. My narrators, the young caretaker and his wife, were zealots of a truly apostolic order, disciples through whom the past was brought convincingly to seekers

like me. They were defenders of the faith, volunteers in the legion of the Prophet of Palmyra, and they had the intense confidence that the cause of the church was not only right but also divine.

"Here the Prophet sat," I was told as we entered a small room in the sturdily built log cabin. "Here is where the last of the plates was translated. Joseph Smith sat here behind a curtain. He wore the breastplate and looked through crystal spectacles to interpret the characters. The language was reformed Egyptian. As he read the translation aloud, Oliver Cowdery sat here outside the curtain and wrote it all down."

I was shown through the cabin while the young man and his wife recounted the saga of this native faith. Behind us came their two children, already catching the fervor of their parents' love for the Seer of Cumorah.

The young wife said, "The first three witnesses to the plates of gold were Oliver Cowdery the schoolmaster, and two farmers, Martin Harris and David Whitmer."

The husband added, "Once a visitor asked me, 'Why should we believe common everyday men like that? How do we know they were honest?' I said, 'The disciples of Jesus were common everyday men, too, and we believe them.'"

"Well," I commented, "it's the amazing story about the plates of gold that causes people to be skeptical."

"I know," came the reply. "It was that way from the beginning. Martin Harris even went to New York City to see a noted scholar, Professor Charles Anthon of Columbia College. Mr. Harris took with him transcriptions of actual writings on the plates; also parts of the translation. Professor Anthon said that the work was remarkable and that the translations were entirely correct. He gave Mr. Harris a certificate to that effect. Then he asked, 'By the way, Mr. Harris, where did the plates come from?' 'From an angel of God,' said Mr. Harris. The professor said, 'Let me see that certificate I gave you once more.'

Martin Harris handed it to him and Professor Anthon tore it into shreds."

"But where are the plates now?" I asked. "Is it possible for anyone to see them?"

"Hardly," said the wife.

"No," added the husband seriously, "it is not possible to see them because the Prophet returned them to the angel."

"I see."

"I know what you mean" was the earnest response. "Whenever I tell people that, they look at me as if to say, 'Quite a story!' It is quite a story, but it is true. I say to them, 'You believe in the Bible, don't you?' 'Oh, yes,' they admit, 'we believe in the Bible.' So do I. So do you, I am sure. But have you ever seen those original manuscripts?"

"No," I admitted. "I suppose I trust to the scholarship and the integrity of the men who helped us get our translations."

"Exactly," he concluded. "And furthermore the Bible stands on its influence and power over the lives of men. That is the real test."

"I guess I would agree with that."

"And so it is with the Book of Mormon. It stands on its influence, too, and the influence is growing all the time. The Book of Mormon doesn't displace the Bible; it complements it. While the Old Testament is a history of the Jewish people, the Book of Mormon is the history of ancient American civilization as well as prophecy and fulfillment. The New Testament is the story of Jesus and the plan of redemption, and the Book of Mormon is its confirmation. It also tells us that Jesus appeared on this Western continent after His resurrection."

"You mean," I interrupted, "Mormons actually believe that Jesus was here in America?"

"Why, yes," he replied. "We have the record."

"Why not?" his wife chimed in. "Why should He have been limited to any one continent or country?"

I was almost ready to share her enthusiasm.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if everyone in America believed that He had really been here? I think it would change everyone's life," she went on, highly confident.

"It would change everyone's life just to read and study the Book of Mormon," her husband added.

"Of course it would," she agreed.

"For then," he said, "the hidden things in Scripture would be revealed to everyone. Then people would see that the restoration of the church was foreordained."

"You believe that the Mormon Church was foreordained?" I asked, and the unpretentious surroundings spoke a thousand contradictions.

"Surely!" was my guide's emphatic answer. "It is the one church in which God still speaks and reveals Himself to men. It is the one church patterned after the original church of the time of Christ. You'll believe this someday," he predicted confidently, "because I think you are looking for truth. More and more people are believing it all the time. There are almost a million Mormons, you know."

If those were the figures, they also constituted something of a miracle, for they represented more members than we had in our denomination, the Evangelical and Reformed, and we went back to 1517! Where did all these Ted Logans come from? What was the secret of the growth of Mormonism? Why were the followers of this faith so enthusiastic and so unquestionably committed to their beliefs?

I left the Whitmer farm chiding myself for my naivete, for the last remark I made to the couple was "If Christianity was born in an upper room, I don't see why Mormonism couldn't have been born in a log cabin." The guide should have said that, not I. Or perhaps it should not have been said at all. I was angry with myself for ceasing to be objective. I felt that a web of credulity was being woven around me both by the advocates of this strange gospel and by my own romanticizing.

I even discovered that I had bought a copy of the Book of Mormon.

That night I opened it. Printed on the flyleaf was the sworn testimony of the three witnesses, Cowdery, Whitmer and Harris. Beneath it was the testimony of eight additional men who affirmed that they, too, had "seen and hefted and knew of a surety" that the plates of gold were real.

So I paged through this American Bible wondering how many Protestants had ever seen a copy or read a verse out of any of the fifteen books. Wherever these auxiliary scriptures came from, whatever they were, they surpassed in magnitude and content my most extravagant expectations. The style was Biblical, the references to Holy Writ were voluminous, the ancient story was tremendously involved. It was not the kind of book a man would read for pastime or write for profit. It was solemn and ponderous and heavy as the plates on which it was inscribed. No Vermont schoolboy wrote this, and no Presbyterian preacher tinkered with these pages.

After wading through the First Book of Nephi, I was ready to settle for the miracle of Cumorah and let it go at that. It would surely be convenient to say, "The plates for this religious tome were hidden by an angel, discovered by a young man whom the Lord had chosen and translated by means of magic spectacles." That, of course, was exactly what the Book of Mormon itself implied. Mormon, one of God's elect, was the father of Moroni, and together they were the engravers and concealers of the ancient manuscript. As for the rest of the Mormon gospel, the battles of the Nephites and the Lamanites and the irreducible genealogies all this could wait until I sat down with my convert friend, Ted Logan. To him the book was a divine document; to me, an enigma.

But it was no more enigmatical than the church which rose out of its pages. The six charter members who organized the new denomination in the Whitmer cabin grew to sixty, then to six hundred within a matter of months. Converts

carried the gospel of the "latter days" throughout New England and Pennsylvania. In Kirtland, Ohio, they built their first temple.

One summer morning I stood in the well-kept temple yard and when I saw the massive, strong-beamed structure, I knew that the builders had in mind time and eternity. This was the Prophet's answer to his enemies. Here he set a defiant landmark against the traditional religions and the society of his day. The churches said he was heretical; the people said he was mad. They put a label on him, "Fraud and Fake and Anti-Christ!" He said, "We will build more temples." They organized against him and he retorted, "We will build a perfect city for the Lord!"

A trek was started westward to Missouri. Joseph claimed it had been revealed to him that somewhere in the heart of the nation God would direct them to a promised land. The converts grew to a thousand, two thousand, three. They came from the Eastern states, from Canada and from Great Britain where volunteer missionaries had gone with the story of the Book of Gold. They were proselytized from American farms and villages with the prophecy that the fullness of the gospel was being restored. That gospel spread with incredible speed all the way to the Missouri River. Mormon camps grew into towns in Clay, Davies and Jackson counties in Missouri.

The tall, bold, broad-shouldered Prophet led the pioneer believers. Men said that his clear blue eyes still saw visions and that his heart communed with the Son of God. They called him a modern Moses and a Joshua. His rallying cry ran through the diverse Christian sects: "The day of revelation is not past!" His influence swept across the frontiers and outran the gospel of the circuit riders. When people followed him, they left their farms and families and surrendered all their worldly goods to help his cause. Homes were divided. Villages were thrown into confusion. The tempo of life was disrupted. It was a revival of consecration and power without the usual

"Hallelujah" and "Praise the Lord." There was no rolling in the dirt on camp-meeting grounds, no altar call, no fanatical exhibition, no talk of hell and lakes of fire.

The "Saints" Became a peculiar people, the chosen ones, and they made a clear-cut distinction between themselves and the "Gentile" world. They were Israel restored. They were Joseph's people. Their challenge was "If a man is a Mormon, let him live the Mormon life." And what was that? Something strange and revolutionary. For the first time in the history of American religions, spiritual commitment penetrated the entire life of man, suggesting what he should eat, what he should drink and what he should expect in this life and in the life to come.

"This is not Protestantism!" said the preachers.

"This is not Catholicism!" said the priests.

The followers of the Prophet agreed. To them it was the gospel of restoration. Theirs was the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints preparing the nation for the Lord's return. It was too exalted a tide for the masses; Mormonism was the nickname that stuck.

The names of many Missouri towns founded by the early Saints also stuck: Smithville, Paradise, Far West, Bethany, Mt. Moriah. Traveling through them, I met modern Mormons who were always willing to talk about their ancestors. There were a few Jack-Mormons, sympathizers with Mormon ideals. There were non-Mormons who knew and cared nothing about the romance of the past. And then there was the heavy man.

I met him at sundown on the veranda of the Plattsburg Hotel. He was tilted back insecurely in a none-too-sturdy chair, resting his feet on the sturdy railing. When I came along on a sultry summer evening, he said genially, "Sit down, son, and get a breeze." I took a chair next to him. His more than two hundred and fifty pounds would have shut off any breeze, had there been one. He was grossly fat with huge ears,

a pocked and bulbous nose, and a face fire-red from sun and wind. His breathing was timed by the rise and fall of his stomach tugging at the buttons of his blue shirt. While audibly sucking the inhalations through his open lips, he fanned himself with his newspaper. I paged through a folder of Mormon notes. He talked about the weather and the heat of the day but worked around to me until he knew my business.

"Mormons!" he exclaimed with a grant of reminiscence. "Two of those fellows stopped at my place down in Joplin once."

"Did you let them in?"

"I did not!" Then he turned to me with a jovial inquiry in his watery eyes. "D'ya think I should have?" He answered for himself in a speech-making voice, "I should not! I got a religion. I'm a Methodist. You got a religion, haven't you?"

"Sure."

"Okay," he said; then he loosened his collar and tie.

Fearing that we might get off a favorite subject, I countered, "It's because I do have a religion that I like to find out about others."

"I don't get it," he said.

"Like a man who has a car that he likes," I explained. "That makes him interested in other cars. Or maybe it's roads I'm interested in."

"Yes, but Mormonism," he demurred; "that's a good road to stay off of."

"Why?"

"Why?" he granted. "'Cause they're bigamists, aren't they? Anyhow, they got bigamist ideas."

His tone was bluff and good-natured. Having his say helped him to forget the heat.

I egged him on. "Did you ever know any Mormons?"

"Can't say as I did," he confessed. "But a man don't have to bite into a rotten apple to know what it's like."

"Did you ever know anybody who ever knew a Mormon?"

"Oh, now," he drawled, "you don't catch an old fox like me that way. But I'll tell you what I told those young fellows that came to my place. I told them they were wasting their time. Strapping fellows like that pushing doorbells! I don't think they got a nibble anywhere in town."

"You would think," I said, "there'd be a better way of getting the message across to the public than going from door to door. But I suppose it does the boys themselves some good, meeting the people, getting to know men like you."

"Yeah," he figured skeptically, "I'd think it'd be darn discouraging."

"They do it on their own, you know, these missionaries who go on house-to-house trips."

"What d'ya mean their own?"

"Pay their own expenses."

The heavy man looked at me suspiciously. "I s'pose," he said.

"They take a couple of years of their lives," I explained, "and work the field."

He mulled this over. Then he asked, "You right about that?"

"I thought everybody knew that," I said, pretending surprise. "I suppose you don't even know that Mormons don't drink coffee."

Apparently he liked me for taunting him. That took his mind off the heat, too. "You may be selling me a bill of goods," he observed. "Of course, now, I don't mix up in religion much. Religion's worse than politics."

"Most Mormons even refuse to drink tea," I continued.

"That's foolishness."

"And beer and wine and anything alcoholic."

"Well, now," said the heavy man in a suddenly affable tone, "there I agree with them. I haven't touched a drop for fourteen years. Nothing religious, mind you, just plain

common sense. The drinking going on these days is a disgrace."

"…and they don't smoke."

"Well, a good cigar never hurt anybody. But cigarettes can get to be an awful habit, and pipe smoking is hard on the teeth."

During his sermonizing, I had located a pamphlet in my Mormon folder and now handed it to him.

"What's this?" he asked.

"The Mormon Word of Wisdom."

He held it at arm's length and read aloud as if to assure me that his vision was still good even in the fading light, "A Demonstrated Way to Health, Long Life and Happiness." Then he handed it back. "When a man gets to be my age," he said with a sigh that was a heavy burden, "he's pretty set in his ways. I'm sixty-six. Maybe you wouldn't believe it. I'm sixty-six."

Since I had made no motion to take the pamphlet, he looked at it again. Then he put on his glasses. He read slowly, laboriously, his thick lips moving silently as he interested himself in: "The Moderate Use of Meat"; "The Liberal Use of Fruit"; "The Regular Use of Vegetables." When he came to "Abstinence From All Alcoholic Drinks," he commented, "That I agree with. Haven't touched a drop for fourteen years." But it was the statistical data that caused him to contract his brow thoughtfully:

Deaths per 100,000 from the following diseases:

	Six Nations	LDS Church
Tuberculosis	79.5	7.4
Cancer	137.5	8.3
Diseases of the Nervous System	117.6	49.2
Kidney and Kindred Diseases	56.9	29.9

"Huh," observed the heavy man, "that's kinda interesting." Then afraid that his curiosity was running ahead of his intention, he turned the page and gave the remaining paragraphs a cursory going over.

"This," he said with finality, putting his finger on a line, "this I don't believe. 'The Word of Wisdom was promulgated in 1833 by Joseph Smith as a revelation received from the Lord.'" He shook his head and handed the pamphlet back. "Do you?" he asked.

"Do I what?"

"Believe in revelations?" he said wryly.

"Well," I answered, "it all depends. There are lots of things in life I can't explain."

"Yes," he had to confess, "I guess that's right."

For a long while we sat looking out at the darkening street. For a long time the heavy man remained in thought. Then from his labored breathing came his final word: "I still don't think those fellows got a single convert down in Joplin. 'Course, to be honest with you, I don't know."

Perhaps he was wishing that he had let the young men into his home and found out for himself whether I had told him the truth, but he may secretly have been glad that his home town had resisted the Mormon invasion.

In the late 1830's the Saints were driven out of Missouri with bayonets, their homes were burned and their properties destroyed. Their lives were controlled too much by the church, said the Gentiles, and their conduct governed too much by "revelations." Their leader's word was law above the law of the land. Many of the Gentiles held slaves, the Mormons did not. They claimed that slavery was forbidden by the Prophet and the Book. They lived an almost communal life, sheltering their poor through tithes and sacrifices from the rich.

Gentile family life was disrupted whenever one of its members joined the new and hated sect. Local governments

were thrown into disorder, churches were split, farmers said the Mormons were out to get control of the land. Fanatical antagonists contended there would be no peace until the Saints were exterminated. This was the beginning of bloodshed in the Mormon story.

One of the first martyrs was a boy of nine, Sardius Smith. He was shot in the face as he gripped the muzzle of a Missourian's gun while his mother pleaded that his life be spared. With the cry, "Kill the young wolves and there will be no old ones," the assassin pulled the trigger, Sardius Smith fell dead and his mother's clothing was splashed with his blood.

At gunpoint the Mormons were forced out of the counties which they had peacefully invaded. They fought back, but the Missourians retaliated by seizing Joseph and Hyrum Smith and locking them in a dungeon in the jail at Liberty in Clay County. Charges against them grew. They were accused of stirring up the people and inciting riot and bloodshed. Out of the whirlwinds of hate came the clamor that they be put to death. Out of a hasty militia court-martial came the penalty; death by hanging.

Before the sentence could be carried out, a new leader crossed the Mormon stage with startling suddenness. He was thirty-seven and he sprang from the ranks of the dispersed and terrorized Saints to hold them together with his iron will. They knew him well. Not long ago he had given his fortune and pledged his life to the Mormon cause. Powerfully built, resolute in carrying out what he believed was the Prophet's design, he now led the homeless and impoverished children of Cumorah eastward to the Mississippi. Whenever they lost faith, this unconquerable apostle had faith to spare. His name was Brigham Young.

Meanwhile in his dungeon cell the Mormon Prophet was waiting the day of execution. Always he said, "It will not come to pass. You cannot take my life until my ministry is fulfilled. That is not yet. But it is the will of God that I should not live

to see my fortieth year." He was now thirty-two.

Hostile crowds kept their angry, impatient vigil outside the Liberty jail. Word had spread that Mormon forces under Brigham Young were being mobilized to rescue their leader. The state militia had again been alerted. Days passed. The counties of Clay and Davies were overrun with conflicting stories. It was rumored that the executioner had refused to put the Prophet to death though he himself had been threatened with imprisonment. Some said that the judge, in the role of a modern Pilate, had repented of the injustice of a sentence so severe. And others spread the word that the Prophet's escape was being planned by a citizens' group in the town of Liberty.

Weeks went by. Then, when the life of the villages had quieted, the report of an escape from jail sent the enemies of Mormonism back to their guns. There was talk of a miracle. The Saints told it with rejoicing, comparing it to the release of Peter from his cell at Philippi. Free in circumstances that no one seemed able to explain, Joseph and Hyrum Smith returned to the wretched Mormon camps strung out along the west bank of the Mississippi in Iowa and on the eastern shores in Illinois, Brigham Young went forth to meet the Prophet. Humbly and in willing submission he gave the leadership back to Joseph Smith. Had he wished he could have said, "Here are those whom thou hast entrusted to me. Not one has been lost."

That was true. Persecution had only increased the ranks of the Saints and strengthened their faith. Ten thousand ragged but dauntless heirs of the new Israel waited their Prophet's word. They gave him a title, "Seer and Revelator." He led them to a marshy, abandoned village on the Illinois side of the Mississippi where six river shacks stood in brushwood and muddy flats. The land was cheap. The houses were deserted. Standing on the hard crust of a knoll, surrounded by a stagnant swamp, Joseph Smith proclaimed to his people,

"It is the will of God that we build our city here."

He spoke and a village began to rise out of Mormon resourcefulness and Mormon zeal. Once the place had been called Venus, then Commerce, but when the first well-constructed red-brick Mormon home was dedicated in June 1839, the Prophet declared, "It is the will of God that we name this place Nauvoo, that is, the Beautiful."

Here in this once sovereign city of Mormondom I met by arrangement my friend Ted Logan. We had not seen each other for a number of years. During this time his letters had kept me informed of his ever-increasing activity in the Mormon cause. I, in turn, had kept him advised of my religious explorations. When he greeted me in the lobby of the Hotel Nauvoo, I knew that he had changed. Almost at once I discovered that he was conscientiously putting Mormon teachings into practice. Not that Ted Logan had become sanctimonious, but he was taking seriously the Word of Wisdom. For one thing he had given up smoking. For another he had given up coffee and tea. But the thing that impressed me most was a new sense of confidence and an evidence of self-respect.

"I've turned things over to the Lord," he told me eagerly. "Life used to be a struggle, but now it's a game. I never took seriously the words of Scripture. I never took any stock in all the promises they contain. But the moment I accepted them and supported them by living the life, they worked."

Familiar words. I had heard them many times. I had seen them demonstrated. I was meeting them everywhere along the way.

"Everything looks different to me now," Ted was saying. "Remember how I used to envy people? Remember how I wanted this thing and that? How I griped because I messed up my life and had to work in the store when I really had my heart set on law? I used to measure everything in material advantages. Now I see myself as part of a plan that had its

beginning long before this existence and that will go on long after this little time of life is past There's a wonderful saying in the Book of Mormon: 'Men are that they might have joy.' That means joy in everything, and it is really one of the great secrets I have learned in the Mormon faith."

Ted Logan had changed. Somewhere on his Hill Cumorah he, too, had found his magic spectacles.

As we stood together on a promontory near Mulholland Street, I saw a town of some thousand inhabitants with a Roman Catholic Church dominating a sprawling fertile valley. But Ted was seeing a city of more than twenty thousand with the Saints busily working on a nearly completed million-dollar temple. He was seeing Nauvoo in its golden era during the years from 1839 to 1846.

"Here was the temple site," he pointed it out as we walked to an old well near the edge of the business district "and the limestone blocks out of which the temple was constructed were cut by hand. There, you can see some of the blocks in the walls of that old school. In the days of the real Nauvoo they were here, one on top of the other, rising to a height of sixty feet and nearly two hundred feet to the dome of the tower, a dome that was covered over with gold leaf. There were thirty hand-hewn pilasters. The cost was over a million dollars and it was greater than any building in the whole Midwest."

We drove through the streets below the hill where old homes mingle with modern buildings, and for Ted the charm of an earlier day was always coming through.

"In the days of Joseph Smith," he said, "Nauvoo was the largest city in Illinois, bigger than Chicago. The houses were of red brick, New England style, like those you see down there on the flats. Each house was surrounded by a garden. Here was the road leading down to the dock where the old paddle-wheelers brought Mormon converts and immigrants by the thousands."

Everywhere Ted found telltale signs of the perseverance of the Saints and evidences of their vision and character. Possessively he stood before Old Homestead, the half-log, half-frame dwelling on the bank of the Mississippi. "Here the Prophet and his wife Emma lived." Reverently we walked through the restored Mansion House. "Here the Smith family lived later on. They had two sons."

He showed me the restored Nauvoo House which had served as a hostelry and took me to the site where the large printing establishment had stood. When I called his attention to points of present interest such as the Catholic school and academy and the large convent of the Benedictine Sisters, his mind was always back a hundred years.

"The Mormons had started a municipal university," he explained, "the first one in the Midwest."

I inquired about a group known as the Icarians who lived in Nauvoo after Mormon times and who had tried a communal experiment.

Ted answered by saying, "The only thing the Icarians did was to start the wine industry. The Mormons had a co-operative plan long before the Icarians ever came. They saw to it that there were no rich and no poor. The days began and ended with prayers and singing. Everybody worked for the common good, everybody tithed, everybody had plenty of work and plenty of leisure."

"I suppose you wish you had lived here in those days," I suggested.

"Maybe," he replied. "But I didn't. So I live the principles of the church today."

"But if everything was so perfect," I challenged, "why didn't it last? Why are the houses only museum pieces and why is Nauvoo just another broken altar along the Mormon trail?"

"Prejudice and hate!" he answered decisively. "From within by traitors who wanted to see Joseph Smith's downfall.

From without by non-Mormons who were jealous of him."

"As simple as that?" I asked.

"No, it wasn't simple. The bad Mormons and the non-Mormons got together in their criticism of the Prophet and his tactics."

"On what grounds?"

"His claim to revelations. His idea of the union of church and state or church and city. His progressive program."

"His ideas on polygamy?"

"That, too," Ted agreed.

"How about that?" I asked. "Do you really believe that Joseph Smith had a revelation about plural marriage?"

"I do," said Ted promptly. "But it was misunderstood. It was bound to be. Men who were immoral immediately interpreted it in immoral terms. And, after all, throughout the whole church only about three per cent of the men ever practiced polygamy. I think the Prophet even foresaw that polygamy was necessary for the church."

"Did Joseph Smith himself practice polygamy?"

"We know that he taught and advocated it. We also know that he was criticized for it. But don't you suppose people in Old Testament times criticized Abraham and others who had more than one wife?"

"Well, Joseph wasn't living in Old Testament times," I cautioned. "He was living in America in the nineteenth century."

"That's right, and his thinking was far ahead of his day," Ted said with pride. "He was even planning to run for President."

"Which wasn't such a good idea."

"Why not?" Ted shot back at me. "He surely had the qualifications. And he certainly lived close to God. But there are always some who will not accept the teachings of a new morality. That's what the Mormon faith is. You look at the teachings and you'll have to admit it. Why don't you look at

them? They've got everything tradition, miracles, a moral code, a new Scripture, the plan of salvation. Look at the church and you'll find that it's unselfish, honest, Christian, co-operative. Its record is the most amazing of any group in the country. How did it get that way? God speaking through a man, and people believing it and living the life."

"But," I argued, "had he been a true Prophet, God would have helped him and saved Nauvoo. God didn't. Why?"

"For the answer to that," Ted said, "we'd have to go back to another Prophet. But I don't think we'd find the answer even though we went all the way to Galilee."

We didn't go to Galilee. We went to Carthage, Illinois, to a spot which meant as much to Ted Logan as Galilean scenes. Here a yellowing two-story building of quarried limestone stood in the northwest part of town. The patriarchal, white-haired caretaker, whom Ted introduced to me as Elder McRae, courteously took us into a somber hallway and up a steep flight of creaking wooden stairs. With quiet intensity Elder McRae spoke of the Mormon faith. He admitted us into a medium-sized rectangular room which the narrow second-story window left dark with dusk. Aging gray walls, massive and thick, bore down upon this empty interior. The air was heavy and damp.

The departing footsteps of the custodian faded out on the stairs and somewhere below us a door closed with a thud. We were where Ted wanted to be, in old Carthage jail. To him this room was one of the truly great settings in the Mormon drama. It was a focal point in his adopted faith. He knew its history and its romance. To him historic Carthage jail was an American Calvary.

My attention was drawn to a faded reddish stain protected by a slab of glass on one of the wide, worn floorboards.

"Blood," Ted explained.

"...of the – the Prophet?"

"Probably of his brother Hyrum" was the reply. "Hyrum

was killed here. Three men were imprisoned with the Prophet in this room: Hyrum, John Taylor and Willard Richards. Taylor was wounded. Richards escaped without being hurt."

Ted walked to the window in the east wall "The Prophet was able to get out here. Badly wounded, he jumped and died in the yard below. His last words were 'O Lord, my God.'"

Ted stood looking down while he recounted the story simply and sincerely. "During the rioting and uprising in Nauvoo, Governor Ford had asked Joseph Smith and several other Mormon leaders to come to Carthage pending the settlement of disturbances. He promised them complete protection. The first night they stayed at a hotel, the second night here. The governor said they would have a guard. He appointed one all right, a gang of men who just a short time before had plotted against the Prophet's life. Now they had him trapped. On that second evening, June 27, 1844, these men were joined outside this door by other anti-Mormons. Some had painted their faces so they wouldn't be recognized. They started shooting. Look, you can see the bullet holes in the door. You can see the panel where they shot away the lock. Then they broke into the room."

If for a moment Ted was reliving the experiences of Joseph Smith during his last moments on earth, I was probably Willard Richards, the unharmed member of the imprisoned party. I was a spectator asking the mob about their charges against the Prophet of Nauvoo. The only answer I got was a well-known charge: "He stirreth up the people."

I walked to the window while Ted recreated century-old scenes: the mob with painted faces, shocked into silence by the sight of the dead man, wondering why they had hated him so much, remembering how often he had been beaten and cursed and tarred and feathered; seeing him now in death and not at all sure what kind of a Prophet he had been.

Ted was saying, "One of the mob threw away his gun and cried, 'We have killed a man of God!' Another wiped the

muzzle of his gun and said, 'We're rid of him. That means we're rid of the whole Mormon pack.' Armed guards sought to restore order. People of Carthage rushed to the scene of the killing. An old man who had followed the Prophet from Nauvoo raised his hands crying hysterically, 'He was a child of God! He told us clearly, "I am going like a lamb to the slaughter. I shall die innocent and it shall be said of me that I was murdered in cold blood!"'"

Ted's voice continued the narration. "A man named Ebenezer Rand, a farmer, came like an Arimathean of old. He had an oxcart and said that he would take the bodies to Nauvoo. The dead men were loaded into the cart and covered with blankets."

In thought I walked with Ebenezer Rand beside the plodding animals. I heard the voices of the people fade into the dull rumble of the heavy wheels. Thoughtfully the crowd followed the makeshift hearse. Dust drifted overhead like a cloud following the Seer and Revelator, but in the cloud there was no vision and no voice.

"From this jail," Ted was saying, "a man looks back over the Mormons' path of persecution and forward across the long trail that led them to their promised land."

Ted was determined to lead me to it, too; not geographically, but spiritually to the place where the teachings of the church had taken him. It was here at Carthage that Ted Logan tried earnestly to convert me to the Mormon faith.

"When a man has found something good, he should share it with his friends," was his opinion. He had shared it with me before, but, no doubt, he felt that since I had gone all the way from Sharon, Vermont, to Carthage, I ought to be ready for his kind of traveling.

