

MY AMERICA STORY BOOK

Book Eleven: American Progress - Part II

Compiled by Marlene Peterson

MY AMERICA STORY BOOK

American Progress – Part 2

A Compilation of Historical
Biographies for the Young Reader

Compiled by Marlene Peterson

Libraries of Hope

My America Story Book
Book Eleven: American Progress – Part II

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Chapter 1

John Burroughs

1837-1921

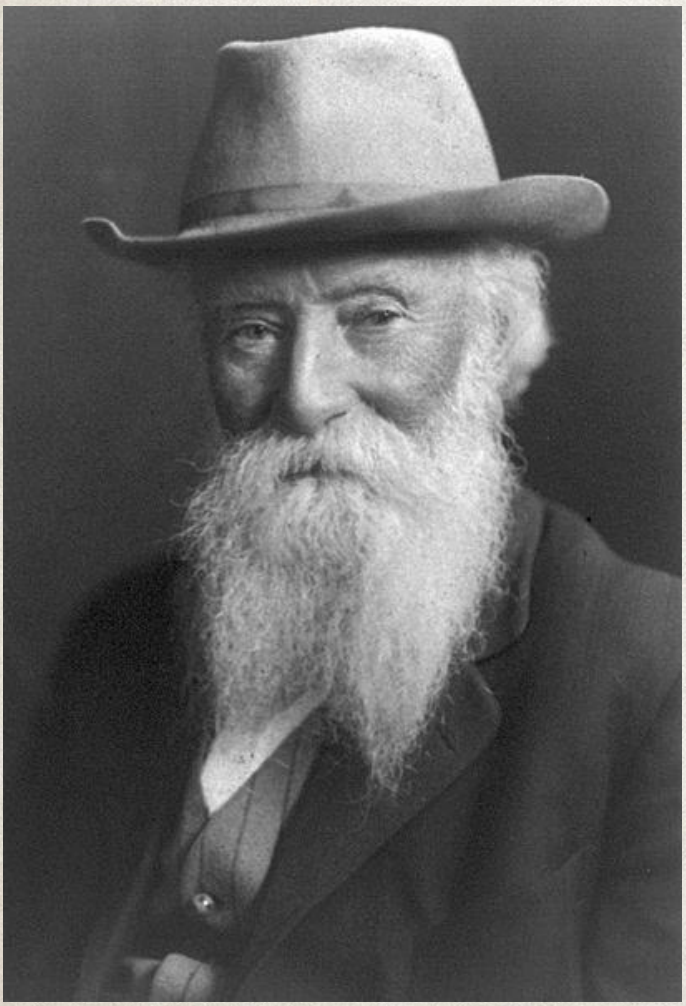


Photo of John Burroughs

John Burroughs was born on a farm near Roxbury, New York, April 3, 1837, the seventh child of a large family. His great-grandparents had come into New York state from Connecticut, and had cleared enough land for a farm. On a near-by farm the boy who later in life was known as America's greatest naturalist, lived the life of a pioneer.

"Only the boy who has worn cowhide boots, and a homespun shirt can really know what discomfort is," John Burroughs once said in speaking of his early life. "The boots were made by the village shoemaker. Often, on a cold morning, when we arrived at school we had to sit around the fire until our boots thawed out. They were so stiff and heavy that we always needed someone to help us pull them off at night. We had homespun shirts which were very rough when new, but became soft after many washings. These shirts were made from flax that we cultivated on our land.

"Our socks and mittens were made from the wool from our own sheep, and the goose feathers for our pillows and 'feather' beds also came from our farm. Our lights were tallow 'dips.' We never bought anything; even our pencils were of soft slate that we found in the hills, and our fishing lines were made of braided horse hair."

John Burroughs' father was a hard-working man, who paid his debts, went to church regularly, and read practically nothing except his hymn book and his Bible. When John began to show a great

interest in books the father was amazed. Mr. Burroughs did not discourage his son in his ambition to become a writer, but he did not help him to reach the desired goal. He could never understand why his son John loved the out-of-doors so keenly for to him it meant only hard work on the farm.

Someone once asked John Burroughs if his early boyhood life in the woods was not something like the out-of-door life of a boy scout of to-day.

"Well, I was a boy scout on my own initiative in my boyhood," Mr. Burroughs replied. He knew every inch of the land about his home, and before he was fourteen years old he had made a study of the animals of his neighborhood, their homes, and their food. And he did his good turn every day.

All of this study created in him a desire to tell boys and girls what he had learned about nature. To prepare himself to write well about his beloved out-of-doors he studied every book available.

John's desire to obtain the books which were essential to a well-rounded development was very keen. Once when his father did not think it necessary to buy an algebra which the boy wanted, John went out and tapped the maple trees about the farm, collected the sap, and made maple sugar of it. Then he walked to the nearest town, where he sold his maple sugar and bought the book he desired.

John Burroughs was seventeen years old when he left home to go to work. He had heard that in the next county he could probably get a position as a school teacher. Such a position seemed desirable as it would give him an opportunity to study, as well as to earn money. He walked twelve miles from his home in Roxbury, New York, to meet the stage which would take him to a small settlement in Ulster County where the school was located. There he applied for the position and obtained it after a few days.

He began to write his wonderful stories of nature when he was about twenty-five years old. He wrote of the birds and small animals he had known back on his

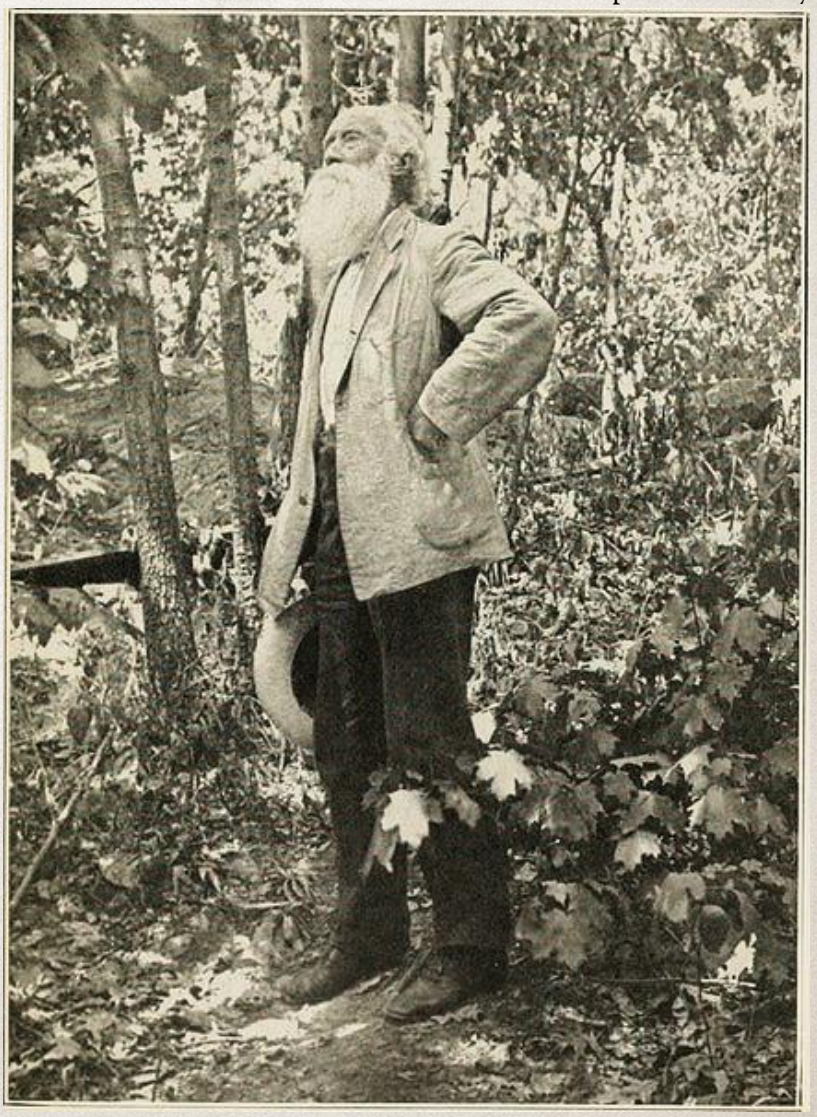


Photo of John Burroughs from *Real Americans*
by Mary Hazelton Blanchard Wade, 1922



Photo of John Burroughs and his grandchildren by the well at Riverby

boyhood farm at Roxbury. From his very first writings, John Burroughs was recognized as a great lover of nature.

About this time he went to live in Washington, D. C., where he became a clerk in the Treasury Department. He held this position for nine years, and then spent about eleven years as a bank examiner in New York state. All through these years his greatest joys came from the out-of-doors, and he divided his leisure moments between his writings and his study of animal and plant life. He once said that whenever he wrote about his experiences in the woods and fields he lived them all over again.

In 1885 John Burroughs retired from business so that he might spend his entire time on his farm near West Park, Ulster County, New York. It was a beautiful spot, the land sloping towards the edge of the Hudson River. The house was built of stone which he helped to dig from the earth.

There on his farm, John Burroughs studied anew the birds and little beasts he had loved in his youth. There he wrote his most famous books, and played host to the friends who visited him. He

was a friend of Walt Whitman, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Theodore Roosevelt was a frequent visitor at Mr. Burroughs' home, and the two men often tramped over the Catskill Mountains together. Thomas Edison was another of John Burroughs' closest friends.

Although he lived apart from the world, and did not like the rush and hurry of the great cities, John Burroughs was keenly interested in all the great world movements, such as the recent war. In his later years, great honors came to him, but they never took his attention from his work and his friends.

On the top of a high hill at the back of his Hudson River farm he built himself a log cabin which he called "Slabsides," and there he spent most of his time. One of his sources of exercise was the chopping of his own wood. He always kept a sharp ax beside a wood pile that was never allowed to grow small.

John Burroughs once said that he felt he was the richest man in the world, for he had lived out of doors, had loved nature, and had been contented with the good things that nature gave him. Thousands of American girls and boys have learned to love the woods and fields because of his writings.

"I never tried to drive sharp bargains with life," Mr. Burroughs said. "I have been contented with fair returns. I have never cheated at the game of life. My own success has come to me mainly, I think, because I should never have known the difference if it had not come. I have had all and more than I deserve."

Chapter 2

James Jerome Hill

1838–1916

The cotton gin of Eli Whitney soon caused the amount of cotton raised to increase greatly, and this made clothing cheaper and more plentiful. The reaper invented by Cyrus H. McCormick enabled the farmers to grow a much greater amount of wheat, and so give every one enough white bread. In the East there were some short lines of railroad, but elsewhere there was still no way to send clothing or machinery or food overland except the slow method of hauling it in wagons drawn by horses. The next man we are to read about built railroads to carry these inventions and products across the country.

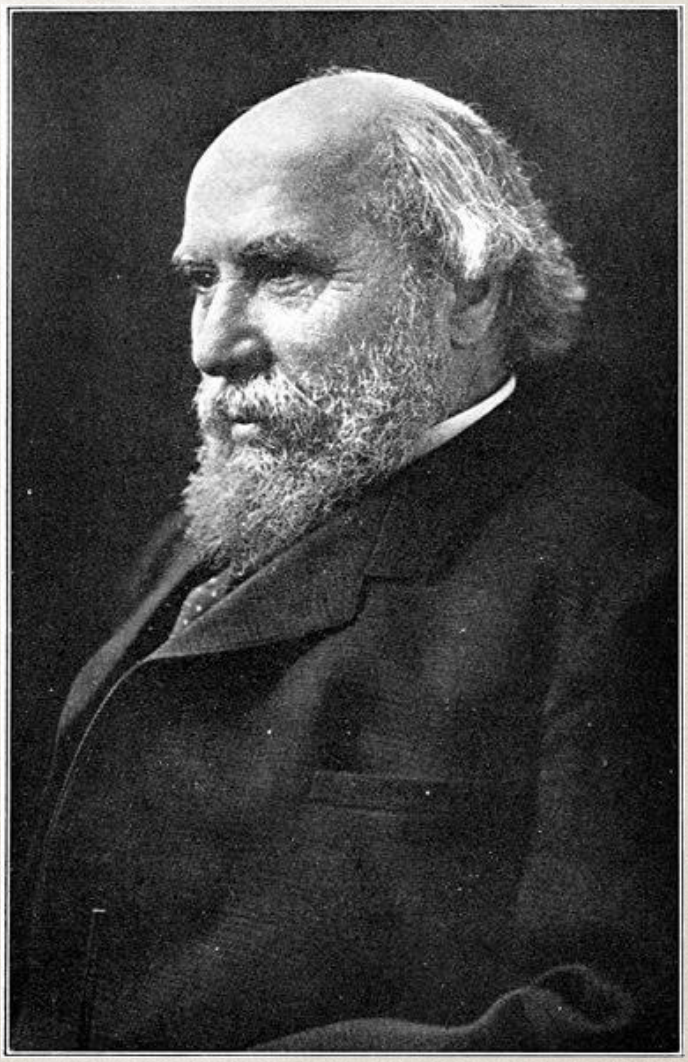


Photo of James J. Hill

James J. Hill was born in the province of Ontario in Canada, September 16, 1838. His father was a farmer and James's boyhood was spent in the country and in a small village.

At the age of five he started to school, walking two and a half miles, even on the coldest winter mornings. He had a good teacher and he was a faithful pupil. He really preferred reading to play, and he was fortunate in having a few good books. Newspapers and books were rare in that new country, where people had little time for reading, but James's father owned the works of Shakespeare, the poems of Burns, a Bible, and a dictionary.

At ten the boy entered the Rockwood Academy, where he studied English literature, Latin, Greek, algebra, and geometry. At thirteen he read a life of Napoleon, which influenced him greatly.

He realized the power of perseverance and self-confidence. He made up his mind that success was possible to any one if he had the will to carry his plans through.

He was fond of outdoor exercise and sports, especially hunting and fishing. He continued to hunt and fish in the vacations all through his busy life, and he never lost his pleasure in these sports.

When James was fourteen the death of his father compelled him to leave school and he became a clerk in a village store. At the end of his first four weeks of work he received his pay.

"I never felt so rich," he said; "I never expect to feel so rich again in my life, as when I looked at those four dollars and when I handed them over to my mother."

He worked faithfully and his employer, an elderly Scotchman who was not given to praise, said to him: "If ye keep on ye'll make your way in the world."

At seventeen he left home and started west, intending to go at least as far as the Pacific Coast. He even thought of becoming a sailor and visiting the countries of the Orient. To cross the country in those days was a great undertaking. The only railroads were a few short lines in the East. Where it was not possible to go by boat, men had to ride on horseback or in the covered wagons called prairie schooners. There were no good wagon roads and on such a journey it took weeks to go from New England to the Mississippi. Chicago was only a village, and west of the Mississippi lay an unknown wilderness.

But the youth set out with great hopes and high ambitions. He had gone only as far as Syracuse, New York, when the few dollars he had started with were used up, and he found himself penniless. But this was not a great difficulty to a strong young man who had set out to see the world. He went to work with a will and earned the money for his journey as he went west. Hill reached St. Paul in July, 1856, expecting to join a party of hunters and go with them to the Pacific Coast. To his disappointment he found when he arrived that the last party had left and there would not be another expedition west until the following spring.

He went to work in St. Paul, which was not much more than a trading post. But it was an important settlement for several reasons. It was an outpost in the great Northwest, and hither traders from long distances brought their valuable pelts and furs. It was on the Mississippi, and already a line of steamboats was running daily between this town and Galena, Ill. New settlers were constantly coming to Minnesota, and this territory hoped soon to be admitted as a state.

All this meant progress and was of great interest to the bright young man. He became a clerk in the office of the steamboat company and throughout the remainder of his life his chief interest was in transportation.

His leisure time was spent mostly in reading and he acquired a fund of general information. The story is told that he once offered to sit up at night with a sick friend. He read a book on engineering steadily all night long. When asked if he intended to be an engineer Hill said: "I do not know. You see, I am only a young man yet, and a knowledge of engineering may prove useful some day."

He not only read a great deal but he remembered what he read, storing in his mind information which would be useful in the future. He understood the machinery of the steamboat; he learned business methods; he studied the materials and uses of different coals; and he informed himself upon the best methods of farming.

With all his study he loved fun, and made good friends who liked his jokes and appreciated his kindness and generosity.



James J. Hill House in St. Paul, MN

When the news of the outbreak of the Civil War reached the far Northwest, Hill was fired with patriotism and set to work to raise a company of cavalry. He also joined the "Pioneer Guards" — a company of volunteers, and hoped to belong to the First Minnesota Regiment. In this he was disappointed because he could not pass the physical examination. While still a boy he had lost the sight of one eye in an accident, and now this prevented his entering the army. He had to content himself with doing all he could for the soldiers.

Travel in the Northwest

He succeeded as a clerk and advanced in business, always planning for better transportation for the great Northwest. By 1865 he was in business for himself and in 1871 he had established a steamboat line on the Red River as far north as Winnipeg. He made his first trip to Winnipeg overland through the deep snow with a dog team. He took many-such journeys, one of which he wrote about as follows:

> I remember my first trip out of North Dakota. I had slept at Tongue River in the northern part of the state, and it was a gray, misty morning. I was on horseback and had an Indian guide, and he had a cart and an extra pony. I know that I fell asleep on horseback, and the

horse awoke me by snorting. I looked ahead, and in the fog, sitting on a knoll, was a wolf. I thought that wolf was bigger than a horse. He got up, looked over his shoulder at me, walked away, and I haven't seen him since.

Down near Georgetown I was crossing on ice which looked as though it might be all right. All of a sudden it gave way, and as I didn't know how deep the water was, I had occasion to think of all the good things and all the bad things I had ever done between the time I started down and when I struck ground, with the water reaching to my vest pockets. It was hard work getting back to the ice again, but at last I got on a small pile of earth, heaped up by a beaver when the water was not so high, and by that help was able to get up again and continue to Georgetown.

Hill now owned the only system of freight and passenger traffic between St. Paul and Winnipeg, but the method was slow. For some distance people had to travel by big sleds or on horseback, while packages were hauled by ox team. The traffic was fast outgrowing this method of transportation, and two rival railroads were planning to extend their lines clear up into Canada.