"You know what the Mormon religion is?" he asked earnestly. "It's Christianity plus. It takes the basic teaching such as the redemptive work of Christ and adds to it the obligation on the part of every man to help in that redemption. It takes

the idea of the future life and adds to it a belief in pre-existence. It accepts the ideas of the millennium and the Second Coming of Christ and adds to them the belief that Christ will return and set up His kingdom here on the American continent. It takes the theory of an unchanging God and substitutes for it the truth that God is progressive. Yes, it's Christianity plus, and when you realize it you realize also what you have missed in the usual run of denominationalism."

Defensively I said, "I'm afraid that I can never make the intellectual hurdle necessary to accept some of your doctrines."

"What bothers you?"

"The progressiveness of God, for example. You used to quote a Mormon saying, 'As man is, God once was, and as God is, man too may become.'"

"Catch phrases you always remember!"

"Well, it is a Mormon belief, isn't it?"

"Yes," he agreed, "if you interpret it in the right way. My Protestantism used to be vague about what happens after death. Mormon teaching is clear. The soul of man continues to evolve and progress. If that is true, then it is equally true that God Himself progresses."

"So God always stays a jump ahead?"

"You can put it that way," Ted answered seriously. "And why not? Does the boy ever catch up with his parent? Does one day ever catch up with the next? Everything is progressive, and that's the way it is with God and man."

"And that," I contended, "is what I mean by an intellectual hurdle."

"Oh, well," Ted said with complete assurance, "anyone who is really seeking is going to end up in the Mormon Church." To which he added with conviction, "Especially you."

I called this his Mormon mellowing process. I had

observed it in many members of the faith. Instinctively building up confidence in themselves, they softened the resistance of their prospective converts. Perhaps this was nothing plotted or planned; it was very likely the natural consequence of their missionary zeal. Like the importunate widow who in the parable broke down the opposition of the judge, so Ted was taking every opportunity to break down mine. He had come to terms with himself and now had convictions to live by. It was, therefore, a matter of religious patriotism for him to bring me into the union of believers in this American faith.

So he talked with unquestioning confidence about the principles in which Mormons believe and which Protestants refuse to accept. The doctrine of celestial marriage was a case in point. To me, this teaching was a purely speculative theory about the relationship of the sexes in the life to come. To Ted, it was a moral concept, the result of divine revelation. Marriage, he claimed, had been sanctioned by Jesus; celestial marriage by Joseph Smith.

"If and when I get married," he confided, "I want it to be a temple marriage. The vows my wife and I take will unite us for time and eternity."

"How do you know?"

"Because it has been revealed."

"For the sake of the record, let's suppose you'd get a divorce and marry again."

"Divorces in temple marriages? That's out of the question."

"Well, what about men who had more than one wife? Men like Brigham Young who had –"

"Nineteen."

"What about him?"

"He would live with them in the same circumstances that he did here."

"And if a man's wife dies and he marries again, then does he have two wives in the next world?"

"Life goes on," Ted replied in a voice that made it clear that God would know how to take care of all such eventualities. "The relationships begun in this world naturally continue in the world to come. Death is really just another birth. We are already living in eternity now just as we lived in eternity before we were put on this earth. Take the case of a man who commits suicide. He thinks he is escaping from certain conditions or situations but he isn't. He'll find that he has the same problems and thoughts in the next life that he had here. Only his sense of values will be different and he will have to readjust his thinking."

There was never any breaking through Ted's line of defense. Never belligerent but certainly stubborn, he held to his position supported by the unconquerable forces that had proved themselves so decisively in the rise of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Neither my reasoning nor subterfuge could dislodge him from doctrines which to me were loaded with a thousand "ifs."

There was the hard-to-comprehend Mormon belief in baptism for the dead. Here was an elaborate and complex system in which temple workers were immersed vicariously for people who had died outside the Mormon faith. This rite was conducted in magnificent temples, million-dollar temples in Utah at Salt Lake City, Logan, St. George and Manti; in Arizona at Mesa; in Idaho at Idaho Falls; in Hawaii at Laie; and in Canada at Cardston, Alberta.

"Baptism for the dead," I murmured. "Do you think it would do my great-grandmother any good to be baptized by proxy?"

"Of course I do."

"How?"

"Because a requirement of the church would be fulfilled, a divine requirement instituted by revelation."

"I can't imagine God going in for that kind of bookkeeping."

"That," he replied pointedly, "is because you don't believe that you will really meet your loved ones in the life hereafter. You may say you believe it, but I know how I felt about these things when I was still a Protestant. You do believe that a record of our lives is kept somewhere, don't you?"

"I think that is all locked up within ourselves, in our subconscious mind or in our soul or in neural patterns in our brain or some such place. Whatever the Bible says about a book of life is all symbolic."

"I don't think so," Ted averred. "That was a Protestant fault with me, too. I hesitated to take the Bible literally. I thought that the 'hands of God,' the 'eye of God,' 'God passing by,' were just figures of speech. They aren't. They are true. Wasn't man made in the image of God?"

"But doesn't that mean only a spiritual image?" I asked.

"No," Ted answered confidently, "it also means a physical likeness. The Bible was not written to confuse people. It means literally just what it says. Of course there is a spiritual meaning in everything, if that's what you mean by symbolic. But we are physical and we must perform physical acts. That's the way it is with baptism for the dead. A temple worker goes down into the water of the baptistry and by this act becomes a proxy for the person for whom baptism is being administered. When he does so, somewhere in the life beyond that person has the privilege to accept or to reject the baptism. If he accepts it, he is drawn into the circle of the church of the restoration. If he rejects it, then he stays outside the chosen group and does not share in the real glory."

"How far," I asked, "does the church intend to go in this ritual? Does it expect to baptize someone for each of the early Americans and the early Protestants and even farther back than that?"

"As far back as Adam!" Ted exclaimed. "That is part of the great Mormon commission. I intend to have baptism made for my ancestors as far back as I can. So does every

active Mormon. The church has the most complete and efficient genealogical system in the world. It has on file nearly ten million names already. Missionaries work on these genealogies wherever they go. Everyone helps. Everyone should help to bring together into one family all who have ever lived, and all who are yet to be born for the number of those who are to be born is predetermined. Their souls already exist in the realms of God. Isn't it a wonderful thought? We come from God and we return to God to be like Him. I expect someday to sit down with those I have known in a pre-existence and in this existence. I expect to talk with Joseph Smith and Brigham Young and all the other prophets. And I fully expect to talk with God."

What was I to say in the light of such conviction? Who could break through such unyielding indoctrination?

"And remember," Ted warned, "baptism for the dead is Scriptural. Paul mentions it in First Corinthians, 15:29, 'Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? why are they then baptized for the dead?' If a person is to believe in the gospel, why not believe in all of it?"

The "whole gospel" was more than just a phrase with the followers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It was a divine command. That is why they held to dogmas which were considered completely anachronistic and untenable by orthodox believers. That is why they were content to keep their requirements for membership difficult for acceptance and unpopular with those who had traditional Christianity as their heritage. But to those who could accept them, to those who could make the necessary hurdles with a conclusive "I believe," to them seemed to come a reward of genuine peace. There was only one answer. The old man whom I had met in the Palmyra grove had the right idea, "Religion is a matter of belief." By the magic of believing Mormons were conquering the field while I still wrestled with reason.

Then came a day when I was to go ahead of Ted Logan in my Mormon adventure; far ahead of him geographically. He stayed with his books the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Pearl of Great Price, the Doctrine and Covenants while I went back to Nauvoo to follow the Mormon trek to the Mormon land of promise near the Great Salt Lake. A century ago the first of a band of 143 men, 3 women and 2 boys, under the leadership of Brigham Young, reached that region on July 22, 1847. Now, as a commemoration of the most spectacular pilgrimage in American history, the same number of sojourners, all descendants of Mormon pioneers, were ready to make the trip once more, in seventy-two covered wagons, the original number. Only this time the wagons were shining cars with covered canvas tops. The first wagons had been drawn by oxen; these modern vehicles had oxen, too, but they were plywood cutouts bolted to a rigging on the front fenders.

By special permission I joined the trekkers on the morning of July 15, 1947, as they prepared to leave Nauvoo. The group was dressed in period costumes. Bearded men played the role of the early leaders; the women represented the wives of three men: Brigham Young, Lorenzo Young and H. C. Kimball. The canvas-topped cars were drawn around in a semicircle in Nauvoo Square as the sun rose over the hallowed ground.

I wondered whether the spirits of the Mormon dead were hovering over those 20th-century "covered wagons." I wondered whether they were holding a mystical council above the scene: Joseph Smith and Hyrum, the early witnesses to the Book, the martyrs and the other faithful ones, the children who, like Sardius Smith, had died; and whether Moroni and his father Mormon were also somewhere near. Most of all I wondered about the man on whom the mantle of the Prophet had fallen, the controversial, many-sided figure who was fated to lead the children of a native Israel over fourteen hundred miles of mountain and desert and unexplored frontier. Was the spirit of Brigham Young walking in this encampment and

moving among the men as they lined up for breakfast before the flames of an open fire?

Movie cameras bore down on the scene from panel trucks. Loud-speakers told the story to a crowd of silent spectators. "This caravan will follow the original Mormon trail insofar as that is possible. It will arrive at Salt Lake on the very day, July 22, when the first noble pilgrims entered the Salt Lake Valley exactly one hundred years ago."

Bystanders saw in all of this a dramatic extravaganza, good publicity for the Latter-day Saints Church, human interest copy for feature writers. The unmarked trail which had kept the original vanguard on a continual hazardous march for one hundred and twenty days could now be crossed comfortably on marked highways in less than a week. A P-80 could cover the same distance in air-line miles in one hundred and twenty minutes. There would be Chamber of Commerce welcomes along the route. Dramatizations would be staged every night. Mayors of towns which had once driven out the hated Smithites would hand to the Sons of the Utah Pioneers the key to their cities. Bands would meet us playing Mormon songs, and where the Mormon dead lay buried in nameless graves, markers would be set up to show that as far as local feeling was concerned, all had been forgiven. To the nation it was a pageant on wheels.

However, when I met the man in charge of the caravan, I knew that, for him at least, there was a deeper motive behind this pilgrimage. To Wendell J. Ashton it seemed right that the project should have one main objective: a deepening of faith by uniting the sacrifices of the past with the blessings Mormon people now enjoy. To reproduce as faithfully as possible the original exodus from Nauvoo, the trekkers had been organized on the plan of the original pioneers with captains of hundreds, captains of fifties and captains of tens.

So far it was a graphic portrayal and our seventy-two-car caravan bore some resemblance to the covered wagons of old

as we circled the sacred grounds. There the similarity ended. When the first Mormons fled from Nauvoo during the winter of 1845-1846, their suffering was intense. They carried their belongings to the river flats. Man power ferried the ox teams and wagons across the Mississippi on crudely fashioned rafts. For two days the rafts shuttled back and forth bringing their cargoes of the homeless and displaced. Two days and then the river froze thick and solid. Thus had God come to the Mormons' aid. It was this same God whom the trekkers recognized in the reenactment of the Mormon saga. When things went well, it was always God who got the credit. When things went wrong, it was always a test of faith. That was Mormon belief. That was Mormon philosophy.

Brigham Young was like that. His moods changed with the change of the Divine Countenance. When he beheld the river frozen over as if by a miracle, he commanded the people to fall to their knees and give God the praise. They sang and prayed and rejoiced though Nauvoo, the beautiful, was being abandoned and though their temple stood bare and lonely on its highest hill.

"Where to, Brother Young?" they asked. "Where shall we go?"

The man of iron and invincible trust in heaven and in himself replied, "Where God shall lead."

We crossed the Mississippi on the Keokuk bridge and were met by a welcoming committee. Our Illinois police escort turned their duties over to an Iowa highway patrol. Our caravan paraded through Main Street. Cameramen caught the covered wagons with their spotless white tops and with the cutout oxen looking real. The captains had cowbells on their cars. Drivers waved their Western hats to the welcoming throngs. The Mormon trek, modern version, had begun.

For me it meant the completion of a tour that had started at Sharon, Vermont, long ago. It was still geographic, but I was sure it would lead me deeper into the religion and life of

those who, like Ted Logan, believed they were following trails of absolute truth.

For seven days the camouflaged covered wagons retraced the route of the pioneers. For seven days I traveled with them, drawing ever nearer to the Mormon empire, getting ever closer to the heart of the Mormon people. In every experience faith was the word that helped me understand what had sustained the first Mormons.

The fourteen hundred miles on which I accompanied these "modern pioneers" convinced me that Brigham Young wrote his own eleventh chapter of Hebrews. By faith he accepted the leadership of the church when the pilgrims were encamped at Winter Quarters near what is now Omaha, Nebraska. By faith he left the promising and friendly prairies to set his heart toward a country which he had never seen. By faith he crossed the ranges of Wyoming and pressed onward into the forbidding mountains to a distant horizon foreseen by the Prophet, Seer and Revelator. He trusted more in the "guidance of the Everlasting God" which urged him on than he did in the counsel of trappers and frontiersmen who tried to dissuade him. The Prophet himself had called Brigham Young "the Lion of the Lord."

Faith was written everywhere along the trail. I felt it in the morning prayers and in the evening services of the Sons of the Utah Pioneers. They made it clear in their dramatizations and in their historic references that Brigham Young's company was merely the advance guard, the spies who had gone to scout out Canaanland.

The real triumph, the colossal achievement, lay in the nearly eighty thousand religious nomads who trusted Brigham Young as much as any had ever trusted Joseph Smith. These converts, the fruit of missionary labors, came from Europe and England at the rate of nearly two thousand a year between 1848 and 1856. The church had set up a perpetual emigration fund. The church brought them as far as Coralville, Iowa, the

handcart center of Mormonism. Here a believer's faith was put to the ultimate test. Here he could procure a wooden handcart with iron wheels some five feet in diameter. Hickory shafts served as handles and the six-foot-wide box was made as light and durable as possible.

If the convert still wished to follow the promise of the Prophet and trust the vision of President Young, he could push or pull this torturous conveyance fourteen hundred miles to a valley beyond the Rocky Mountains. Thousands chose to do so. Westward on the road to the place of promise they set up Mormon camps and called them Camps of Israel. With pioneer resourcefulness, one group planted, another cultivated and a third harvested the meager crops. Ever they kept moving on. Six thousand died along the way.

Orson Pratt, who kept a diary at the time, tried to describe the scene:

> The spring rains have come. They pour down in torrents. With great exertion a part of the camp is enabled to get six miles, while other wagons stick fast in the deep mud. We are obliged to cut brush and limbs and throw them in our tents to keep our beds from sinking in the mud. Our food is the bark of trees.

They fought the weather in every season, battled hostile Indians in every territory and conquered fear of defeat in every company. Sometimes they were saved by ready wit and by the valiant spirit of a George A. Smith who said, "If there is no God in Israel we are a poor sucked-in set of fellows. But I am going forward with my family and the Lord will open the way!" Sometimes there was the remedy of a good song:

> Our faith is with the handcarts,
> They have our hearts' best love;
> 'Tis a novel mode of traveling,
> Devised by the God above.

Hurrah for the camp of Israel,
Hurrah for the handcart scheme!
Hurrah! Hurrah! 'tis better far
Than the wagon and ox-team!

Always it was faith. For years the wagons and handcarts came resolutely into the wayside camps with half-frozen children and half-starved children or happy children, depending on the weather and God's munificence. For years the pioneers kept pushing toward the setting sun, drawn by the spell of a slogan that was characteristically American: freedom to worship and freedom to work. Death and burial, birth and pain, tragedy and terror could not hold them back.

Always it was faith. The Sons of the Utah Pioneers paused at more than fifty sacred spots along their centennial trek. The "covered wagons" were drawn up respectfully, the caravan leaders conducted a service and prayed, and once more the stories of the Mormon past were told:

> Here at Winter Quarters in the fall of 1846 nearly a thousand homes were built by the Saints. Some were of dirt, some of logs. Chimneys were made of sod cut in the form of bricks. Some roofs were covered with mud. The snows were heavy and the winds were cold. Sickness yielded to death. About three hundred Mormon refugees died here that first winter.
>
> Here at Independence Rock, Wyoming, Wilford Woodruff climbed the highest point on the north end of the rock and offered a prayer of thanksgiving to God. As he stood there, he noticed the Missourians burying a woman. He learned she was the third of her family to die on the trail.
>
> This is Martin's Hollow, Wyoming. Early snows overtook the group numbering 575 persons with 146 handcarts. There was no shelter. Wolves howled with the

frigid winds. Pilgrims perished. Corpses were buried in the snowdrifts, because the survivors were too weak to scoop out shallow graves in the frozen ground. Word reached Brigham Young and he sent out relief wagons. They reached the group here and found that fifty-six of the travelers had died. Among the survivors was Nellie Pucell about ten years old. Her parents had died on the journey. Her limbs were frozen and with crude instruments both her legs were amputated near the knees, and for the rest of her days Nellie Pucell waddled about on her stubs. Yet she was married and brought six fine children into the world.

We are gathered at Rock Creek! This is the scene of the tragedy of the James G. Willie handcart company, overtaken by early snows. It lost sixty-six of its some five hundred emigrants. We stand where they are buried in a common grave.

Then came the day when we touched the Utah border thirty miles west of old Fort Bridger. It was here that the men of the early Mormon vanguard were told that they could never cross the mountains. Or, if they could, they would find only desert wastes, a dead sea and death.

Brigham Young said, "We will go forward." Coyote Creek, Echo Canyon, Henefer, Big Mountain…. For sixteen agonizing days die pioneers struggled across the remaining ninety miles, then, finally on July 21, 1847, Orson Pratt and Erastus Snow entered the valley.

Here they waited for Brigham Young, who had been kept behind by an attack of mountain fever. He came three days later in Wilford Woodruff's wagon and was greeted by the question, "Have we come all this way out of the bondage of our oppressors only to find ourselves caught in the slavery of the desert?"

Brigham Young said, "This is the place."

Through Emigration Canyon rolled our luxurious caravan to the exultant shouts of thousands of welcomers. The wagon tops had been swept clean for this homecoming, the oxen had been scrubbed, batteries of cameras were set on every knoll, bands were playing and flags and banners flying.

The venerable president of the church, George Albert Smith, and Utah's governor, Herbert B. Maw, now joined the procession. Police held back the crowds. Police escorts led the way with sirens shrieking. In the distance the spires of the great temple rose over the mountain-rimmed miracle city, Salt Lake; around it the promised valley lay like the garden of God under a cloudless sky.

A solemn hush moved through the throng of fifty thousand when we stopped in front of a gigantic statue ready for its unveiling. In a series of impressive ceremonies the panels at the base of the $300,000 "THIS is THE PLACE" monument were dedicated. Surmounting the central shaft were the figures of Wilford Woodruff, Heber C. Kimball and Brigham Young. This was the monument of which a Catholic prelate said, "You will note that here in the wings of this monument representatives of all religions are united. There they will remain for all time to come. Is it too much to hope that the physical unity in this monument may become a symbol of a spiritual unity in our lives?"

It did seem as if the world and representatives of all faiths had come to the Mormon industrial empire to welcome the trekkers. A five-mile-long parade and a speech by President Smith transformed Salt Lake City into a religious festival. There were concerts in the acoustically perfect Mormon tabernacle, pageants and plays and parties, A cycle of Gentile distrust and suspicion had ended, and there was being ushered in an era of thoughtful consideration of what this church of the once disinherited had to offer.

What did it have to offer me? Now that I stood in the holy city, how close was I to the fulfillment of Ted Logan's

prediction? Out of my close association with the travelers along the trail had come a number of thought-provoking impressions. That the men lived by the Word of Wisdom was commendatory but not spectacular. They took it as a matter of course that hot chocolate was as good as coffee and cocoa as tasty as tea. It was probably the only modern caravan that ever crossed half a continent without lighting a cigarette. The church code had taught them how to get along without cursing, and tempers were kept in check even when the going was difficult. As a "hitchhiker" and critical observer, I reached Salt Lake City with the opinion that, to the true Mormon, a religion is no religion unless it is lived, and faith is not faith unless it covers all vicissitudes. Their lives bore testimony to their creeds. I had gone on the trek to learn about Mormon history, but I found that it was Mormon life which was written in the trail from Nauvoo to Utah, a state where three fifths of the population belongs to the Latter-day Saints organization. In a hundred years this Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints had taken its place importantly among the major and influential denominations of our nation and the world.

That I had come to these realizations pleased my convert friend when next I saw him. Ted Logan was glad that Salt Lake City had taught me some salient features about Mormondom: the church represents the greatest religious co-operative in the world; operates more industries than any other spiritual organization; has an efficient relief society, promotes a model welfare plan, rightly boasts a record for tithing that remains unsurpassed by any major denomination anywhere; has given Utah more students registered in high schools and universities than any other denomination in any other state in ratio to population; has the highest moral code of any denomination of its size; claims to be the most democratic church in its administration and spiritual policies. Patterned closely after the apostolic tradition, the church

consists of a President, the Council of Twelve Apostles, Patriarch to the Church, Assistants to the Council of the Twelve, the First Council of the Seventy and the Presiding Bishopric. This highly supervised organization includes the local parish or ward, the stake of Zion, composed of a number of wards, and the mission, which generally consists of a group of states.

Ted was gratified that I had learned these general details, but he was rather disinterested in the fanfare that had attended the end of the trek.

"Did you look into the merits of the priesthood?" Ted wanted to know.

"I was in a Mormon temple," I parried.

"You couldn't have been. No non-Mormon is permitted to go inside. Only Mormons in good standing are allowed to enter."

"Nevertheless, I was in a Mormon temple," I insisted. "I was shown through the one at Idaho Falls."

"Oh, I see," he agreed. "That was before its dedication. Yes, then you would have been permitted to go in. What did you find?"

"Rooms," I said. "Some reminded me of a Masonic lodge, others were like lovely chapels. Murals on the walls depicted scenes of the Creation, the Flood, the Millennium and so on. I understand these are used for initiatory and dedicatory ceremonies."

"Temple ordinances," Ted explained, "such as marriage for eternity and bestowal of endowments."

"The entire lower floor was given over to dressing rooms for the temple workers. I was shown the huge baptistry set on twelve bronze oxen. Above the baptistry were places for the officials who keep the records as the workers are baptized for the dead."

"Aren't you ready now to begin studying the eternal truths," Ted asked, "instead of observing Mormon

externalities?"

"It's a long road," I had to say.

He nodded in agreement. "Longer than the trek, but it's worth it. It endows a man with the priesthood, the only valid priesthood on earth. Other priests and ministers treat religion as a business. Take their salaries away from them and see how many will stay in the profession! In the Mormon faith the priesthood is not a profession; it is a sacred trust. No one is paid. Actually we have no ministers in the strictest sense. Men are ordained by priestly powers handed down through spiritual visitations. In 1829 Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery were praying together and John the Baptist appeared to them –"

"The intellectual hurdle," I interrupted.

"The hurdle of faith," Ted corrected and continued with as much conviction as if he were reciting Scripture. To him it was Scripture and he said, "John the Baptist laid his hands on the two men and conferred on them the authority of what we call the Aaronic priesthood."

"But what does it mean?" I implored.

"It means that a link with the past has been re-established."

"All the way back to Aaron?"

"The spokesman for Moses," said Ted with complete assurrance. "Someday it may be possible for us to trace someone's ancestry back to Aaron, but until that time we are the spiritual inheritors of Aaron's priesthood. And there is a higher priesthood than this. You see, later in 1829 Prophet Joseph and Oliver Cowdery were visited again. This time by Peter, James and John."

"Ted," I interrupted desperately, "it's unnecessary for me to ask whether you believe these things. You do. But how did you come to believe them? How do you think I can ever be convinced that they are true?"

"By the inner witness," was the prompt reply. "You come

to feel it and to feel it is to know it is true. Peter, James and John did appear to these men and they were given the keys of heaven and earth."

"Which means?"

"The complete unveiling and knowledge of the life of men and the truths of God. We call this the Melchizedek priesthood because it was conferred after the manner in which the high priest of Salem conferred the order on Abraham. Jesus was that kind of high priest, and true Mormons after the age of nineteen also may be priests of that order, actually officiating in the name of Christ as His representative."

"And you," I asked, "are you working your way up through these stages? Is that the idea?"

"My present plan," he said smiling, "is to go on a mission. Even though I haven't yet converted you."

"You mean, two years of your life? Give up your job? Take care of your own expenses?"

"Why, yes," he said, "I guess that's the usual arrangement."

His words took me back to the Hill Cumorah. I was standing again with a young man to whom I had just made the great "expose" of the Book of Mormon. I was sitting once more with a gentleman on a hotel veranda and hearing him say, "Two of those fellows stopped down at my place once." I was passing solemnly across the scenes where markers had been set "in memory of those who followed the Prophet's vision and the leadership of Brigham Young." I was standing with fifty thousand people before a monument on which were inscribed four simple words: "THIS is THE PLACE."

I did not know what most Mormons considered the heart of their faith; perhaps they, too, would say it was the priesthood, but to Ted Logan it was more than that. Mormonism had made his life a game a game of faith, glorious and compelling. It had overtaken and absorbed his life. Heaven

was as real to him as his grocery-store counter. Something of the essence of God was hidden somewhere in those he served. His little black tithing book, his daily meditations, his moral code, his Mormon literature were the treasures of great worth which he had dug up, his plates of gold. There was no other motive behind his call to go on a mission than his wanting to share these treasures with others.

"And where do you plan to go?" I asked.

"Wherever they send me," he replied. Speculatively he looked at me. "And if the territory includes your home?"

"Come and see me!" I invited.

"I will," he promised. "Maybe by that time it will do some good."

To which I had no reply. But I was thinking about the power of the Mormon Church in enlisting the loyalties and potentials of Ted Logan and two hundred thousand others like him. To me a mission was unspeakable sacrifice; to them, a privilege.

Cyrus Hall McCormick
The Conquest of the Reaper
1809 – 1884 A.D.

"It is strange that after all the years that have passed over the world since men began to plant wheat they still gather in the harvests slowly and painfully by hand—much as they did in Bible times," said a hardworking Virginia farmer one day. He was speaking aloud a thought that had come to him more than once, and for Robert McCormick to think meant to act. He could think even when he was swinging a heavy cradle under a July sun, when most harvesters were conscious of nothing but aching backs and addled brains. And, in a log workshop that stood next the farmhouse, he worked away on every rainy day as industriously as ever he made hay when the sun shone. Here there was a forge, an anvil, and a carpenter's bench, and here he put together much of the furniture that made the home comfortable, as well as tools and machines for making the farm work easier.

"It will perhaps be a farmer who invents some better way of getting in the wheat than by sickle or cradle," he said to himself over and over. "And what if it should happen that Robert McCormick is that farmer!" So he set himself to the task of making something to lighten the labor of the next harvest time.

"What is that funny thing for!" asked his little son Cyrus, who stood in the door of the workshop one day looking with wide eyes at the queer big machine his father was making. "What are you putting all those sickles on sticks for?"

"It's to cut wheat, my boy," said the father, "if I can only

make it work. When our horses pull it along it should cut as much grain as several men without getting a crick in its back, or having to stop to mop its brow and drink cider."

The boy liked to see the lively twinkle that came in his father's eyes when he was happy over an idea. It must indeed be jolly to know how to make what you wanted, and nothing could be better fun than to discover new ways of doing things. He, too, would learn the cunning of tools. So, on the days when his father worked over his reaper, Cyrus stayed near by, watching and keeping up a rap-a-tap of his own with hammer and nails.

There were, it seemed, many difficulties in the way of getting a machine-reaper to do its work as it should. The whirling rods whose task it was to whip the wheat up against the line of waiting sickles found the wiry, bending grain unexpectedly obstinate. It got so twisted and tangled and bunched that the machine was choked and the sickles helpless. If only the wheat could be depended on to grow straight and even till the great moment of the harvest! If it were never wet or bent to earth by storms! If the ground itself were free from unpleasant bumps and hollows!

"You'll find that there is nothing yet to take the place of honest toil, Friend McCormick," said the neighboring farmers, winking at each other slyly with a solemn relish.

"I don't look to see the day when work will be out of date," replied Robert McCormick, quietly. "But I do hope that the day is not far off when we shall be able to do more things—to get more that is worth while by the sweat of the brow!" He did not give up trying to make a machine that would reap his grain, but he worked and experimented within his workshop where no one but those of his own family knew of his attempts and his failures.

Of all the children, the boy Cyrus watched with particular sympathy and interest. He knew that his father was a wise man. Even the clever lawyers and the most learned minister

of that part of Virginia came a long way to talk with him and ask his advice. Besides he understood all the marvels of tools, and could fashion things deftly with his hands as well as picture them with words.

That farm between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies was at once a home and an independent community. The wool of their own sheep was spun into yarn and woven into cloth for their winter clothes and blankets. Shoes were cobbled there, too, and stockings, caps and mufflers were knitted in odd moments. There were days when soap was boiled, candles molded, meat cured, and the various kindly fruits of the earth dried and preserved. To have been a child in that home was in itself a practical education. Cyrus's mother may never have heard that the ideal training for a child is that where head, heart, and hand have chance for free and natural exercise, but she acted as if she had.

Mrs. McCormick believed in hard work, but she was never too busy with her own affairs to do a good turn for a friend. Happening along one day when some neighbors were rushing about trying to save some hay from a storm, she tied up her horse, seized a rake, and fell upon the task with all her might. "If we don't make haste the rain will beat us," she said.

Though a woman who was always ready to turn her hand to the work of the moment, she knew, too, how to enjoy life. She loved to walk among her flowers, to see her pet peacocks strut about the lawn, and to ride behind a pair of spirited horses. There were no dull days to one of her ambition and power of enjoyment; each hour was full of rich possibilities.

Not Robert McCormick, but Cyrus, the son of this wise, progressive father and energetic, ambitious mother, was destined to give the world the first successful harvesting machine.

"How the past lives in each one of us in all that we do!" said Cyrus McCormick thoughtfully, years after his reaper had brought wealth to his family and prosperity to many. "As I

owed to my father my turn for inventing, so I owed to my mother the ambition and determination to turn my work to good account by making my invention a business success." There was, too, something of the stanch, never-say-die courage of his long line of Scotch-Irish forefathers in the strength of purpose with which he forged ahead despite all difficulties.

But if we must look to his past to explain the power of a man, we must find in his present the circumstances that make his opportunity. The thousands of hardy pioneers who had marched westward taking up the limitless, fertile lands that the Louisiana purchase brought to the newly formed nation, found their farming with wooden plows, sickles, and scythes a life-destroying round of drudgery for a bare subsistence. Is it any wonder that many of them dropped sowing and harvesting to push still farther westward for adventure and for gold? Is it any wonder that the hard struggle for a poor living in a rich, unworked country sharpened the wits of the workers and led them to seek out ways of saving labor? The industrial revolution to win freedom from the tyranny of toil followed the political revolution. Machines for spinning and weaving came into being. The steel plow took the place of the hoe, the cradle succeeded the sickle, and still the fields of grain cried out for a new way of gathering in the harvest.

Robert McCormick was not the first farmer to rebel against the hot toil of the swinging scythe or cradle. Many had tried to devise ways of making some sort of reaper. Cyrus McCormick, who made the machine that stood the test and won success, was the forty-seventh inventor of a harvester.

"I began to work on my reaper when I was a boy sitting on a slab bench in the 'Old Field School,' looking at the daylight through the window that was just a gap where an upper log had been cut away," he said. "I had borne the heat and burden of the long summer days in the wheat fields and I knew what work meant. As I sat in my father's workshop watching him struggle with his reaper I whittled a smaller cradle that would

not be so back-breaking to swing as the one that had fallen to my lot, and my thoughts flew faster than the flying chips. The reaper must win out."

The "Old Field School" got its name because it was built on one of those stretches of land, starved and overworked by the wasteful farming of single crops that took all and gave nothing to the soil. The very spot where he was sent to peg away at spelling and arithmetic was an object-lesson. Farmers certainly went about things in stupid ways or there wouldn't be old fields. Nature didn't work after that fashion. How the old earth renewed her strength year after year!

Cyrus McCormick decided to study surveying, showing his inventive turn here by cleverly fashioning the quadrant that he was to use. "I shall be ready to mark out the new fields that your reaper will conquer one of these days," he said to his father.

But after fifteen years of effort Robert McCormick gave up the struggle. The reaper promised well, and it did cut the grain—but only to toss it about in a tangled mass.

"Not much gained after all the planning and contriving!" said the father ruefully.

"It is good, and I shall make it my business to prove it," vowed Cyrus.

He believed in the reaper as he believed in his father and for the sake of both he mightily resolved to carry on the work to the day of success. So he began where his father left off. The reaper must be something more than a powerful mowing-machine. It must meet the practical problem of dealing with the grain as it stood in the field, divide it systematically for the cutting and handle it properly when cut.

Look now at the model of the first machine that harvested real wheat in a real field. Remember that forty-six other inventors had struggled without success for the same end. All of them had failed to deliver the grain in a way to make their inventions a practical saving of time and labor. Cyrus

McCormick's reaper had at the end of its knife a curved arm or divider to separate the grain about to be cut from the rest. There was also a row of fingers at the edge of the blade to hold it firmly in the position to be cut. Then that same knife had not only the forward push as the horses drew the machine over the field, but it also gave a side sweep so that none of the grain could escape as it fell on a platform from which it was raked by a man who followed the harvest.

The practical economy of this practical farmer's reaper was shown first in the way the shafts were placed on the off-side so that it could be pulled, not pushed, the horses walking over the stubble while the cutter ran its broad swath through the bordering grain; and second, in the way the big driving wheel that turned the reaping-blade also carried the weight of the machine. Compared with the complete harvesters that we know today, this was indeed an uncouth, clattering, loose-jointed contrivance—but it worked. Drawn by two horses, it cut six acres of oats in one afternoon, the work of six laborers with scythes. It was as if Hercules had appeared to add to his great labors a still greater work.

Nowhere was help needed as it was in the harvest fields, for grain must be cut when it is ripe. All that cannot be reaped in a few days is spoiled. A farmer might plant his wheat, the fields might laugh with the golden plenty, but if there were not laborers enough at the right moment there could be no bread.

The short reaping-season also made a special difficulty for the inventor. So short a time there was for putting his machine to the test—so long a time to wait before fresh fields of waving grain made another trial possible!

There were, as we have seen, difficulties enough in the way of making a machine to cut grain; but there was a harder task than that of cutting wet wheat in a bumpy, hillocky field. There was the obstinate prejudice of ignorant men who feared anything that spelled change.

Look at Cyrus McCormick when he brought his machine for a public exhibition near Lexington, in 1832. There were as many as a hundred interested or curious spectators—lawyers and politicians eager to see a new thing, farmers with excited, doubting faces, and sullen laborers who feared that this monster might steal their daily bread.

Young McCormick's strong, serious face was pale but determined. He did not wince even when his reaper side-stepped at a particularly ugly hump in the hilly field.

"Here, here, young man!" cried the owner of the field. "That's enough now! Stop your horses! Can't you see that you are ruining my wheat!"

The red-faced farm-hands were no longer tongue-tied. "Any one might know it was all humbug!" rumbled one.

"We'll keep to the good old cradle yet—eh, boys?" jeered another. A group of piccaninnies, teeth agleam with mirth, chuckled and turned handsprings of delight.

Cyrus McCormick looked about at men and boys, calloused and bent by toil that yielded them less than a nickel an hour through long days of twelve and fourteen hours. "We are all slaves to the things we know and are used to," he said to himself. "I shall have to go slow, but I'll be sure." Farmers and laborers, no more than the jovial negro boys, dreamed that the thing they feared and ridiculed would prove the great bread-giver that was destined to set them all free.

At just the moment, however, when Cyrus McCormick was resigning himself to defeat a champion rode to the rescue.

"You shall have the chance you are after," said a man who had been watching McCormick and his machine narrowly. "Just pull down that fence over there and see what you can do in my field."

Here was new hope and fairly level ground. The inventor drove gratefully to the test and laid low six acres of wheat before sundown. He had made good. The conquering reaper was driven in triumph into Lexington, where it was put on

exhibition in front of the court-house. "That machine is worth a hundred thousand dollars!" declared a learned professor of a finishing school for young ladies with solemn emphasis. But young McCormick knew it would prove nothing more than a fortnight's wonder unless he could first make machines and then make farmers buy them. The inventor would have to turn manufacturer and promoter. And if Cyrus McCormick had not been an inspired man of business as well as an inventor the reaper would probably have been as the forty-six other attempts at harvesting machines.

For several years he worked away—farming to earn his bread and the chance to go on studying the way his reaper behaved under all conditions. A happy day came when a new sort of cutting-edge handled wet grain almost as well as the dry. The future looked really bright when, in 1842, after ten years of toil without encouragement and without capital in his father's little log workshop, he succeeded in selling reapers to seven farmers who were interested to the extent of one hundred dollars each.

The great day of the reaper really dawned, however, when it first saw the prairies. Here on the vast fertile plains of the Middle West the harvest so far outstripped the power of the harvesters that the cattle were allowed to feed in the wheat-fields that the farmers were unable to cut. When Cyrus McCormick saw the Illinois prairies at harvest time—saw men, women and little children toiling frantically to save as much of the wheat as possible during the short time of crop-gathering before the heads of grain were broken down and spoiled—he knew that the time had come for him to leave his log workshop.

"I must make my reapers, myself, to be sure that they are made right," he said, "and I must pick out the right place for getting material and shipping the machines through the West."

There were anxious hours spent in studying the map for the most favorable spot on the waterway of the Great Lakes. The hour of the inventor's destiny had indeed struck when he selected Chicago as the site of his future factory. It certainly took faith and imagination to see in the rude little collection of unpainted cabins huddled together on a dismal swampy tract without sewers, paved streets, or railroads the place of opportunity for a big business. But as Cyrus McCormick had seen in vision his machine triumphantly gathering up for the use of man harvests that would vanquish the fear of famine, and give daily bread to hungry thousands that should people the vast lands of the untouched West, he now saw a great city rise in the place of this dreary, struggling little frontier settlement.

The story of the success of McCormick through the building up of his business was now one with the story of the prosperity of the prairie states and the growth of Chicago as a leading railway and shipping center, and mistress of the wheat markets of the world. Year by year as the country grew and the task of reaping harvests for ever-increasing hordes of hungry peoples from many lands who came seeking bread in the generous new states, the power of the reaper grew. Other inventors added to its strength. It was a proud day when the self-raking, self-binding machine passed over the great wheat-fields, one driver on the high seat triumphantly replacing a score of sweating farm-hands that the old method of farming had employed.

Today every child who has been to the country thinks the brisk self-binders and the great community threshing-machines as natural a part of the farm world as the sheep and the cows. He sees a huge tractor fed by oil or gasoline pull plows, harrows, harvesters, and threshers; or sometimes a dauntless little Ford gaily leading now one and now another sort of planting or cultivating machine along the furrows. None of these things seems strange or particularly

remarkable. To him the miracle will be seen in that first rude reaper put together by Cyrus McCormick in the little log workshop among the Virginia hills.

Elias Howe
The Inventor of the Sewing Machine
1819 – 1867 A.D.

A small boy of six years was busy stitching wire teeth into the heavy "cards" that were to be used in straightening out the cotton fiber in the mills of New England. His father was a hard-working farmer, but he could not coax from his stony fields crops large enough to feed eight hungry children, so he had to turn his hand to other tasks such as grinding meal for the farmers of the neighborhood, sawing and planing boards and splitting shingles. The boys and girls of the family early learned how to help out in various tasks, for one pair of hands could not do everything.

"Maybe some day I'll make a mill to stitch these old cotton cards," boasted the little boy, whose fingers soon tired.

Elias Howe was never tired, however, watching his father's mills at work, and it was a proud day when he could help with the grinding and the sawing. He was a lively lad and full of fun; and he managed to make merry while he worked about the busy machines or took his part in the farm tasks. The ways of machinery were his chief delight.

"The boy takes after his uncles; they were never happy unless they were working with tools and contriving new ways of doing things," said his father.

The two brothers of the older Elias Howe had more than an ordinary inventive turn. One of them, William Howe, invented a truss or supporting frame that is still in use for roofs and bridges.

Little Elias Howe was constantly getting valuable ideas

from what went on about him, and his ready skill with tools was won through doing the everyday tasks of home and farm that fell to his lot. Those were times when one did not at once go to a store to buy what was needed in the way of household utensils and farm equipment. People first studied how to make or mend what was at hand. Elias became an adept in the art of piecing together and making over things. As he learned by doing his wits became as nimble as his fingers, and his cheerfulness over a task made him a general favorite.

"No one like Elias for grit and gumption," people said. "He is a hard-working lad, but easy company. And a boy who sticks to things the way he does has something in him that deserves to succeed."

Elias Howe went to school in his native village— Spencer, Massachusetts, about twenty miles from Worcester—during the winter months; and in the spring of his twelfth year he began to work for his "keep" on a neighboring farm.

"There'll be one boy less to feed at home," he said. "And I'll learn the A-B-C's of farming."

But the boy, though wiry and willing, had never been strong, and, moreover, a troublesome lameness made him unfitted for heavy farm work. So he went back to work in his father's mills until he was sixteen, when he started as apprentice in a machine-shop at Lowell. When, two years later, a panic led to the closing of all the mills in that town, Howe went to Boston, where he found a place in the shop of Ari Davis, a manufacturer and repairer of surveying-instruments and timepieces.

"Davis was an odd duck—you wouldn't think to look at his queer head that it held so many ideas," Howe said years later. "But instrument-makers and inventors of different machines knew where to go for help and suggestions, as bees know where to find honey. Nothing could have been better for me than the experience I got in Davis's shop. It was there that my idea of the sewing machine was born. A man who was

trying to invent a knitting-machine dropped in one day. 'Why bother about that thing?' said Davis. 'Why don't you make a sewing machine?'"

Young Howe listened carelessly. He did not dream that the turning-point in his life had been reached. His attention was caught by the boastful emphasis with which he heard Davis declare, "A sewing machine would be no great wonder! I could make one, myself!" Then the idea flashed into the mind of the apprentice, who since he was a tiny boy, had longed to make machines, that he might be the fortunate inventor.

"Many people try things; few have the perseverance to carry their attempts on to success," he said to himself. "I shall win by sticking to this idea till something comes of it. There should be fame and fortune in it, for it will save hands much weary work. It will mean a new life to women who, like my mother, have a family of children to keep in clothes."

So he set to work with a will. As a starting-point, Howe knew machinery as an Indian knew woodcraft. He could hardly remember the time when he had not understood the ways of wheels, ratchets, and springs. At Lowell he had had practical experience with spinning-machines and power-looms. He was, moreover, used as we have seen, to exercising ingenuity in making things. So it was not quite a leap in the dark when he said, "I will make a sewing machine; I will not turn my face from the task till I have won success."

Perhaps if he could have seen the dark way ahead his heart might have faltered. Would the bright fortune that beckoned at the end of the long road have been able to lure him on despite all the trials and hardships that were to test his soul before he was to see any result of his work?

As Howe watched his wife sewing he tried to imagine a machine that would be able to go through the same motions. This led him off on a false trail. There were many attempts and many failures before the idea suddenly flashed through

his brain that his machine was not obliged to move as the hand did. Why should his mighty stitcher that was to do the work of many hands not move in a manner of its own?

"A mere trifle—like a chance thought—often seems to be the thing that changes a whole life story," said Howe. "But perhaps there is no such thing as chance. It may be what we call little things are those that really count for most."

At any rate, the idea of a machine working out a new stitch was the turning-point in the story of his invention. Machines that made a chain-stitch were in existence; he had probably seen or heard of one of these. He dreamed, however, of making something that would work in a new and better way. It is small wonder that he imagined a shuttle as playing a part in his machine, for all his life he had seen shuttles flying to and fro in looms.

"Why not make a sort of loom stitch where one thread is woven in and out with another?" he said to himself. There were more trials and failures, but he realized exultingly that he was on the right track. At last he hit upon his lock-stitch, where his needle plying ever up and down in the same spot threw, when under the cloth, a loop which was interwoven with the thread from a shuttle that clicked back and forth at regular intervals.

Elias Howe was now sure that he had a good thing, but he knew that there were many points in which his machine needed improvement. He must have time to experiment and to make a perfect model. What was he to do! He had to earn the living of his family; and with all his skill and hard work he often received only nine dollars a week. That gave him no chance to save or to work on his invention.

"At that time I was frequently so tired when I came in from my day's work," said Howe, "that I could do nothing but go to bed, longing for a rest without a tomorrow calling me out to the same grind. I made up my mind that the only chance of bettering myself and my family lay in the direction

of my invention, so I went to live at my father's house. He had faith in my venture, and for a while under his roof I gave all my time to the sewing machine."

"Young Elias Howe is a clever workman," said the neighbors, shaking their heads. "It is a pity that he spends his time on queer inventions when he ought to be getting steady employment."

This chapter in Howe's life came to a sudden close. A fire destroyed his father's shop and for a time left the older man without means to help his son. But if trouble seemed ever to be dogging the footsteps of young Howe, Hope stood at the turn of the road to give him courage. He found a friend in need, a friend who had just come into a tidy legacy and who dreamed of a lucky stroke that would suddenly turn it into a real fortune.

"Come and live with me," said George Fisher. "Your family will have a comfortable home while you spend all your time on the sewing machine. We will form a partnership and when success comes we will share the profits."

"But I must work and save long enough to get money for necessary tools and materials for my model," protested Howe.

"Turn to your partner!" said Fisher. "Here is five hundred dollars which I will risk in the cause."

After months of work, when each of the partners was wearing a suit of clothes stitched on the completed model, it seemed as if success must be at hand. But, behold, an unforeseen difficulty! Here was the wonderful invention ready and waiting for a world that did not seem to know or care that it stood in need of just what the Howe sewing machine could supply.

Clothing manufacturers shook their heads, "It will cost us a great deal of money to make a new start with your machines," they said. "Why should we do that and perhaps bring down on us riots from people thrown out of work, when we are doing very well just as we are?"

But Howe refused to take this rebuff seriously. "It may take a little time," he said, "but in the end people can't help seeing that what saves labor lengthens life. That is only common sense."

The next step was to take out a patent.

"That means a journey to the Patent Office," said Howe. "But where am I to get the money for the fare to Washington! I cannot look to Fisher for another loan; he will rue the day he ever heard of me and my sewing machine."

"Will you man an engine for a while!" he was asked. "Another locomotive engineer is badly needed just now."

"I'm your man," replied the inventor, pluckily. But more than grit and gumption are needed to run a train. Howe's frail body, worn by toil and hardships, could not stand the strain of the heavy work and the exposure to sudden changes of heat and cold. Just in the nick of time Fisher came to the rescue.

"Are you mad!" he cried. "Why, man, you are killing yourself! There are a few dollars more where the others came from to take us together to Washington. I find you need watching."

When at the capital, Howe seized the opportunity of exhibiting his rapid stitcher at a fair, where it drew wondering crowds who one and all admired but turned away without even considering the possibility of buying such a machine. Fisher's faith in the venture was all at once dashed to the ground.

"If I could only see a chance of getting back the two thousand dollars that I have put into your machine, I should not ask for a share in a fortune," he said gloomily. Then, looking at the worn face of his friend, he added generously, "You have risked more than I have."

Elias Howe refused to lose heart, however. "The place really to get a start is England," he said. "Surely the large garment factories there will open their doors to us."

The journey to England was taken with high hopes that

made the hard conditions of steerage travel seem as nothing. And, sure enough, a London manufacturer, William Thomas, who saw at a glance the value of the machine in his business, bought one for $1,217 on condition that he might patent the invention in England.

"You can do nothing yourself on this side of the water," he said. "It is enough for you to manage your ventures in America. I will agree to pay you three pounds for every machine that I sell."

This seemed a fair offer and Howe was indeed helpless. Pressing debts must be paid without delay. He took Thomas's promise in good faith, and at the same time agreed to work for three pounds a week at the task of making a machine especially fitted for the heavy stitching required in some branches of the manufacture.

When this new stitcher was completed Thomas made no attempt to conceal his readiness to part company with his inventor-workman. And Howe never received a penny for the machines sold in England on which Thomas was realizing a royalty of ten pounds each.

It is said that the darkest hour is just before the dawn. The lowest ebb of Howe's fortunes had now been reached. Perhaps he was saved from despair by the faith that a new day was about to break.

Pawning his precious first machine and his American patent, and pulling his forlorn baggage on a hand-cart to the wharf, he took passage in the steerage to return to New York and the daily grind of a machine workman. He had scarcely landed when news reached him that his wife was dying.

"What good of success now when the one who has shared all my hardships cannot have a part in better days, even if I win?" thought the unhappy inventor.

Now it seemed as if he must give up the struggle. His friends scarcely recognized the heartbroken, hopeless man. "He has grown old in a single day!" they said. "What a pity,

when good nature and cheer were always his way no matter what trouble came. And there isn't a better mechanic in America, if he could be persuaded to give up his crazy inventions."

But just at this time news came that the sewing machine was becoming famous, and that those who had taken advantage of his absence in London to steal his invention were about to make the fortune for which he had labored in vain. This wrong roused something of the old spirit in Elias Howe. Even such an able opponent as Isaac Morton Singer, whose name has become a household word with the sewing machines he manufactured and sold, found that he had more to reckon with than at first appeared. Howe defended his case ably in court after court and the justice of his claims were always fully and freely recognized. From the forlornest poverty, with his models and patents pawned in a foreign land, he at last rose above every obstacle and won success.

The way in which this victory was made possible by his father—who from first to last had faith in him and came to the rescue when all else failed, even mortgaging his farm to provide the money for pushing the claims of his patents—is a beautiful and inspiring story. The success of the sewing machine owed much to the business ability and shrewd advertising of Singer, who had been an actor and theatrical manager and knew how to employ to the utmost the devices of lime-light and bill-board in his big venture. "For success you need not only a live idea but an alert promoter," he said. "The people will not go after a new thing; it must go after them." He organized the business on sound and permanent lines, and he was quick to see and apply new inventions that would add to the effectiveness of the machine. The treadle, in place of a wheel turned by hand, and a needle moving up and down instead of sideways were improvements made by Singer.

Howe was during his last years a rich man, and happy in

seeing his wealth a source of happiness and comfort not only to his family and friends but to many others. The thought of the lightened toil in households everywhere, due to his labors, always made his eyes kindle and a glow transfigure the worn lines of his face. "It would have been worth all the years of struggle even if I had not lived to taste success," he said.

One of his chief rewards was the thought of his machines working without rest day and night on the uniforms, shoes, tents, knapsacks and cartridge-boxes for the Union soldiers during the Civil War. Many carloads of sandbags for their defense were also rushed to the front with a despatch that, but for Howe's invention, would have been unthinkable.

"You have served your country more than you could have done if you had been a regiment in the field!" protested a friend when Howe talked of enlisting.

This seemed to put a new idea into the inventor's mind. Through his energy and influence he mustered the Seventeenth Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers and he provided all the officers with horses.

"You must go as our colonel," the men voted.

"I am grateful for the honor and for your confidence," Howe replied, "but I should not be worthy of either if I did not know my limitations well enough to decline. I shall, however, go with you in the ranks."

Despite lameness and failing health, Private Howe served some weeks as regimental postmaster, riding from the camp near Baltimore back and forth to the city every day with mailbags which seemed doubly his charge because they had been stitched on one of his own machines.

But the inventor's health did not permit him to see active service for long. He lived, indeed, only a few years to enjoy the fruits of his hard-won success. He died in 1867, at the early age of forty-eight, leaving to others the opportunity and the credit of carrying to completion the improvements on his machine which he had dreamed of making.

"I used to see him often going about the house with a shuttle in his hand," said his daughter. "He never gave up trying to turn his ideas to good account."

For Elias knew that true success lies not in the reward at the end of the journey but in the spirit that, having traveled hopefully, looks ever on to some new goal of effort. And if one could have put into words the message of his last days, I think it would have been this:

"I have worked much; I have won much. Now I am content to leave the struggle and the reward to those who will go on with my work. For no one lives or dies to himself, and even when we realize it least, we are all workers and sharers together."

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."

Charles Pratt
And His Institute
1830 – 1891 A.D.

"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 woodcarving 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 coeducation, 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."

Marshall Field

1834 – 1906 A.D.

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 today, 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."

Andrew Carnegie
The Boy Who Built Castles in the Air
1835 – 1919 A.D.

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 Muir
A Pilgrim from Scotland
1838-1914 A.D.

On the distant coast of Scotland lies the little town of Dunbar, from whose hilltops the children can look out over the wild waters of the North Sea and watch the ships sailing past on many a dangerous voyage. Close by is the old castle-fortress, around which many a battle has been fought. In this little town so rich in history, a young couple, Daniel Muir and his sweet wife Anne, set up house-keeping about eighty years ago, and on the twenty-first day of April, 1838, a baby was born to them, to whom they gave the good old Bible name of John.

As his parents looked at the helpless child, they little dreamed of the long journey he was to make from this quiet home, and of the fame he would win by means of his active mind and his love of all beautiful things.

John's father was a stern man who believed strongly that to spare the rod was to spoil the child. John's mother, on the other hand, had a most tender heart, and many a time she helped John and his brothers escape the whippings they often deserved.

The simplest food was served in the home. On the broad shelf of the dresser stood a row of wooden dishes shaped like tiny tubs. In these "luggies," as the Scotch people call them, John's mother served the breakfast of oatmeal porridge to her children, sometimes adding a little milk or treacle to each portion. During the meal there was no lively talk of work or play. That would have been wicked, so the father thought, for

before each meal began he asked a long Scotch blessing; and while eating, he told his children, their thoughts should be of God and of his kindness in giving them food.

When noon came, a hungry group gathered once more about the table. Again there was the long blessing, after which came dishes of vegetable broth, a little meat, and all the barley-meal scone the children could eat.

In the late afternoon there was another meal, when each child had half a slice of white bread without butter; plain as it was, it was looked upon as a delicacy. There was also barley scone and a cup of "content." This drink, with such a delightful name, was simply warm water to which a little milk and sugar had been added.

In the evening, when work and study were over for the day, a fourth meal was served, consisting of a boiled potato with more barley scone. After this the father took down his Bible, and his wife and the children gathered around him silently, while he read and prayed before sending the little folks to bed.

Not far away from the Muir home lived Grandfather Gilrye, and little John used often to visit the old man and tell him of his childish adventures. Grandfather Gilrye taught John his letters, pointing them out on the signs over the shops on the other side of the street, when the boy could have been scarcely three years old.

Before John was five, there came a great day in his life—he went to school! Clean and sweet from a sound scrubbing, he stood before his mother while she hung a green bag around his neck. In this bag was his first reader, which was soon to be followed by a second and a third containing stories that seemed so real to John he delighted in reading them over and over again.

Before his school days began, the little three-year-old boy had an adventure which he never forgot. He had gone for a long walk with his grandfather, and after a while the two sat

down to rest on a haystack in a big field. Suddenly John jumped up.

"Listen," he said. The boy's quick ear had caught a sharp, thin cry from deep down in the hay.

"It is only the wind," his grandfather answered. But John was not satisfied and began to dig down into the stack. There, at last, he found a family of field mice, a mother and her young, and the sight filled the boy with wonder and delight. In after years, when he traveled in the wildest places on the earth and came upon strange and dangerous animals, he was never more excited than on that day when he discovered a field mouse nursing her young.

John learned songs in school that made him think of the birds which came flying about his home. When the spring opened, the children sang of the swallows returning from their winter haunts in distant lands. As they repeated the words,

"Welcome, welcome, little stranger,
Welcome from a foreign shore,"

they swung their bodies backward and forward in time with the music.

Then there was the cuckoo song about the wonderful bird that repeated his name so musically. Even the whale, the great beast of the sea, was remembered in the school songs. Sometimes, when John and his mates were playing on the hilltop behind the school, the little boy would look out over the great sea and think of the wonderful creatures beneath those waters.

The coast near by was a dangerous one, and when storms raged high, ships were sometimes wrecked on the rocks below. Then John and his playmates, watching eagerly, hurried to the shore to gather what spoils they might from the stranded ships. In his spare hours John carved toy ships and fitted them out, each with its proper rigging. Then, in the pond near his

home, he would sail his boats and send them out on races with those of his boy friends. Even in the schoolroom he drew pictures of all kinds of sailing craft in his books.

John's father, a pious man, believed that no study could be as important as that of the Bible. Consequently, besides school lessons brought home to learn in the evening, the Muir children were obliged to memorize hymns and chapters in the Bible. At home, as well as at school, the memory was encouraged in a most unpleasant way, for a word or line forgotten was followed immediately by a thrashing. John wrote afterwards that he was driven against his books as soldiers are driven against the enemy. "Up and at 'em" was the command he had to keep constantly in mind.