Then Hill's opportunity came. With his partners, Kittson and Smith, he bought the small railroad known as the St. Paul and Pacific. This purchase took every dollar the firm had, and was a great risk. The other two men were doubtful and would never have consented to the undertaking if Hill had not persuaded them by his enthusiasm.

His knowledge of the Red River country, which he had explored years before with his team of dogs, and his experience in transportation, were needed now. He used them so well that in a few months he and his partners were making money out of their railroad.

But Hill had an ambition much greater than money-making. He wanted to see a railroad reaching across the United States from coast to coast. He realized what such a railway system would mean to the country. The railroad was necessary to open up the Northwest to settlers. The gold of California, the fruit of Washington and Oregon, the wheat of southern Canada — all these needed a railroad to carry them to the East.

After Hill became joint owner in his first railroad he bent his energies to the one thing he wanted to accomplish. In 1893 the Northern Pacific was completed to the Pacific Coast. This connected with the eastern lines so that the railroad reached from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A few years later he held more interest than anyone else in three different railway systems, and was called the railroad king.

He succeeded because he would not be defeated and because of his knowledge of men, his thorough understanding of business, his ability to look ahead, and his fearlessness. In great things as well as small he was absolutely honest. When he was tempted to do a dishonest thing he replied, "It was not necessary to bribe me to do the fair and respectable thing toward so close a neighbor as the Union Pacific; and, on the other hand, I could not be bribed to do wrong in any way."

By building his railroad, Hill hastened the settlement of the Northwest and also its development. He added greatly to the wealth and prosperity of our country. He opened the way to the most wonderful scenery in America — that in the Canadian Rockies — and made it possible for people living anywhere in the United States to journey quickly, easily, and comfortably to such beautiful places as Glacier National Park.

In five days now one can travel from New York to San Francisco, and letters come and go as quickly. The oranges and grapes of California and the apples of Washington are sent all over the United States and arrive fresh and delicious. These and many other advantages are ours because of the railroads which now reach everywhere.

Hill long ago saw the need for saving or conservation, of which we now hear so much. He wrote: "The armed fleets of an enemy approaching our harbors would be no more alarming than the coming of a day when we shall not have enough food for our people. The farmers must save food in the future just as they built up great stores of it in the past."

Chapter 3

Frances E. Willard

1839-1898

"There is a woman at the beginning of all great things."
— Alphonse de Lamartine

It was not until 1873 that the vast amount of drunkenness in our country attracted the attention of the women of America.

A crusade was formed against it in the West, and this led in 1874 to the foundation of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Frances Elizabeth Willard was offered the position of president, an honor she then declined, preferring to work in the ranks; but four years later she yielded to the universal demand, and accepted the chairmanship of this great movement.



Photo of Frances E. Willard

This able woman was born at Churchville, very near Rochester, N.Y., on September 28, 1839. Her father, of English descent, was a man of intellectual force, brave, God-fearing; her mother, a woman of strong religious feeling, great courage, and of fine mental equipment. Frances inherited the best qualities of both parents. When she was two years of age, the family removed to Oberlin, Ohio, and about five years later to Janesville, Wisconsin, then almost a wilderness. Here they lived the simple, hard life of pioneers. Frances was at first taught by her mother and a governess; afterward, she and her younger sister entered the Northwestern College at Evanston, from which Frances was graduated.

Mr. Willard removed to Evanston in

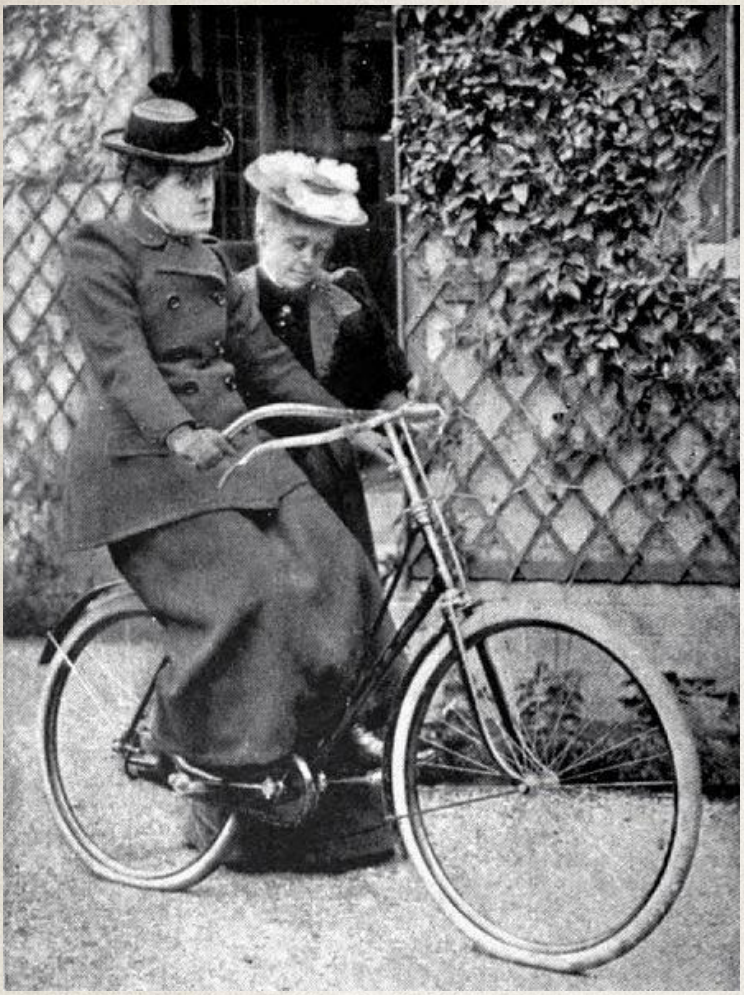


Photo of Frances E. Willard learning to ride a bicycle, from *A Wheel Within a Wheel* by Frances E. Willard, 1895

order to be near his daughters while they were in college, and in 1858 built a house there. Here the younger daughter died, and later Mr. Willard, but Frances and her mother continued to make it their home, even after the death of the only son. Frances named it Rest Cottage, and here she returned each year of her busy life to spend two months with the mother whom she had christened St. Courageous.

Idleness was an impossibility for Frances Willard. After her graduation she taught in a little district school, and from 1858 until 1868 continued the work of teaching in various schools and colleges. In 1868 she went to Europe and spent two years in travel and study. Upon her return she was elected President of the Evanston College for Women, being the first woman in the world to hold such a position.

Two years later, when the college became a part of the Northwestern University, Miss Willard became Dean of the Women's College, but as some of her views conflicted with those of the President, she soon resigned the position.

It was about this time that the women of Ohio began fighting the liquor traffic. To use Mrs. Livermore's words, "Frances Willard caught the spirit of the Woman's Crusade and believed herself called of God to take up the temperance cause as her life work."

Every one, even her mother, opposed her, but feeling herself called to the work she gave to it all her energies of heart and soul.

When Miss Willard became President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in 1879, the yearly income of the Union was only twelve hundred dollars. The movement was too new and too strange to command much understanding or sympathy from the public; the work, so far, had been done without system. Frances Willard at once began to put the machinery in order: she organized bodies of workers and lecturers; she instituted relief work and educative centers; and the numbers of these she constantly increased.

Perhaps Miss Willard's greatest moral asset was the power of winning followers. Many, many women rallied enthusiastically to her support and helped her to carry out her plans. To zeal and

intelligence she added charming manners and eloquence.

As a leader her ability was marvelous. Love came to her from all sides because love went out from her to everybody.

Her own love of the work was so great that for years she labored without a salary, for the Union had hard struggles to live even after Miss Willard undertook the leadership of it. But with or without salary, never did she spare herself.

It is said that during the first two years of her work she delivered on an average one speech a day on temperance and other reforms. She visited every town in the United States of over ten thousand inhabitants and most of those above five thousand.



Statue of Frances E. Willard,
United States Capitol Building, Washington D.C.

The next step in Miss Willard's progress was a very great one; no less a thing than the organization of a World's Women's Christian Temperance Union! Yes, this courageous and enterprising woman actually planned to carry her crusade against strong drink into every corner of the globe. At the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893 she was chosen Chairman of the World's Temperance Convention.

Meanwhile, Lady Henry Somerset, a charming and brilliant Englishwoman who had been working in her own country to secure the same reforms Miss Willard was pushing forward in America, came to this country. It was her first visit — made, she said, less to see America than to see Miss Willard, and learn from her the principle upon which she had founded the marvelous organization.

These two noble women became devoted friends, and when, in the autumn of 1892, Lady Henry again came to America to attend a National Convention at Denver, she persuaded Miss Willard to return with her to England. Our great temperance leader had a fine reception from the English people, and won all hearts by her gentleness and earnestness, as well as by her remarkable gift of oratory.

Four years after this, the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union held a Convention in London. Every country in the civilized world sent delegates to this meeting, over

which Miss Willard and Lady Somerset presided. These indefatigable world-workers had secured a petition of seven million names. It encircled the entire hall of the Convention, and besides lay in large rolls on the platform. This petition asked of all governments to have the sale of intoxicating liquors and of opium restricted. But, in spite of the seven million signatures and an enormous enthusiasm, the sale of liquors and drugs went on as before. Yet something was accomplished: a great increase of sympathy in public opinion.

In addition to all these activities Miss Willard was much engaged in literary work. She acted as editor on various papers and magazines; also she wrote several books. *Nineteen Beautiful Years*, *Glimpses of Fifty Years*, *Woman and Temperance*, being the best known.

When the White Cross and White Shield movements for the promotion of social purity were formed, Miss Willard, as leader, did a glorious work. Under the white flag of the Women's Christian Temperance Union with its famous motto, *For God, for Home and Native Land*, she brought together, to work as sisters, the women of the South and the North.

Miss Willard was always dignified, earnest, and inspiring, but when talking on the subject so dear to her heart she grew eloquent. As a presiding officer, justice, tact, grace, and quick repartee made her the ideal platform speaker, though, perhaps, courage may be called her chief characteristic.

In later years, although suffering from ill health, she yet kept cheerfully at work and actually presided over the Convention of 1897. This, however, proved too great a strain, and on February 18, 1898, at the Empire Hotel, New York City, she died. Her body died, but her soul "goes marching on."

Chapter 4

George Westinghouse

1846-1914

A youth named Westinghouse, still in his teens, was traveling in a railroad train one afternoon when the train came to a stop beside an open field.

After a few minutes of waiting, young Westinghouse left the coach to see what had happened. He discovered that there was a wreck ahead, and as the conductor told him that the train would be delayed for some time, he decided that he would investigate the wreck.

Two freight trains had collided, and both were nearly demolished. The engineer of each train had seen that a collision was inevitable and, slowing down the engines as much as possible, had jumped.

"I saw the train coming toward me and set the hand brakes, but there was not time to stop the cars," said one of the engineers.

"The wreck would not have happened if the engineers could have controlled the cars from their engine cabs," another trainman remarked.

Young Westinghouse was greatly interested. "What do you mean by controlling the cars?" he asked.

The engineer explained that when he wanted to stop a train he had to signal with the engine whistle for brakes to be applied by hand to the cars. There were no brakes on the cars that could be worked from the engine to bring the train to a sudden stop. The young man listened intently.

When the line was clear again and he could continue his journey, he sat thinking about brakes for railroad trains, automatic brakes that could be controlled from the cab of the engine.

In the weeks that followed, young Westinghouse did much thinking about brakes, but none of his ideas were practical. He tried a mechanical automatic brake, which he rejected. Then, realizing that he needed a great deal of power to put on his brakes, he thought of steam. He tried this, but without success.

He was only able to work on his idea during his recreation hours, for he had a position in his father's factory at Schenectady, New York. He was so interested in his idea for an automatic brake that he used to hurry his luncheon, and spend part of the noon hour working on his plans.

One noon while thus absorbed, there was a voice at his elbow, and he turned and saw a young girl standing beside him. She was earning money for her next school year by selling magazine subscriptions. Young Westinghouse subscribed for the magazine.

Upon looking over the first copy that he received, he suddenly noticed a headline. It was about the building of a tunnel through the Alps in Switzerland, and young Westinghouse read the article. In it he came across the statement that the drills used on the rocks were run by compressed air.

Compressed air! The young man dropped the magazine, for as he read those words George Westinghouse realized that he had found the motive power for his brake. He reached for his pencil and pad and started to work at once. It was not long before he had completed his plans.

While young Westinghouse had every faith in his new invention he found that he was practically the only person who thought it worth while. Even his father, George Westinghouse, Senior, who was an inventor and manufacturer of machinery, could see no reason to encourage his son.



Photo of George Westinghouse Jr.

George Westinghouse then decided to interest the railroad men in his scheme, and took his air brake to first one railroad office, and then another, but no railroad man would listen to him. He saw Commodore Vanderbilt, the president of the New York Central Railroad, who, like the rest, thought it was ridiculous to think of stopping a train by air.

"So you think that you can stop a New York Central train going at full speed by wind, do you?" Mr. Vanderbilt laughed. "Well, young man, I have no time to waste on fools. Good morning."

But young Westinghouse did not give up. He went to Pittsburgh, and interested Andrew Carnegie in his invention. Finally, Mr. Carnegie and his associates decided to spend the money necessary to equip one train with a Westinghouse air brake.

In September, 1868, the test was made on a train, consisting of an engine with four cars, running between Pittsburgh and Steubenville, Ohio. As the train emerged from a tunnel near the Union Station at Pittsburgh the engineer saw a farmer's wagon on the track, and he applied the air brake, stopping the train so suddenly that it threw the people in the cars from the seats.

Other successful tests were made, and within a few weeks George Westinghouse was hailed as one of the greatest inventors in the world. He was only twenty-two years old.

George Westinghouse was born at Central Bridge, New York, October 6, 1846. When he was ten years old the family moved to Schenectady, New York, where Mr. Westinghouse organized the Schenectady Agricultural Works.

The boy George was fond of machinery, and when he was not in school he was sure to be in his father's machine shop. When he was fourteen years old he invented a rotary engine.

George Westinghouse was only fifteen years old when the Civil War began. He wanted to go to war immediately, but his father would not allow him to do so until the next year. Then he enlisted in the infantry and later served in the cavalry. Before the war closed he had become an engineer officer in the navy.

All this time young Westinghouse was studying. If he had an hour to spare he did not waste it, but read books on machines and machine making, or else drew the plans for a machine that interested him.

The success of his air brake made George Westinghouse a very rich and influential young man, but like all great men he was not at all contented to stop his work after having attained success. He continued to work upon the air brake for many years, improving it in numerous ways.

The air brake is one of the greatest inventions the world has yet known. This invention has made it possible for trains to be run at a much greater speed than formerly. As a result the industrial interests of the country have been greatly promoted. It also has made traveling on railroad trains safe for the public.

The problems of electricity were of great interest to Mr. Westinghouse. When he learned that two young French inventors had discovered the use of the alternating electric current, he bought the patents for the United States, which he applied to the electric system in use throughout this country. One of his big contracts was the lighting of the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893.

Mr. Westinghouse was always interested in the inventions of others, and would talk with young mechanics regarding any plans they had for new machines.

George Westinghouse was a boy with ideas, and he was willing to study in order to perfect those ideas. By so doing he became one of the greatest men in the industrial history of his country.

Chapter 5

Thomas Alva Edison

1847-1931



Photo of Thomas Edison, age 14

If ever there was a busy boy, Thomas Edison, who was born in Milan, Ohio, was one. He wanted to do everything that he saw others doing, and more than that, he liked to contrive new ways of doing things. The grown-up people wished he would not ask so many questions or stay always at their elbows, watching their work. But it came out all right in the end, these busy ways of his, for to-day he is one of the world's greatest inventors.

Thomas was a sunny, laughing, little boy, and pretty, too, except when he was trying to think how something was made; then he would scowl and pucker up his mouth until you would hardly know him. He always wanted to know how machinery worked and asked his father, or any one near by, to explain it to him. Sometimes his father would get all tired out answering questions, and to get rid of the little chap would say: "I don't know." Then Thomas would stare at his father and say: "You don't know! Why don't you know?" Then, if Mr. Edison did not answer, Thomas would perhaps run down by the water, along the tow-path for the canal.

There were shipyards by the water, and he would pick up the different tools and ask the workmen what the name of each was, how it was used and why it was used, and get in their way generally until they drove him home. He built fine houses and tiny villages, with plank sidewalks, from the bits of wood these ship-builders gave him. The belts and wheels in the saw and grist mills pleased him. He watched them often. Once, in one of the mills, he fell into a pile of wheat in a grain elevator

and had nearly smothered before he was found. Several times he fell into the canal and came near drowning.

When Thomas was six years old, he watched a goose sitting on her eggs and saw them hatch. He wanted to understand this strange thing better, so he gathered all the goose and hen's eggs he could and made a big nest in his father's barn. Then all of a sudden, he was missing. The family rushed to the canal, the village, and the mills, and finally found him sitting on the nest of eggs in the barn. He wanted to see if he could hatch those eggs out!

The only person who did not get out of patience with Thomas was his mother. He and she adored each other. She had been a school teacher and was used to children. She saw that Thomas had a keen mind and was always ready to explain things to him. When he went to school, the teacher did not know what to make of his strange remarks and almost broke Thomas's heart one day by telling the principal that she thought the little Edison boy was "addled." Thomas ran home crying. He could not bear to go again to the school, so his mother taught him at home. He had a wonderful memory and must have paid close attention to what was said, for he never had to be told a thing the second time. Thomas quite often had his lessons with his mother on the piazza. They seemed so happy that the children who went to school often wished they could study with Mrs. Edison. She was fond of children and was apt to run down to the gate with some cookies or apples for them.