After all, there was some pleasure in Bible study, for the stern father really wished to be just. Thus, when John had learned to recite "Rock of Ages" without a mistake, he was rewarded by the gift of a penny!

John soon showed that he had an unusual memory. He mastered the New Testament so thoroughly that he could recite it, without help, from beginning to end. He learned some of the books of the Old Testament as well.

Though the school hours were long and there were many home duties, John managed to have a good deal of sport. The most loved playground was Dunbar Castle. There the little Scotch boy and his mates fought over again the battles of long ago. They climbed high among the dangerous peaks around; they had running and wrestling matches; they carried on mock battles, vying with each other in bravery as they remembered the heroes, Bruce and Wallace.

"When I grow up to be a man, I will be a soldier," thought John, and thus in rough games such as wrestling, prisoners' base, hare and hounds, he strove to show no fear, nor to let a single line in his face indicate the pain that followed the falls or the blows. The whippings he received at home, as well, must be followed by no outcry, a thing which would be a sign

of weakness not befitting a future soldier. John Muir was born of the fighting blood of old Scotland, so it is not strange that warfare was his favorite game.

Many a time there were fights in earnest among the boys of Dunbar. Only a coward, they believed, would not accept a challenge. Consequently, there were often black eyes which the parents and teachers accounted for in only one way—there had been a fight. So, when John appeared at home or at school with a sadly discolored face, he knew that a sound thrashing was sure to follow.

"It is not fair," he would think. "If my father and teacher have the right to thrash me, surely I have the right to thrash my mates." But the older folks could not see the matter in that light; they had forbidden fighting, and disobedience should be punished.

John was a daring little fellow. Again and again he climbed up among steep crags overhanging the sea, in places where wiser folks would not have trusted themselves. In his own home also he faced dangers of which his parents never even dreamed.

This is how it happened. In the northland where John lived, the sun sets so late in the summer time that the light lasted long after the children were sent to bed. John's next younger brother David slept with him. "Gude nicht," their loving mother would say, after tucking the boys into the old-fashioned bed. "Be quiet and go to sleep like gude bairns," she would add as she left them.

But there was no thought of sleep for those busy brains yet awhile. "Let's do scorchers," perhaps John would whisper, when the last creak of his mother's footsteps had died away; and David instantly showed himself ready for any deeds of daring, or "scorchers", that his older brother might suggest. First of all, there was the "ghost room" next door, into which only a brave boy would think of venturing.

But what was this "ghost room"? Strange as it may seem,

many of the boys and girls of Scotland believe in ghosts and witches, the very mention of which brings fear and trembling to the little folks. A foolish servant girl told John that a ghost dwelt in the room next to his, and at night this ghost was quite likely to appear to any person who was brave enough to enter his abode. The girl's story stirred the boy to show his bravery, and he would dare David to take turns with him in making a rush into the "ghost room."

Such a "scorcher" as this Mrs. Muir would have laughed at. But not the scrambles the boys made in their nightgowns out of their dormer window to the high-pitched roof of their house.

In the winter, darkness set in very early. After John and David went to bed, they pretended to take imaginary voyages to far distant countries. Stowing themselves away under the bedclothes, they would pretend to visit places of which they had read in their geography lessons.

The boys traveled among the mountains and valleys of America, already a wonderful land in their imaginings; they saw India with her stores of jewels and rich perfumes; they journeyed to distant lands of ice and snow, and lingered among men and women speaking unknown tongues. Then, suddenly, sleep would overtake them while still far from home, and when their mother came for a parting look at her "dear bairns" before seeking her own pillow, she would find only mounds in the bedclothes beneath which the little travelers lay hidden.

John studied hard and delighted to be a leader in his class. When he was little more than seven years old he entered the grammar school, where lessons at once became very hard. When school ended in the late afternoon the little boy was by no means free. With a strap full of books off he ran to spend the evening, generally at Grandfather Gilrye's, getting his lessons for the next day.

Besides the great amount of work required at school, there

were still daily Bible lessons at home. A certain number of verses must be learned perfectly, and thrashings were ready to follow the smallest failure. Did the little boy lose his spirit under so much discipline? By no means.

Like oases in the desert, free Saturday afternoons and the yearly vacation made delightful breaks in the hard school work. Again and again Mr. Muir would forbid his sons to leave their own yard where he felt sure they would learn no evil.

Ah! but beyond those walls were rocky cliffs, and beaches to which the tide was ever bringing fresh treasures from the sea. Best of all, there were green fields in whose trees birds built their nests. Neither John nor his brothers could resist the thought of the discoveries to be made, even though heavy thrashings were sure to follow. Egg hunting gave great delight to these little savages. One thing, however, always held them silent and wondering.

This was the beautiful song of the skylark. For whole hours John would stand listening and watching as a skylark rose suddenly from its nest in the grass near by. Soaring straight and high overhead, the tiny songster would come to a stop far above the earth, to fill the air with his sweet and wondrous song. Then upward still farther he would fly, till he was quite lost to sight. Again the beautiful song would come floating down, and the little boy would still stand watching, listening, for what was yet to follow—the sudden downward flight of the bird to the ground below where his mate, sitting on her nest, was waiting for him.

Besides the birds, there were bees to follow, and the opening flowers of spring to search for; there were races in the bright clear air and sunshine; there were scrambles on the forbidden cliffs. Who could be coward enough to let thrashings stand in the way of pleasures such as these?

In one of the school readers were stories which excited John greatly. One of these stories described the wonders to be

found in the American forests. It told of the sugar maple with its stores of sweet sap; a person only had to tap this tree in the springtime, when lo! out flowed a liquid sugar with a taste so delicious it could hardly be described. To live in the neighborhood of such trees, and to obtain for one's self a store of "sweets," must make any boy happy, John thought.

Besides the strange things of the earth in far-away America, the book told of wonderful flying creatures. For instance, there was the passenger pigeon that traveled as fast as thirty miles in a single hour, and could find its way home even if carried a thousand miles away. These graceful birds, moreover, according to the book, flew over the American continent in flocks so large that the sky was darkened as they moved along. There were millions of them in a single flock.

Soon after reading these stories, the little boy heard the grown-ups talking of a great discovery which had been made in America—that of gold. Abundance of sugar and abundance of gold! What more could any one wish? Surely the children of America were blessed.

One evening John and his brother David were studying, as usual, over at Grandfather Gilrye's. Into the room came Mr. Muir with news that almost took the boys' breath away, so great and wonderful it was.

"Bairns," he told them, "you needna learn your lessons the nicht, for we're gan to America the morn!"

You can scarcely imagine John's feelings. Picture after picture came rushing into his mind—golden treasure, maple-sugar, flocks of passenger pigeons, and fruits and flowers different from any which he had ever seen. What a glorious world it was! And how fortunate was he, John Muir, to be able to go out into it.

After his father had left the house, the boys noticed that their grandfather did not seem to feel as joyful as themselves. Alas! he was getting old and was to be left lonely and sad. When they promised to send him a box of tree-sugar packed

in gold from the new home across the ocean, he said sadly: "Ah, poor laddies, poor laddies, you'll find something else over the seas forbye gold and sugar, birds' nests and freedom. You'll find plenty of hard, hard work."

Before the boys left him for the night, he gave each one a piece of gold to keep in remembrance of him. Then away ran John down the street, shouting to his playmates, "I'm gan to America the morn."

The next morning John and David started on their travels with their father and sister Sarah. The dear mother, three other sisters, and their younger brother were to be left behind until a home should be made for them in the western wilderness of the United States. It was hard to part from the loved ones, yet the joyful thought of America soon chased the pain away.

First there was a short journey to Glasgow; then followed a long voyage of more than six weeks on an old-fashioned sailing vessel. Every moment of the voyage was filled with happiness for the two boys. There was plenty to do and see. Sometimes they worked with the sailors who liked the daring little Scotchmen. They showed the boys how they managed the ship in fair weather and in foul, and taught them the names of the various ropes and sails.

John and David also learned the songs that the sailors sang on calm evenings. There were games which the boys played with other small passengers, chasing each other in glee over the deck of the old vessel. Most exciting of all were the storms, when the ship rocked so wildly that nearly all the passengers lay ill in their berths. At such times John's heart beat fast with delight. He enjoyed the rushing of the wind, the dark clouds sweeping past, the waves chasing each other and sometimes sweeping over the deck of the vessel. Well did the boy afterwards remember the day when the longed-for shores of America appeared in sight; soon the vessel drew up to a big pier, and eleven-year-old John stepped for the first time on

American soil.

His father had at first intended to go to the woods of Canada, but his fellow passengers told him he would find no better place to settle than in the fertile fields of Wisconsin. So, loading the tools and furniture which he had brought from Scotland on a train bound for the west, he and the three children started on their way towards the wilderness.

When the car ride came to an end, there were still one hundred miles to be traveled in a heavy wagon over rough roads. Even then the end had not been reached, for Mr. Muir did not know exactly where to settle. Leaving the children in the town of Kingston, he went out to find a good piece of land which no one else had taken up. He soon returned with the joyful news that he had found a place on the shore of a beautiful lake.

The nearest neighbors were very kind to the newcomers. With their help a small log hut was quickly built on a sunny spot above the lake, and John's sister Sarah set up housekeeping for her father and brothers.

For a few days the boys had spare time in which to wander about the country around their new home. Each hour brought fresh discoveries. For instance, there were many kinds of birds which the children had never seen before, one of these being the beautiful blue jay. The very day of his arrival John discovered its nest filled with green eggs close to the hut, but the parent birds were so frightened at the nearness of two noisy boys that they lost no time in secretly emptying the nest. How did they manage to carry away the eggs? This was the first question in regard to any creatures of wonderful America that John asked himself. And in the long and busy years afterwards spent with Mother Nature, he was never able to get an answer. Then there were the woodpeckers which bored wonderfully round holes in the trees. How could they succeed so well with no other tools than their own sharp beaks? There were whippoorwills with their sad evening cry, nighthawks,

and the brave little kingbirds, and many other flying creatures.

The birds were not the only things that interested John. There were the changing cloud banks of the sky, the frogs in the lily-bordered lake, the flowers, many of them new to the eyes of the Scotch lad; best of all, perhaps, were the thunderstorms, when black cloud-mountains stretched themselves across the sky, and lightnings chased each other in long shafts of dazzling brightness.

At these times John had no thought of fear. Filled with wonder, he would stand silent, looking up at the scene overhead and listening to the mighty crashes of thunder which shook the earth beneath him. During those first weeks in the wilderness, the boy was studying hard in Nature's school. These were "love lessons" as he called them afterwards.

Besides the wild creatures of the fields and forests, John had much to interest him in his own yard and home. There were the patient oxen his father had bought for plowing; there was a mother hog with her family of funny, squealing babies. There was also a lively puppy, and a cat with her kittens for whom she went hunting and brought home many a feast of birds and squirrels. There was a pony on which the boys took turns in learning to ride. Then too there were sociable little field mice which scampered about the children's feet as they knelt with their father at evening prayers.

Work soon began in earnest. A house was built, into which the family moved in the autumn when John's mother arrived with the other children. Trees were cut down and brush burned away. Plowing and planting had to be done, cattle and hogs fed, corn shucked, hay cut, and wood sawed for fuel. John, being the oldest boy, had the care of the workhorses. He became very fond of them, and when one was stolen by an Indian he grieved as though he had lost his dearest friend. The Indian was afterwards caught, however, and the horse brought back to the farm. Then great was the

joy at Fountain Lake, for such the new home had been named, as this particular horse, Nob, was very intelligent.

When John was only twelve, he had to do a big share of the plowing, though his head scarcely reached above the handles of the machine; he split rails for fences, he planted and gathered crops, he threshed grain, and he guided the mower. In summer the little fellow had to get up at four o'clock in the morning, and it was often nine o'clock at night before he could tumble into bed, so tired that he hardly knew how to get there.

Mr. Muir was, as we know, a stern man who believed that tenderness would spoil his children. And so, when John had the mumps during a busy season, he was kept at his work though his throat was so swollen he could take no food except milk, and he became so weak that he sometimes fell in the harvest field. At another time he was seized with pneumonia, and was so ill that he simply could not stand. For weeks he lay between life and death.

The summer season, which should have been happy and care-free, was the busiest of all. Now was the time to gather the harvests of wheat, and to hoe the corn. The scythes must be kept sharp, the cattle and horses fed, water brought from the spring to the house, and wood chopped for the fires. Seventeen hours of hard work, one after another! And then, when the head was dizzy and the back and feet aching, the boy must try to hold his mind steady during the family prayers which ended the day.

The winter brought its own work. The cattle must now be carefully fed and housed, for the cold was often severe. This was the season for cutting down trees, making new fences, and mending old ones. Corn must be shucked and the farm tools repaired.

But even now there were pleasures. One of John's greatest delights was to watch the snowstorms. He quickly discovered that the snow here came down differently from that in

Scotland. There, great feathery masses fell upon one's face and clothes, while on the Wisconsin farm the flakes were separate, like crystal daisies. "God's darlings" the boy might have called them, as he afterwards spoke of the shining rock crystals which he discovered in the western mountains.

The evening sky also had great charms for the lad. The stars were brighter than those of the homeland. Sometimes there appeared in the sky the "Merry Dancers", as John had learned to call the aurora. The children at Fountain Lake enjoyed watching the trembling light as it spread over the heavens, or shot in long streams from out of the north.

But the springtime! This was the season of the year John loved most. The work was lightest now, and there was more time to enjoy the wonders of the world around. Millions of passenger pigeons came flying from the south, followed by immense flocks of geese and ducks. First of all the newcomers were the bluebirds. Then came the robin, so ready to make friends, and the gentle brown thrush, with its sweet song of evening.

While John was getting acquainted with these and other birds, he was also making many discoveries. He watched the budding of the different trees and learned their names; he searched for the opening flowers; he listened to the humming of numberless insects.

A great treat was in store for the Scotch lad during the first days of summer. Then his keen eyes discovered wild strawberries hidden among the meadow grasses and in the bits of open woodland where the sunlight could make its way. Whenever the Muir children had a few spare moments, they would scamper down to the pastures in search of the tempting fruit.

Strawberries were soon followed by dewberries, huckleberries, and cranberries, which John's mother used in making wondrous pies such as had never been tasted in the home across the ocean. Then came the time when stores of nuts

were gathered. Doubtless no tree seemed so precious then as the hickory. It gave large supplies of nuts; and also, if deep cuts were made through the bark, syrup as sweet and delicious as sugar would work its way to the surface. John loved this hickory syrup.

There were few holidays at Fountain Lake. On Sunday, of course, only the most necessary work was done, but there was church to attend, and Sunday school for which lessons must be carefully prepared. Only a small part of the day was left in which John and his brothers and sisters could do as they pleased.

There were two days, however, on which the Muir children were free from morning till night. Many were the discussions held by John and his brothers as to the way in which these should be spent. Should they visit young friends on near-by farms? Should they spend the precious hours reading favorite books? Should they work on machines which John's busy mind had invented? These were some of the questions which the boys asked each other, though they generally ended by spending the holiday on a high rocky hill which they called the Observatory.

During those first years in Wisconsin, John Muir often did what in after years he thought was wrong—he went hunting. In this cruel sport he acted, as he afterwards called himself, like a little savage. Around the borders of Fountain Lake were the nests of numberless muskrats, gentle little creatures as wise as beavers. And yet, when John went to the lake, he often set traps for these muskrats. In the fields near the house he hunted the busy little badgers which had burrowed their homes in the earth. He killed many a rabbit as it scampered through the woods.

None of the wild animals John discovered were more interesting than the flying squirrel. Then there was its cousin the chipmunk, whose bright eyes often discovered ripened fruit and nuts before the children of Fountain Lake had a

chance to pick them.

During the winter season, when snow covered the ground, John watched for the tracks of deer. Indians were often seen following the shy creatures in hot pursuit. Woe to the poor deer then, for the red men seemed untiring. Mile after mile they would skim along on their snowshoes till at last their prey was worn out. Then whiz flew the arrows, and the victims lay dead before the hunters.

"My sons, you should learn to swim," Mr. Muir said one day. He had little time to teach the boys, so he advised them to watch the frogs.

"See how smoothly they kick themselves along and dive and come up again," he said. "When you want to dive," he added, "keep your arms by your side or over your head, and just kick, and when you want to come up, let your legs drag and paddle with your hands."

John and his brothers were glad enough to receive their father's command and accordingly went down to the lake as often as possible to take lessons from their frog teachers. They were soon able to dive, as well as swim around the edge of the lake where the water was shallow. Then came the Fourth of July. A boy visitor arrived to spend the holiday and it was decided to spend the happy hours at the lake.

Later on in the day, John thought, "This is a good time to try swimming in deep water," and he struck out from the shore towards the boat in which his visitor sat with back towards him, fishing. He reached the boat safely and raised his arm to take hold of the stern, but he did not lift it high enough. And now he felt the force of the upward stroke, forcing him downward. Confused with sudden fear, he sank to the bottom of the lake. He rose once more, but was too much frightened to call for help, and sank again to the bottom.

Again he rose and sank, till his lungs almost filled with water, and he would soon have drowned had it not been for

his strong will. "How foolish I have been," he thought, "not to remember that I know how to swim under water." Accordingly, without trying to raise his head to the surface, he kicked himself along till he reached a more shallow place. He was now able, to get his mouth above the surface and to cry, "I canna get out."

The boat came quickly to his rescue, and he was soon ashore, safe and unharmed but much ashamed of himself for giving way to fear. That night, when he thought of what had happened, he decided to punish himself for behaving, as he thought, in an unmanly way. He crept down to the lake in the darkness, got into the boat, rowed far out into deep water, and took off his clothes. Then, taking a long breath, he dove from the stern; down he went for thirty or forty feet.

Not a fear had he this time, however, as he paddled to the surface. Not yet satisfied, he swam round and round the boat, and then, getting in, made ready for a second dive. Over and over again he dove and swam, each time saying to himself, "Take that."

Eight years were spent at Fountain Lake. At the end of that time, the land had been cleared and shut in by fences, and a good house and large barns had been built. It seemed at last as though John might be able to have life a little easier. But no! His father now decided to buy a stretch of wild land a few miles away and start a farm there.

John's heart must have sunk at the thought of what this meant—the old story of land-clearing and stump-digging and house-building to be repeated. And as he, the oldest son, had borne the brunt of the work before, he must expect to bear it again. In fact, he had already taxed his strength so much that he had not grown as he should, and for this reason he had won the nickname of "Runt of the family."

The new home was called Hickory Hill because of the many hickory trees around it. It was beautifully situated, but Mr. Muir found one great difficulty in getting settled: there

was neither spring nor stream at hand to supply the family with water. Only one thing could be done, and that was to dig a well near the house. After the work was begun, it was found that below the first ten feet the shaft must be sunk through solid rock. Mr. Muir tried to blast the rock, but did not succeed.

"John," said he, "you will have to do the work with a chisel."

The task that lay before the young man was a great one. Nevertheless he did not dare to refuse, and for many months he dug patiently away through the long hours of each day. Soon after sunrise he was lowered into the dark narrow well, and there he stayed and chipped away the rock bit by bit till night fell, except for the noon hour when he was drawn up for dinner and a few whiffs of fresh air.

One morning he came close to death. He had been lowered into the well, now nearly eighty feet deep, but was suddenly overcome by deadly gas so that he could not move. His father, not hearing any noise below, was frightened. He shouted to his son to get into the bucket and to hold on. This roused John enough to make him struggle against the chokedamp. He managed to crawl into the bucket and was hoisted up, nearly dead.

Even after this narrow escape, John kept on with the dangerous work until the bed of rock was pierced and fresh water gushed up. There was plenty of work still before him, but at least he was no longer shut out from the fresh air and light.

John Muir loved books. There were few save the Bible in that far western home, but the young man saved the pennies he earned by doing extra jobs, and with these he bought the works of some of the great poets. Shakespeare and Milton gave him the most delight. When he was reading these books he forgot homely farm duties, for he lived in a new and beautiful world. Years afterwards he spoke of the joy that only good books can bring.

Fond as the young man was of reading, there was little time for it because the father's rule was that after the day's work was ended and the family prayers had been said, every one in the household must go to bed. On winter nights, however, John, who was eager to have every possible moment with his loved books, would loiter in the kitchen after the others had gone to their rest.

"If I can only gain five precious minutes before father discovers the light!" he would say to himself. And when, two or three times, he managed to be undisturbed for ten whole minutes, he thought himself a most fortunate youth.

Mr. Muir became vexed at the idea of having to order his son to bed so often, and once, when John happened to be reading a religious book, he called out: "Go to bed. You must go when the rest do and without my having to tell you." As he finished speaking, he probably thought that as John was reading a religious book, he had been a little too stern, so he added: "If you must read, get up in the morning and do it. You may get up as early then as you will."

How happy John was now! He knew well that as a true Scotchman, his father would dislike very much to break his word. But could he wake any earlier than usual without being called, he wondered. That night he went to sleep with one thought in his mind, early. And when he waked in the cold winter darkness and looked at the clock, he could have shouted with joy when he found that it was only one o'clock. Five long hours were before him to do with as he wished.

Should he read? Unfortunately, it was too cold to sit still unless he made a fire, and his father would object to that. "Aha," he said to himself, "I will work on one of my inventions." Accordingly, he went down into the cellar where he kept his tools and started work on a sawmill that should set itself. He had already made a barometer, and a clock whose hand would rise and set with the sun throughout the year. But time for such work had always been scanty. Now, however,

he felt suddenly and gloriously rich. Why, there would be many other mornings like this one if he could only succeed in waking up! His wish was granted, and during the rest of the winter he did not fail to rise at one o'clock to enjoy the precious hours before dawn.

In the course of the winter he made a big clock which he fastened on an outside wall of the house. The figures on the face were so large that people working in the fields some distance away could tell the time easily. He also made a self-setting sawmill, and a large thermometer out of a piece of worn-out wash-board.

The thermometer was so sensitive that it was affected by the approach of people when five feet away. "A wonderful invention!" declared one of the neighbors, and Mr. Muir agreed with him. By this time, the other boys had grown up and left the farm to start life for themselves, but John was a home lover, and he still remained with the old folks.

He was dreaming dreams for his future, however. So was his mother who wished he might become a minister, and his sisters who thought he might become a famous inventor. John himself thought, "I would like best to be a physician." He knew it would require a good deal of money for the education needed to be a physician, so he planned to go to some factory or machine shop. He might make enough money there to support himself while he was studying.

Mr. Muir had never encouraged John to think he had a bright mind, so the young man had little faith in himself, though the neighbors were sure that he was a genius. One day he happened to speak to one of these friends of his wish to get work in a machine shop. The man gave him good advice.

"Take some of your inventions to the State Fair," he told him. "As soon as people see them, you may be sure of getting into any shop in the country, for they are out and out original."

Soon afterwards John told his father that he was about to

venture out into the world.

"If I should be in need of money," he asked, "will you send me a little?"

"No," replied his father. "Depend entirely on yourself."

It was of no use to say more. The young man, however, had the sovereign which his grandfather had given him when he left Scotland. He also had ten dollars which he had earned by raising wheat on what his father had considered a useless piece of ground. With this small sum of money and a queer-looking bundle containing two clocks and the odd thermometer he had invented, he started out on his journey.

A ride of nine miles brought him to the village where he was to take the train. There he stayed overnight at an inn. His queer bundle of inventions excited the wonder of the landlord and the other villagers.

The next morning he stood on the platform at the railroad station, waiting for the train to arrive. He had not been near a railroad since his arrival in Wisconsin. "Wonderful!" he thought, as the train thundered along the track and came to a standstill before him. The conductor was instantly interested in John and his inventions, and through his kindness the young man was allowed to ride in the engine and watch the workings of the machinery.

The moments of that strange and glorious ride flew by quickly, and John soon found himself at Madison where the State Fair was being held. When he reached the gate, the keeper, who had already caught sight of the clocks and thermometer, cried:

"Oh! you don't need a ticket. Come right in."

He was now directed to the Hall of Fine Arts, but when he arrived at the grand-looking building he became frightened.

"Exhibit the simple wooden things I have made, here?" he asked himself. "It canna be."

But when he opened his bundle and showed his

inventions to the gentleman in charge, his heart was quickly made light again.

"Why, they are wonderfully beautiful and novel," he was told. "They will probably be more interesting than anything else at the Fair."

The gentleman's words came true. Nothing else in the exhibit attracted so much attention. Articles were written about them in the Madison papers, and these were copied by other papers in the East. Standing in the crowd of sightseers at the Fair, the young inventor could not help hearing many words of praise, but he took care not to read the articles written about him in the papers. He was afraid that the praise given him there would make him proud.

At the close of the Fair he received a diploma, as well as a prize of about ten dollars in money. He could hardly believe in this sudden good fortune.

During the Fair, young Muir met a man who had invented an ice-boat.

"Come with me," he said to John. "I will give you work in my machine shop at Prairie du Chien." This seemed, at first, a good offer, but after young Muir had worked for the man a short time, he found he was gaining little knowledge. He left the machine shop and did odd jobs for his board, having time enough besides to study drawing, geometry, and physics.

He was not making much headway towards the education of which he dreamed—a training at the State University. Therefore, after a few months, he went back to Madison where he earned a little money by making and selling bedsteads that could be set by machinery so as to force the sleepers on to their feet in the morning. During this time also he earned his board by doing odd jobs. But he kept wondering how he could win entrance into the beautiful university with its lawns and lakes and its body of happy students. The question was answered one day by a student there.

"It is easy enough to get an education at the university,"

the student told him. "Little money is needed except for your board, and if you live on bread and milk, you can get enough food for a week for one dollar."

The way was clear. Young Muir felt sure he could earn enough money to support himself while he was going on with his studies, and was soon numbered among the students at the university. Four wonderful years went by. Spare hours were spent in teaching school, and during the long summer vacations there was always work to be had in the harvest fields.

John Muir did not work for a diploma because, if he followed the regular course, he could not spend as much time on the studies for which his mind was best fitted. Even now he still worked on new inventions. One of these was a desk on which his books would arrange themselves in the proper position for him to study. Another was a bed that would not only set him on his feet at the hour for rising, but would light a lamp on dark winter mornings.

During his college life, the young man found himself loving nature more and more deeply. He often wandered off into the country to study the rocks and trees and flowers. When the university life came to an end, and the last good-by was said, John Muir's eyes were wet with tears and his heart ached at the parting. Yet there was a great pleasure before him: he had managed to save a little money, and with this to buy needed food, he started on a tramp around the Great Lakes.

When his money was spent, the young man was obliged to seek work on a farm. After a short time he left the farm to make rakes and brooms in a mill, where he invented a machine by which the tools could be made much more quickly than before. Next, he went to a carriage factory, where he met with an accident that made him blind in one eye for several weeks.

This accident filled young Muir with sadness. He had to stay in a dark room and was unable to read. Worse than this

was the thought that he might never again be able to enjoy the treasures of fields and woods. The idea was a fearful one. If only sight should be restored!

"In that case," thought the sufferer, "I will devote myself to a study of the wonders God has given us."

At last there came a happy day when he was free to go out into the sunlight; and now, with a gay heart, the young pilgrim began a long tramp southward. He had no luggage except a bundle which he carried on his back.

In this bundle was a change of clothes, a plant press, a Bible, the poems of Robert Burns, and Milton's Paradise Lost. On walked the traveler till he reached Florida. During the whole journey, the young man generally slept on the ground and always ate the simplest food.

After enjoying the beauty of Florida for a while, young Muir sailed to Cuba. Here he was seized with a fever which had doubtless been brought on by sleeping in damp woods. He saw that he must seek a drier climate; but where should he go? He thought of the far western country of the United States and decided that he would explore its mountains and valleys.

In the year 1868 John Muir arrived in San Francisco, but he had little interest in cities for they are made by men. He was anxious to get out into "God's country" as soon as possible.

Soon after he stepped foot on the shore of California he asked a man whom he met in the street, "What is the nearest way out of town?"

"Where do you want to go?" said the stranger.

"To any place that is wild," replied Mr. Muir.

The man must have been astonished at the answer. Nevertheless, he gave the needed directions. He said: "You had better go down to Oakland Ferry. From there you can travel eastward toward our mountains." The pilgrim accordingly made his way to Oakland Ferry, and after crossing over,

he and another young man with whom he had got acquainted started on a delightful journey towards the lofty Sierra Mountains.