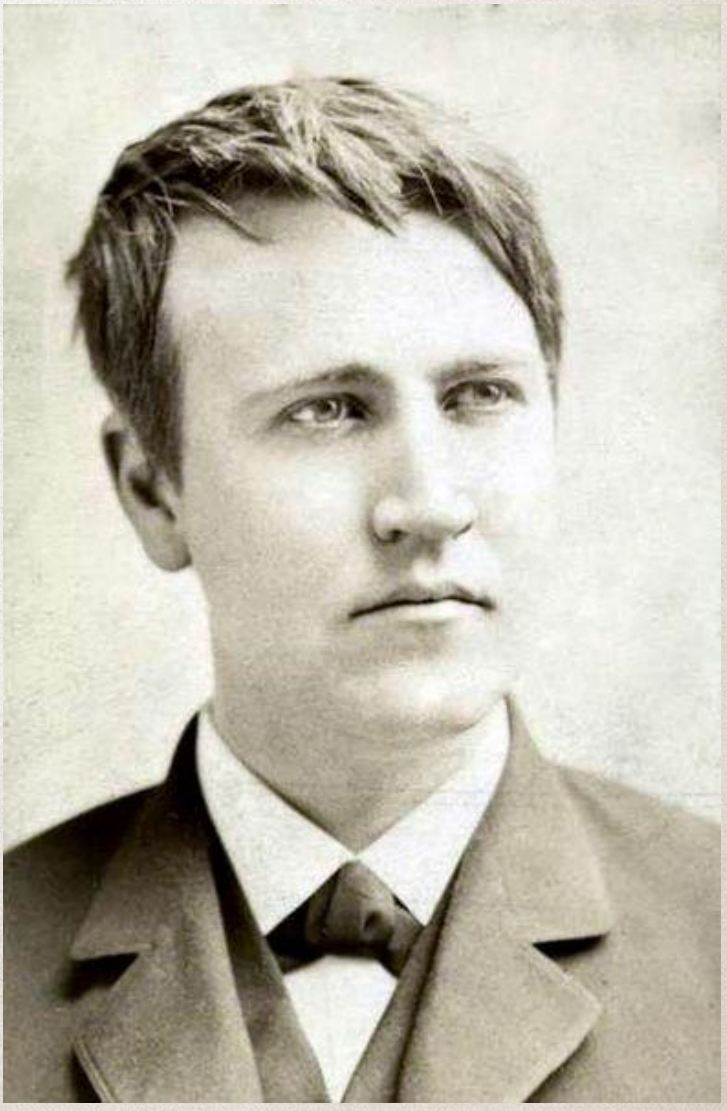


Photo of Thomas Edison

Sunny days Thomas liked to go with his father and mother into a tower Mr. Edison had built near the house. It was eighty feet high, and from its top one could see the broad river and hills beyond.

At the age of nine, Thomas was more fond of reading than of playing. When he was twelve, he got the notion in his head that it would be a fine thing to read every book that was in the Public Library in Detroit. He kept at it for months! But when he had read every book on the first fifteen feet of shelves, he saw that some were very dry and stupid and gave up his plan. After that he chose the books that told of interesting things.



Photo of Thomas Edison and a phonograph

When Thomas was eleven, he felt he ought to be doing something besides reading. He wanted to earn some money. His mother did not agree with him, but after he had teased for whole weeks, she said: "Well, you may try working part of each day." He sold papers and candy on the trains running between Port Huron and Detroit. At first Mrs. Edison was very nervous. She imagined that perhaps his train was getting wrecked, that he had fallen under the wheels of the engine, and all sorts of horrid things, but as he kept coming back home every night, safe and happy, she stopped worrying. He was bright, and the men who talked and laughed with him paid him a good deal of money for the papers and the nuts and candies which he carried in a basket. He was a proud boy to hand over to his mother the earnings of a week, which sometimes counted up to twenty dollars.

Thomas was such a very busy person that the lessons he had with his mother early in the mornings and his paper work on the train were not enough to satisfy him, so he bought some old type, a printing-press, and some ink rollers, and began making a little newspaper of his own. This newspaper was only the size of a lady's pocket-handkerchief, but it was so clever that he soon had five hundred subscribers, and he made ten more dollars a week on that. The great English engineer, Stephenson, was traveling on Thomas's train one day and was so pleased with the paper that he bought a thousand copies. He said there were many newspapers edited by grown-up men that were not one half as good. Remember about this paper, and if ever you see Thomas Edison's beautiful home at Orange,



Photo of Thomas Edison listening to a wax cylinder phonograph

New Jersey, ask to look at a copy of it. Mr. Edison thinks as much of it as of anything in the fine library.

Well, Thomas's business on the trains grew so that he had to hire four boys to help him. Then he bought some chemicals, and in one corner of the baggage car, in spare moments, he began trying experiments. He was just getting hold of some pretty exciting ideas, when one day the train ran over something rough and spilled a bottle that held phosphorus. This set the woodwork on fire, and while poor Thomas was trying to beat out the flames, the conductor, in a rage, threw boy, press, bottles, and all off the train. And that was the end of the newspaper.

The next thing to interest Thomas was the system of telegraphing. He had not lost the habit of asking questions and quizzed the operator at Mt. Clemens, Mr. McKenzie, every chance he had. As he stood on the station platform one day, asking Mr. McKenzie something, he noticed the operator's little child playing on the tracks right in front of a coming train. And that train was an express! Thomas rushed out and seized the child just as the train almost touched his coat. Mr. McKenzie was so grateful that he said: "Look here, I want to do something for you. Let me teach you to be a telegraph operator." Thomas was delighted and after that used to take four lessons a week. At the end of three months he was an expert.

Thomas could not have learned so quickly if he had not worked very steadily. He always put his heart and mind on whatever he was learning, and he did not sleep more than four or five hours at night all the time he was studying the dots and dashes that are used in sending telegraph messages.

At the age of sixteen, Thomas Edison took his first position as telegraph operator. He did not earn very much at this work, at first, and usually tried to get places where he had night hours. This was so that he would have part of the daytime to read in public libraries and to try experiments. There were so many wonderful things to learn or to understand in this world that it was a pity, he thought, to waste much time in eating or sleeping.

When Thomas was twenty-two, he had made his ideas worth three hundred dollars a month. Probably the school teacher who thought the little Edison boy was "addled" never earned that much at any age! From that time until now Thomas Edison's experiments have meant a fortune to him

and no end of pleasure and comfort to the world. You cannot go into a city in the United States that is not fitted with electric lights — Edison lights. When you hear a phonograph, remember it is an Edison invention; when you go sight-seeing in a new city, the guide of the motor carriages will shout the names of places to you through a megaphone — another Edison idea. He has patents on fourteen hundred ideas. No wonder he has had to keep busy! There is no telling how many more patents his brain will win, for he is only sixty-seven, and that is young in the Edison family. Thomas's

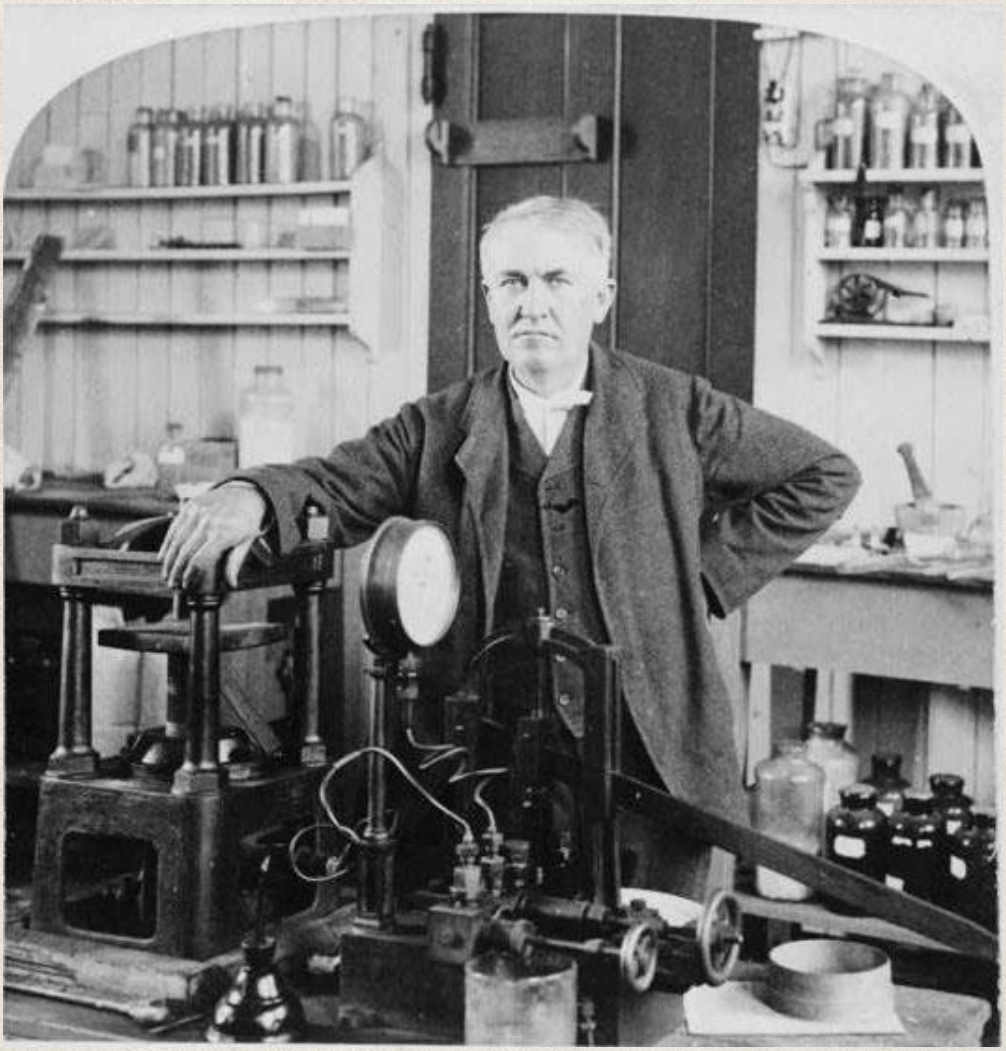


Photo of Thomas Edison in his laboratory, West Orange, N.J.

great-grandfather lived to be a hundred and four, and his grandfather lived to be a hundred and two. And he himself is just as busy to-day as he was when he drove every one but his mother nearly crazy with his questions. Only to-day he stays in his workshop, getting answers to them.

He never loses his interest in telegraph matters; many of his inventions have been along that line. In fun, he called his first girl and boy "Dot" and "Dash." And in that fine home in New Jersey, hanging near the funny little newspaper, is a picture of Thomas Edison when he sold newspapers

on the train and sent telegraph news about the great Civil War to all the stations along the way. The picture shows a bright, merry face. America's greatest inventor still laughs like a boy and takes a day off now and then for music, fishing, and reading. But he is the busiest man living.

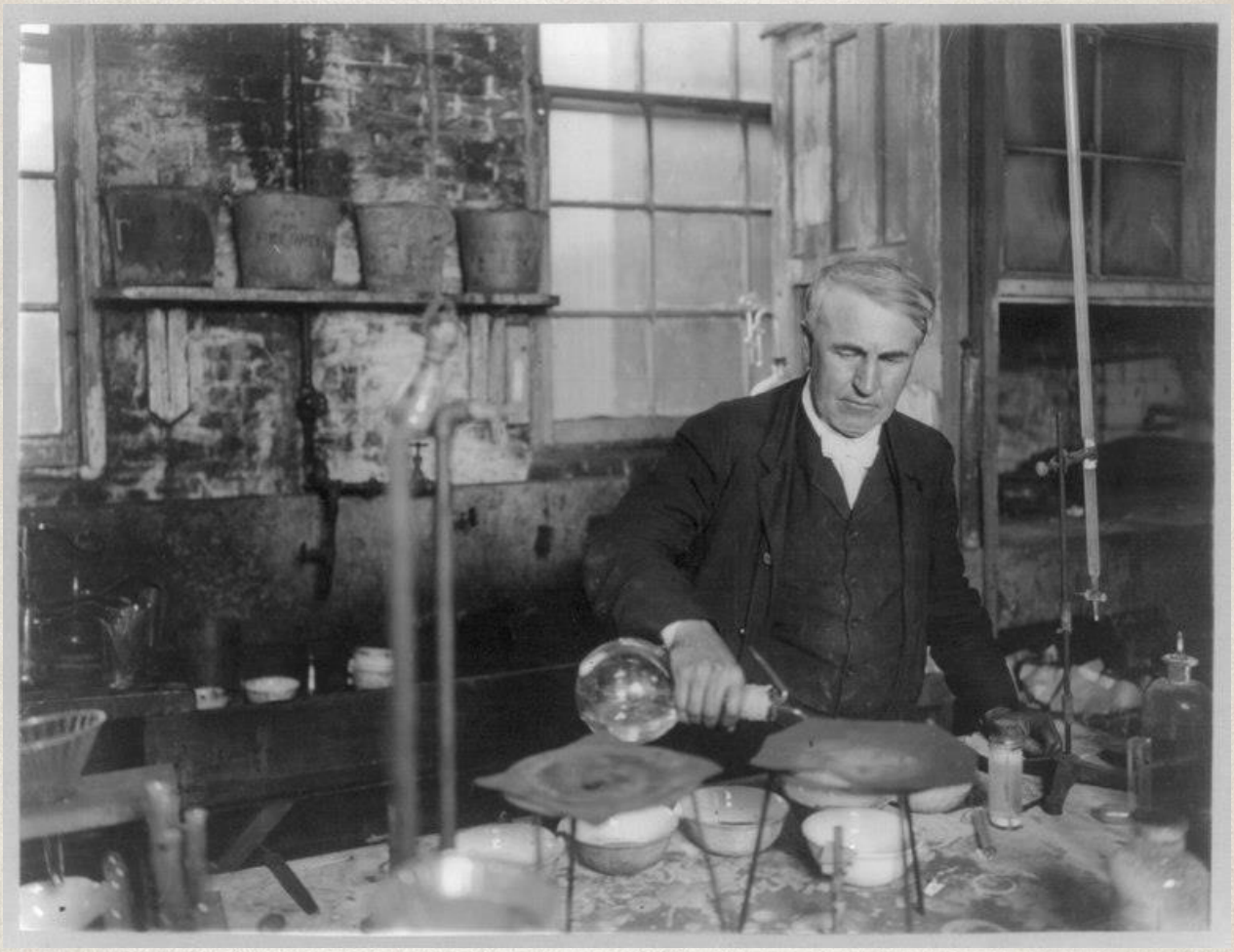


Photo of Thomas Edison working in a chemical laboratory

Chapter 6

Rebecca Salome Foster

"The Tombs Angel"
1848–1902

Early in the morning of the 22d of February, 1902, a fire occurred in one of the large hotels of New York. The flames broke out so suddenly, and spread so swiftly, that many of the guests were unable to escape. Among those who perished was a woman whose life for many years had been given to the doing of golden deeds.

Men knew this woman as the Tombs Angel. The name was a title of honor which queens might well covet. It was a strange epithet, but it described in two words the work and character of her to whom it was applied. It was in itself, as one of her friends most aptly said, a patent of nobility.



Rebecca Salome Foster a.k.a. "Tombs Angel"

How had she earned that title?

By her good works.

There is in the city of New York a famous prison known the world over as The Tombs. Massive, gloomy, and strong, it is a place of sorrow and tears and dread forebodings.

Men and women who have been accused of crime are confined there to await their trial by due process of law. The most of them will go out to suffer in the penitentiaries and workhouses the punishment that is due for their wrongdoings. A few may be found innocent of crime and permitted to return to freedom, disgraced, perhaps, for life by the fact of having been confined within prison walls.

Here many of the world's most famous criminals have spent days and months behind the bars. Here also have been confined hundreds of unfortunates, men and women, whom want or evil companionship or momentary weakness has driven into crime. If you have never visited a prison, you cannot imagine the woe, the misery, the hopelessness of such a place.

It was here that Rebecca Salome Foster labored unselfishly and unceasingly for many years,

cheering the downhearted, comforting the distressed, and sowing good seeds even in the hearts of the most depraved. Her bright face, her comforting words, her cheerful manner, carried sunshine into the gloomiest cells, gave hope to the despairing, and uplifted the most unfortunate.

Is it any wonder that these poor creatures gave her the noble title of the Tombs Angel?

"For many years," said District Attorney Jerome, "she came and went among us with but a single purpose —

"'That men might rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things!'

"There is a word which is seldom used. It is the word 'holy.' To us who are daily brought into contact with the misfortunes and sins of humanity, it seems almost a lost word. Yet in all that that word means to English-speaking peoples, it seems to me that it could be applied to her. She was, indeed, a 'holy woman.'"

In winter and in summer, on stormy days as well as on fair, Mrs. Foster was always at her post of duty. She served without the hope of reward, and solely for the good that she could do.

Numberless were the hearts which she cheered; numberless were the weary ones whose burdens she lightened; and numberless, too, were the erring men and women whom her sweet influences brought back to paths of virtue and right doing.



Monument to Rebecca Salome Foster,
Manhattan County Courthouse, New York City, NY

Not only was she loved by the prisoners, but she was esteemed and venerated by the keepers of the jail and especially by the judges and officers of the city courts. And many kind-hearted people, hearing of her good works, lent her a helping hand. Every year a certain charitable society placed in her hands several thousand dollars to be expended in her work in such ways as she thought best.

Often the money which she received from others was not enough, and then she drew freely from her own means, never expecting any return. To help a poor outcast to a fresh start in life, to give relief to the innocent family of some convicted criminal, to put in the way of some unfortunate man

or woman the means of earning an honest living — to do these and a thousand other services she was always ready.

Many are the stories that are told of her golden deeds. Perhaps none show more clearly her self-sacrificing spirit than the following: —

One day a poor woman, the wretchedest of the wretched, was brought to the prison guilty of a crime to which her weakness and her extreme want had driven her. She was cold, she was starving, she was in tatters and rags.

Here surely was work for a ministering angel.

Mrs. Foster hastened to give her such immediate comfort as she could. She removed the poor wretch's bedraggled dress, and gave her her own warm overskirt, instead.

Was there ever a nobler example of Christian charity?

We are reminded of Sir Philip Sidney on the field of Zutphen and his gift to the dying soldier, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

And so, untiringly and without a thought of self, the Tombs Angel went on with her work, little thinking what men would say, dreaming nothing of honor or fame, caring only to lighten the burdens of the heavy-laden. Then, suddenly and with but little warning, she was called to pass out through fire into the kingdom prepared for those who love their Lord.

Who would not sorrow for such a woman?

Even the officers whose duty it was to prosecute the prisoners in the Tombs wept when her death was announced. The eyes of the judges were filled with tears. The city courts adjourned for the day in honor of the memory of the Tombs Angel. And on the following Sunday, in more than one church, a well-known parable was read with a meaning that was new and strangely forcible to those who listened: —

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat. I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink. I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me. I was sick and ye visited me. I was in prison, and ye came unto me.'

"Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, 'Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?'

"And the King shall answer and say unto them, 'Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me?'"

Chapter 7

James Whitcomb Riley

1849-1916

A small barefoot boy whose father was the leading lawyer of Greenfield, Indiana, ran through the long grasses of the orchard back of his home, climbed a fence, and, running down the pasture path, reached the edge of the brook where it was broad and rather deep.

His appearance at the swimming hole was hailed by the lads with whom he spent his leisure time, and for an hour they sported in the water. Growing suddenly tired of such play the lads climbed the bank where, in the early summer, strawberries grew; and the lips of the boys were soon stained with the red juice.

Later in the season, the near-by orchards offered pears, plums, and early apples. And still later, when the beginning of school days told that summer was over, there were fall apples and grapes to be picked, nuts to be knocked from the trees, and pumpkins to be gathered for Hallowe-en.



James Whitcomb Riley, John Singer Sargent

Winter, too, had its sports, its days of school fun, of sleighing, of snowballing, and long nights by the fireside, when the older members of the family would tell stories. There would also be socials at the church, or at other lads' homes.

They were happy days—days such as boys brought up in every country town have experienced. But we know more about the days of the boys in Greenfield, for one of the barefoot boys who played in the swimming hole has left behind him a record of his youth, a record in verse that has made men call him the most beloved poet in America. This boy was known to Greenfield as Jim Riley; but the



James Whitcomb Riley with a group of children

world knows him better as James Whitcomb Riley.

James Whitcomb Riley was born October 7, 1853, in Greenfield, Indiana. To all outsiders his early days were just those of an ordinary, healthy country boy.

He went to school, helped with the work at home, and played. He reveled in being out of doors. He loved all the people of his village. He was fond of a joke. That was the boy Greenfield saw; but they did not realize that "the Riley boy" was so filled with the joy of youth that he would always be a boy at heart no matter how many years he lived.

Young Riley's father, who was a prominent lawyer, was very anxious that his son should follow in his footsteps. Accordingly, he urged the boy to study law in his office.

Jim Riley was a bright boy, and a good boy. He tried to study law, but soon realized that he was not fitted for this profession. Every once in a while he would glance out of the window towards the open fields beyond the town. It was summer, and the woods and fields called him.

Young Riley was not strong and the confinement in the law office affected his health. He was advised to spend more time outdoors.

One day as he looked out of the window he saw a strange procession coming along the main street. There was a large painted wagon which belonged to what was known as a "medicine show." In those days medicine shows were very common, traveling about the country in large wagons and



James Whitcomb Riley's Old Swimmin' Hole, William A. Bixler

giving shows in the public square.

Jim Riley went to the medicine show that night. He talked to the man in charge, and said that he wanted to join the show and tour the state. The manager needed a helper, and young Riley was willing to work for a small salary; so that night when the show left town, Jim went along.

Up and down the roads of Indiana they traveled that summer. Jim's duties were light and pleasant. He advertised the show by chalking signs on barns and fences, and at night he beat the drum which attracted the crowds.

Then fall came. The days began to grow shorter, and the nights cold. People no longer came to the public squares, so the medicine show was closed for the season.

Later young Riley and several other boys made a tour of the surrounding country as sign painters. Jim enjoyed this type of work because it enabled him to be out of doors.

Jim Riley's father had, by this time, made up his mind that his son was not fitted for the law. The boy wanted to write, and his father urged him to do so.

During his journeying through Indiana young Riley had met the editor of a paper in Anderson, and he now went to that town to accept the position of local editor on the Anderson Democrat.

It was about this time that Jim Riley first began to write poems. Gradually his verses came to be known outside of Anderson. One of his greatest admirers was the editor of the Kokomo (Indiana) Despatch, who reprinted almost everything the boy wrote.

Young Riley became such a favorite that the editor of the Indianapolis Journal made him an offer to come to Indianapolis and write poems exclusively for that paper. While there, he wrote a poem that every boy in America loves to read, "The Old Swimmin' Hole." It was published under the name of Benj. F. Johnson instead of his own. The next year Jim Riley, still using the name Johnson, published a small book of poems. The public, however, soon learned that Johnson was none other than James Whitcomb Riley.

No one can read Mr. Riley's poems without realizing that his love for children was very great. Most of his verses are founded on incidents in his own youth, or in the youth of the boys and girls he knew. James Whitcomb Riley is beloved throughout the world, and his poems will remain dear to the hearts of all who read them.



Statue of James Whitcomb Riley, Hancock County Courthouse, Greenfield, IN

Chapter 8

Luther Burbank

1849-1926



Photo of Luther Burbank

A few years ago every one who went to California tried to see Luther Burbank, for the newspapers and magazines were filled with stories of the wonderful things he was doing. Plenty of men make houses, automobiles, ships to go on the water, and ships that sail through the air, clothing, and toys, but this man makes new fruits and flowers. It is not an easy thing to do, and Mr. Burbank has found that he needs all his strength and time for his work. So now, at his small farm at Santa Rosa and at his big farm at Sebastopol, strangers find a sign like this:

> ALL VISITORS ARE LIMITED
> TO FIVE MINUTES EACH UNLESS
> BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT

And during the six busiest months of the year, from April to October, other signs tell that it will cost ten dollars to stay one hour. These signs are not put up because Mr. Burbank is cross or rude, but because these strange new plants have to be watched as carefully as tiny babies. He can't leave them for visitors.

Luther Burbank was born in Lancaster, Massachusetts. When he was a baby in his cradle, his mother and sisters found that nothing made him dimple and crow with delight like a flower. They noticed, too, that he never crushed a flower, and once, when a petal fell off a flower he was holding, he tried for hours with his tiny fingers to put it back in place. And when he was big enough to run about the house and yard, instead of carrying a toy or a dog or cat in his arms, he was usually hugging a potted plant of some kind, for as people saw his great love for such things, they were on the lookout for cunning plants for the dear little Burbank boy.

One day Luther was trudging across the yard, clasping a small lobster-cactus in an earthen pot,

when he stumbled and fell, breaking the pot and plant. He cried for days over the accident.

At school, Luther was a delight to his teachers. There were few black marks against his name. He liked all his lessons, but the books that told him about birds, trees, and flowers pleased him most.

When Luther was old enough to go to Leicester Academy, he had for his dearest chum a boy cousin who knew Agassiz, and who through him became interested in science. This boy wanted to study about rocks and caves, rivers and fish, while Luther watched the birds that perched on the rocks and the trees that grew near the rivers. But the two spent many weeks tramping over the country together.

Luther worked several summers in a factory near his home. He was quick to understand machinery and invented a machine that saved the manager of the factory a great deal of money, for it would do the work of six men. Luther's family and friends were sure he would be an inventor. But he himself wanted to raise flowers.

Luther saved a little money and started a vegetable garden. He tried experiments with the potato plants until he raised an entirely different kind than had ever grown before. Of course this made him want to experiment with other plants, and he stayed in the hot sun so much looking after them that he had a bad sunstroke. This led to his going to a climate where he might live outdoors during more months of the year, and where he would not be apt to have such attacks.

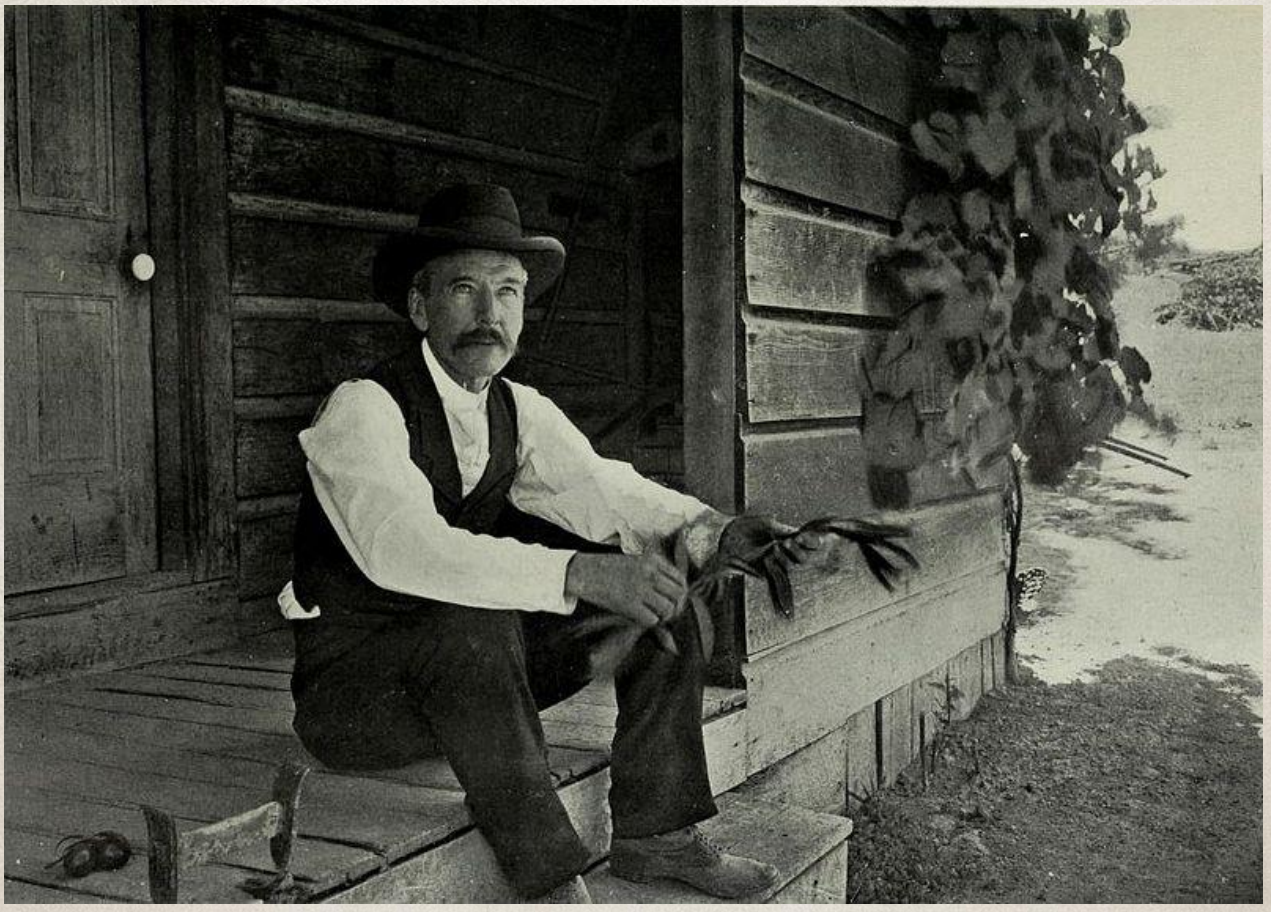
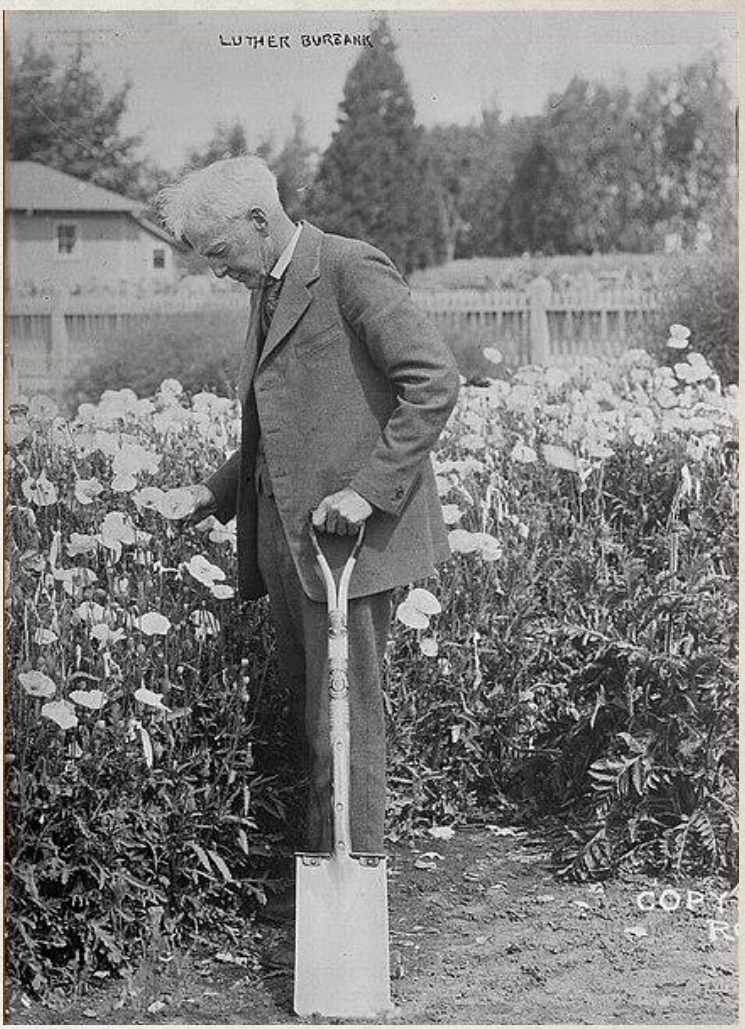


Photo of Luther Burbank on the Steps of his Cabin at Sebastopol

When Luther reached California, he had only a few dollars, rather poor health, and was among strangers. He tried to get work on farms or orchards, because he wanted to experiment with vines and vegetables. But if he got work, it was usually for only a few days at a time. Finally he was obliged to work on a chicken ranch, where the only place for him to sleep was in one of the chicken coops. The pay was small, and he did not have as much or as good food as some pet dogs get. But all the time he was saying to himself: "If I can have patience, I shall yet get a farm of my own."

By and by he was hired to look after a small nursery (this is what a big plantation of trees is called). He would have been perfectly happy there if sleeping in a damp room had not given him a fever. He was poor, sick, and almost alone, but not quite, for a very poor woman, who had only the milk of one cow to sell, found him one day lying on a bed of straw, and ever after that insisted on his drinking a pint of her milk each day. He declared that this milk saved his life.



Luther Burbank next to a plantation of blue poppies of his own breeding

For some years Luther took one odd job after another until he saved enough to buy a small piece of ground. Then he was soon raising plants and making new varieties. He read and studied and tried experiments. Sometimes he failed, and even when he succeeded there was a good deal of fun made of him. Some people thought Luther Burbank was crazy. It seemed such an odd thing for a man to think of doing — making a fruit or a flower that had not been heard of or dreamed of before! But he did not pay any heed to all this sneering. He worked harder than ever. And before long, the first new plants were in great demand, so that by selling them he got money to buy more land. To-day some of the largest orchards in California are growing from one of Luther Burbank's experiments. And our country is millions of dollars richer from his new kinds of plums, potatoes, and prunes.

Mr. Burbank bought acres of land, hired armies of workmen, denied himself pleasures and visitors, and did not mind how tired he was, so long as old plants were being made better, or new plants were being created. Pretty soon letters began to come from Russia, France, Japan, England, South America, and Africa, asking for some Burbank plants and some Burbank advice as to their care.

Mr. Burbank has made more new forms of plant life than any other man. He has worked on two thousand, five hundred species of plants. Besides making flowers more beautiful and of sweeter fragrance, he has done wonders with the cactus plants that grow on prairies. Once all these plants were covered with thorns and prickles, so that the cattle who bit into them rushed away with bleeding mouths, feeling much the same as we should if we put our teeth into a stalk of celery and bit on to fish-hooks and needles. Well, Mr. Burbank has changed all that. The fruit of some of his cactus plants is almost as sweet as oranges; the thorns are all gone so that the stalks are fine food for cattle; some of the leaves make good pickles or greens; and the small plants are used for hedges. So the plants that were in old times a pest and nuisance are to-day, thanks to Mr. Burbank, a comfort to the world.

Luther Burbank is a handsome, courteous gentleman, fond of fun, of young people and children, but you can see how busy he has been in the odd science of making new plants and trees, and as he has plans for a great many more, you will also understand why he really has to have those signs put up around his farm at Santa Rosa.

Chapter 9

George Eastman

1854-1932

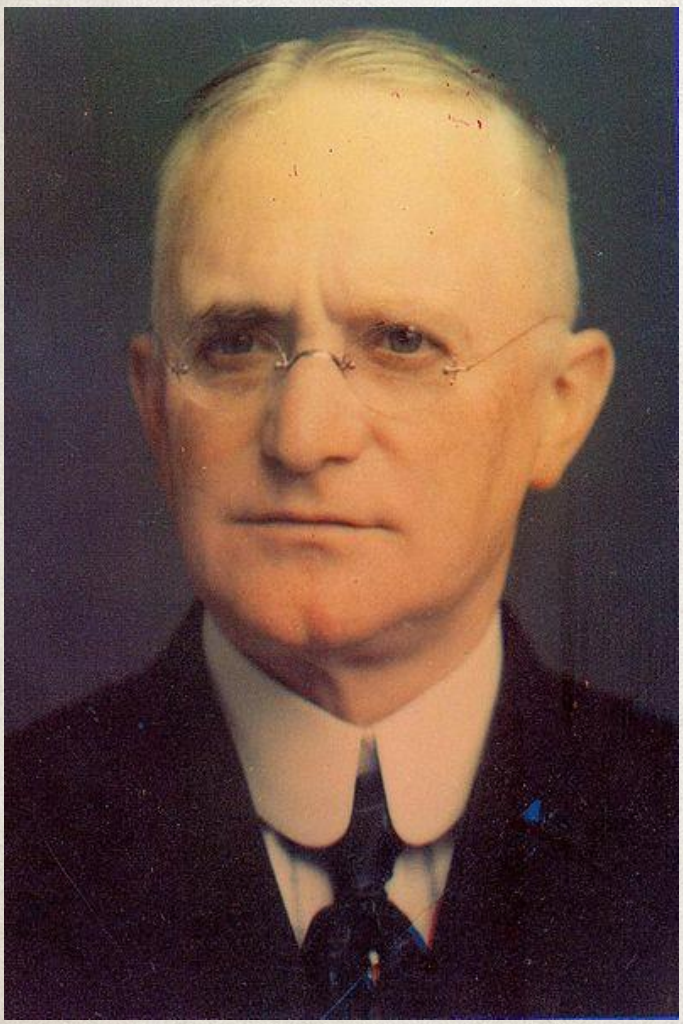


Photo of George Eastman

In the days when cameras were complicated and very expensive, a young bank clerk in Rochester, New York, suddenly made up his mind that he would like to take pictures. However, very few people made use of cameras at that time, with the exception of professional photographers.