At last they reached a steep, rugged canon whose lofty sides shut them in from the rest of the world. Trails which had been blazed along the way were now covered with snow. If the travelers should lose themselves here in this wild and dangerous country, they might easily starve; or if an accident should overtake them, there would be no one near to give help. But they were too happy to think of fear.

After several exciting adventures, the glorious Yosemite was reached. The clear air was strength-giving; the birds sang songs of welcome; flowers nodded their dainty heads; graceful hares and antelopes darted here and there among the trees. John Muir's heart leaped for joy.

"The rest of my life shall not be spent on my own inventions," he said to himself. "It shall be given to a study of the inventions of God."

This nature lover had little money however, and though he could live on fifty cents a week, even that small sum must be earned in some way. So it came about that when he went to the Yosemite the next summer, he helped a shepherd tend his flocks in the mountains. After that, having noticed that many trees in the wilderness were felled by the storms, he built a sawmill on one of the slopes and set it to work. While the mill was cutting up the big logs the young man could sketch the country round about him, stopping only when it was necessary to feed the mill.

When it was good weather he slept on a bed of fir boughs, with the clear sky and its millions of lights overhead. But when storms raged he needed shelter, not only for himself but for his books and papers, and the rare specimens he collected in the wilderness around him.

For this reason he built a hut on a jutting crag high over the water wheel of his sawmill. In this little den he kept the

cones and rare plants which he gathered, the sketches he made, and the notes he wrote about his discoveries. Neither men nor animals were likely to trouble him here, because the only way to reach the hut was by climbing a long, narrow ladder.

When John Muir afterwards became famous, Emerson, Roosevelt, and other great men visited him in his wild home. Year after year this great lover of God's free blessings spent nearly all of his time in the Yosemite, making interesting discoveries; he studied the wonderful trees of California, the strange plants, and the rocks which had been worn away in past ages. He learned much about the creatures of the mountains and forests, from the big, clumsy bear to the grasshopper jumping with glee in the sunlight. It grieved this nature lover to hurt anything alive. He once said, "There is one thing that I hate with a perfect hatred—cruelty for anything or anybody."

During Mr. Muir's life in the Yosemite he went from time to time down to the "bread line," as he called the nearest town. He had two reasons for going there. First, he must buy food; though if he had chosen, he could have satisfied his hunger by catching fish in the streams or hunting game in the forests. But he felt so tender towards all living creatures that he could not even consider such things.

In the second place, he wished to receive letters from his friends. Though he was never lonely in the wilderness, he loved these dear friends. He once said: "When I was in college I nearly starved; I lived on fifty cents a week, and used to count the crackers and jealously watch the candles, but I didn't mind after I got in here—no bell that rang meant me, I was free to go and come, and here were things that were bread and meat to me—things to fatten my soul, and all as free as the air. Ah! but I've had a blessed time in here. But I did wish the ravens would come and feed me so that I could keep at my studies."

In this wild life Mr. Muir had many exciting adventures. With no one near to bring help in case of accident, he climbed up the sides of dangerous cliffs and made his way over snow and ice; he braved hurricanes—yes, and even an earthquake.

When he left his Wisconsin home, you will remember that he had a ride in an engine, which was most exciting to the country lad. But what would that be beside a ride on an avalanche? This was what really happened once to Mr. Muir in the Yosemite. There had been a big storm, and the mountain slopes were covered with a heavy garment of newly fallen snow.

"The country round about must be a glorious sight from the mountain summits above," thought Mr. Muir. So he decided to climb up the side of a near-by canyon, over three thousand feet high, and with the snow loosely as well as deeply packed.

"A tramp of three or four hours will surely bring me to the top of the ridge," decided the traveler, and he boldly started out. He soon discovered he had guessed wrongly. At nearly every step he sank to his waist. Sometimes a plunge would leave only his head above the surface. Still he kept on.

"I can at least reach the summit in time to see the sunset," thought the brave man after many hours of plodding. "The beautiful light shining on the snow-covered peaks and valleys will repay me for my struggle."

His wish was not gratified, however, but in its stead he had a delightful and unexpected surprise. Suddenly all beneath him gave way. He had barely time to realize what had happened—he had started an avalanche. Instantly he flung himself on his back and spread out his arms to keep himself from sinking. Then, with a mighty rush, he felt himself being tossed about on the back of the snow monster as it swept down, down, down, to the valley below.

At the end of a minute the strange and wonderful ride was over, and Mr. Muir found himself lying unharmed on the top

of an immense mass of snow. The traveler afterwards said of it, "Elijah's flight in a chariot of fire could hardly have been more exciting."

Sometime afterwards, Mr. Muir had another exciting experience in the Yosemite. One morning, at about half-past one o'clock, he was suddenly awakened. The moon was shining brightly. There was no sound except a soft rumbling underground and the rustling of branches on the trees about the little cabin. Mr. Muir knew at once what was the matter.

He sprang to his feet and rushed out of the hut, crying, "A noble earthquake! a noble earthquake!" Was he not fearful for one little moment, you wonder—alone in that great wilderness? No! His one idea was that nature was about to teach him a new and wonderful lesson. And then, with the earth shaking beneath his feet, the air was filled with a mighty roar, as an immense cliff a half-mile away was torn asunder.

Down into the valley below it crashed, a mass of thousands of small bowlders. As it traveled, it seemed a rainbow of glowing fire. The man who watched it tried afterwards to describe the wonderful sound that filled his ears. He said that if all the thunder of all the streams he had ever heard were condensed into one roar, it would not equal this rock-roar. The shocks had not entirely stopped when the listener hurried up the valley and climbed upon the fallen bowlders.

They had not yet settled into their new places, and were still grating against each other as though scolding at having been disturbed in their cliff home. The air was still filled with the dust of falling earth. Through it, however, the explorer could see not far away the beautiful Yosemite Fall shining in the moonlight; it had been unharmed by the earthquake.

Mr. Muir had hastened to this place of danger because he wished to settle what he had asked himself long ago how had bowlders lying at the foot of other cliffs found their way there? He could now answer: They had fallen during earthquake storms such as he had just been watching.

Mr. Muir made another great discovery in the Yosemite. This was that the gorges and canyons had been made by the work of mighty glaciers. Many ages must have passed since the great ice-rivers had done their work; but there was no doubt that they had once worn their way through this part of the country, grinding against the rocks and slowly but surely wearing deep canons between lofty cliffs.

As years went by, Mr. Muir left his home among the Sierras to make journeys to other parts of the world. He went to Alaska, where he discovered the Muir Glacier. He traveled to Norway and Switzerland to study the work of glaciers there; he made a visit to South America; he joined an expedition to the far north, in search of the lost ship Jeannette.

During this voyage he sailed along the shores of Behring Sea, going as far as Siberia. His chief interest there was to study the work of glaciers. In the midst of many wonderful scenes, however, he never lost his love for the beautiful Yosemite Valley and was glad to return there.

When Mr. Muir first went to California, there were great stretches of land in the western country where there were no white settlers. But as time passed by, more and more people moved out into the wilderness. Then the question arose as to whether they should be allowed to buy any of the still unsettled lands which they might choose.

John Muir became much troubled over the matter. "It would be sad, indeed," he thought, "if this beautiful country with its falls and streams and flower-bedecked valleys should be cut up into house lots. No! The United States should always have breathing spaces for her people where they can wander as freely as the wild creatures of the forest, and feast their eyes on the beauties God has given so abundantly."

Many people did not agree with Mr. Muir. Land stood in their eyes for money only, and they thought it would be a loss to this country to reserve thousands of acres for the pleasure of visitors. The devoted nature lover wrote and talked much

on this subject for ten long years. At last the government followed his advice, and in 1890 a national reserve was made about the Yosemite. This came about largely through the persevering work of John Muir.

In 1879 this great naturalist married a Polish lady, Miss Louise Strentzel. Mr. Muir spent much of the time for the next few years with his wife in a lovely valley of central California. The house in which they lived was large and comfortable. They had a vineyard and many fruit trees. Two little daughters were born there.

Mr. Muir was very happy in this home; he enjoyed the company of his wife and children; in his cheerful study he wrote books and articles for magazines, and he edited a newspaper. Yet there was for him but one home, and that was the one Dame Nature had given him years ago among his loved mountains.

He often returned to the Yosemite during the rest of his life, for his greatest delight was in the world as God gave it to men. Happy and contented, studying nature without worry or hurry, Mr. Muir lived on to the good old age of seventy-five.

One December day in the year 1914, the busy man's work was finished. He had lived a beautiful life and had been a very happy man. But what did he do for America? He has helped us to know God better through His wonderful works. He has noted many things in the lives of plants and animals hitherto unknown by men. He has written accounts of his discoveries, which have added to the knowledge and pleasure of wise, as well as ignorant, people. He has taught us to look more tenderly upon all things and creatures in the world. Perhaps his most valuable work was the gaining of a great national park which should be free to the poorest citizen of this United States.

Before John Muir's busy life ended, several American colleges honored him with degrees; he was made a member of noted clubs and scientific societies; wise men of different

countries sought to know him, and great men were proud to call him friend. And when he died, he left the people of this country deeply grateful for the advantages and new knowledge which had come to them through the life of John Muir, the "Philosopher of the Yosemite."

John D. Rockefeller

1839 – 1937 A.D.

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 office-boy, 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 moneymaking," 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.

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 clock-watchers 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 slavedrivers 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 every one 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.

George Westinghouse
The Inventor of the Air-Brake
1846 – 1914 A.D.

The boy George Westinghouse seemed to give small promise of the man. He was a laggard in school and a laggard in the sports that are the delight of most boys. He had a curious love of lingering aimlessly about his father's shop; and sometimes he seemed able to amuse himself unaccountably by playing with a few bits of wood for hours at a time.

His mother gave him the name of his father, saying hopefully that perhaps he would prove a real junior in native power and gifts. George Westinghouse senior was a man of weight in the community, the country of fertile farms and wide-awake farmers in Schoharie County, New York. Combining mechanical ability with shrewd business sense, he made various improvements on threshing-machines and other agricultural implements and manufactured them in his own shops.

Young George Westinghouse seemed entirely without his father's practical sense. Never was there a colt who objected more to bit and bridle.

"My first vivid recollection is of the way I hated all restraint," said Westinghouse once, smiling with reminiscent relish. "I had a fixed notion that what I wanted I must have. Somehow, that idea has not entirely deserted me throughout my life. I have always known what I wanted and how to get it. As a child, I got it by tantrums; in mature years, by hard work."

"Unless you can learn to run in harness you will never

amount to anything, my son," his father would say. "Now if you want to be of use in the shop, watch the men who know the ways of tools."

But George soon tired of the humdrum story of saw and plane. At his own bench his appointed tasks were left unfinished while he tried to construct a little engine of his own contriving, or perhaps a waterwheel that should engage the hurrying stream in a fashion he happened to fancy at the moment.

"Trumpery—trumpery and nonsense!" said Mr. Westinghouse one day, and seizing George's latest pet invention he threw it on the scrap-heap. The boy's eyes blazed and he set his teeth hard to keep back the angry words.

"Never mind, lad," said the foreman, sympathetically, after Mr. Westinghouse had passed beyond hearing. "There's a bit of a room up in the loft where the boss never goes. There you can have your things and play with them as you like, with no one to mind or meddle." So George had his den where he went to work out his inventions. The time came when he designed and made the complete model of a rotary engine in this secret nook among the rafters.

The way of the inventor is hard, even when he happens to be born the son of an inventor. For to be original means to be different and in that difference lies the possibility of much doubt and misunderstanding. George Westinghouse was "different" in that he seemed to take small interest in the proper concerns of his father's shops. A new threshing-machine had no power to kindle his enthusiasm. He also was a difficult pupil in school. It baffled his instructors to understand why a youth who was so ready in mathematics and so keen in reasoning along certain lines should be so heavy and inexpressive when it came to most of the lore of books.

One teacher alone realized that there was real power in the tongue-tied lad. "He is the kind whose thought must take shape in action, not in words," she said, with rare

understanding.

"We all owe more to certain of our teachers than we know," Mr. Westinghouse once said. "I am glad that I realized at the time how much a certain capable schoolmarm who was also a lovely and lovable woman meant in my life at a time when I needed the right sort of encouragement."

Young Westinghouse was indeed the sort whose thought took shape in work, not in words. There we have the keynote to his character and his success; and his thought was of the kind that rebelled against fixed grooves, that thirsted to go along paths of its own finding. His early faults that made his staid father shake his head were the sort that showed power of an uncommon sort.

It was necessary, however, for him to know discipline—to tame his spirit by learning what ends were worth while and to go after them by work, not by "tantrums." His first real lessons were those he worked out alone in his loft workshop when he found that a fellow never got anywhere with his best notions unless he stuck to one thing until he conquered its difficulties and brought it to some conclusion. So he grew out of the fitful, impractical experimenter who made many more or less aimless beginnings, into the resolute workman and inventor who could hang on to a problem with a grip that never relaxed until he arrived at a satisfactory solution.

More valuable lessons in self-mastery were learned through his experience in the Civil War, first as scout in a cavalry regiment, later as acting third assistant engineer in the navy, a position which he earned by his excellent military record and his mechanical skill. While on board the Stars and Stripes he put in his odd hours at a lathe, turning out by its means a model of a sawbuck engine. For change of circumstances could not change his native bent. His interest in making machines was a part of himself and not to be left behind with his familiar tools in his den at home.

Later, when the war was over, and George, obedient to

his father's wishes, entered the scientific department of Union College, it was seen that the pressure of prescribed studies could not stamp out his original work. Even during the hours when he was supposed to be devoting himself to the irregularities of French verbs and German idioms he was making sketches on his cuffs of locomotives or engines of one sort or another. The president of his college undertook to bring this unsatisfactory student into line.

"How do you like college, Westinghouse!" he began, with tactful cheerfulness.

"I dare say I should like it very well," replied George frankly, after a moment's hesitation, "if I had time to give my mind to my studies."

And then the astonished Dr. Hickok learned that here was not a case of an idle student, heedlessly wasting the golden opportunities of youth. "He has a mind of his own and the mind to use it," he advised George's father. "It will be useless to try to keep him in college at work in which he has no heart."

So George was allowed a bench in his father's shop and he soon proved that he had learned to run in harness now, during working hours at least. Even the stern and exacting father admitted that he was a competent workman, who could turn out a neat job at the point needed. But still the real interest of the days was found in the "den," where some ideas that had come to him during his experience in the navy were at this time taking shape in the rotary engine already referred to.

It was always a mechanical problem, a practical need, that engaged the attention of this young man whose thought "took shape in work." Once when watching a wrecking-crew work painfully to get some derailed cars back on the track, the idea came to him for a car-replacer which he reduced to definite form in a drawing before he went to sleep that night.

George Westinghouse now had an opportunity to

demonstrate his business ability, the power to size up a situation and "go after" an object until it is attained. With little encouragement from his father, he succeeded in getting a small amount of capital together from several investors in the city, formed a company, and set about interviewing various railroad men in order to introduce his car-replacer. Coming now in direct contact with railroad problems, he found himself one day face to face with another idea. He saw that of all parts of a track the frogs had to be most frequently replaced. This meant continual tearing up and patching that caused not only expense but delay to traffic. Westinghouse, then, made a cast-steel reversible frog that was twenty times more durable than the cast-iron parts in use up to that time. But of course one couldn't build up a fortune on frogs whose virtue was their long life. When once roads were equipped, a new supply was not needed for a long time. It was well, therefore, that young Westinghouse did not rest his hopes here but was already seeking new worlds to conquer.

Once more a need was presented dramatically through a railroad accident. One day, as Westinghouse stepped from his train to see why it had come to a sudden stop with no station in sight, he saw the ground strewn with broken cars and their hapless cargo.

"Must have been gross carelessness—a collision on a straight, smooth stretch of road like this," he remarked.

"No," he was told, "the engineers saw each other and both tried to stop but couldn't."

"Why not? Brakes out of order?"

"No, but all the brakes and brakemen in the world can't bring a train to a standstill all at once. It takes time to signal to the brakemen and time again for them to clamp on the brakes. This swift iron age of ours must pay toll for its speed."

This was the kind of challenge that fired George Westinghouse. A need without a remedy! Impossible! It was clear that the brakes which moved with such slowness on a

fast train needed reforming. Could they not all move together by means of a chain that extended the length of the train? Might not some power, controlled by the engineer, pull the chain at need and clamp the brakes on all the wheels by one action?

What power could handle and control the mighty chain that should run the length of a train of many cars? Steam? Could steam from the engine pass to the cylinders on the different cars that should take care of the slack of chain made by the operation of the brakes? Even in summer the steam would be condensed long before it reached the last cars; in cold weather the condensed steam would freeze.

Then it happened that the man and the idea of the hour were brought together as if by chance. George Westinghouse picked up a stray copy of a new magazine, which opened to an article that caught his attention, about a remarkable engineering feat—the digging of the Mont Cenis tunnel eight miles through the Alps from France to Italy by means of rock drills operated by compressed air. George Westinghouse gave an exclamation of delight. He had found the key to his door of opportunity. Compressed air should be the power to work at the bidding of the engineer in setting the brakes. If the power of air could be sent through pipes thousands of feet to dig a passage for man through the heart of a mountain range, it could pass unchanged from engine to caboose along any train of cars. Then the man whose thoughts took shape in action began at once to turn his idea into reality. The very day that he read about the tunneling of the Alps by means of compressed air he made the first drawings of his famous air-brake.

A new idea must meet the right sort of man if it is to gain a foothold in the world. The man who works for the things of which people have never even dreamed must have the stern staying qualities of the pioneer. Even after Westinghouse had translated his idea into complete working drawings and

models of the mechanism planned, it was long before he could make the railroad men entertain the notion up to the point of making an actual demonstration possible. The heads of one leading railway system after another turned a deaf ear to all pleadings for a practical test. And when at last a trial was granted and won, when Westinghouse was able to wire home the news of the dramatic trial trip which proved beyond question the value of the invention, his own father had so little faith in its practical success that he declined to invest any money in the venture.

Fate, however, was more kindly. The time had come for the air-brake and a very pretty drama was staged by fortune for the man of the hour. There was the train equipped for the trial trip with officials of the Panhandle Railroad and a few invited guests from other companies in the rear car. There was Westinghouse, tense but confident, looking over the apparatus in the cab. He looked over the engineer, too, and saw a clear-eyed, capable young man. "Well," he said, by way of parting caution, "all I ask is that you give this a fair show. Good luck to you!" This with a firm, heartening hand-shake that left in the engineer's grasp, together with the will to do his utmost for this new brake entrusted to him, the surprising bonus of a fifty-dollar note. And his smile of reassurance to the astonished master of the engine gave no suspicion of the truth that the inventor had given his last dollar.

With the stage all set for the great act, fortune now pulled the strings. A deaf drayman, despite all warnings, started to drive his wagon over the track, when his frightened horse made the matter more desperate for the frenzied driver by throwing him across the rails in front of the rapidly approaching locomotive. The engineer saw the danger ahead. Now for the new brake. A powerful twist at the valve, and the compressed air rushed through the pipes to the cylinders under the cars, and the brakes were clapped to their wheels with a mighty jerk. The train came to a dead stop just four

feet short of the helpless drayman. A life was saved and the new air-brake was the hero of the day.

Given the practical ability and character which Westinghouse brought to his task, the triumph of his invention was now assured. When it had to hold its place against competitors he was able to meet varying conditions triumphantly. His quick-acting air-brake proved its worth on long freight-trains as well as on passenger-cars against all electrically operated devices.

But this success was to Westinghouse but the means of going on to further achievement. He turned his attention to a block system of safety signals where the warning is automatically flashed by electricity while compressed air does the heavy work of signaling. Then the matter of various electric projects for lighting, for street railways, for harnessing the inexhaustible energy of Niagara as a source of electric power for millions of people, engaged his attention. Westinghouse was a name to conjure with in the industrial world.

Always thinking in acts, and, when the door closed on one achievement, looking to the future with the cry, "Now for the next job!" George Westinghouse went on from one success to another. Practical American that he was, in his years of triumphant service for man in our Age of Steel, making its speed safe and its ways sure, he recalls to our thought the old saying: "Words are the daughters of earth; Deeds are the sons of heaven."

Alexander Graham Bell
The Story of the Telephone
1847 – 1922 A.D.

The story of Alexander Graham Bell's early life is a wonderful tale of scientific adventure.

His father and his grandfather before him had been specialists in elocution and the laws of speech. They had written important texts on the subject, and one in particular, "Visible Speech," reduced the mechanics of word-formation to a science that had practical application in the teaching of foreign languages and the correction of speech defects.

"As I look back and see the points in my early life that led to my work on the telephone," said Dr. Bell, "I see that one important element was my love of music. I could play the piano by ear before I could read or write. I knew, too, all sorts of musical instruments in a sort of way. I knew how they were made and the way in which sounds were produced.

"A second element of even greater importance was that I came of a family that had made a study of oral speech for two generations before me. People who lisped or stammered came to my father to be taught how to place the vocal organs in forming sounds." Then Dr. Bell went on to relate how his father encouraged his boys to make a hobby of voice work.

"You are fond of making things," he said one day.

"Do you think you could make a speaking-machine!"

It was a fascinating idea. Graham undertook to model the mouth from a skull, making the tongue and soft parts of the throat of rubber stuffed with raw cotton; while his brother Melville worked upon the lungs and vocal cords. When they

got their creature into shape, however, they were too much excited to complete the bellows that was to do duty as lungs. As one boy blew through a tube and the other moved the lips of the machine out came a "sound like a Punch and Judy show" crying "Mama" quite distinctly.

Of course the boy who knew music and so much of human speech longed to know more about the marvels of sound. When sixteen years old he started out with enthusiasm to teach elocution and to make further experiments with the laws of acoustics. One day, when he believed he had arrived at some important discoveries, he went to consult Alexander Ellis, a leading scientist who was translating into English the "Sensations of Sound," by Helmholtz. "Very interesting tests," remarked Ellis sympathetically, "but the German master of physics has already given these facts to the world—and more completely." Then he invited Bell to his house and showed him how Helmholtz had set tuning-forks vibrating by means of electromagnets, and had succeeded in imitating the quality of the human voice by blending the tones of a number of tuning-forks.

Now the young man who had succeeded in making a talking-machine leaped in fancy to something that had no place in Helmholtz's experiments.

"Why not make a musical telegraph?" he hazarded, "a telegraph with a number of keys like a piano, capable of sending a like number of different tones at one time over a single wire." He recalled that when he sang a tone close to the piano strings, the string tuned to that pitch would vibrate in answer. He jumped to the conclusion that tones could actually be carried over wires and reproduced by means of the electromagnet. He had the thrill of a Columbus coming in sight of land. How was he to know that scores of other inventors had caught a glimpse of the same magic shore and had sailed all round it, but that it had melted before them like a mirage! This idea was to Bell, however, a kindly will-o'-the-

wisp that led on to the search for the telephone.

The young man pushed forward his study as if he were determined to follow the advice to "learn everything about something and something about everything" in a day—or, rather, overnight. For his days were spent in teaching, and hours which should have been given to sleep were seized for research. The day of reckoning came, when a serious breakdown seemed certain. His father was thoroughly alarmed, and with reason, for two of his sons had been carried off suddenly by the dread White Plague.

"Another climate and life in the open," said the doctor, and the father insisted on his son giving up his cherished projects to seek health on a farm in Canada. But while planting crops and garnering renewed vigor the young inventor of twenty-six found time to work out with the Mohawk Indians some of his father's theories of speech.

Then word came of the chance to introduce this system of lip-reading at the school for the deaf in Boston; and young Bell, with health fully restored now, entered upon the work with all the zest in the world. So great was his success that he was called to a professorship in Boston University, where he gave instruction in his method of language-teaching for the deaf.

It seemed as if fair fortune were trying to lure the gifted young teacher away from his interest in inventions. He opened a School of Vocal Physiology which met with instant success. His work was filling a great need. Almost he was persuaded that here lay his true lifework.

Then it was that by a little deaf child he was led back into the paths, of experiment. Five-year-old Georgie Sanders lived in Salem, and there the teacher was persuaded to make his home for a time with his pupil. Association with the Sanders family revived Bell's passion for science, and their cellar was turned over to him for a laboratory.

That cellar workshop was for three years a place big with

effort and promise. There coils of wire, magnets, and tuning-forks lay about in a strange medley, that gave, however, the first hint of the day when speech was to be carried across continents by means of the electric current. Bell worked feverishly and furtively while the world slept. That time was his own and safe from interruption; for now that he felt himself on the threshold of success he was jealously fearful lest some one would steal his great idea and push ahead through the open door.

"Often in the middle of the night," said Thomas Sanders, the father of the little deaf pupil, "Bell would wake me up, his black eyes blazing and his crisp, curly hair fairly bristling with excitement. Sending me to the cellar, he would plunge out to the barn and begin to signal along his experimental wires. If I noticed any improvement he would execute a war-dance of delight and go happily to bed. If things proved disappointing, however, he would settle down doggedly at his work-bench for a further tryout."

Another pupil of Bell's took his hand and gently helped him along the road of accomplishment—and beyond to the Inn of Content. Fifteen-year-old Mabel Hubbard, with her appealing ways and understanding smile, completely won the heart of the young professor who taught her to speak; and in a few years they were married. Her father, Gardiner G. Hubbard, became a stanch ally of Bell and later of the telephone.

"Do you know," said Bell to Hubbard one day, his dark eyes glowing and his voice vibrating with mysterious emphasis, "do you know that if I sing the note G close to the strings of this piano that the G-string will answer me?"

"Well, what of that?" asked Hubbard, wondering not so much at the words as at the dramatic emphasis. "It is a fact of tremendous importance," replied Bell. "It means that we may some day have a musical telegraph, which will send as many messages at one and the same moment over one wire as

there are notes on that piano."

Hubbard took to the idea with ready sympathy and support; but when the day came that Bell confided his dream of sending speech over wires, the man of affairs was alarmed. He felt that the promising inventor was in danger of turning visionary.

"Stick to a practical possibility; don't go chasing after a will-o'-the-wisp that can never in any event be more than a scientific curiosity," he warned. "Go on with the musical telegraph which may really make your fortune."

"If I can make a deaf-mute talk I can make iron talk," responded Bell.

Now he began to take up a new and a gruesome kind of experiment with the human ear itself. Taking the complete organs of hearing from a dead man's head, he arranged the sections of the skull so that a straw which rested against the ear-drum at one end touched a piece of moving smoked glass at the other. A new sort of "visible speech" resulted, for when he spoke with loud distinctness into the ear, the vibrations of the drum appeared in tiny, waving lines upon the glass.

"If a little membrane like the ear-drum can vibrate a bone," said Bell, "then an iron disk may be made to vibrate an iron rod—or, at least an iron wire." In that moment the idea of the telephone flashed in vision before the imagination of the inventor. He distinctly saw two iron disks (like ear-drums), miles apart, but brought into contact by means of an electric wire which could catch the vibrations of sound from the disk at one end and instantaneously reproduce them at the other.

There remained now the task of turning his idea into practical reality—a task made doubly difficult because the friends who were giving him financial aid still insisted on his devoting himself to the musical-telegraph idea. Encouragement came, however, when a visit to his patent lawyer at Washington gave an opportunity to consult the eminent

scientist Joseph Henry, who, it will be remembered, had given Morse valuable assistance with his telegraph. It seemed as if the wisdom of the past were meeting the daring enterprise of a new age when America's Prophet of Science—seventy-eight years old now—sat shoulder to shoulder with the young inventor of twenty-eight, as he examined and tested his apparatus.

At length the verdict came. "You are in possession of the germ of a great invention," said Henry, "and I would advise you to work at it until you have made it complete."

"But," interposed Bell, despairingly, "I have not the necessary experience with electricity."

"Get it," was the reply that seemed to infuse courage and determination into the inventor as by an electric current.

For three months Bell pressed on with his tests, until one day his assistant heard distinctly the twang of a watch-spring over the wire. That sound was to Bell as the blare of a victorious trumpet. Now he succeeded in convincing Sanders and Hubbard. As for the assistant, Watson, he had in him already a devoted ally.

"If Morse, who was a painter, could muster enough knowledge of electricity at the age of forty to carry forward his idea of the telegraph, our case is by no means hopeless," Bell said to Watson.

Many months passed with trial after trial, during which the infant machine refused to do little more than make distressing indistinct noises. Then one great day—it was March 10, 1876—the assistant heard quite clearly over the wire the words, "Mr. Watson, come here, I want you." Never was summons responded to with more headlong speed as Watson rushed from the room with the news of victory. "I can hear you!" he shouted at the door. "I can hear the words!"