One day the young bank clerk went to a photographer.

"Why can I not take a camera and go out and get some views?" he asked.

"You can, my boy," said the photographer. "All you need to do is to take along some bottles of nitrate of silver, a few other chemicals, some squares of glass, a camera, a wet plate holder, a tripod, and a tent for a dark room." The photographer laughed. He thought it was a great joke on the boy.

Day after day young George Eastman thought it all over. "Perhaps it can be done easier than that," he concluded, but how was he to know until he had learned something about photography? Back to the photographer he went.

"Will you teach me to take photographs if I pay you five dollars?" he asked.

"Of course I will, gladly," answered this Rochester photographer, but, being an honest man, he added: "I will tell you right now, my boy, it is a silly thing for you to do, for it will be a waste of time. Do you think if I had a job in a bank that I would spend any time in this little business?"

The young Eastman boy used much of his spare time learning about photography and the old

wet plate process. "If I could only make these plates so that I could develop them at home, it would be easy to take pictures," he said to himself; and then he began to study. He had to do all his experimenting in a small room at home at night. Finally he worked out a process for mixing the nitrate of silver with gelatine, which dried on the plate.

George Eastman bought a camera with his hard-earned money and set forth to take pictures. He was one of the first amateur photographers in this country.

About this time he invented a machine for coating the sensitive preparation on the glass plates. During his vacation, he went over to Europe and sold his patent for a sum that seemed to him a fortune: twelve hundred dollars.

Returning to Rochester and taking from the savings bank all the money he had been able to put in it during the years he had been working as a clerk, George Eastman fitted up two small rooms and started to manufacture dry plates for sale, but he did not give up his job in the bank.

Night after night he worked until after midnight. He hired a young man to help him. Finally, in 1881, he had enough capital so that he and his partner put up a four-story building on what is now Kodak Street.

Then he discovered that the dry plates that the dealers had purchased and kept through the winter were not good the following summer. There was only one thing to do: that was to replace all the plates in stock. This took all the money the concern had made.

Mr. Eastman's partner was in Europe at that time. When he came home, Mr. Eastman said to



George Eastman's Personal camera, George Eastman House, Rochester, NY

him, "We are all cleaned out," and then told him what he had done. The partner, who was an older man and experienced in other lines, said, "You are on the right road. Go ahead. That is the way to build up your reputation."

After many disappointments, his experiments led to the making of dry plates that would last through several seasons. His trade was chiefly with professional photographers, for few people cared to go out with a big case full of dry plate holders, a big bellows camera, and a long, ungainly tripod.

"I believe almost everyone would like to take pictures if it could be made easier and less expensive," declared Mr. Eastman, and so he set to work to develop a self-contained camera with a roll of fifty exposures on one strip of paper instead of single sheets of glass. This camera had to be loaded and unloaded in the dark, but it was a great invention; and people began more and more to take up amateur photography.



Statue of George Eastman, University of Rochester, Rochester, NY

He gave his invention the name "kodak," which is now one of the most valuable trademarks in the world, partly because it represents a big idea and partly because it has become known everywhere as a guarantee of reliability.

Last of all came the daylight-loading films, and then the compact little metal kodaks covered with leather. To-day, because of Mr. Eastman's invention, there is scarcely a family of moderate means in the country that does not have a camera.

George Eastman was born in Waterville, New York, July 12, 1854. When he was six years old his family moved to Rochester, New York, where he has resided ever since. When George was seven years old his father died. Though the family had very little money, Mrs. Eastman kept her son in school until he was fourteen years old, at which time it was necessary for him to go to work.

Later, this boy, after overcoming many obstacles, wrote the sentence, "You press the button and we do the rest." To-day, because of his famous invention, the kodak, he is worth a great many millions of dollars, every cent of which he earned by using his brain.

A few years ago, the president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology announced that two million three hundred thousand dollars had been given to the school by some one who did not

wish his name to be known. He said the gift was from "Mr. Smith." A year or so later, another gift of several millions came from "Mr. Smith." And at last, after a total of eleven million dollars had been presented to the school, it was discovered that George Eastman was the man who had hidden his identity under the name of "Mr. Smith."

Thus the Rochester boy who had such a struggle to get technical knowledge of photography is helping to make it possible for other boys to have technical training.

"Nowadays it is the boy who has real technical training who is most able to compete in the world," said Mr. Eastman. "I wanted to give money where it would be most useful to boys like myself who wished to develop their talents in some particular field. The colleges and universities of the present day give boys this opportunity. They are much better places to study in than the back room where I began my experiments with photography."

Chapter 10

Booker T. Washington

1859-1915

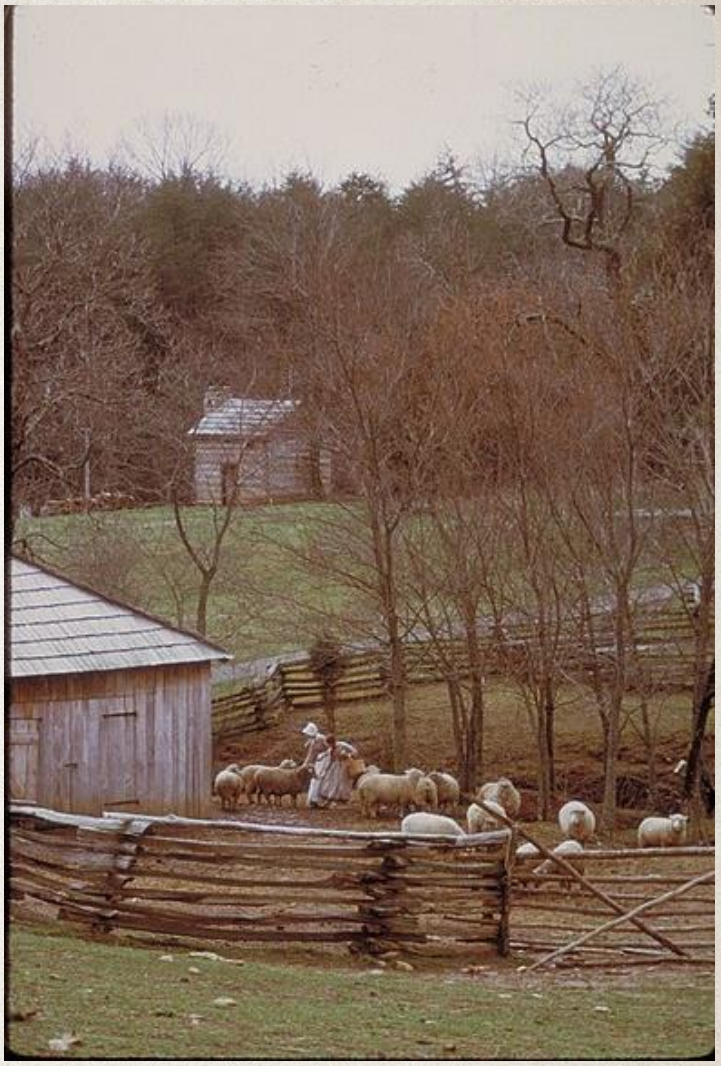


Photo of Booker T. Washington from *The National cyclopedia of the colored race,* 1919

"I was born a slave on a plantation in Franklin County, Virginia," wrote Booker T. Washington, the founder of the famous college for the colored race, Tuskegee University, in Tuskegee, Alabama. It was a desolate, miserable, discouraging "home" in which he was born. His mother was the plantation cook; the food was cooked on skillets and in pots on a huge log fire. There were no windows in the cabin, no floor but the earth, and the cabin itself was loosely built so that the wind and rain, in stormy weather, swept into it in cold gusts. The door hung loosely on a piece of cord. Wretched was the beginning of this remarkable man, who by force of his own character became a leader of his race. The only garment he wore as a child was a shirt made of flax, which was a torture to the flesh. He slept on a dirty rag pallet thrown in a corner of the cabin at night. From this state of human degradation he climbed to a position of honor and trust, a leader in the education of the Negro race.

The ambition of his childhood was to learn to read. It was the hope deep-rooted in the colored race. None of the slaves in slavery days could read or write. Occasionally a kindly white woman would teach one of the black boys to read a spelling book, but these incidents were rare. The first gleam of hope came to the boy when the slaves of the plantation were summoned to the "big house" on the hill. On a beautiful morning they gathered on the lawn in front of their white masters. The entire family, men and women, was on the porch, face to face with these black slaves. There was a feeling, underneath the excitement of the occasion, of sympathy, of affection for the white masters from whom they knew they were about to be separated. On the porch was a strange

man in uniform. He read aloud a long document he held in his hand. It was the Emancipation Act, giving freedom to the slaves. When he had finished, the white master announced that they were free, they could go when they liked. With mingled feelings of fear and joy the colored people went back to their wretched quarters, puzzled, frightened, wondering what they would do out in the world in competition for a livelihood with their former masters. The first impulse of this new freedom was to make a holiday of it, to go away somewhere and think the whole situation over. It was a great responsibility, being free. How could they be able to take charge of themselves, and their children? The problems, which the white people had solved, confronted these people and became an oppressive burden. There were the great questions of a home, a living, education for the children, citizenship, and the support of themselves.



Booker T. Washington National Memorial Cabin and Grounds, Hardy, VA

The first great question was to find names for themselves. In slavery they had been just "John" or "Susan" belonging to some one. Usually they were known by the name of their master, such as "Smith's John," or "Jones's Susan." The appalling ignorance of this vast horde of freed slaves at the time of their emancipation made them choose names indiscriminately. Most of them preferred high-sounding names, usually three of them. The middle name rarely went further than an initial, which they described as their "entitles." The way Booker T. Washington christened himself is typical.

At the roll-call of the children for the first school class, this colored boy fell into line. He heard those ahead of him giving themselves names. He himself hadn't thought of any. His mother, for some unknown reasons, had tried to attach the name of "Taliafero" to him, but without success. In the wretched log-cabin on the plantation he had been called "Booker." But this was not enough for the dignity of his new rights in freedom. The half-scared, totally ignorant little colored boy thought quickly. As his time came to answer the roll-call, he told the teacher his name was Booker T. Washington, and so unconsciously he enrolled himself among the famous.

His home life had been totally without any comprehension of the word "home." He never knew

who his father was, but stated his impression, in after years, that he was a white man. His mother, however, claimed a husband who had been a slave on some other plantation. He had run away and, doing odd chores for the Federal soldiers, managed to settle in West Virginia, the new State; so she joined him with her family, making the trip of five hundred miles pushing her belongings in a cart. Their parting with their former owners was a sad occasion. For years afterwards they kept up a correspondence with members of the family. The provision which their step-father had made for them in West Virginia was worse than the cabin they had occupied on the plantation. He was employed in a salt-mine near Molden, West Virginia. The cabin they lived in was smaller, dirtier, a mere hutch in a cluster of similar cabins surrounded by filthy and unsanitary conditions. In this miserable degradation where the neighbors indulged in drinking, gambling, and quarreling, the boyhood of Booker was passed. He was soon put to work in the salt-mines to earn money for this hideous "home." It was in the salt-mine that the boy learned to make his first mark. The barrels in which the salt was packed were numbered. The number allotted to his section was eighteen. Gradually he associated this sign with his work, and finally managed to write the number himself, not knowing what it meant.

He had secretly vowed that if he did nothing else, in his life, he would learn, somehow, how to read. This was his absorbing ambition. He kept begging his mother to get him a book with printed words in it. Finally she managed to get hold of a primer for him, an old copy of Webster's "blue-back" spelling book. This was the first book he ever had, and he devoured it, struggling to understand the letters. Some one told him that he must first learn the alphabet, a difficult thing to do without a teacher. It was in these dark hours of his ambition that he endured the tragic experiences of his race, that he discovered the horror of ignorance, from which sprang the whole course of his future life to educate them. There was no one in the neighborhood among the colored people who could read. In a few weeks, during which his mother helped him with her sympathy and what assistance she could give, he mastered the alphabet. In her was an ambition to educate her children, that encouraged him, also. One day a colored boy who had been taught to read in slavery came to Molden, and at the close of his day's work he would read the newspaper aloud to groups of colored people. This was an additional spur to the boy's ambition, arousing envy and admiration for this young man of his own race, who could accomplish this wonderful art of reading. The influence of this young man's "education" upon the rest bore fruit. The first school for Negro children was acquired, the first at least in that part of Virginia. To find a teacher was the problem. The young man who could read aloud was considered, but he was too young. No free schools for colored children had been started in Virginia up to that time, so the older people agreed to contribute enough money to engage a colored teacher with the understanding that the teacher was to "board aroun'." The whole race was compelled to go to school, few were too young or too old. But during his boyhood he often found that the colored teacher knew little more than he did himself.

The ambition of the older colored people was to learn to read the Bible. Night schools for the gray-headed men started for this purpose. The mania for "going to school" spread, till there were day schools, night schools, Sunday schools of all sorts. Young Booker Washington was compelled to attend the night school because his step-father insisted that he keep at work in the salt-factory. Out of this experience came his realization in later years that night schools were necessary at the Hampton Institute and at Tuskegee.

When, after much wrangling and waiting, Booker was permitted to attend the day school, he was confronted with a problem that was hard to overcome. He saw that the other boys all wore hats. He had never owned one in his life. He complained to his mother. She told him that she couldn't afford to buy him a "store hat," but she made one by cutting two pieces of homespun cloth and sewing them together. This was his first cap.

Most of his boyhood was spent in hard labor, partly in a coal mine, and he admitted in later years that he envied the white boys who had no obstacles to their chances of going to Congress, of becoming bishops or professors. The impulse of his whole life was an inordinate ambition for equal opportunity for the race.

It was by accident that he heard of the Hampton Institute, the famous colored university of Virginia. This fired his imagination, and seeing no future in the coal mine, he secured a position as a servant in the home of a Mrs. Ruffur. From there he set out for the Hampton Institute, knowing scarcely in what direction he should travel, and with no idea of what it would cost him. Except for the overwhelming ambition for education, he could never have overcome the obstacles that confronted him. No one encouraged him in his plans. Even his mother, his only friend, insisted that his ambition was "a wild-goose chase." The older Negroes saw something of the spirit of the boy, however, for they took up a collection in dimes and nickels to help him take the first step in his trip to the university. The distance was many hundreds of miles. He was refused shelter at all hotels, spent many nights in the open, and finally reached Richmond, Va., penniless, weary, and starved. This was eighty-two miles from Hampton. In Richmond, where years afterwards he was the guest of a complimentary mass meeting of over two thousand people, he slept under a board walk. The next morning he got employment unloading a ship, and so secured a few dollars with which to continue his trip to Hampton, undaunted.



Photo of Booker T. Washington and his family from *A Boys' Life of Booker T. Washington,* 1922

When he presented himself at Hampton Institute, ragged, dirty, and hungry, he made a very poor impression on Miss Mary F. MacKie, the head teacher. She kept him in suspense for some time, and finally told him to sweep and dust the recitation room. He was so anxious to be enrolled that he swept the big room twice, dusted it four times, and waited anxiously for the verdict of this test of thoroughness in character to which he had been put. Her



Photo of Booker T. Washington at his desk in the Tuskegee Institute

decision was in his favor. "I guess you will do to enter the Institution," she said. Hundreds of other colored youths went through the same terrible experience in their eagerness to secure an education. Booker was offered the position of janitor in return for his schooling, which enabled him to work out his board.

He was the youngest student at Hampton at the time; most of them were grown men and women, some over forty years of age. They were tremendously in earnest, but many of them were too old to master the textbooks. It was a struggle not only against intellectual deficiencies but against intense poverty.

In all these years of difficulty and trouble, Booker T. Washington sensed the need of education for the Negro, saw the hopelessness of his chances in the world without it. No discouragement stopped him, no work was too arduous to accomplish the ideal of his character. The education which he received from the textbooks was a small part of the experience. He acknowledged, years afterwards, that it was the patience, sympathy, and example shown him by the unselfish white teachers who devoted their lives to the spiritual improvement of the Negro that inspired him to

fight on. At heart an idealist, his one aim was to do something to make the world better, and to interpret the Negro character in telling about the handicaps of his race.

During the reconstruction period he saw what he considered the unjust exploitation of the Negro in political life. He saw colored men in the Legislature and in county offices who couldn't read or write. A few of them were worthy, but many were not. From Hampton Institute he returned to Molden where he conducted a colored school for ten years, then he went to Washington, D.C., to investigate the educational system of the Negroes there. He found a false standard of ideas.

At Hampton the student was taught to be self supporting, not above any sort of work. In Washington he found many Negroes who were above work, whose tuition and board were paid by some philanthropic person. The effect of this was to place the Negro in a false relation to education, to make him lazy, extravagant, irresponsible. Book education alone, he found, only weaned them away from the economic necessities of life.

He had made so good an impression at Hampton that he was engaged as a teacher, and was put in charge of a new department, the education of the Indian. He expected to find the Indian rebellious, because Indians had owned slaves before the Emancipation Act. He found, however, that consideration on both sides led to harmony, and he conducted classes for over a hundred Indians at Hampton.

In May, 1881, a letter was received at Hampton Institute from some gentleman in Alabama, asking them to recommend some one to take charge of a normal school for colored people at Tuskegee. The letter requested a white man for the job. Booker Washington was recommended, and engaged. Tuskegee was in the "Black Belt," and when the founder of the Tuskegee Institute arrived there, he found only a lot of Negroes, eager to go to school. There was no building, no organization to take care of them. Two thousand dollars had been appropriated by the Legislature to pay teachers' salaries, and that was all. He began the great work of his life in a tumble-down shanty adjoining the colored Methodist Church. Whenever it rained, one of the older students had to hold an umbrella over the teacher's head during class. More than once his landlady held an umbrella over him while he was eating his breakfast. He went at the organization of his institution thoroughly, as he had done everything else. He made a trip through the State to examine the character of the Negroes in their cabins. He found the same ignorance, dirt, degradation of cabin life that he himself was born in. The mental attitude of his race was still under the shadow of slavery. He asked an old Negro of sixty to tell him something of his history. He was born in Virginia but had been sold into Alabama.

"There were five of us sold," he told the teacher, "myself and brother and three mules."

One of his difficulties was to overcome the white man's fear of an educated Negro, the expectation that the result would be a Negro in a high hat, imitation gold eye-glasses, a walking stick, kid gloves, and fancy boots. His first class was made up of thirty Negroes over forty years of age, and most of them wanted education because they hoped it would enable them to get work as teachers. They had a longing to read big books with big words.

"While they could locate the Desert of Sahara or the capital of China on an artificial globe, I found that the girls could not locate the proper places for the knives and forks on an actual dinner table — or the plates on which the bread and meat should be placed," writes Booker Washington, showing that his purpose in education was not merely book-learning, but manners and deportment.

During the nineteen years that he spent in the foundation of the famous Tuskegee College he worked for an awakening of the moral forces in the Negro, and accomplished for them the respect of the South and the North. By constant public speaking and personal appeal he secured contributions for the buildings, land, and farms that the institution now owns. His first application to Collis P. Huntington, the railroad magnate, netted two dollars. Later Mr. Huntington contributed $50,000 to the cause. Andrew Carnegie donated $20,000 for the college library. The Alabama Legislature increased its appropriation to six thousand dollars. Persisting, he raised a huge total for this now famous Institute.

Booker Taliafero Washington, born a slave, in total ignorance, brought up in filth and misery indescribably shameful, became a world-wide figure of supreme importance and dignity, because he was a humanitarian, a man who knew education was not only in books, but in moral cleanliness, honesty, and sincerity of character.

Chapter 11

Theodore Roosevelt

1858–1919

Because he was pale and timid, and did not run and play like other boys, a certain lad who grew up in New York City spent many unhappy hours. He realized that he could not compete with his young friends in games and sports, and he knew that they did not care to take him into their games on that account.

Later this boy became one of the most famous, most rugged, brave, adventurous, outdoor Americans in our history: cowboy, ranchman, Rough Rider, fearless soldier, big game hunter, explorer, United States president.

Theodore Roosevelt, of course!

What live, wide-awake American boy has not admired him, worshipped him as a hero, and longed to emulate him in all the wonderful adventures of his life?

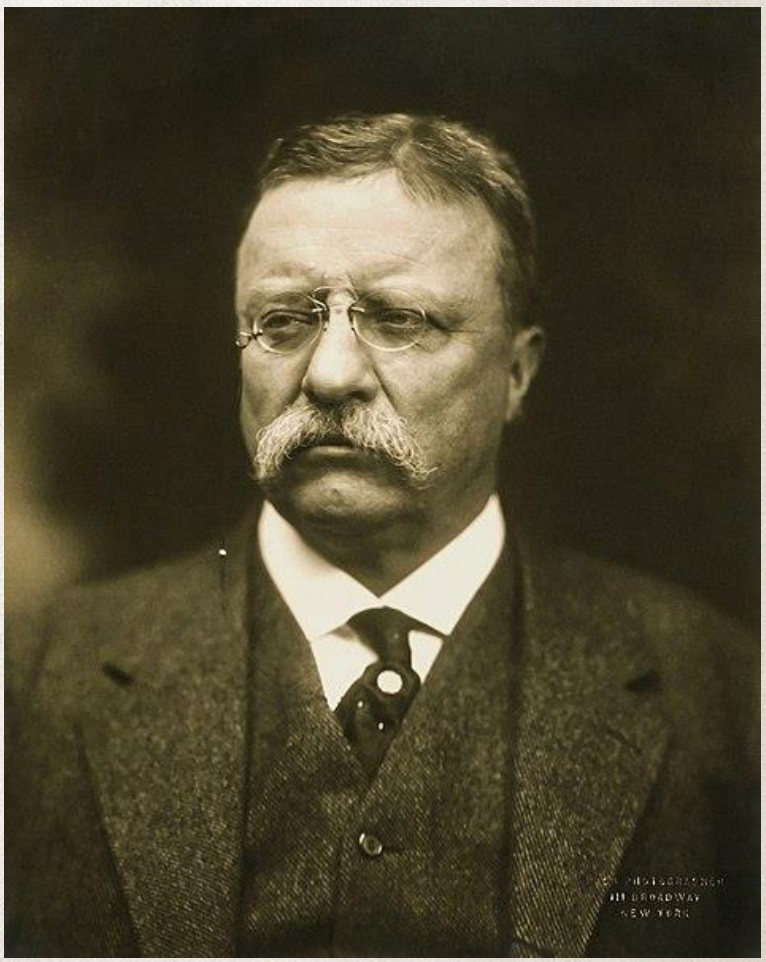


Photo of Theodore Roosevelt, courtesy of the Library of Congress

Theodore Roosevelt was born in New York City, October 27, 1858. At twelve years of age, even at fifteen, he was in poor health. When he was fourteen years old he was taken to Egypt upon the advice of physicians, but he seemed no better when he came back.

He had gained something, however, for he had made a great decision he would become a famous naturalist. He would be a professor in a college and would go all over the world exploring and having adventures.

There was no doubt about this desire. He recorded it himself. His family was well aware of it, for his trunks while abroad and his room at home were filled with a great assortment of "specimens"

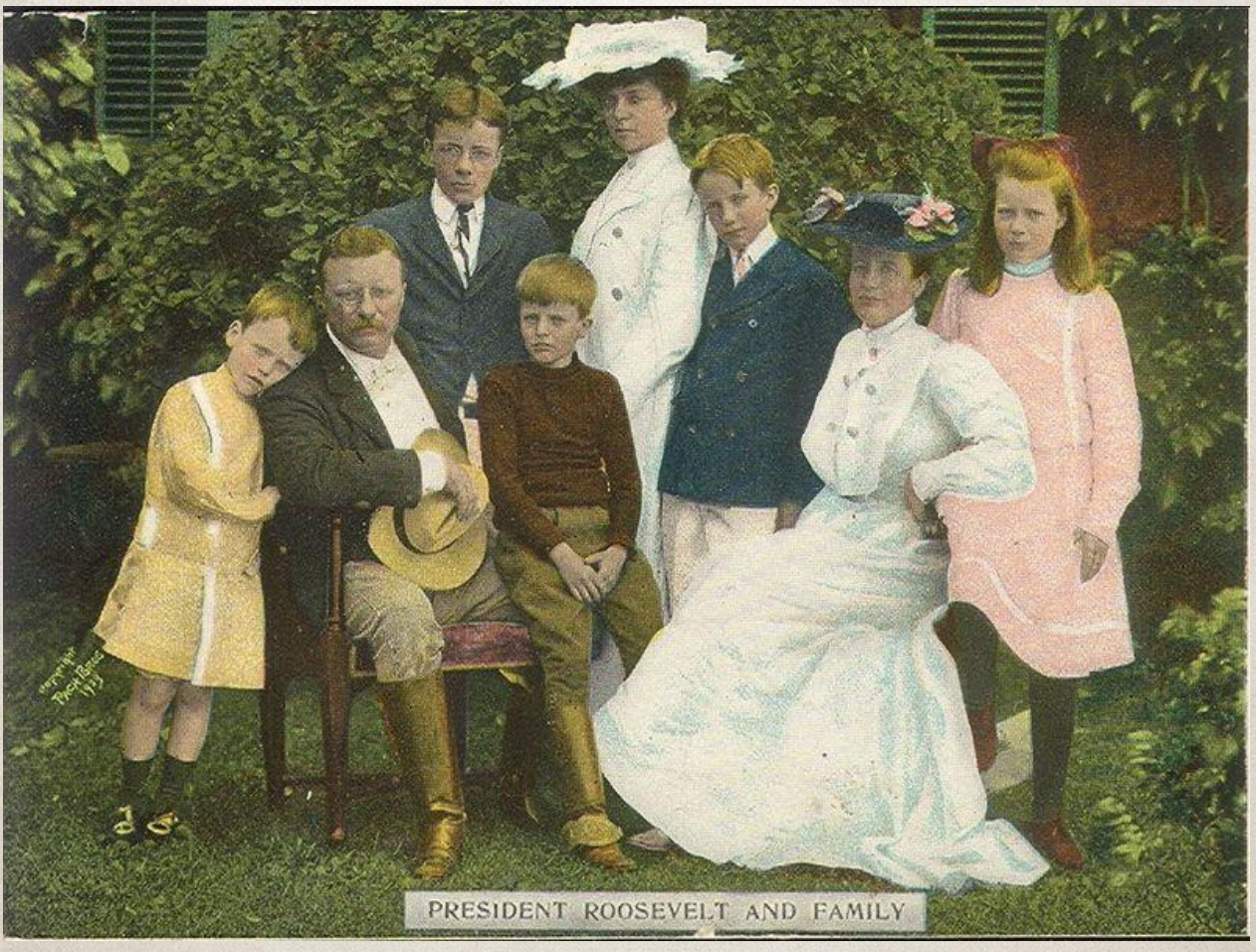
strange pressed flowers, minerals, and shells.

The boy Theodore suddenly realized that he could not go on scientific expeditions into the Arctic and down into the tropics unless he were strong and healthy, for the books on such subjects that he had read had taught him so. He knew that he was not so large or so strong as boys of his age or as many boys considerably younger than he.

To become a great naturalist he must become a strong man. To become a strong man he must exercise and live out of doors. When he left home and entered Harvard University he had an excellent opportunity to be out of doors and to take strenuous exercise.

"I really preferred the warm corner by the fireplace and a good book, such as a sea story or Indian story or a book on nature, to getting out of doors," he once said of himself. Yet he interested himself in sports.

He began to ride horseback and he took up rowing. Because of wearing glasses he could not play baseball, but with his glasses removed he could see well enough to box. This being a very strenuous form of exercise and one that he still feared most of all, he fairly forced himself into it. He stood up and took the painful blows when his innermost desire was to duck and back away. It has been said that Harvard University never turned out an amateur boxer equal to Theodore Roosevelt.



Colorized image of Theodore Roosevelt and family



Photo of Theodore Roosevelt and John Muir
at Yosemite National Park

At twenty-one years of age he was graduated from Harvard. His scholarship had been excellent as was manifested by his election to Phi Beta Kappa. He had also been very active in undergraduate life. He entered college with a desire to do great deeds. To attain this goal he worked hard, building up his body and his mind.

Before he finished his college work he decided that he would not care to be a natural scientist. Such work, in those days, meant too close confinement to the laboratory. He felt that he must spend more time in the open.

Upon leaving college his uncle persuaded him to take up the study of law at Columbia University. At the same time he worked for a few hours every day in his uncle's law-office.

At the age of twenty-three he was elected to the New York state legislature. He was reelected twice. After serving for three years in the legislature he decided to follow his boyhood plan to become strong by outdoor life.

The exercises he had made himself take when a boy, the encounters with other boys that he had forced himself to meet, had helped him. Yet he needed more of the great outdoors, not the outdoors of the city streets but the real outdoors. He surprised his relatives when he declared that he was going "out West to be a cowboy."

"Surely, Theodore," they said to him, "you are not serious. Only little boys dream such dreams."

"I need more strength, more health. I am going to set aside part of the money my father left me and spend it in building up my body by living in the open," he replied.

That is exactly what Theodore Roosevelt did.

"If I had stayed in the city," he once said, "I would not have lived a very long life and surely never a useful one. I wanted the cozy library and warm fire, with books and specimens to study; but I needed more rich red blood and hard muscles, so I went West and became a cowboy and ranchman."

For more than two years he lived in the wilds of North Dakota and it was indeed wild, back in 1884. He owned a string of horses; he slept out with the other herders; he rode in the round-ups; he hunted grizzly bears and mountain sheep; he fished; and when he left the ranch he was at last in good health. He possessed muscles of steel, his cheeks were ruddy, and he was able to go back and

live the strenuous life about which he so constantly preached.

Boxing bouts; bear hunting in the Southern canebrakes; bobcat hunting in Colorado; fighting in the Spanish-American War; daily exercise while president; elephant, tiger, and lion hunting in Africa; explorations in South America at an age when most men feel that they should retire from active pursuits; such were the exploits of Theodore Roosevelt.

Here was a weakling, the sort of boy that the average person pities deeply, yet laughs at. The boy knew that he was a weakling, but he studied his problem and discovered that its solution lay in the great out-of-doors.



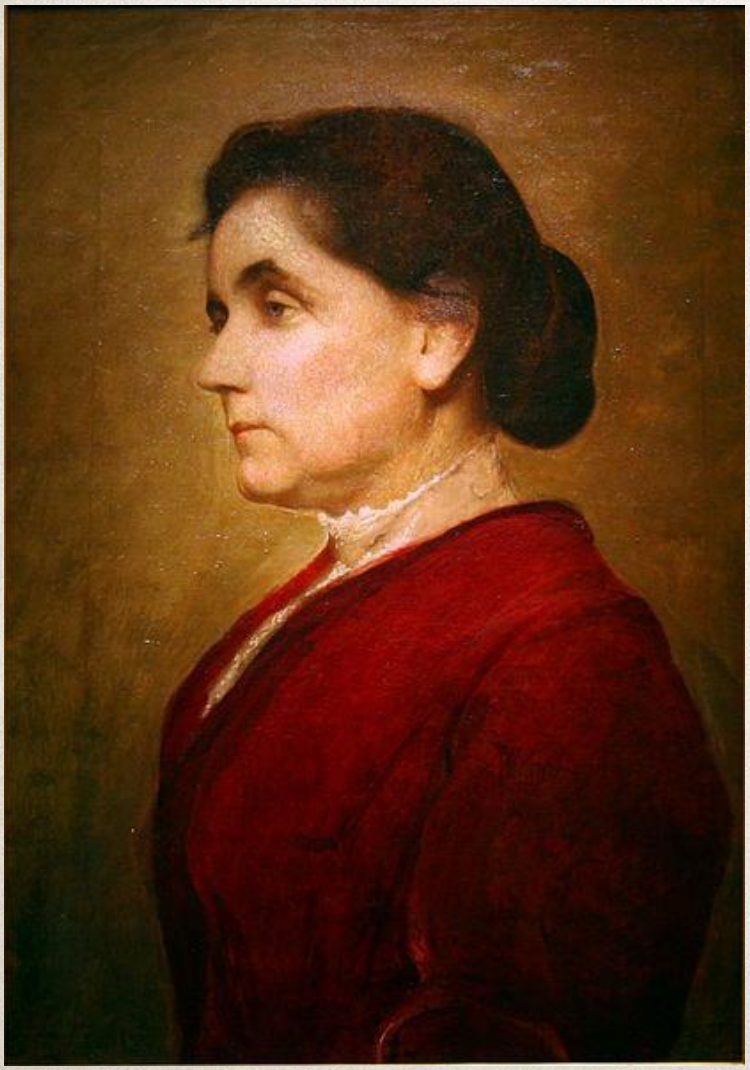
Sagamore Hill, home of Theodore Roosevelt

Chapter 12

Jane Addams

1860-1935

When Jane Addams was a little girl about seven years old, out in Cedarville, Illinois, her father used to wonder why she got up in the morning so much earlier than the other children. She explained to him politely that it was because she had so much to do. Her mother was dead, but her father looked after the children very carefully, and to make sure that Jane read something besides fairy stories, gave her five cents every time she could tell him about a new hero from Plutarch's Lives and fifteen cents for every volume of Irving's Life of Washington. She would have read what he asked her to without a cent of pay, for she almost worshiped him. He was tall and handsome and a man of great importance in the west. Jane was very proud of him, and as she was plain, toed in when she walked, and had rather a crooked back, she imagined that he must really be ashamed of her, only he was too kind to say so. So she tried to keep out of his way.



Jane Addams, George de Forest Brush

The Honorable John Addams (her father) taught a Bible class in Sunday-school, and Jane was so afraid it would mortify him if she walked home with him that she always ran ahead with an uncle, urging him to hurry. "My," she used to say, "he would be too ashamed to hold his head up again, if I should speak to him on the street." No one knew she felt this way, and she had been dodging him some years when one

morning, over in the neighboring town, she saw him coming down the steps of a bank building across the street from her. There was no place to hide, so she stood there blushing and breathing pretty hard. But he lifted his tall silk hat to her, smiled, and waved his hand. He looked so pleased to see her that she never worried any more about meeting him on the street.

Across the road from Jane's house was a nice green common, and beyond this a narrow path led to her father's mills. He owned two, a flour-mill and a sawmill. In the sawmill great trees from the Illinois forests were sawed into lumber. Jane used to sit on a log that was every minute being drawn nearer the great teeth of the saw and jump off it when she was within a few inches of the saw.

Jane and the other children had great fun in the flour-mill, too. They made believe the bins were houses, and down in the basement played on the tall piles of bran and shorts as they would on sand piles.