The days that followed were passed in coaxing the infant wonder to speak with greater distinctness. "During the summer of 1876," said Watson, "the telephone was talking so well

that one didn't have to ask the other man to say it over again more than three or four times before one could understand quite well, if the sentences were simple."

This was the year of the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, and Gardiner Hubbard, who was one of the commissioners in charge of the exhibits, arranged a place for the telephone in a corner of the Department of Education; and obtained a promise from the judges to visit the obscure niche between wall and stairway where it was set up.

The fateful Sunday afternoon came when the great men in their rounds passed before the little table where Bell waited, tense and eager. All were weary and indifferent, for the hour was late and the day very warm. Here was an odd, homespun sort of contrivance. One of the men took up a receiver idly and laid it down without even putting it to his ear. Yawning, they agreed that their hotels promised more interest than new wonders.

It proved, however, that Fortune was just pausing long enough to get the stage properly set for Bell's great triumph. At that moment of seeming defeat in walked Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, accompanied by the Empress Theresa and their suite.

"Professor Bell, I am delighted to see you again!" said the emperor, who was greatly interested in work for the deaf, and had once visited Bell's class in "Visible Speech" at Boston University.

Everybody was wide awake now, as Dom Pedro put the receiver to his ear, while Bell went to the transmitter at the end of the room. Then the royal visitor lifted his head and looked about him dramatically. "My God!—it talks!" he cried in amazement.

Now Joseph Henry took the receiver. "I shall never forget," said one of those present, "the look of awe that passed over that grand old man's face as he heard the iron disk speak with the accents of the human voice."

Next came Sir William Thomson, later known as Lord Kelvin, the great electrical scientist and engineer of the first Atlantic cable. "It does speak," he said. "It is the most wonderful thing I have seen in America." And that was the verdict of the judges—that of all the gifts to the Nation on the one-hundredth anniversary of the ringing of the Liberty Bell the telephone was the first in importance.

Notwithstanding its brilliant introduction to America, the baby wonder shared the fate of other great inventions and had to fight hard for a foothold in the business world. But the men in control had the vision and the courage of pioneers, reinforced by sound organizing ability; and so in spite of the indifference and ridicule of the ignorant, and the bitter enmity of the powerful telegraph interests, who looked upon it as a trespasser upon Western Union territory, the telephone won its way.

Did the great scientists who gathered about Bell at the Centennial and marveled that the electric waves could be made to carry and reproduce faithfully the complex sound-waves of the human voice, dream of how the telephone might one day figure in the affairs of men? Perhaps that is to ask the question, "Is the oak-tree more marvelous than the acorn from which it sprang?"

Let us think for a moment of some of the marvels that hide behind the word "telephone" in the world today. Think of a great switchboard with its maze of wires that are woven in and out, in and out, to the tune of the flashing light-signals, connecting any number of a vast city system with any other in a moment. Think of the underground lead-encased cables that pass under the streets of our cities—great ropes of massed wires over which hundreds of messages pass magically side by side, and in and out, as the strands ravel off at their various destinations. Now there are underground cables connecting Washington, New York, and Boston. That came about in a dramatic fashion. The storm that swept over the country at

the time of the inauguration of President Taft carried down so many wires that communication between Washington and the rest of the country was cut off for several days.

"That must never happen again," said the Bell engineers. "We must see to it that our capital is never out of touch with the rest of the country."

Picture the wires of our country—the nerves of the Nation. The big underground cables are like the spinal cord from which intelligence goes out in all directions to every body cell. So the wires go over rivers, mountains, and deserts, and under the sea. At points where wires stop the messages can leap through the air from shore to island shore, or to ships at sea, by wireless.

Is there in all the realm of Wonder-Lore a more marvelous story than that of the telephone?

Thomas Alva Edison
The Franklin of Our Times
1847 – 1931 A.D.

A man who could see through the outer shell of things and read something of their meaning has called Edison "The Franklin of the Nineteenth Century." But the crowd made a marvel of his inventions as if he had the magician's wand or secret spell and insisted on calling him the "Wizard of Menlo Park" even after his plant had been transferred to West Orange. The Wizard is, however, glad that he has two deaf ears to turn to praise of this sort.

"There are many gains that more than balance my loss of hearing," he says whimsically. "I can go about New York, for instance, seeing what I like and hearing little of the rush and roar. And I am not troubled by this foolish talk about my wizard tricks. I have always been ready to put things to the test and to learn from what happens. That and the will to work while others sleep are the only spells I know."

The really great men are always very simple. There is a homespun directness about those who care for the gold of achievement rather than the tinsel of appearance. And there is indeed a striking parallel between Franklin, who with kite and key coaxed lightning from the clouds, and Edison, who has summoned that mighty power to do the bidding of man in many ways.

The keynote of Franklin's character was thrift— real thrift that means wise use of one's gifts and opportunities. We see this not only in the sayings of Poor Richard but also in the way he followed his own teaching throughout his most

amazing career. For the man who began as printer and became scientist, inventor, and statesman, was first and last the most useful citizen of his day.

So with the Franklin of our own time. While we marvel at the range of his powers and the number of his accomplishments we find the explanation the same—not magic but thrift.

As a boy he was called queer and stupid. Surely no child with all his wits would think that he could sit on goose-eggs as successfully as the mother goose and actually try it out. Other children often asked silly questions, but they didn't act the goose as he did!

There never was such a boy for asking why. And if you couldn't meet his every why, then why not? The school in the little town of Port Huron, Ohio, where he sat at the foot of his class for three months didn't know what to make of a boy who couldn't learn out of books as the others did, but was always asking something that wasn't in the lesson at all.

His mother, however, knew that he wasn't stupid. She had once been a teacher, one of the wise sort who know life, as well as books. "Wouldn't you rather have a child who really thinks than one who says things parrot fashion every time you call his name?" she asked the boy's teacher, indignantly. She would teach her boy at home. He should not go to a school that called a boy a dunce and did everything to make him one by clipping the wings of his thought and imagination whenever he tried to use them.

So "Al" Edison was taught by his mother, and before he was twelve they had read several wise books together—books that answered questions and gave one much to think about, such as Sear's "History of the World," and the Dictionary of Science. And the things young Al Edison learned seemed like windows opening out on new things to wonder about.

He spent his pocket-money at the drug store, not for candy, but for chemicals to try some of the experiments he

had read about. Soon there were in the cellar of the Edison house some two hundred bottles labeled "poison" to scare away the curious.

Batteries and test-tubes and chemicals cost more than a small boy can command, even when, as was the case with Al Edison, he worked on a ten-acre truck farm and sold his peas, lettuce, and tomatoes, from door to door through the town. Besides, hoeing corn in July was hot work, especially when one longed to be down in the cellar with his precious bottles.

"Why not let me sell papers on the train to Detroit?" asked the enterprising lad one day. "I see my way to do quite a business and I could spend some hours every day at the public library."

Of course that appealed to his mother. He carried his point and did indeed build up a flourishing business. While selling newspapers, magazines, and candy on the train, he won permission from the conductor to use an empty compartment of the mail-car to carry baskets of vegetables and fruit back to Port Huron where he opened a little store with one of his boy friends as clerk.

Nor did he have to be parted from his laboratory while on the road. The baggage-car would hold more than his stock of newspapers and a fresh supply of produce for his store. Soon he transferred to it his stock of jars and bottles which had increased greatly because he was now prosperous enough to buy many new and fascinating articles.

But, alas! the course of young ambition does not always run smooth, even on an express-train where one has been allowed to have everything his own way for a time. There came one day a sudden jolt that threw a stick of phosphorus out of its place to the floor of the car laboratory, where it burst into flame and set the car on fire.

The conductor rushed water to the scene and put out the fire, but his wrath still blazed, and as the train came to a stop for a station he flung the unlucky experimenter from his

traveling workshop with all his precious possessions in a sorry heap, giving the culprit at the same time such a sounding cuff over the ears that they never recovered from the shock. The inventor's deafness dates from that day.

"Spilt milk doesn't interest me," said Edison years afterward. "I have spilt lots of it and while I have always felt it for a few days, it is quickly forgotten and I look ahead to the future."

The next day the boy, with his father's permission, set up his workshop in a spare room of the Port Huron home, and he passed through the cars of the train to Detroit with his pile of newspapers and candies as if nothing had happened. It was not in him to harbor a grudge against the conductor, whose first duty was to guard the lives and property in his care. Nor did he cry out against his own hard luck, even though not only his chemical outfit but also his cherished printing-apparatus had been sadly wrecked. For, besides experimenting with gases and batteries, the young "candy-butcher" had actually set up a practical printing-office in the mail-car compartment that he had come to look upon as his own. There he had printed the "Weekly Herald," of which he was reporter, editor, business manager, type-setter, and all the rest; and, taking advantage of the eager demand for news during the feverish years of the Civil War, he had sold as many copies of his enterprising sheet as he could turn out.

Now in his home workshop he set up another newspaper—"Paul Pry," he called it—that was to satisfy the demand for items of local interest. These publishing-ventures showed young Edison's native shrewdness and gave scope for his initiative and imagination during the months when he was eagerly devouring the contents of the Detroit Public Library, shelf by shelf. But perhaps the greatest good for the future that came out of this chapter of his boyhood was the interest he developed in the telegraph and through it in electricity.

He had learned the advantage of sending news by wire

when getting items for his paper. He had also had the enterprise to send ahead to way-stations bulletins of important war news, in order to create a demand for his sheets when the train arrived.

"My chum and I used to hang around telegraph offices," said Edison, "and we rigged up a line between our homes of stovepipe wire with bottles as insulators, set on nails driven into trees and short poles."

Fate, having prepared the young actor for the next act of his life drama, set the stage for a "popular hero" scene. The train-boy was waiting at a station while freight-cars were being shifted about, when he saw that the small son of the station agent was in the middle of a track on which a train was rapidly approaching. Down went papers and packages as the lad flung himself at the child and swept him out of the path of the locomotive with not an instant to spare.

"Good boy, brave boy!" repeated the tearful father as he wrung the hero's hand, cut and scratched as it was by the stones on which he had fallen by the track. "What can I do for you? I know," he said, in a burst of inspiration, "you would like, maybe, to learn to be a train operator. Well, I'll teach you all I know of the business."

It is easy enough to find time for what one really wants to do, even in the crowded life of such a man of business as young Edison. A boy was found to fill in on the train for part of the run, reserving for Al the section of the route between his home and the station where his grateful telegrapher worked. He had already mastered the Morse alphabet; what he had chiefly to learn was the abbreviated code employed in railway work to save time. Some of the figures used in this way have become generally known, such as 23, which stood for accident or death and was regarded as a bad sign; and 73, which stood for congratulations and good wishes.

Then after several months of study and practice Edison fell heir to the position of telegraph operator at Port Huron.

He was at this time sixteen years old and as busy asking questions—chiefly now of the scientific books and the opportunities for experiment that came his way—as he had been as a child when his insistent why and again why to all about him used to wear out the patience of every one except his mother.

He tried to get the men who worked with electricity to explain something of its what and why.

"The telegraph men couldn't explain how it worked," he said afterward, "I remember the best explanation I got was from an old Scotch line repairer who said that if you had a dog like a dachshund long enough to reach from Edinburgh to London, and if you pulled his tail in Edinburgh he would bark in London. I understood that, but I couldn't grasp what went through the dog or over the wire."

And today Edison says he is no nearer the answer to the question of what this electricity is with which he works than he was at that time.

The next years of Edison's life as a telegraph operator gave him a varied experience in many places and led him to confine his study and experiments to electrical problems. The possibilities of electricity became the concern of his working-hours. "Chemical experiments which had been my first love took on the nature of holiday excursions," he has said.

At this time he developed an instantaneous vote-recording machine designed to save Congress the time of roll-calls. It was an entire success; its only fault was that it was too perfect for imperfect human beings. The chairman of the congressional committee to whom Edison exhibited his model said solemnly: "Young man, if there is any invention on earth that we don't want at the Capitol, it is this. One of the greatest weapons in the bands of a minority to prevent bad legislation and gain time for further consideration is the roll-call."

Edison at once saw the truth of this and instead of blaming fate for having led him off on a false trail he said: "That

first invention taught me a valuable lesson, for I determined from then on to canvass the need or the demand before setting out to produce a supply of something which might not be able to secure a foothold in the world."

The next years of many inventions, including important devices in the perfecting of the telephone and the making of the first talking-machine, gave Edison when he was still a young man of thirty a world-wide fame. Then he put aside his fascinating experiments with the phonograph to take up the problem of lighting.

The brilliant arc-light was in general use in lighthouses and along important thoroughfares in England and America. This light not only was too powerful and too costly, but it also required too much attention for ordinary purposes. Everybody said, however, that it was the only practical electric light. In 1879 Professor Tyndall, the leading British scientist, declared, "Though we have possessed the electric light for seventy years, it has been too costly to come into general use."

This was a problem after Edison's own heart. "Just wait a while," he said, "and we will make electric light so cheap that only the wealthy can afford to burn candles."

He realized that the lighting of houses, stores, and other interiors was the need of the hour. So he devoted all his thought to the task of developing a light of the size, cost, and convenience of the ordinary gas-jet.

Experiments had been made with incandescent lights, for when it was discovered that the electric current heated the wire through which it passed, many electricians dreamed of finding a substance that could be raised to the point of incandescence or white heat without being consumed. In 1845 a young American inventor, J. W. Starr, patented in England a lamp with a strip of carbon in the middle of a vacuum tube. He made for exhibition in America a splendid cluster of twenty-six of these lamps, one for every State in the Union at that time. He was confident that he had the light of the

future. But, alas! on the voyage to America the brilliant promise of the young inventor's life was extinguished. He died, at the age of twenty-five, and the practical development of his idea died with him.

It was thought, however, that Starr had satisfactorily demonstrated that carbon was the most favorable material for the incandescent conductor because it did not readily unite with oxygen (i.e., it could stand a high temperature for an appreciable time without being consumed) and also offered great resistance to the passage of the electric current, which meant that it might quickly be brought to the light-giving stage. But carbon, even in the best vacuum that could be devised, was burned out too soon to make the lamp a commercial success. A mechanism was arranged to supply new carbon sticks as fast as those in use were exhausted, but this made necessary globes that could be easily opened; and the lamps had also to be provided with a stop-cock arrangement for connection with air-pumps to restore the vacuum after each opening. Hence the incandescent lamps before Edison's time were great clumsy affairs and furnished light, without refilling, for only a few hours.

"It can't be done," said the leading scientists in America and England, when it was understood that Edison was determined to produce a practical electric light for houses.

"I am free to admit," said Professor Tyndall, "Edison has the power to grasp general facts and principles and then to work out from them some new practical combination before undreamed of. But as I know something of the difficulty of the electric-light problem, I should prefer seeing it in his hands to having it in mine."

The undaunted Franklin-like temper of mind that would never allow a practical problem to remain unchallenged and unsolved was at work. The child who had flung a repeated "why?" or "how?" or "how do you know!" at each easy-going answer that unthinking people gave to his questions was the

father of the experimenter who was now working night and day to find the ideal substance for an incandescent lamp.

Would platinum perhaps meet the need? Many tests were made before he was satisfied that the answer to the riddle was not tangled in the coil of a web-like thread of this grayish wire. And now carbon. If a delicate enough filament could be produced, might it not be enclosed in an air-tight tube and so be given life for a longer time than people had dreamed possible? After many attempts, each leading to a failure which whetted his appetite for new experiments, he discovered that a delicate, hairlike thread of carbon seized and held the bright light of the electric current in a way that might well be called "white magic." He had succeeded in sealing in a glass globe from which the air was exhausted a loop of carbonized cotton thread which glowed with a wonderful soft radiance. Upon this tiny thread hung the key to the problem of the world's light. That thread, like the one which Ariadne gave to her hero in the myth of the Slaying of the Minotaur, led Edison through a new labyrinth of endeavor. He was sure that there must be some substance even better than the cotton thread. That would do for a beginning, as a clue, but it pointed on to something that would give even more remarkable results. He tried carbonized paper, cardboard, tissue-paper wrought into fairy-like filaments. Then various kinds of fibers from every imaginable substance—flax, cocoanut hair, celluloid, and all sorts of wood, stems of plants and grasses. It was as if he were calling up for question all the growing things of earth. Nothing that came to hand was safe from experiment.

One day he picked up a palm-leaf fan and tore off a strip from its bamboo edge. This was tried as hundreds of other things had been tried. A slender bamboo thread was carbonized and enclosed in a globe, and at last here was the better thing which he had sought.

No sooner was Edison convinced that there was something about bamboo which seemed to make it the destined

light-giver, than he determined to scour the lands that produced this wood to obtain the best varieties for his purpose. A messenger was despatched to China and Japan to collect as many specimens of bamboo as were to be found there. Hampers of samples were shipped to Edison's laboratory in New Jersey, where fibers from each were tested. In this game of survival of the fittest a certain Japanese variety won, and arrangements were made with an enterprising farmer of Nippon to ship a steady supply of the selected kind.

But even now Edison was not satisfied. "How do I know but that there is still in some spot of earth an even better substance," he thought. And he went on with his search through other lands and the far islands of the sea. A hardy adventurer with the perseverance of the true scientist, Mr. Frank McGowan, wandered through the vast jungles of the Amazon in the cause. Then to Montevideo, up the River de la Plata, through Argentine, Paraguay, and southern Brazil he went, fighting wild animals and Indians, encountering poisonous insects, reptiles, fever, hunger, and thirst.

No hero of myth or legend in search of the Golden Fleece or the Enchanted Apples of the Hesperides, endured more than did the searcher for the wood fiber that should serve as the slave of the Edison lamp.

And still the inventor went on with the quest! One day Mr. James R. Ricalton, principal of a school in Maplewood, New Jersey, who had considerable reputation as a naturalist and traveler, was asked by Edison if he were willing to carry on the search in the Orient.

"Are you in the mood for a vacation?" asked Mr. Edison, looking quizzically at the schoolmaster. "I want a man to ransack all the tropical jungles of the East, to find a better fiber for my lamp. I expect it to be found in the palm or bamboo family. How would you like the job?"

"It suits me," was the prompt reply.

"Can you go tomorrow?"

"Well, there are the little details of getting a leave of absence from my board of education and finding a substitute to take my place," said Mr. Ricalton. "How long shall I plan to be away?"

"How can I tell?" demanded Edison; "perhaps six months; perhaps six years. No matter how long it takes, find the right thing."

The schoolmaster made his plans and then took a lesson from the Wizard in methods of trying out the specimens of bamboo which he should find. Let us quote from Mr. Ricalton's own account of his journey:

It so happened that the day I set out fell on Washington's birthday, and I suggested to my boys and girls at school that they make a line across the station platform near the school at Maplewood, and from this line I would start eastward around the world, and if good fortune should bring me back I would meet them from the westward at the same line. As I had often made them toe the scratch, for once they were only too well pleased to have me toe the line for them.

This was done, and I sailed via England and the Suez Canal to Ceylon, that fair isle to which Sinbad the Sailor made his sixth voyage, picturesquely referred to in history as the brightest gem in the British Colonial Crown. I knew Ceylon to be eminently tropical; I knew it to be rich in many varieties of the bamboo family, which has been called the King of the Grasses; and in this family I had most hope of finding the desired fiber. Weeks were spent in this paradisaical isle. Every part was visited. Native wood craftsmen were offered a premium on every new species brought in, and in this way nearly a hundred species were tested, a greater number than was found in any other country. One of the best specimens tested in the entire trip around the world was found first in Ceylon although later in Burmah...

From Ceylon I proceeded to India, then to Burmah, where the Giant Bamboo already mentioned is found also; but beside

it no superior varieties were found. After completing the tour of the Malay Peninsula I had planned to visit Java and Borneo; but having found in the Malay Peninsula and in Ceylon a bamboo fiber which averaged a test from one to two hundred per cent better than that in use at the lamp factory, I decided it was unnecessary to visit these countries or New Guinea, as my "Eureka" had already been established, and that I would therefore set forth over the return to the western hemisphere, searching China and Japan on the way. The rivers in southern China brought down to Canton bamboos of many species, where this wondrously utilitarian reed enters very largely into the industrial life of the people, and not merely into the industrial life but even into the culinary arts, for bamboo sprouts are a universal vegetable in China; but among all the bamboos of China I found none of super-excellence in carbonizing qualities. Japan came next in the succession of countries to be explored, but there the work was much simplified, from the fact that the Tokyo Museum contains a complete classified collection of all the different species in the Empire, and there samples could be obtained and tested.

Now the last of the important bamboo-producing countries in the globe circuit had been done and the home lap was in order; the broad Pacific was spanned in fourteen days; my natal continent in six; and on the 22nd of February, on the same day, at the same hour, at the same minute, one year to a second, "Little Maud," a sweet maid of the school, led me across the line which completed the circuit of the globe, and where I was greeted with the cheers of my boys and girls. I at once reported to Mr. Edison, whose manner of greeting my return was as characteristic of the man as his summary and matter-of-fact manner of my dispatch. His little catechism of curious inquiry was embraced in four small words—with his usual pleasant smile he extended his hand and said: "Did you get it?" This was surely a summing up of a year's exploration

not less laconic than Cæsar's review of his Gallic campaign. When I replied that I had, but that he must be the final judge of what I had found, he said that during my absence he had succeeded in making an artificial carbon which was meeting the requirements satisfactorily; so well, indeed, that I believe no practical use was ever made of the bamboo fibers thereafter.[1]

It might be asked, Did Edison regret the nine years of experimentation and the hundred thousand dollars which his use of bamboo filaments had cost him when he discovered a way of producing artificial carbon much better than that furnished by any plant fiber? Never for a moment does he count that time lost which has been given to putting each factor of his problems to the test.

For many years the carbon light seemed to answer all purposes. Then metals were again tried. Today the best lights are made from tantalun and tungsten.

The story of the carbon light is given here because it shows in a dramatic way the character and methods of work of the great inventor. He is always asking questions and where most people accept as final the opinions or statements of others, he never regards a point settled or takes a thing for granted until he has made a practical test. And in his tests he leaves no stone unturned, no corner of possibility unexplored.

After Edison had made painstakingly nine thousand experiments on his storage battery, and was still seeking the right factors for success, one of his assistants remarked sympathetically, as he looked at the pile of note-books containing the story of the fruitless quest up to that point, "Isn't it a shame all this work and no results?"

"Results!" exclaimed Edison, "Why, man, I have gotten a

[1] From Dyer and Martin's Life of Edison, New York: Harper & Brothers.

lot of results! I know several thousand things that won't work."

Trials, then, never meant discouragement but the clearing of the way for the next thing in order. "The only way to keep ahead of the procession is to experiment," he says. "Stop experimenting and you go backward. If anything goes wrong, experiment until you get to the very bottom of the trouble."

After some ten thousand experiments with the storage battery the happy combination sought seemed won at last. The manufacture of batteries was going forward merrily. Then one day the order came from the master to scrap the lot and stop the work until certain further improvements had been made.

"Then," said one of his laboratory helpers, "came another series of experiments that lasted over five years. But secrets have to be long-winded and roost high if they want to get away when the 'Old Man' goes hunting for them. He doesn't get mad when he misses them, but just keeps on smiling and firing and usually brings them into camp.

"That's what he did with the battery, adding improvements here and there until now we have a finer battery than we ever expected."

No expense is spared that may mean success to an experiment and so progress in the pursuit of knowledge. The thrift of the master is never a hoarding of resources but conservation and use to the best advantage. "Millions for progress but not one cent for stupid waste," is the slogan of this Franklin of our day. He uses in his laboratory still some strips of platinum that he rescued when a lad in his teens from some batteries abandoned as junk in a freight-yard in Canada. He has, however, embarked all of his capital in more than one venture, as when he spent over a million dollars in the attempt to extract ores from powdered rock by magnets. When experiments finally convinced him that the time was

not ripe to make his plan a commercial success, he came up with the smiling challenge to fate, "Well, now for the next thing. It's all for some good. Keeps me from getting a big head. We learned a great deal and it will be of benefit some day perhaps."

The bulldog grip with which Edison seizes and holds a problem which he attacks is shown in the following incident. One of his engineers, whom he had set to work on a certain problem, reported shortly with three drawings which Edison examined and set aside as useless.

"Well, then," said the engineer, "that's too bad because there's nothing else to do."

"Do you mean," said Edison, wheeling quickly and looking the man full in the face, "that these drawings represent the only way to do this work?"

"I certainly do," replied the engineer unflinchingly. That was on Saturday. When the "Old Man" appeared at his works on Monday morning he placed on the engineer's desk sketches showing forty-eight possible ways of meeting the situation, one of which was singled out, slightly modified and put into successful practice.

Edison's faithfulness to an idea is shown in the way he developed his phonograph, which was put aside for ten years while he worked out the problem of lighting. Then, as he developed the making of moving pictures, he dreamed of combining the film and the phonograph in a way to make the screen people talk. Great difficulties were encountered: As—to mention but one—light and sound travel at different rates and one cannot "register" joy or sorrow for the camera at the same moment that a record is being made of the spoken words. That is, however, one of the interesting problems that Mr. Edison keeps with him—a possible triumph for some tomorrow that will crown with success the experiments of many hopeful and busy yesterdays.

In the same way he has worked to make really worth-

while moving pictures that will teach while they amuse. To do this he has gone outside of studios and laboratories and studied children. Gathering up a group of small boys, for instance, he looks at a "feature" with them, trying to see it through their eyes and get in this way the point of view, let us say, of the ten-year-old world.

As the matter of lighting the homes of people forced the inventor to put on the shelf for a while his fascinating talking-machine, so the great war forced him to lay aside many interesting schemes to take up the life-and-death matters of national defense. As Chairman of the Naval Consulting Board he "did his bit," developing ways of meeting the submarine peril. An apparatus was developed that could detect the sound of a torpedo at a distance of four hundred yards, which together with a device for the quick change of the course of ships, gave practical protection to cargo-carrying vessels. A search-light powerful enough to go through water and still do its proper work was called into being and also a device to help the lookout men detect the periscope at a distance by shutting out the cruel glare of the sun on the water and at the same time making the sight more sensitive.

Edison, the chemist, so long kept in the background by the demands of his electrical experiments, also had his "innings" during the war. Some important substances used largely in the manufacture of drugs and dyes had been imported from Germany. Could America learn to make its own? Here was a practical need to be met; and the boy who had once found in the possibilities of chemicals the most fascinating kind of play now turned that interest to good account. After eighteen days he had found the secret of making phenol or carbolic acid and at the end of the month his works were tuned up to turning out a ton of this chemical in a day.

So it is that Edison has worked through a long life. When asked what his secret of achievement is, he always says, "Hard

work, based on hard thinking." Each day dawns with fascinating possibilities, for "the world is so full of a number of things!" As we have seen, he goes at his hard work with all the spirit that a boy puts into a great game, and each day is a new world. "Edison has the happy faculty," to quote his biographers, "of beginning the day as open-minded as a child—yesterday's disappointments and failures discarded and discounted by the alluring possibilities of tomorrow."[1]

[1] Dyer and Martin: Life of Edison.

Augustus Saint-Gaudens
The Magic Touch
1848 – 1907 A.D.

When Bernard Saint-Gaudens and his young Irish wife took their six-months-old baby out of his home in Dublin and carried him on board a ship sailing for America, they had no idea what a valuable baby he was. I do not mean in money; a little family of three, they were all poor together; but I mean in brains. If babies had been dutiable, the United State Government might have exacted a tidy sum at little Augustus' entrance. But I suppose his young French father never dreamed that the small right hand clasping his own so tightly would teach stone how to speak. And I suppose even the beautiful black-haired mother, with the "generous loving Irish face", thought less of her baby's future greatness than of the famine that was driving them all to a land of strangers. Surely, to fellow-passengers, the "red-haired, whopper-jawed, hopeful" youngster did not look like a budding genius.

Nor were the New York City home and streets, where Augustus spent his boyhood, the best places to ripen genius. In the Bowery and other crowded districts, the child found no greater beauty and inspiration than the twilight-picking of flowers in a near-by graveyard. His young mind was a contented clutter of all kinds of city impressions: the smell of cake from the bakery and of peaches stewed by Germans in his tenement; "races round the block"; the racket and joy of street fights; and the greater joy of boy-invented games. In the darkness of night they stretched strings from the houses to

wagons in the road, to pluck off the hats of passers-by. It was rapture when those hats were worn by trustified policemen! In a kind of chuckling terror, the boys took flight—bursting like escaping convicts with pride in their escape.

The "Reminiscences of Augustus Saint-Gaudens" paint him as no infant saint. The culprit confesses to "lickings galore in school and out," and tells us one of his "typical crimes": "The boy by my side in the class-room whispered to me, 'Say!' As I turned to him, his extended forefinger, which was meant to hit my nose, found itself at the level of my mouth. I bit it. He howled. I was 'stood up' with my back to the class and my face close against the blackboard, immediately behind the teacher, who, turned toward the class, could not see me. To relieve the monotony of the view, I took the rubber, covered my features with white chalk, and grinned around at the class. The resulting uproar can be imagined. I was taken by the scruff of the neck and sent to the private classroom, where I had the honor of a solitary and tremendous caning on parts of my body other than my hands."

He must have been very often in mischief, for Saint-Gaudens says that, besides these whippings, he was "kept in" for about an hour every day and he used to look wistfully out of the window and envy the freedom of the floating clouds.

None of his teachers seemed to find anything good either inside his fun-loving heart or his little red head. Apparently no one but himself, or some secret crony, admired his slate drawing of a mighty battle, or his painting on a back fence of a negro boy with a target. Augustus himself took great pride in that negro boy. The hole in the boy's trousers, with the bare knee sticking through, was a real stroke of genius!

The little fellow often strolled over to his father's shop and drew pictures of the shoemakers at work. One day, Dr. Agnew, who had come in to order a pair of boots, saw these pen-and-ink sketches, recognized the lifelike pose and action,

talked the pictures over with the young artist, and gave encouragement where teachers had given only whippings.

There is a theory that the cobbler's trade offers great chances for meditation. A man can do a power of thinking at this steady work. But Augustus, not being a moralizing boy, was more amused than instructed by his father's philosophy. Whether he was ever told that what he did was "as much use as a mustard-plaster on a wooden leg", or that he was "as handy with his hands as a pig with his tail" we do not know; but those were two of his father's comparisons. As a matter of fact, before long, the boy did many useful things, and was particularly "handy with his hands." As for his tongue, as soon as he learned to speak, he had to use that skilfully. At home the Saint-Gaudens children—Augustus, Andrew, and Louis—spoke French with their father and English with their mother.

On Sundays, Augustus and Andrew, the two older boys, would take the Canal Street Ferry across the North River to the New Jersey shore. There were fields and trees there, then—half a century ago, and to those city boys it was a weekly trip to heaven; with one flaw that heaven does not have—the coming back at sunset. A mob of boys used to take the same trip. They would push their way to the bow of the boat, clamber onto a front seat, and, lords of the sea, sit there in a grinning row, their feet swinging, and their hearts big with the joy of enterprise. The Saint-Gaudens boys had five cents apiece "two to pay the ferry over, two back, and one to spend."

Hundreds of boys in the poor parts of great cities will understand this kind of a holiday better than any country boy. This is especially true if a bit of the artist is buried in their suffocated natures—a longing for space, and light, and color. Augustus had that longing, and he had a fine chance to satisfy it when, after an attack of typhoid-fever, he was sent to the country to get strong. This is the story from a long-after letter

to Homer Saint-Gaudens, his only son. He called himself Nosey because of his big nose. "One night, Nosey woke up while he was sick, and he saw his mother and his mother's friend kneeling and praying by the bed. It was very quiet, and in the little light he saw his good mother had big tears in her eyes. And all he recollects of the sickness after that was his friend Jimmie Haddon. He was very fond of Jimmie Haddon. His father was a gold-beater, and he used to have four or five men with big, strong, bare arms with big veins on them, and they used to beat gold in a basement until it was so thin you could blow it away; and there was a sign over the door, of an arm just like the men's arms, and it was gold. Well, he recollects Jimmie Haddon coming into the room and holding his mother's hand. But they wouldn't let him go near the bed, as he might get sick too. And then the next thing, Nosey was brought to the country, just as you are now, and it seemed so beautiful and green." The "country" was Staten Island.

Far from the rumbling streets, the crowded buildings, the dirty smells, the little sick boy found himself once more in Paradise, only this time he did not have to leave at sunset. There was a hill in front of the house. For many days, he looked at that hill, so close to the loving blue, and wondered what was beyond. At last he was strong enough to climb it, and then he made the discovery that there were more hills, still farther on, all beautiful and green. How plenteous and still it was—quite as if there was room in the world for birds and crickets, as well as for rushing people! But, much as he loved the country, the city was to be Augustus' home for yet a long, long time.

So far, the mischievous and affectionate little boy had not proved he had any great brain power. He drew a good deal; but what was that? Many draw who come to nothing. At thirteen, however, he changed from a pesky school-boy to an earnest little workman. To satisfy his strong art-instinct and at the same time learn a trade, he was apprenticed to a cameo-

cutter named Avet. Soon after that, he entered a drawing-class in the night-school of Cooper Institute. Home from a day of cutting cameos, he would swallow a hasty supper and dash off again to draw. Either Mr. Avet, the cameo-cutter, or the drawing-teacher, must have encouraged him, for, inwardly, more in joyful hope than in conceit, Augustus believed himself a "heaven-born genius." If the people who jostled against him in stages and horse-cars had only known how great a genius, wouldn't they have been "profoundly impressed"? Such were his own youthful thoughts! Before long, however, he must have been too tired to care what people thought. "In the morning," as he tells us, "Mother literally dragged me out of bed, pushed me over to the washstand, where I gave myself a cat's lick somehow or other, drove me to the seat at the table, administered my breakfast, which consisted of tea and large quantities of long, French loaves of bread and butter, and tumbled me downstairs out into the street, where I awoke."

It was a rushing life for a little boy; much too rushing.

Education led him from Cooper Institute to the Academy of Design, and then to Europe. He was in America, however, during the exciting Civil War, and he saw things then that, pictured on his young mind, asked his older hands to make them live in bronze.

He saw the soldiers march by to war and in the Draft Riots he experienced the sudden desertion of the city streets and the more sudden sound of "men with guns running in the distance." One April morning, when he was seventeen, he found his mother, yes, and his father, too, crying at the breakfast-table. It was the news of Lincoln's death. Augustus was one of the great solemn crowd that went to see the President's tired face at rest. Like many others he looked intently, reverently; but he did not know that the time would come when his touch would almost make that sad face live again.

One day early in 1867, Mr. Saint-Gaudens surprised his boy by asking: "Would you like to go to the Paris Exposition?"

The answer is easy to guess.

"We will arrange that," the father continued. To the fellow who had lived such a cramped life, spending as little as possible, always, the very idea seemed a miracle. Ever since Augustus had worked, he had regularly given his entire wages, as a matter of course, to his parents. If he was to have a trip, it would be a kind of present; but the father had it ready. "He paid for my passage abroad, and gave me a hundred dollars which he had saved out of my wages." To most of us it seems a small enough equipment, but it was bountiful from a poor shoemaker. As always, the boy was deeply touched by his parents' sacrifice. He had a second surprise. An artist friend gave him a farewell banquet, and, at the table, under Augustus' plate, lay one hundred francs in shining gold (about twenty dollars) "to pay for a trip to Father's village in France."

The last night and the Sunday before sailing, Augustus was very busy. Though his artist-heart leaped forward, his home-loving heart tugged back. As if to print on his mind a better picture of two faces, very dear, he made a bust of his father and a drawing of his mother, those last nights in the little home he was leaving.

Augustus Saint-Gaudens was nineteen when, in February 1867, he sailed for Europe in the steerage. At that bleak season, the sea seems rough enough in the first cabin. In the steerage, viewed with disgust by many cabin-passengers, Saint-Gaudens was sicker than "a regiment of dogs." But he had with him, besides his carpet-bag, a big cargo of youth, and ambition, and sportsmanlike spirits. If he ever reached the steady shore, he was going to work hard and play hard, and he could suffer even the miseries of that miserable voyage for the joy that was set before him. It is in work and play that we follow him, after the welcome land is reached—he was intense in both; he earned his vigorous play by vigorous work;

and he rested himself from work by play.

Even on his first night in Paris, as he trudged up the brilliantly lighted Champs-Elysées, weighed down with the immense weight of his more and more burdensome carpet-bag, he was half laborer, half sightseer. He hated the heavy load; but he loved the dazzling glory. The little money his father had generously spared would not last long, even by pinching. Augustus would have to work as well as study. And so, a day or two after he reached Paris, he engaged himself to cut cameos for an Italian named Lupi. Mornings and evenings, he worked in a modeling-school, to "learn sculpture in nine months"; afternoons, he cut cameos for his living. But he worked "so much at the school and so little at the cameos", that he grew poorer and poorer, moving from one dingy lodging to another. The Latin Quarter must have seemed almost too homelike to a Bowery boy. He tried sleeping on a cot without a mattress; on a mattress on the floor; with a friend, poorer than himself, on a cot two and a half feet wide. With merry cheer the young artists shared their hopes and hardships. One night, he and his chum, Herzog, moved all their little possessions in a hand-cart hired for five cents an hour. Two cot-beds and bedding, pitchers, basins, piles of books, a modeling-stand, and what few clothes they had—all were loaded in artistic disorder on that little cart. Though one of them "ran behind to gather the driblets", and though they got a third friend to help, they lost a "good quarter" of their things on the road.

Still jolly fellowship prevailed. Through all the ups and most of the downs, Augustus whistled and sang ear-splittingly and kept on loving "Beethoven and ice cream." It was the "regular life of a student, with most of its enthusiasms and disheartenings." Among other disheartenings, there was a nine months' delay before he was admitted to the Beaux Arts. Meanwhile, he took what he could get in smaller schools, and all the fun there was anywhere. His mimicry of Professor

Jacquot is delightful. Half lispingly, half splutteringly, he would lean over the drawings and say: "'Let us shee, um-m-m! Well, your head's too big, too big. Your legsh are too short.' Then bang! bang! would come the black marks over the drawing. 'There you are! Fixsh that, my boy, fixsh that!'" The young students had a great deal of fun at Professor Jacquot's expense, and Gus Saint-Gaudens, who had been such a little scamp in the North Moore Street School long ago, had lost none of his sense of humor. It cheered him through many times of gloom.

Let us "jump" like him, from work to play. Twice we have seen him intense in labor, first as a boy in New York, cutting cameos all day and drawing at night, and then, as a young man in Paris, studying sculpture mornings and evenings, and cutting cameos in the afternoons. As a necessity, however, he snatched every chance for rest and fun. He doted on wrestling and swimming, and was a beautiful diver. So as not to interrupt his art and still get physical recreation, he would go swimming at five o'clock in the morning. He loved the consciousness of stirred blood and strained muscles. In the gymnasium, the more violently he exercised, the better he liked it. No one was more eager for a holiday than he. Though the students were poor, once in a while they allowed themselves the joy of an out-door excursion. A third-class railway-carriage was good enough for them; much of the time their feet were better yet. Saint-Gaudens' friend, Monsieur Gamier, describes the delightful trip three of them took to Switzerland. It cost from twenty to thirty dollars. "As soon as he saw the water, Gus had to enter. Nobody got his money's worth so well as he. Everything seemed enchanting, everything beautiful. We bathed in the Rhine. We passed over it on a bridge of boats, and drank beer in Germany. It was wonderful!" Then he went on to tell of one day when they rose at dawn, took their tin drinking-cups, butter in a tin box, wine and milk in gourds, cold meat, and a big loaf of bread, and piling them all

on the top of their knapsacks, tramped forth into the morning, poor, but happy as "escaped colts."

It seemed to be Saint-Gaudens' nature to be happy. During his three years in Paris and his five in Rome, hope was his best tonic. It counteracted many a dose of disappointment, and much that was depressing. "He was dangerously ill in a low attic in Rome," and, though he soon proved himself a fine cameo-cutter, it was years before his success as a sculptor was sure. Meanwhile, he and Miss Homer had decided they wanted to get married; but Miss Homer's father thought an artist's trade a bit uncertain. And so, hard as the fact was, the wedding-day hinged on orders for statues. They came, and so did the wedding; but Saint-Gaudens' life was a money-struggle a good deal of the way, and a health-struggle at the end. In Rome, he had to piece out his earnings for sculpture by making cameos; and in America, he had to piece out by teaching. As lives go, however, his was not sad. Love and confidence filled his childhood's poor little home. And he had, as a man, the happiness of educating his brother Louis, and of making his father proud of him. Except for the death of his parents, the shocking murder of his friend Stanford White, and the complete ruin of his Cornish studio by fire, he had, as lives go, little sorrow. Generous, free from conceit, and always fond of a good time, Saint-Gaudens was rich in friends—"bully friends who were bully men," who laughed at his singing, trembled at his fearless swims, suffered over his disappointments and illness, and gloried in his success.

The three things he had to conquer were poverty, illness, and the problems of art. It is with Saint-Gaudens, the artist, that we are chiefly concerned.

Let us scatter in disorder appropriate to a sculptor's studio a few things that increased the "toughness of his sculptor's life." After his return to America, two disappointments made him angry, and he could be very angry. For the Sumner statue (the only competition he ever entered) the Committee had

asked for a seated figure. Saint-Gaudens accordingly sent in a seated model, only to have a standing one win. And he was still more furious when, a requested piece of sculpture sent to the Academy of Design Exhibition, was refused on the ground of "no room." It was partly "on the wrath of Saint-Gaudens" that June 1, 1877, he and his friends founded The Society of American Artists.

He described his life as "up and down, up and down all the time", and his brain, while he worked on the Farragut, as a confusion of "arms with braid, legs, coats, eagles, caps, legs, arms, hands, caps, eagles, eagles, caps." Besides this, he had to deal directly with "molders, scaffoldings, marble-assistants, bronze-men, trucks, rubbish-men, plasterers, and whatnot else, all the while trying to soar into the blue."

Except for occasional flights to Europe, the rest of his life was spent in this country: fifteen years in a New York studio on 36th Street, and seven years in Cornish, New Hampshire. Peeps into his studio give peeps at his circumstances and character. One day, amid the "clatter of molders and sculptors" and the "incessantly jangling door-bell," we find his old father and Dr. McCosh, President of Princeton, sleeping there as soundly as if they were in bed. Mr. Saint-Gaudens often took his nap at his son's studio and this day Dr. McCosh, who had come too early for his pose, had had to wait till the big horse for the Shaw Memorial had served his time as model. It was already strapped in place and "pawing and kicking" for freedom. Another day in walked Mr. Stanford White, and, glancing at Saint-Gaudens' bas-relief of Mrs. White, exclaimed:

"Oh, Gus, that's rotten!"

In an instant, Saint-Gaudens had smashed it, only to do it again. He was not, above all things, either self-controlled or patient. Once when the work had been stopped "for the thirty-fifth time, while some one looked for a lost hammer" he ordered a gross of hammers, in the hope that, out of a

hundred and forty-four, one would be at hand for use.

He said to his assistants one day:

"I am going to invent a machine to make you all good sculptors.—It will have hooks for the back of your necks and strong springs.—Every thirty seconds, it will jerk you fifty feet away from your work, and hold you there for five minutes' contemplation."

"Time and distance" were two of the articles in his artist-creed.

"You delay just as your father did before you," flashed Governor Morgan. Saint-Gaudens did delay, and for this he was much criticized; but think of the discouragements that met his art, and remember, too, his love of perfection. Often careless molders, by neglecting some detail, would waste both time and money. When a workman broke two fingers off his "Venus of the Capitol" he had to make the whole figure again. When the Morgan monument was "within three weeks of completion" the shed which sheltered it burned down, and the statue was so badly chipped that it was ruined. Saint-Gaudens had gone into debt for this statue, and it was not insured; but the destruction of his brain and hand-labor was worse than the money loss. He had a hard time over one hind leg of the Sherman horse. While he was in Paris, something happened to the cast, and he had to send a man to the United States to get a duplicate. "Three weeks later the man returned —with the wrong hind leg." Then, when the horse was enlarged, "the leg constantly sagged." Guided by their own judgments, the assistants "plugged up the cracks" with the result that the leg was three inches too long at the final measurement.

Among other stories in the charming "Reminiscences" by father and son is a confession by the son. When he was a boy in Cornish, he had a pet goat which he had trained to play a butting game. The goat would butt, Homer would dodge, and then, to his great glee, the goat would butt the wrong thing,

or the air. One day at dinner-time, when the studio barn was deserted, Homer was playing this game. Beyond the open barn-door stood the wax model of the Logan horse "waiting to be cast in plaster." This time, when Homer dodged, the goat butted the back of the horse. But since it did not fall or break, the relieved child thought it wasn't hurt and didn't tell. Before any one noticed that "the rear of the animal was strangely askew," the horse had been cast in plaster and the enlargement begun. This meant the loss of a whole summer's work—just one more of the accidents and errors that increased the "toughness of the sculptor's life." The worst of all was that great catastrophe, the burning of the studio in Cornish.

But instead of dwelling on that, let us look at that other cause of delay in Saint-Gaudens' work—his love of perfection. For fourteen years, while other statues came and went, the Shaw Memorial stood in the crowded studio. A "kink in Shaw's trousers" had caught a "kink" in Saint-Gaudens' brain, Shaw's "right sleeve bothered him," and the flying figure drove him "nearly frantic." Again and again he modeled and remodeled her; he experimented with the folds of the drapery; he changed the branch in her right hand from palm to olive, to make her, as he said, less like a Christian martyr. In turn on the scaffold behind the "Shaw," stood the Chicago "Lincoln," the "Puritan," The "Rock Creek Cemetery Figure," and "Peter Cooper." Meanwhile, as Homer Saint-Gaudens says, his father returned to work on "Shaw," "winter and summer with unflagging persistence. Even the hottest of August days would find him high up on a ladder under the baking skylight."

Besides this, Homer Saint-Gaudens says that four times his father made a new beginning for the Fish monument, before arriving at a final form and that for the McCosh relief he made "thirty-six two-foot sketches." He had to remodel by hand the enlargements of the standing Lincoln, Peter Cooper,

and the Logan horse. Usually assistants do this mechanically. The inscription for the "Stevenson Memorial," containing one thousand fifty-two letters was "modeled—not stamped—letter by letter twelve times." For a coin design Saint-Gaudens modeled seventy eagles, and sometimes he would stand twenty-five of them in a row for visitors at the studio to compare. And for the Phillips Brooks monument he made over twenty sketches and drew thirty angels, before he decided to use the figure of Christ instead of an angel.

"There were few objects in his later years that my father 'caressed' as long as he did this figure," writes Homer Saint-Gaudens of Brooks. "He selected and cast aside. He shifted folds of the gown back and forth. He juggled with the wrinkles of the trousers. He moved the fingers and the tilt of the right hand into a variety of gestures. He raised and lowered the chin.—He shifted the left hand first from the chest to a position where it held an open Bible, and last to the lectern, although the lectern was not the point from which Brooks spoke." And so the Brooks statue was long delayed.

Whether Saint-Gaudens' delays were due to accident or the search for perfection, he was, as Kenyon Cox said, "one of those artists for whom it is worth while to wait." One committee, at least, trusted him. That was the committee for the Shaw Memorial. It took Gray eight years to write his perfect "Elegy." Why not give Saint-Gaudens fourteen years for his wonderful bas-relief?

In our search for the secret of his magic—for the life-giving power of his touch, we find it lay where most magic does lie, in hard work. If Christopher Columbus could come to earth, and, standing outside a big, darkened building, should see it suddenly blaze with light, the touch of the electric-button would seem to him a magic touch. But back of that touch lay a complex system of wires, and years of work of many minds. Back of the living, speaking bronze of Saint-Gaudens lay years of struggle for perfection. If his Rock Creek

figure fills us with the sense of mystery, and the Shaw Memorial stirs with throbbing heroism, if the Puritan strides before us almost comically confident, and his living Lincoln looks down, patient under a mighty burden, it is all because the magic touch was given through numberless experiments by the hand, and out of the brain and heart of a devoted man. Once given, the touch would last; he knew that "a poor picture goes into the garret, books are forgotten, but the bronze remains," Saint-Gaudens' art would not die with him, like the art of Edwin Booth. It would be perpetual. And it was worth the cost, in money and vital strength, if bronze and stone could be made to live.

So much for the world's gain by the magic touch. The artist had a gain, himself. The joy of his touch came back in many ways; although, when his statues were unveiled, he tried to escape speech-making; and when he was asked if his life had satisfied him, he exclaimed, in genuine modesty: "No, look at those awful bronzes all over the country!" When he was traveling in the West, the sleeping-car conductor, after painfully spelling out his name, gave his hand "a squeeze with his big fist" and said: "Why, you're the man who made that great statue in New York! Well, I declare!" That little surprise brought joy. And another: One night, almost at midnight, Saint-Gaudens, his wife, and Mr. William W. Ellsworth came suddenly on an old man standing bareheaded before the Farragut monument.

"Why, that's Father!" exclaimed Saint-Gaudens. "What are you doing here at this hour?"

"Oh, you go about your business! Haven't I a right to be here?" answered the old man. So the others walked on and left him to his moonlight and his pride. It was a joy to be the cause of that pride.

And Saint-Gaudens had fun in his work, too. It must have tickled his humor to discover that four small changes in his Stevenson medallion would turn it from a thing merely

characteristic of a smoking author and invalid to a half-churchly study appropriate to St. Giles in Edinburgh. "The bed gave place to a couch, the blanket to a rug—the cigarette to a quill pen, and the poem to a prayer."

During most of Saint-Gaudens' life, religion had been only a mystery. The boy, Augustus, had been repelled by gloom. When his schoolmates called themselves "miserable sinners," or, still worse, beat their chests exclaiming: "By my fault, by my fault, by my grievous fault," he positively recoiled. Because his early ideas of religion had been gloomy, for a long time he had neglected the whole problem. "Only the joy of religion had drawn from him any response." By and by, "face to face with eternity and infinity," the older man had come to believe that the Great Plan was "beneficent." And now, to make the statue of Christ, he studied Christ's life, and, for the first time, found the "Man of men, a teacher of peace and happiness."

The deepest gifts are often the most secret. Those who saw Saint-Gaudens working over "Brooks" would have guessed nothing of this. As he folded the Bishop's robe, he was lustily singing, "Maid of Athens," "In the Gloaming," or "Johnnie Jones and his Sister Sue."

Like Stevenson he made light of pain—this singing laborer. And yet, rheumatism, nervousness, and dyspepsia were his steady companions. Three times he had to go to a hospital, and during those last seven years in Cornish, he fought a constant fight against illness.

He had to "work with teeth set." "He limped around behind a curtain to take medicine;—came back and worked away for hours." The last thing he touched, as an artist, was a medallion of his wife; he worked on that "when he could no longer stand."

In the little town of Cornish, brook-threaded and hill-caressed, Saint-Gaudens found a satisfying home for the last years of his life. It "smiled." For Lincoln models there were "plenty of Lincoln-shaped men." The farmers loved to see the

statue in the field. And a crowd of Saint-Gaudens's friends followed him to Cornish: he had a farm; they would have farms; and they would all love the country together. So, around him grew up a little settlement of artists and writers, with gardens made to live in, pillar-like poplars, and fragrant tangles of wild-grape vines. Unknowingly the city-bred boy of long ago had craved the blossoming country, and hungered for something sweeter than the streets. The little trips to the Jersey fields, the peace of Staten Island, the overpowering grandeur of Switzerland, and the fairy-like perfection of Capri, with its "fields and fields of flowers,"—all these had made that hunger worse. Besides this, he must have learned, as most country-lovers do learn, that roughness may conceal glory: that the common potato has blossom clusters of snowy beauty; that a field lily, with a butterfly poised on its breast, may flame behind a bramble; and that from the blackest, slimiest mud a water-lily draws its purity. Saint-Gaudens, crying out for beauty, was weary of "work between four walls."

Then, too, as long as he was able, Cornish gave him a place to play: to ride horseback (and perhaps be thrown), to fish for trout, play golf in summer and hocky in winter, to slide down "perilous toboggan chutes", and tip out of sleighs, and to love it all—the fringing spring with its trebled brooks, and the sparkling winter with its merry bells.

As long as his strength would let him he played and worked intensely, bearing his long, unmentioned sickness with the bravest spirit till, on the third of August 1907, he died. Though he loved the world he was not afraid to leave it, and he had not counted the "mortal years it took to mold immortal forms."

Peter Trimble Rowe
A Shepherd of "The Great Country"
1856 – 1942

"Love is a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than animate faith and love, as flowers are the animate springtide."

Longfellow. Have you heard the story of Offero, the mighty giant of Canaan, who made a vow never to serve any master but the most powerful of all the rulers of earth?

"As my strength is great, so shall my service be great," he said, "and my king must be one who stands in fear of no man."

He wandered over all lands, looking in vain for the greatest monarch, for each king plainly stood in dread of some other power. At length, however, he was told by a holy hermit that the King of kings was an invisible Lord who reigned through love in the hearts of men.

"How can I serve him?" asked Offero.

"You must fast and pray," answered the hermit.

"Nay," cried Offero, "not so! For I should then lose my strength which is all that I have to bring to his service."

For a moment the holy hermit prayed silently to be given wisdom. Then his face shone as if from a light within.

"There is a river over which many poor people must cross," he said, "and there is no bridge. The current is often so swift and treacherous at the ford that even the strongest are swept from their feet and lost. With your great strength you could help one and all to safety. It would be a work of love—meet service for the Lord of Love."

And so Offero, the giant, built him a little hut by the side

of the stream and dwelt there all his days, lending his strength to all who needed it in the name of the unseen King whom he served. It is said that one night in a wild storm a little child came praying to be carried across. Now, for the first time, Offero knew what weakness and faltering meant. He staggered and all but fell in the foaming current.

"Oh, little child," he cried out as he stumbled, panting and spent, to the farther bank, "never before have I borne such a weight! I felt as if I were carrying the whole world on my shoulders!"

"And well you might, strong one," said the child, "for you have this night carried the Master whom you serve. Henceforth your name shall be not Offero but Christopher, which means one who has carried Christ."

And the good giant was called Saint Christopher from that day. You have perhaps seen pictures of him, for more than one great artist has tried to paint the story of his faithful service of love.

We are going to hear today the story of a strong man of our own time, who, like Offero of old, vowed to serve with his strength the greatest Master of all—the King of kings. The tale of his life began November 20, 1856, when Peter Trimble Rowe was born in Toronto, Canada. He was a tall, sturdy lad, who early learned to laugh at cold weather and strenuous days in the open. The more wintry it was without, the more glowing the warmth within his hardy, alert body. If you had met him as he returned from a holiday afternoon spent on snowshoes, your pulses would have throbbed in sympathy with his happy, tingling vigor. You would have felt as if you had "warmed both hands before the fire of life."

He had bright Irish eyes, a ready Irish laugh, and the merry heart that belongs with them. His heart was, moreover, as warm as it was glad. He laughed with people, not at them; and he had a quick understanding of their troubles and difficulties as well as of the fun that lay near the surface of

things. This means that his heart caught the beat of other hearts, and that he early learned the lessons that love alone can teach.

It was while he was still a student that he decided what his life work must be. "Man cannot live by bread alone"—these words had a very vital meaning for him. There were many in the world, he knew, who spent all their days struggling for bread, as if that alone could satisfy their longing for life. Very simply he said to himself: "I must use my strength to help where help is most needed. I must go to the far-off, frontier places where people live and die without light and without hope."

As soon as he had graduated from Trinity College, Toronto, and was ordained a minister of the church, he went as missionary to an Indian tribe on the northern shore of Lake Huron. In caring for this wild, neglected flock the young shepherd needed all his splendid, vigorous health and hardihood. He went around in summer drought and winter storm, often sleeping by a camp-fire or in an Indian wigwam, in order that he might bring the light of a new hope into the dark lives of these first Americans.

"The Indians have learned little good from the white men or from civilization," he said ruefully. "They have acquired some of our weaknesses and diseases—that is about all."

He longed to bring to them in exchange for the old free life in their vast forests and broad prairie country, a new freedom of the spirit that should enable them to understand and use the good things in the white man's world. Do you think that he tried to do this through preaching? He really did not preach at all. He lived with the people and talked to them as a friend who was ready to share what he had with others on the same trail.

Do you remember Emerson's much-quoted challenge?—"My dear sir, what you are speaks so loud that I cannot hear what you are saying." What a person is will always be heard

above what he says. In the case of Mr. Rowe, the strong, self-reliant, sympathetic, kindly spirit of the man ever talked with a direct appeal to his people. He tramped and hunted, canoed and fished with them, and shared with them the fortunes of the day around the evening camp-fire. No one had a cheerier word or a heartier laugh. They were ready to hear all that he had to tell them of the things that make life happier and better, and of the Master he served, who loved his red children no less than the white.