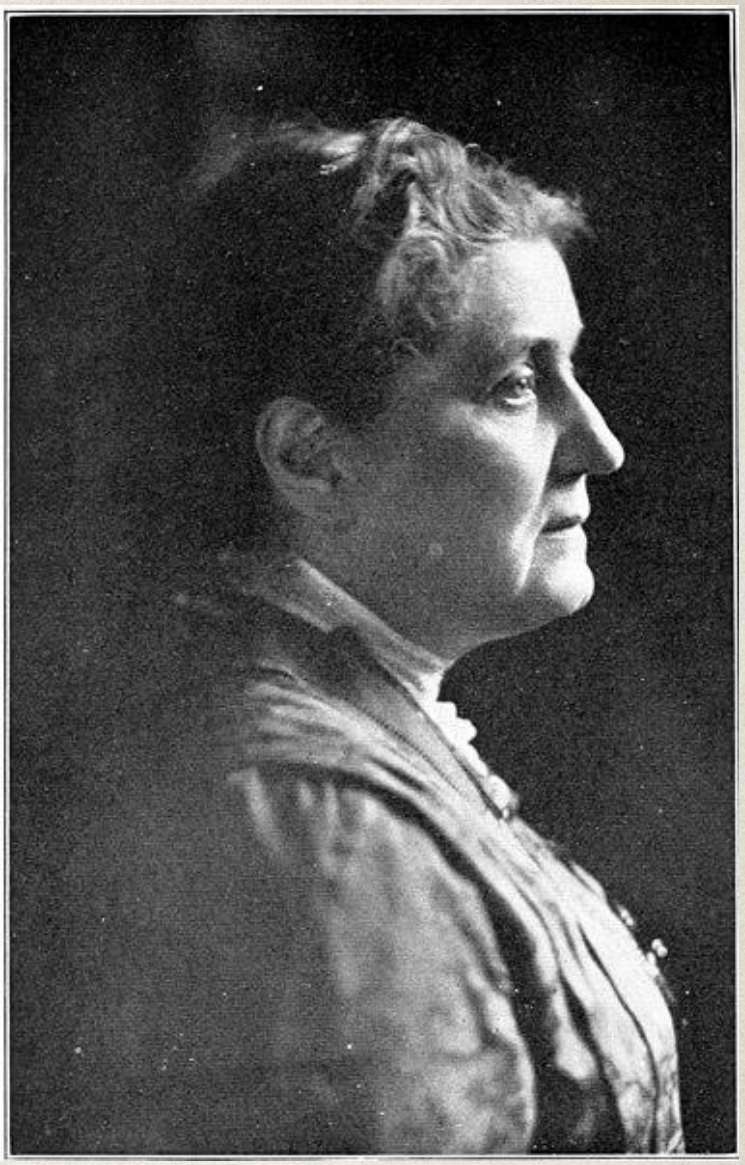


Photo of Jane Addams

Jane's home was pretty and all the stores where she bought candy and toys were fascinating places. She fancied the whole world was pleasant and gay. She supposed that everybody in Cedarville had as good a home as she, until one day she went down in the part of the town where the mill hands lived. There the houses were shabby and untidy, the children ragged and dirty. They looked hungry, too. Jane ran home, and when her father came to dinner she asked him why any one had to live in such a pitiful way. He could not explain it so that she felt any better about it. "When I grow up," she declared, "I will build a lovely house right in the middle of those poor huts, so that the children may have something beautiful to look at; and I will see that they have clean clothes and good food."

Only a few Sundays later Jane dashed into her father's room ready for church. "See my new cloak," she called, "isn't it handsome?"

Her father admired it and then answered: "Yes, it is so much nicer than any other girl has that

it may make some of the poorer ones unhappy. Perhaps you had better wear your old one."

Jane was a child that could not bear to hurt another's feelings, so she hung the new coat away and wore the other. But as she walked to church, she asked her father why every child could not have the same kind of things. He told her probably there would always be a difference in the clothing families wore, but in religion and education there was no reason why all should not have equal chances. "And, Jane dear," he added, "I think it is a mistake ever to make other people unhappy by dressing too much."

Jane never dropped her plan to have a fine house in the midst of poor ones. The back gave her a good deal of trouble as she grew older, and sometimes she had to lie still in bed for a year at a time. But she managed to get fit for college and to graduate. Then she traveled abroad. But never for a day had she given up that house she had planned when she was a child of seven.

Jane started to study medicine but was not strong enough to become a doctor. So she traveled some more, but she could never find a city where poor people were not suffering. It saddened her, and she said: "I can't wait any longer. I must have a few people made happy." So with a girl friend she went to the big city of Chicago and hired a fine old house that had been built by a millionaire, a Mr. Hull. This house had a wide hall, open fireplaces, a lot of windows for the sun to stream through, and was on Halstead Street. This street is thirty-two miles long, and in it live people from about every country in the world.



Hull House, University of Illinois, Chicago, IL

Jane Addams made the house so cheerful and pretty that it was a joy to peep into it. Miss Addams and her friend asked the people about there to come in and have coffee and cocoa, read books aloud to them, taught the poor children to sew and cook, visited the sick, and made them understand — all these poor, tired, discouraged people — that at Hull House there were friends who wanted to help them in every way.

By and by there were clubs for boys at Hull House, kindergartens for children, parties for old folks, and Halstead Street began to look cleaner, for Miss Addams went up and down those thirty-two miles of street and made it understood that she was there to help people grow healthy and clean. All the time, she was helping to nurse the sick and urging the rich people at their end of the city to come down to Halstead Street to see how the poor lived. At Hull House an idiot child or a drunken woman was helped as quickly and willingly as if they had been a clean member of the royal family.

The more Miss Addams found out about what goes on in big cities, the harder she worked. She remembered what her father said about every one in this world deserving an equal chance, and she tried to help factory workers, mill hands, girls and boys who had done wrong, ignorant mothers who did not know how to keep house and take care of their children, men who were out of work, and the blind and crippled.

Miss Addams's work set other people to thinking, and to-day there is hardly a large city but has built a handsome house down in the slums which offers help and comfort to the poor. But Hull House is the leading settlement house in the United States.

Jane Addams still dresses simply. She does not care to have the best clothes in the neighborhood, or jewels, or luxuries for herself. She does not believe in talking a great deal about what she intends to do later on. She has found that the world needs busy workers more than ready talkers. She is a busy, good woman who has done noble work in America. She is still getting up very early in the morning, and I fancy that when she is asked why she rests so little, she gives the same polite answer that her father heard: "Because I have so much to do!"

Chapter 13

General John Joseph Pershing

1860-1948

The Great War was raging across the ocean. One frightful deed after another had been committed by the Germans, some of them so horrible that many American people could not believe it possible for them to be true.

Before long, things happened, the truth of which could not be questioned. Bombs were being sent out from airplanes, striking and killing defenseless people far from the field of war, yes, even upon hospitals where lay the sick and the dying. And there were attacks by submarines on ships carrying passengers who had no thought of taking part in the war. The ships were sunk without warning, and the people went down to sudden and dreadful death.



General John Pershing as Chief of Staff, courtesy of the United States Army

Among these cruel deeds was the sinking of the beautiful steamer, the Lusitania. She was carrying hundreds of happy, innocent people across the Atlantic. In an instant their joy changed to horror. A torpedo from a submarine had struck the ship, and she went down to the depths of the ocean without time for her passengers to escape on lifeboats.

The Germans were not satisfied even with their air raids, their submarines, and the mighty engines of war they used on the battle fields. They invented a deadly poison gas which was sent out without warning against the armies of the Allies. As it went sweeping on its way, it brought suffocation and death in its train.

The time came at last—the war had been going on for more than two years then—when the whole United States was roused by what had been happening.

"This is not like any war that has ever happened before," cried one after another. "We cannot stand back and watch any longer. We must join the Allies and make war upon war. The cause is Right against Might. We shall win because in the end Right always does win."

After thus deciding, there were many questions to answer. Would the United States do her part by sending needed supplies of food and ammunition to her Allies? What else could she send across the wide Atlantic? Would it be possible to send an army too, when all the soldiers must be carried in ships with constant danger of attack by submarines? This last did not at first seem possible. Besides, there was only a small number of troops in the whole country. Men of this peaceful land would have to be trained a long time before they could be of any use in the terrible warfare that was going on.

But alas! the British and French troops were very weary from long, hard lighting. Tens of thousands of them had already been killed. Other tens of thousands had been wounded or been made ill from suffering. The Russians, who had fought bravely at first, had made a disgraceful peace with Germany. The Italian army was brave but small, and was kept busy resisting Germany's allies, the Austrians.

If America did her part, she must raise a big army, and it must cross the Atlantic. Furthermore, it must have a strong, wise, brave commander. That commander, it was quickly seen, must be General Pershing.

No time was lost, once the mind of the American people was made up. A few weeks afterwards General Pershing was crossing the ocean on the way to France.

As he paced the deck of the steamer, "a slim, trim, grim man," as an onlooker described him, he had much to think of since few of the soldiers he was to lead knew anything about war. The number of "regulars" was small. One, two, three, perhaps even four or five millions of American soldiers might be needed before Germany should be conquered. They must be trained, and trained quickly, for the most terrible kinds of fighting; in the trenches, with the bayonet, against the deadly poison gas. Some of the training could be done in cantonments in the United States. Still more must follow after the men reached France.

Moreover, when they fought, it would be in a strange land far from their loved ones. They would have to resist not only the Huns, but homesickness. They must, therefore, be kept as happy and comfortable as possible. The wise leader had all these things to consider. He must prepare himself and the army that was being formed for the great undertaking before him and them.

On the eighth day of June, 1917, he landed at Liverpool, England. As he stepped on shore he was greeted by a British general with a guard of honor. At the same moment the band of an English regiment began to play the "Star Spangled Banner." It was a glorious welcome, speaking to the newcomer of England's happiness in receiving the man who represented her sister country and friend, the United States.

From Liverpool, Pershing went on to London where King George and Queen Mary, and high officers in the British army and navy treated him with great honor.

But he could not tarry long even in the greatest city in the world. He felt that he must hurry over to France to plan for the coming of his army. When he arrived there the excitement of the

people was even greater than in England.

"I salute the United States of America which has now become united with the United States of Europe," General Dumas, one of the French commanders, said to Pershing when he greeted him at Boulogne.

It was an historic moment, as Pershing declared afterwards: for the first time an American in uniform had come to Europe to help in defending it against an enemy. Long lines of soldiers were drawn up in the French city in honor of the guest. As Pershing looked at these men he was deeply touched; not fresh and light-hearted soldiers were they; but grim and war-worn because they had seen long, hard fighting. Yes, the need was great. The American commander must show himself equal to the immense work before him.

From Boulogne he hastened to Paris. Never since the war began had a visitor there received such a welcome as the great American. Ranks upon ranks of soldiers flanked the streets for many blocks. The doorways and windows, the balconies and housetops were filled with people to see Pershing as he rode past. Tens of thousands of men, women, and children were waving the American flag and shouting "Long live America!" Bands were playing the "Marseillaise" and the "Star Spangled Banner." Among the great Frenchmen who greeted the American were Marshal Joffre and General Foch.



Photo of General John Pershing

Why was there such excitement at the presence of one man? Because John Joseph Pershing stood to those watching thousands for America herself — rich, beautiful America — who would send food to the hungry, arms to the soldiers and, if need be, millions of brave men to fight for right against might.

While Pershing was in Paris he went to the tomb of Lafayette, the noble Frenchman who had long ago come to the aid of America in the darkest hours of the Revolution. Reverently Pershing placed a wreath of roses on the tomb, with joy in his heart that his own loved country was about to pay the debt she had long owed France.

But time was pressing as important work had to be done, the biggest job that ever faced a soldier. So, as soon as possible, Pershing set up his headquarters, with Joffre and Foch to help him make plans for his part in the war. One hundred thousand soldiers would soon be in France. These would be followed by others.

To begin with, airplanes, tanks, and artillery in great quantities must be provided, as well as the food and clothing that must be brought across the Atlantic in abundance for the men who were arriving by tens of thousands.

All these things had to be considered and planned for. General Pershing also gave much thought to ways for keeping his soldiers happy and contented. When not busy in the camps and trenches they must be entertained. Ministers of the Gospel must also be at hand to give them comfort when lonely or ill. The Red Cross must be helped in every way to do its noble work most successfully.

Training camps were soon set up for the American soldiers, where they were to learn their A, B, C's in European warfare. So fast they learned there that they astonished their teachers. Wonderful to tell, scarcely a year passed before they showed themselves, under the skilful direction of their commander, ready to fight like veterans of war.

For many months, however, they were not fitted to meet the German foe as one united army. In the meantime their spirit to win grew ever stronger. So did their longing to get into the fight and show what American men could do in the cause of justice.

With Pershing at their head how could they help longing to get into the fight? Had he not said: "Germany can be beaten. Germany must be beaten. Germany *will* be beaten"? It was for them to show themselves valiant soldiers as quickly as possible. It was for them also to trust in God as their commander bade them. It was for them, Pershing's army, to be an honor to their country which had never before fought for anything but freedom, and it was to fight through them for freedom now.

And yet, during Pershing's first year in France, there was much to make him heavy in heart. In the spring of 1918 the sky looked blacker than ever. The British army was thrown back. Then, rushing furiously on, the Germans made their way towards Paris, the heart of France. Full well their leaders knew they had no time to lose. American troops were arriving in the country by tens by hundreds of thousands. It must be now or never. Six months later, perhaps three, even the Huns would fall before the onslaught of immense new armies.

Now! No delay then! Day after day therefore the Germans pressed on. Nearer and nearer they came to Paris! At last only thirty-nine miles kept them from their goal. The roar of battle could be heard in the streets of the great city. Shells from long-distance guns were already destroying its buildings. Airplanes were hurling bombs down upon its citizens each night.

A few days more! The Germans smiled grimly as they thought of what was to happen then. Surrender of the Allies! Glorious victory for themselves!

Then suddenly came a change. A division of American troops which included Marines was rushed to the front. There was a gap there in the French lines, and they were to pour in and fill it. On they hurried to the battle ground, packed together in trucks and cattle cars, when there was no better way of getting there.

When they reached the danger point the French commander bade them turn back. He thought they were too late to give help.

But they and their brave leader did not listen. They dashed forward with wild yells. Into the very

teeth of the monster machine guns they rushed, armed only with their rifles and bayonets.

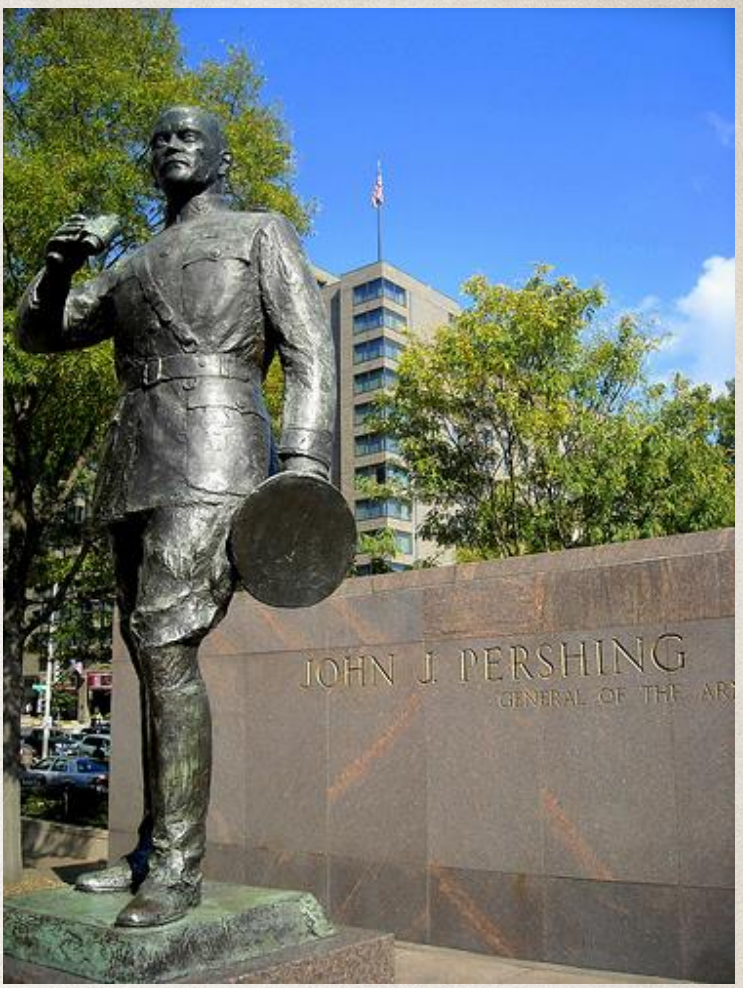
"Don't go in this direction. There are the boches with machine guns." shouted some French soldiers who felt they were on the way to certain death.

"That's where we want to go. That's where we've come three thousand miles to go," was the answer hurled back.

Great was the surprise of the Germans, already sure of victory, to meet men like these: fierce, careless of life beyond any they had ever known. So this was the kind of fighting they were to expect from Americans! At the thought fear entered their hearts.

When the fight ended many of that brave division had lost their lives. But the enemy had been checked in its march towards Paris! The tide had turned! A path to victory had opened!

All over France the story traveled. Everywhere there was the wildest joy. Gloom had vanished. Men and women, boys and girls, talked of the brave Americans who had saved the day. And more were crossing the ocean—hundreds of thousands more! France would be saved through their coming. The whole world was to be saved.



Statue of John J. Pershing, Pershing Park, Washington, D.C.

When Marshal Foch was made commander-in-chief of the armies of the Allies, no one was more pleased than General Pershing. He saw that the war could be carried on with quicker success if there were one head for all. Gladly he put his own army under Foch's direction.

The great Frenchman had begun to see what stuff that army was made of. When six weeks after the fighting at Chateau Thierry and Belleau Woods, he began the Great Drive to final victory, he ordered a large part of the attacking force to be made up of Americans. He also placed American troops in the center of the line that would keep back any possible approach of the enemy towards Paris. It was the place of honor.

From that day in July till the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of November the drive, once started, kept up without stop. With new life, with new strength, with new hope, the armies of the Allies kept pushing the Huns eastward over the land they believed they had made their own. And none fought more gloriously than the American troops fired by the spirit of John Joseph Pershing, the coolest and bravest of leaders. He had made his men like himself.