When the work was well under way on the Indian reservation, the young man accepted the call to a new field at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Here he had again the challenge and inspiration of pioneer work. There were six members of his church when he took charge; when, ten years later, he left his flock to another pastor it numbered two hundred and fifty. He had, moreover, pushed out into the surrounding country and established missions at several different points. He was sure that his strength and endurance, his power to conquer cold, fatigue, and other unfriendly conditions, should be used in the greatest cause of all—in going "to seek and save those that are lost" in the wild places of the earth.

"I love battling with wind and weather and pulling against the stream," he used to say. "I was born tough, and it's only common sense to put such natural toughness to some real use."

So it was that, like Saint Christopher, he was resolved to serve his King with his strength.

In 1895, when a bishop was wanted to take charge of the great unexplored field of all Alaska—scattered white men who had gone there for fish, furs, or gold; Indian tribes in the vast, trackless interior; and Eskimos in the far North within the Arctic Circle—people said without hesitation, "Mr. Rowe is the man to go as shepherd to that country."

A bishop, you know, is an "overseer," one who is responsible for the welfare of the people of a certain district or

diocese, as it is called. He is a sort of first shepherd, who has general charge of all the flocks (churches and missions), and who tries to provide for those that are without care. The man to undertake this work in Alaska would have to be one of the hardy, patient explorer-missionaries, like Father Marquette, who in 1673 traveled in a birch canoe through the Great Lakes and along the Mississippi, ministering to the Indians and making a trail through the New World wilderness.

Alaska is an Indian word which means "the Great Country." It is, indeed, not one but many lands. Most people think of it as a wild, snow-covered waste, whose arctic climate has been braved by white men only for the sake of its salmon, seals, and later for the gold that was found hidden away in its frost-locked soil. The country along the Pacific coast is warmed by the Japan current just as the British Isles are by the Gulf Stream, and its climate is milder in winter and cooler in summer than that of New England. It is a land of wonderful, inspiring beauty, with lordly, snow-crowned mountain peaks; forests of enchanting greenness bordering clear, deep fiords; and fields bright with poppies, bluebells, wild roses, and other flowers of the most vivid coloring. The interior, through which flows the Yukon, that great highway of Alaska, is much colder, but it is only the northern portion reaching into the Polar Sea that has the frigid conditions that many people associate with "the Great Country."

When in early April, Bishop Rowe took the steamer from Seattle to Juneau, Alaska, he found that two hundred of his fellow passengers were bound for the newly discovered gold fields. Many of them were fine, rugged fellows who loved strenuous endeavor better than easy, uneventful days. Some few of them were "rolling stones" of the sort that would make trouble anywhere.

"When I looked forward to what might be done for the lonely settlers and forlorn natives in Alaska," said Bishop Rowe, "I did not at first realize that an important part of the

work would be with the great army of gold-seekers who suddenly find themselves in the midst of hardships, disappointments, and temptations that they have never known before."

Of course the men on board were anxious to learn everything they could about the "Great Country." Each person who had been to Alaska before was surrounded by a group of eager questioners.

"It is the richest country on God's earth," declared a merchant. "There are no such hauls of salmon and halibut anywhere else. Why, the fisheries alone are worth more in one year than the paltry sum of $7,200,000 that we paid Russia for Alaska. And think how the people in America made fun of Seward for urging the purchase. Said it was fit for nothing but a polar bear picnic grounds."

"Wasn't it hinted that the United States was paying Russia in that way for her friendship during the Civil War—by offering to take a frozen white elephant off her hands and giving her a few million dollars into the bargain?" asked another.

"Yes," rejoined a man who was evidently a hunter, "and we're just beginning to wake up to the bargain we have. I've been there before for the sport—bear, moose, caribou. You never knew such a happy hunting ground for the chap who goes in for big game. But now I'm for the gold fields. And, believe me, I've the start of you other fellows in knowing what I'm up against. There are no Pullman sleepers where we are going, let me tell you. We'll have to make our own trails over snow-covered mountains, across glaciers, and through canyons, but the prize is there, boys, for those who have the grit to win out."

"You talk about knowing Alaska," put in another, scornfully, "and you see there nothing but fish, big game, and the chance to find some of the yellow dust that drives men mad. It's a fairer land than you have ever even dreamed of, with greener pines and nobler fiords than Norway can show, and

mountains more sublime than the Alps. Do you know it's a country that will feed a people and give them homes where the air is fresh and fragrant with snow, sunshine, and flowers? You hunters and fishers and prospectors who go to Alaska just to make money and then run away to spend it, make me tired. You look upon that magnificent country—white man's country, if there ever was such—as nothing but so much loot."

"You fellows remind me of the story of the blind men and the elephant," said Bishop Rowe, with his hearty laugh. "You remember how one felt a tusk and said the creature was just like a spear, while the one who touched the side said it was a wall, and the last beggar who chanced to get hold of the tail said it was like a rope. There is evidently more than one Alaska, and each one knows only the country that he has seen. We shall soon see for ourselves—what we shall see."

Of all the men who landed at Juneau, Bishop Rowe was in a sense the only real Alaskan, for he alone intended to make his home in the country. Even the man who had called it "white man's country" was going there in the character of tourist-reporter to take away impressions of its marvelous scenery; its inspiring contrasts of gleaming, snow-capped peaks and emerald watersides vivid with many-colored blossoms; its picturesque Indian villages with their grotesque totem poles; its gold "diggings" with their soldiers of fortune.

Everybody was busy getting together the necessary outfit for the journey on the trail across the coast range to the Yukon, along which the adventurers made their way to Circle City, a mining center eight hundred and fifty miles from Juneau.

On April 22, the bishop, with one companion, left the seaport for his first journey in the land of his adoption. Sometimes he was climbing steep mountains where he had to dig out with his stick a foothold for each step; sometimes he was walking through narrow canyons not more than twelve or fourteen feet in width, where overhanging rocks and snow

slides threatened to crush him; sometimes he was creeping along the edge of cliffs so high and sheer that he dared not trust himself to look down; sometimes he was treading warily over the frozen crust of a stream whose waters seethed and roared ominously beneath the icy bridge.

As he pushed on, hauling his heavy sled (it weighed, with the camping outfit and provisions, four hundred and fifty pounds), you can imagine that he had an appetite for his dinner of toasted bacon and steaming beans. Sometimes his gun would bring down a wild duck to vary this hearty fare.

He knew what it was, however, to be too tired to eat or sleep. That was when he was felling trees and whip-sawing the logs into boards for a boat. The men who had promised to furnish him with transportation as soon as the ice was broken up had not kept their agreement, and he faced the open season with no means of continuing his journey.

"If you'll just camp here with us fellows for a spell, comrade," said the men in whose company he found himself at Carabou Crossing, "we'll all pitch in and give you a day's help when we've got our own lumber sawed."

Then the good-natured miners had a shock of genuine surprise. The preacher whom they proposed to pull out of his difficulty proved that he was neither a tenderfoot nor a shirker.

"I think I'll see what I can do for myself before I ask you men to come to the rescue," he said.

The blows of his ax resounded merrily as he put himself to his task. Then after the logs were rolled on the saw-pit he whipped out the lumber in something less than two days. When night came his muscles ached but his pulses sang.

"What a friend a tree is!" he said, smiling happily at the leaping, crackling flames. "Here it is giving us a rousing fire and boughs for our beds, as well as lumber for our boats and gum and pitch to make them watertight."

The rude but plucky little craft was finished and mounted

on runners to take it to the place of launching before those who had volunteered to help him had their own lumber sawed. The rough men were much impressed. This missionary who was not above sharing their toil and hardships must have a message that was worth hearing. They gathered about him with respectful attention when he said:

"We're hundreds of miles from a church here, but that doesn't mean that we don't feel the need of one, does it? Let's have a service together about the camp-fire before we go on our way."

The firelight shone on softened faces and earnest eyes as the gold seekers sat gazing up at the man who spoke to them simply and fearlessly of the treasures of the spirit which he that seeks will be sure to find.

"You men have given up comfort and friends and risked life itself to find your golden treasure," he said. "Some of you may win the prize you seek; many more may be doomed to disappointment. Will you not take with you something that will make you strong to bear either the temptations of success or the trials of failure? It is yours for the asking; only reach out your hand and you will touch it.

"'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

As Bishop Bowe talked, his hearers seemed to lean on his words as naturally as one leans on a trusty staff when the way is rough and steep. And when he had gone, much that he had said lingered with them through the feverish rush forward and the long desolate winter that followed, when the cracking ice and the howling wolves alone broke the awful stillness about their remote camp.

The steadfast faith and the cheerful endurance of our pioneer missionary were tried more than once as he drew his boat, which weighed with the load of provisions some 1400

pounds, over the frozen surface of a chain of lakes where he had to exercise ceaseless vigilance to avoid bad ice. Then there were three days of ice breaking after the spring thaw was well under way before he could begin to paddle with the stream.

It was now the pleasantest time of the year—the time of the long days when you can almost see the grasses and flowers shoot up as they take advantage of every moment of life-giving sunshine. The warm wind brought the smell of clover and the voice of leaping water-falls. It seemed as if one could taste the air; it was so fresh with the pure snow of the heights and so golden-sweet with sunshine and opening blossoms.

The paddler on the Yukon, however, cannot become too absorbed in the beauties by the way. There are dangerous rapids and unexpected cross currents that require a steady head and a strong hand, and the new bishop frequently had reason to be grateful for the skill in canoeing that he had won in his camping days in Canada.

If he had been out for game he would have found more than one opportunity for a good shot. There were brown bears looking at him from the brush along the banks, and bears fishing for salmon in the swift water. Sometimes he caught a glimpse of an antlered moose among the trees, and now and then he saw an eagle swoop down to seize a leaping fish in its claws. Flocks of ducks with their funny, featherless broods scurried over the water, disturbed by the sudden appearance of the canoe.

The bishop visited the Indian villages along the stream, as well as the missions that had been planted at various points to minister to the natives. Imagine what his cheering presence meant to the lonely workers in the wilderness. As he went along he was planning how best he might meet the needs of the people with new missions, hospitals, and schools.

"Why is it that all you tough, rough-riding Alaskan fellows set such store by this Bishop Rowe?" a man from

Fairbanks was asked.

"Well, for one thing his works have not been in words but in deeds," was the reply. "Let me tell you how it was with us when he came over the ice from Circle City in the winter of 1903. He looked us over and saw the thing we most needed. He saw no dollars, either in sight or in the future. He saw only that a poor lot of human creatures, up against a dead-hard proposition, needed a hospital. 'You have the ground,' said he; 'you raise half the money and I will leave the other half for the building. Then I will take care of the nurses, medicines, and everything else you need.' Of course he is for his church, but he and his church are always for their people—and their people are any that fare over the trail."

It was soon said of this master missionary that he was "the best musher in Alaska." "Mush!" or "Mush on!" is the cry that the men on the winter trails give to their dog teams. It is, perhaps, a corruption of the French word marchons, which means "Go on!" There is seldom a winter when Bishop Rowe does not travel from one to two thousand miles with his team of six huskies to visit his people.

Do you picture him sitting comfortably wrapped in fur robes on the sledge while the dogs pull him as well as the store of food for the six weeks' journey on which he is bound? Look again! There he is walking on snowshoes ahead of the team leader; he is "breaking trail" for the dogs who have all they can do to drag the laden sled. In order to lighten their load he selects a tree at each camping-place to serve as a landmark, and hides there a store of food for the return trip.

"That is a plan that works well unless the sly wolverines manage to get on the scent of the cache," he said. "But you must go as light as possible when you travel over a waste of snow, and are forced at times to cover forty miles a day. It is a trip that takes all the unnecessary fat off you; and you get as strong as a mule and as hungry as a bear."

You would think that the mountain climbing, canoeing,

and marching on snow-shoes which are part of his yearly round would be all that he could possibly need to take off the "unnecessary fat" and keep him in the "pink of training." The winter trip with the dog sledge, however, brings many situations when life itself depends upon one's physical fitness. In preparation for those journeys, the bishop goes through a regular series of exercises—long distance running, hill-climbing, and even jumping rope. The following extract from one of his diaries kept during a six weeks' trip over the Arctic waste when mountains and valleys alike were muffled in a white silence, and all the streams were voiceless, spell-bound rivers of ice, will show what making the rounds in the diocese of all Alaska means:

Our sled was loaded with robes, tent, stove, axes, clothing, and food for sixteen days for dogs and selves. Wind blew the snow like shot in our faces. I kept ahead of the dogs, leading them, finding the way. We had to cross the wide river; the great hammocks made this an ordeal; had to use the ax and break a way for the dogs and sled. In the midst of it all the dogs would stop; they could not see; their eyes were closed with the frost; so I rubbed off the frost and went on. The time came when the dogs would—could—no longer face the storm. I was forced to make a camp. It was not a spot I would choose for the purpose. The bank of the river was precipitous, high, rocky, yet there was wood. I climbed one hundred feet and picked out a spot and made a campfire. Then returned to the sled, unharnessed the dogs, got a "life line," went up and tied it to a tree by the fire. By means of this we got up our robes and sufficient food. Here after something to eat we made a bed in the snow…. It was a night of shivers. Froze our faces.

After a sleepless night we were up before daybreak. It was still blowing a gale; had some breakfast; tried to hitch the dogs, but they would not face the storm, so I resigned myself to the situation and remained in camp. It was my birthday,

too. I kept busy chopping wood for the fire…. In carrying a heavy log down the side of the mountain, I tripped, fell many feet, and injured shoulder slightly.

After another cold and shivering night we found the wind somewhat abated and without breakfast hitched up the dogs, packed sled, and were traveling before it was light…. Early in the day while piloting the way I encountered bad ice, open water, broke through and got wet. After that I felt my way with ax in hand, snow-shoes on feet, until it grew dark. In the darkness I broke through the ice and escaped with some difficulty….

A worker in a lonely frontier post where there were plentiful discouragements once said: "When I am tempted to think that I am having a hard time I just think of Bishop Rowe. Then I realize that it is possible to feel that creature comforts are not matters of first importance. How splendidly he proves that a man can rise above circumstances, and still march on and laugh on no matter what may be happening about him or to him!"

We have seen how the Bishop of Alaska fares in winter when the world is a vast whiteness save only for the hewing dark of the sea; when the avalanches are booming on the mountains; when the winds are sweeping through the canyons, and all the air is filled with ice-dust. What can he accomplish through these journeys that he should forego all comfort and risk life itself?

First, he brings light and cheer to the homesick miners—to the dull-eyed, discouraged men who have struggled and toiled without success, and to the excited, watchful ones who fear to lose what they have won.

"Where are all the people going?" asked a stranger in Fairbanks one Sunday.

"Bishop Rowe is here," replied the hotel clerk smilingly. "Everybody turns out when he comes to town. You see," he added thoughtfully, "he somehow knows what a man needs

no matter where he is or what he is. There is something that goes home to each one who listens."

But the adventurers from civilization are not the bishop's chief care. His first thought is for the Indians and Eskimos, who, if they have gained somewhat, have suffered much through the coming of the white men to their shores.

"Our people have for the most part been consistently engaged in plundering Alaska," he said. "We have grown rich on its salmon and furs, while the natives who formerly had plenty feel the pinch of famine and cold. We take from the country everything we can get and even make the Indians pay a tax on the trees they cut down; but we do nothing for the land in the way of building roads and bridges, or for the people in the way of protecting them from the evils that the coming of the white men has brought upon them."

In so far as it lies in his power, the bishop tries to atone for this despoiling of Alaska by working whole-heartedly for the natives— teaching them more wholesome ways of living, giving them food and medicine in times of distress, providing sawmills to give them work, introducing reindeer to supply clothing in the place of the seals that are fast disappearing, and building churches, schools, and hospitals. He has, besides, gone to Washington and described to the President and the lawmakers the pitiable state of the Alaskan Indians, and pleaded for reservations where they could first of all be taught how to maintain health under the new conditions of life that have been forced upon them, and then given suitable industrial training and the chance of earning a livelihood. The laws that have been passed to secure fair play for the original Alaskans have been won largely through the persistent and effective championship of Bishop Rowe.

See him as he journeys down the Yukon in a scow loaded with lumber for a mission building. He has with him just one helper and three little Indian children whom he is taking to a school at Anvik. At night he is at the bow, watching to guard

against the dangers of the stream. Sometimes the children wake up and cry when a great slide from the bank—tons on tons of rock and earth— shoots into the river with a terrific boom. Sometimes, when the hooting of an owl or the wail of a wild beast pierces the stillness they huddle together, too frightened to make a sound. Then the good bishop stoops over and pats them on the head kindly, saying a comforting word or two which reminds them that nothing can possibly harm them while he is near.

A storm of rain and wind that lasts all night and all the next day drenches them through and through. The children, who are wet and cold, creep close to their friend. "Etah, etah" (my father), they say, looking up at him pitifully. In a flash he remembers that not far off is a deserted log cabin which he chanced to find on a previous journey. Making a landing, they follow him along the bank and at nightfall reach the blessed shelter. Here they build a rousing fire and dry their clothes. As they sit about the blazing logs they fancy that all the sunbeams that had shone upon the growing tree are dancing merrily in the flames. The next morning the sun comes out as if to make up for all the stormy days and nights that have ever vexed weary travelers, and they go on their way with renewed courage.

"The two qualities most needed in Alaska," said Bishop Rowe, "are an instinct for finding one's way, and bulldog grit." He certainly has these two requisites, as well as "animate faith and love." Wherever he goes—to remote Indian villages or Eskimo igloos; to deserted mining centers whose numbers have dwindled from thousands to a forlorn score; to thriving cities like Sitka, Nome, and Fairbanks, which have electric lights, telephones, and many of the luxuries as well as the comforts of civilization—he brings a message of hope. To those who hunger without knowing what they lack, he brings the Bread of life—the glad tidings of a God of love.

In 1907, it was decided to transfer Bishop Rowe from his

frontier post to Colorado. "You have served faithfully where the laborers are few and the hardships are many," it was said. "You must now guard your powers for a long life of service."

"I appreciate with deep gratitude the kindness," replied the missionary bishop, "but I feel that in view of present conditions I must decline the honor of the transfer and continue in Alaska, God helping me."

So the Shepherd of "the Great Country" is faithful to his charge and his flock, asking not a lighter task but rather greater strength for the work that is his. Like the giant-saint of the legend, he serves with his might the unseen King who reigns through love in the hearts of men.

Herbert Hoover
A Citizen of the World
1874 – 1964 A.D.

This is the story of a young hero of today—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 today," 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 Mans 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 faithful 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 metalworks; 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."

Archibald Forder
The Friend of the Arab
Date of Incident – 1901 A.D.

The Lone Trail of Friendship

So the two thousand camels swung out on the homeward trail. Forder now was alone in Kaf.

"Never," he says, "shall I forget the feeling of loneliness that came over me as I made my way back to my room. The thought that I was the only Christian in the whole district was one that I cannot well describe."

As Forder passed a group of Arabs he heard them muttering to one another, "Nisraney—one of the cursed ones—the enemy of Allah!" He remembered that he had been warned that the Arabs of Kaf were fierce, bigoted Moslems who would slay a Christian at sight. But he put on a brave front and went to the Chief's house. There he sat down with the men on the ground and began to eat with them from a great iron pot a hot, slimy, greasy savoury, and then sipped coffee with them.

"Why have you come here?" they asked him.

"My desire is," he replied, "to pass on to the Jowf."

Now the Jowf is the largest town in the Syrian desert—the most important in all Northern Arabia. From there camel caravans go north, south, east, and west.

Forder could see how his Arabic New Testaments would be carried from that city to all the camel tracks of Arabia.

"The Jowf is eleven days' camel ride away there," they said, pointing to the south-east.

"Go back to Orman," said the Chief, whose name was Mohammed-el-Bady, "it is at your peril that you go forward."

He sent a servant to bring in the headman of his caravan. "This Nisraney wishes to go with the caravan to the Jowf," said the Chief. "What do you think of it?"

"If I took a Christian to the Jowf," replied the caravan leader, "I am afraid Johar the Chief there would kill me for doing such a thing. I cannot do it."

"Yes," another said, turning to Forder, "if you ever want to see the Jowf you must turn Moslem, as no Christian would be allowed to live there many days."

"Well," said the Chief, closing the discussion, "I will see more about this tomorrow."

As the men sat smoking round the fire Forder pulled a book out from his pouch. They watched him curiously.

"Can any of you read?" he asked. There were a number who could; so Forder opened the book—which was an Arabic New Testament—at St. John's Gospel, Chapter III.

"Will you read?" he asked.

So the Arab read in his own language this chapter. As we read the chapter through ourselves it is interesting to wonder which of the verses would be most easily understood by the Arabs. When the Arab who was reading came to the words:

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," Forder talked to them telling what the words meant. They listened very closely and asked many questions. It was all quite new to them.

"Will you give me the book?" asked the Arab who was reading. Forder knew that he would only value it if he bought it, so he sold it to him for some dates, and eight or nine men bought copies from him.

Next day the Chief tried to get other passing Arabs to conduct Forder to the Jowf, but none would take the risk. So at last he lent him two of his own servants to lead him to Ithera—an oasis four hours' camel ride across the desert. So away they went across the desert and in the late afternoon

saw the palms of Ithera.

"We have brought you a Christian," shouted the servants as they led Forder into a room full of men, and dumped his goods down on the floor. "We stick him on to you; do what you can with him."

"This is neither a Christian, nor a Jew, nor an infidel," shouted one of the men, "but a pig." He did not know that Forder understood Arabic.

"Men," he replied boldly, "I am neither pig, infidel, nor Jew. I am a Christian, one that worships God, the same God as you do."

"If you are a Christian," exclaimed the old Chief, "go and sit among the cattle!" So Forder went to the further end of the room and sat between an old white mare and a camel.

Soon a man came in, and walking over to Forder put his hand out and shook his. He sat down by him and, talking very quietly so that the others should not hear said: "Who are you, and from where do you come?"

"From Jerusalem," said Forder. "I am a Christian preacher."

"If you value your life," went on the stranger, "you will get out of this as quickly as you can, or the men, who are a bad lot, will kill you. I am a Druze but I pretend to be a Moslem."

"What sort of a man is the Chief of Ithera?" asked Forder.

"Very kind," was the reply. So the friendly stranger went out. Forder listened carefully to the talk.

"Let us cut his throat while he is asleep," said one man.

"No," said the Chief. "I will not have the blood of a Christian on my house and town."

"Let us poison his supper," said another. But the Chief would not agree.

"Drive him out into the desert to die of hunger and thirst," suggested a third. "No," said the Chief, whose name was Khy-Khevan, "we will leave him till the morning."

Forder was then called to share supper with the others,

and afterwards the Chief led him out to the palm gardens, so that his evil influence should not make the beasts ill; half an hour later, fearing he would spoil the date-harvest by his presence, the Chief led him to a filthy tent where an old man lay with a disease so horrible that they had thrust him out of the village to die.

The next day Forder found that later in the week the old Chief himself was going to the Jowf. Ripping open the waistband of his trousers, Forder took out four French Napoleons (gold coins worth 16s. each) and went off to the Chief, whom he found alone in his guest room.

Walking up to him Forder held out the money saying, "If you will let me go to the Jowf with you, find me camel, water and food, I will give you these four pieces."

"Give them to me now," said Khy-Khevan, "and we will start after tomorrow."

"No," replied Forder, "you come outside, and before the men of the place I will give them to you; they must be witnesses." So in the presence of the men the bargain was made.

In the morning the camels were got together—about a hundred and twenty of them—with eighty men, some of whom came round Forder, and patting their daggers and guns said, "These things are for using on Christians. We shall leave your dead body in the sand if you do not change your religion and be a follower of Mohammed."

After these cheerful encouragements the caravan started at one o'clock. For four hours they travelled. Then a shout went up—"Look behind!"

Looking round Forder saw a wild troop of Bedouin robbers galloping after them as hard as they could ride. The camels were rushed together in a group: the men of Ithera fired on the robbers and went after them. After a short, sharp battle the robbers made off and the men settled down where they were for the night, during which they had to beat off another attack by the robbers.

Forder said, "What brave fellows you are!" This praise pleased them immensely, and they began to be friendly with him, and forgot that they had meant to leave his dead body in the desert, though they still told him he would be killed at the Jowf. For three days they travelled on without finding any water, and even on the fourth day they only found it by digging up the sand with their fingers till they had made a hole over six feet deep where they found some.

In the Heart of the Desert

At last Forder saw the great mass of the old castle, "no one knows how old," that guards the Jowf, that great isolated city with its thousands of lovely green date palms in the heart of the tremendous ocean of desert.

Men, women and children came pouring out to meet their friends: for a desert city is like a port to which the wilderness is the ocean, and the caravan of camels is the ship, and the friends go down as men do to the harbour to meet friends from across the sea.

"May Allah curse him!" they cried, scowling, when they heard that a Christian stranger was in the caravan. "The enemy of Allah and the prophet! Unclean! Infidel!"

Johar, the great Chief of the Jowf, commanded that Forder should be brought into his presence, and proceeded to question him:

"Did you come over here alone?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Were you not afraid?"

"No," he replied.

"Have you no fear of anyone?"

"Yes, I fear God and the devil."

"Do you not fear me?"

"No."

"But I could cut your head off."

"Yes," answered Forder, "I know you could. But you

wouldn't treat a guest thus."

"You must become a follower of Mohammed," said Johar, "for we are taught to kill Christians. Say to me, 'There is no God but God and Mohammed is His prophet' and I will give you wives and camels and a house and palms." Everybody sat listening for the answer. Forder paused and prayed in silence for a few seconds, for he knew that on his answer life or death would depend.

"Chief Johar," said Forder, "if you were in the land of the Christians, the guest of the monarch, and if the ruler asked you to become a Christian and give up your religion would you do it?"

"No," said Johar proudly, "not if the ruler had my head cut off."

"Secondly," he said to Johar, "which do you think it best to do, to please God or to please man?"

"To please God," said the Chief.

"Johar," said Forder, "I am just like you; I cannot change my religion, not if you cut off two heads; and I must please God by remaining a Christian…. I cannot do what you ask me. It is impossible." Johar rose up and went out much displeased.

"Kill the Christian!"

One day soon after this there was fierce anger because the mud tower in which Johar was sitting fell in, and Johar was covered with the debris. "This is the Christian's doing," someone cried. "He looked at the tower and bewitched it, so it has fallen." At once the cry was raised, "Kill the Christian—kill him—kill him! The Christian! The Christian!"

An angry mob dashed toward Forder with clubs, daggers and revolvers. He stood still awaiting them. They were within eighty yards when, to his own amazement, three men came from behind him, and standing in front of Forder between him and his assailants pulled out their revolvers and shouted, "Not one of you come near this Christian!" The murderous crowd

halted. Forder slowly walked backwards toward his room, his defenders doing the same, and the crowd melted away.

He then turned to his three defenders and said, "What made you come to defend me as you did?"

"We have been to India," they answered, "and we have seen the Christians there, and we know that they do no harm to any man. We have also seen the effect of the rule of you English in that land and in Egypt, and we will always help Christians when we can. We wish the English would come here; Christians are better than Moslems."

Other adventures came to Forder in the Jowf, and he read the New Testament with some of the men who bought the books from him to read. At last Khy-Khevan, the Chief of Ithera, who had brought Forder to the Jowf, said that he must go back, and Forder, who had now learned what he wished about the Jowf, and had put the books of the Gospel into the hands of the men, decided to return to his wife and boys in Jerusalem to prepare to bring them over to live with him in that land of the Arabs. So he said farewell to the Chief Johar, and rode away on a camel with Khy-Khevan. Many things he suffered—from fever and hunger, from heat and thirst, and vermin. But at last he reached Jerusalem once more; and his little four-year-old boy clapped hands with joy as he saw his father come back after those long months of peril and hardship.

Fifteen hundred miles he had ridden on horse and camel, or walked. Two hundred and fifty Arabic Gospels and Psalms had been sold to people who had never seen them before. Hundreds of men and women had heard him tell them of the love of Jesus. And friends had been made among Arabs all over those desert tracks, to whom he could go back again in the days that were to come. The Arabs of the Syrian Desert all think of Archibald Forder today as their friend and listen to him because he has proved to them that he wishes them well.