The first time they fought as a united body, Marshal Foch set a great task for them to do. They were to drive out the powerful German army from that part of the country called the St. Mihiel salient. The Huns had held it from almost the beginning of the war. It was strongly fortified. "Rock-bottomed and steel-ribbed" it has been described. Behind it lay the powerful fortress of Metz. Moreover, those young, little-tried Americans were given ten days in which to accomplish the task. Under their cool, wise, brave leader, John Joseph Pershing, who had unbounded faith in them, they succeeded, and succeeded so thoroughly and quickly as to astonish the whole world. They had been given ten days, remember. They did their work in *thirty hours!*

From that time on the Huns were pressed back so fast that they were kept in constant confusion. They failed to get their supplies and ammunition as regularly as they should. Thousands upon thousands were killed and taken prisoners. They lost courage. They grew weak with fear of the terrible new army—the American army—that was upon them.

Then came the day that brought gladness to many millions of people—the day when Germany begged for an end to the bitter fighting—the day when the fighting stopped at eleven o'clock in the morning.

"I am glad I was in at the finish with Pershing," was the common thought that day of tens of thousands of American soldiers. They had suffered many things—cold and hunger and pain and loneliness. They had met dangers too terrible to describe. But under their strong, wise leader they had fought without flinching. With their help right had overcome might.

And their commander, who has since said of them, "Their deeds are immortal, and they have earned the eternal gratitude of our country" – how did he feel when the good fight was finished? As the long line of bonfires burned along the borders of "No Man's Land" that night of November 11, telling the world in words of flame that the blackness of war was at an end, Pershing's heart must have been filled with joy that his great task was so nobly finished, and the cause of justice and freedom was triumphant.

Chapter 14

Henry Ford

1863–1947

When Henry Ford became manager of the mechanical department, the workmen in the Edison plants were working twelve-hour shifts as a matter of course. In those days the theory of practically all employers was that men, like the rest of their equipment, should be worked to the limit of their strength.

"We had about forty men on the regular list and four or five substitutes who were kept busy filling in for the regular men who were sick or tired out," he said. "I hadn't been in charge long before it struck me there was something wrong. If our machines had broken down as often as our men did anybody would have known we weren't handling them right.

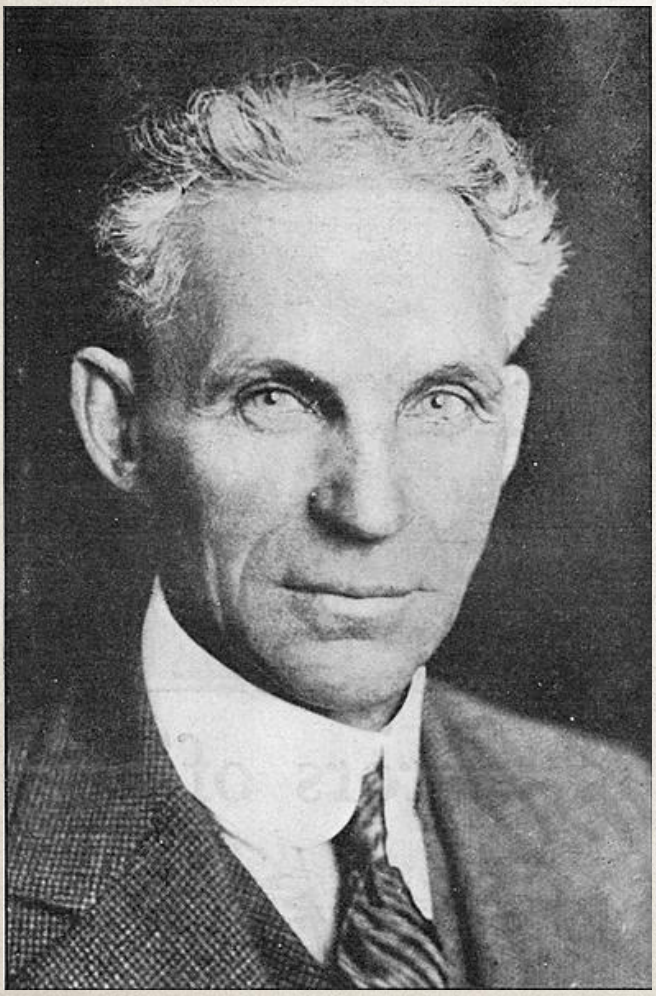
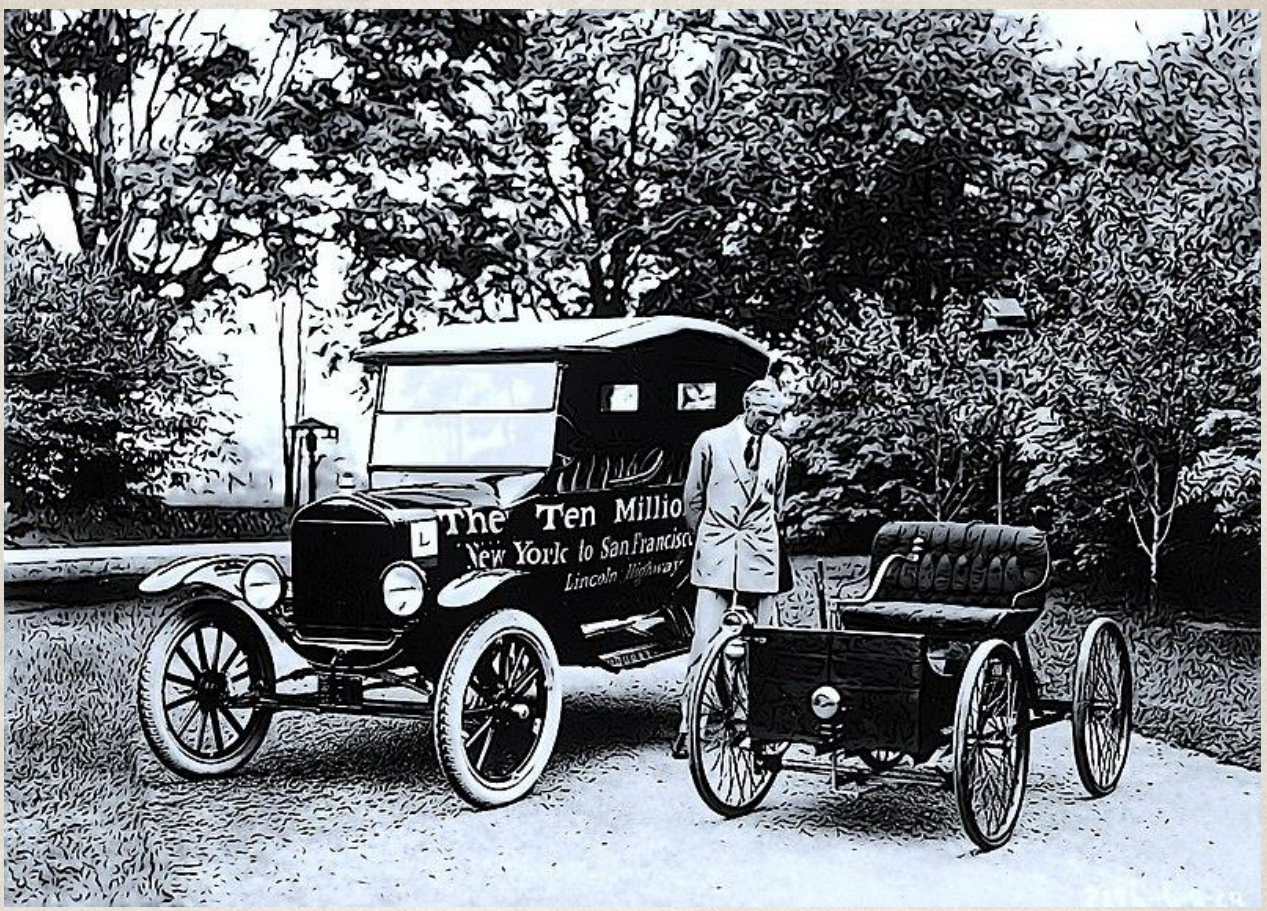


Photo of Henry Ford

"No good engineer will run a machine at the limit of its power and speed for very long. It hurts the machine. It isn't sentimentalism to take care of the machine; it's plain common sense and efficiency. It isn't sentimentalism to look out for the interests of the men.

"The sooner people get over the idea that there's a difference between ideals of brotherhood and practical common sense the sooner we'll do away with waste and friction of all kinds and have a world that's run right. The only trouble now is that people haven't the courage to put their ideals to work. They say, Oh, of course, theoretically we believe in them but they aren't practical! What's the use of believing in anything that isn't practical? If it's any good at all it's practical. The whole progress of the world has been made by men who went to work and used their impractical theories.

"Well, I figured over the situation quite a



Henry Ford Automobile

while and I found out that by putting the substitutes on the regular list and shifting the men around a little I could give them all an eight-hour day without increasing the pay roll. I did it.

"Yes, there was a howl from the stockholders when they heard about it. Nobody had ever tried it before; they thought I was going to turn every thing upside down and ruin the business. But the work was going along better than before. The men felt more like work, and they pitched in to show they appreciated being treated right. We had fewer breakdowns after that; everything went better.

"After the thing was done it was easy enough to prove that it paid, and the stockholders quieted down after one or two complaints.

"As a matter of fact, I don't believe in any hours for work. A man ought to work as long as he wants to, and he ought to enjoy his work so much that he wants to work as long as he can.

"It's only monotonous, grinding work that needs an eight-hour day. When a man is creating some thing, working to get results, twelve or fourteen hours a day doesn't hurt him."

Ford put this theory into practice as apparently he had done with all his theories. He himself worked more than fourteen hours a day.

From 6 to 6 he worked in the Edison plant, for his eight-hour regime did not apply to himself. Then he hastened home to the little house on Edison avenue, ate supper and hurried out to his

improvised workshop in the old shed. He turned on the big electric lights and there in the glare lay materials for his self-propelling gasoline engine, his real work, which at last he could begin!

Until late at night the neighbors heard the sound of his tools and saw the glare of light through the cracks.

"The Smiths are giving a party to-night, I suppose we can't go?" Mrs. Ford said one evening, wistfully. "Oh, well when the gasoline engine is finished how long do you think it's going to take?"

"I don't know—I'm working on the cylinder now. I'll have to have a larger bore to get the speed and then there'll be the transmission." Ford stopped speaking and was lost in the problems. He finished supper abstractedly and pushed back his chair.

"Oh, about the party. Too bad. I hope you don't mind much. When I get the gasoline engine finished," he said apologetically, and hurried out to work on it. In a few minutes he was absorbed with the cylinder.

He had found that day a piece of pipe, thrown into the scrap heap at the Edison plant, and it had struck him at once that it would do for his cylinder, and that using it would save him the time and work of making one. He brought it home, cut it to the right length and set it in the first Ford



Henry Ford with Model T

engine.

Meantime, in the house Mrs. Ford cleared away the supper dishes, took out her sewing and settled down with a sigh. The neighbors were going by to the Smith's party. She could hear them laughing and calling to each other on the sidewalk outside. In the shed her husband was filing something; the rasp of the file on the metal sounded plainly.

After all, she thought, she might as well give up the idea of parties. She couldn't give one herself; she knew Henry would refuse to leave his hateful engine even for one evening. She was very homesick for Greenfield.



Henry and Clara Ford Statues at Fair Lane, Detroit, MI

The months went by. Ford worked all day at the Edison plant, half the night in his own shop. The men he met in his work had taken to looking at him half in amusement, half in good-humored contempt. He was a "crank," they said. Some of the younger ones would laugh and tap their foreheads when he had gone past them.

One night he came home and found Mrs. Ford crying. The neighbors were saying that he was crazy, she sobbed. She'd told Mrs. Lessing just exactly what she thought of her, too, and she'd never speak to her again! But, oh, wouldn't he ever get that horrid engine finished so they could live like other people?

It all hurt. No man was ever friendlier, or enjoyed more the feeling of comradeship with other men than Ford. But it was a choice between that and his automobile. He went on with his routine of work, fourteen or sixteen hours of it every day, and he drew more into himself, became more reserved with every month that passed.

If any man ever followed Emerson's doctrine of self-reliance, giving up friends and family in his devotion to his own work, that man was Henry Ford in those days.

There was nothing dramatic about it just an obscure machinist with an idea, willing to give up social pleasures, restful domestic evenings, the good opinion of his neighbors, and work hard in an old shed behind his common little house. Only an ordinary man turning his back on everything most of us want, for an "impractical" theory. That was all.

He continued to work for two years. He built the engine slowly, thinking out every step in advance, drawing every casting before he made it, struggling for months over the problem of the electrical wiring and spark. Sometimes he worked all night.

"Sick? No, I never was sick," he says. "It isn't overworking that breaks men down; it's over-playing and overeating. I never ate too much, and I felt all right, no matter how long I worked. Of course, sometimes I was pretty tired."

One day he called his wife out to the shed. The little engine, set up on blocks, was humming away, its flywheel a blur in the air. The high speed revolutions that made the automobile possible were an accomplished fact.

"Oh, Henry! It's done! You've finished it!" she said happily.

"No, that's just the beginning. Now I've got to figure out the transmission, the steering gear and a—a lot of things," he replied.

Chapter 15

Martha Berry

1865-1942

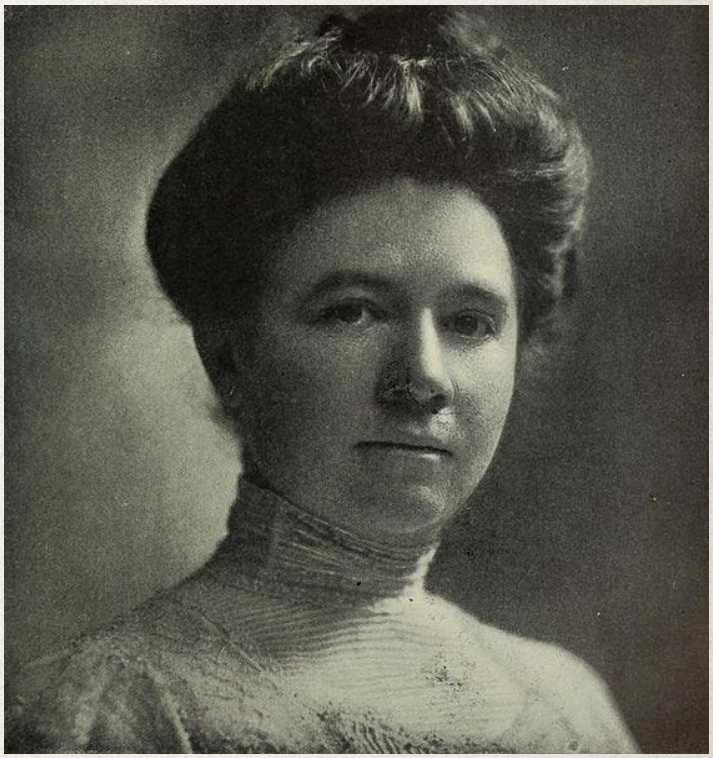


Photo of Martha Berry

Sitting before the fireplace one stormy February night, Martha Berry heard a knock at the door. She opened it and faced a small and dirty boy who led a muddy pig tied to a rope. The lad looked at her anxiously.

"Please, ma'am, I'm Willie Jackson and this is my own pig. We-uns is come to school. I done carried the pig heah for my tuition. He's powuhful lean now, but he'll pick up tol'able quick."

Pig and Willie were decidedly lean, but both were welcome additions to the log-cabin school for mountain boys, which has grown into the most remarkable campus in America.

Thirty-five years ago Martha Berry got a handful of boys together to start the Berry Schools. The daughter of a wealthy and aristocratic Georgia family, Martha had ridden many times with her father into the hills. With her first glimpses into the hardship of these mountain people she felt a tormenting desire to help them. When her father died and she inherited the old plantation, her mind was made up. She opened a school in the little log cabin that her father had built for her as a child, where she studied with her tutor.

Her sisters and friends tried to discourage her, arguing that she was throwing her life away and taking up a career unworthy of a southern lady. Even her old Negro mammy had said on the day her last sister went down the steps of Berry Hill a bride, "What fo' yo' gwine to do nohow, honey? Yo's wastin' yo' life sho' nuff on dem boys ovah dere. Why ain't yo' busyin' yo'se'f gettin' a home?"

Martha shook her head, "No, auntie, I have said goodbye forever to a home of my own. I have just married an idea. I'll have to be faithful to it, lonely as it is."

That idea is now a series of schools with a thirty-thousand-acre campus, one hundred splendid

buildings, and twelve hundred students.

One glorious spring morning Martha Berry led me from her charming southern home to the school campus. As we crossed the roadway she said, "This is the gate of opportunity. Some twelve thousand students have come through it to prepare themselves for life. Any boy or any girl in the southern states who is poor and has a good character is welcome here!"

We surveyed the Women's College built by Henry Ford, the Men's College, the Foundation School, shops, water reservoir, forest, orchard, farms. The walls of a huge dairy barn had been built, but there was no roof on it. She explained, "If we find we need a new building, I get the plans and start to build it. I go as far as our money will take us and then stop. I leave it unfinished until some benefactor comes along and gives us funds to complete it. … It is a big responsibility to carry on the program with more students coming every year and more money needed to take care of them. But I believe in having big plans. I furnish the enthusiasm and depend on my friends to carry my plans through.

"No one of my dreams has failed yet. People respond when you challenge them with a concrete appeal to help young folks. They say I have too much enthusiasm for a woman of my age. Well, I hope I never lose it!"

Above the busy school buildings, the farms, orchards, and forests, on the top of Lavendar Mountain, is a log cottage called the "House of Dreams." Here Miss Berry comes to study her enterprise and looks down upon valley vistas with new perspective. So many of her dreams have come true that the "House of Dreams" is like the abode of good fairies who wave their magic wands over this enthusiastic leader and her family of southern youth.



Photo of Martha Berry

"Somebody once asked me what I should do when I had to stop working and got to heaven," she laughingly told me. "I said, 'Why, I am going right to St. Peter and ask him for all the cast-off crowns and stars of gold and silver. I'll melt them and send them to my schools!'"

There is an amazing student body in the Berry Schools of earnest Anglo-Saxon youth busy at work in field and laboratory, the boys in overalls, blue shirts, sleeves rolled up, the girls in uniforms of pastel shades with sun bonnets hanging down their backs like gay academic hoods. Work and beauty are the two fundamentals of their education. On a May evening I watched them march in two unwavering lines out of the Georgian chapel onto a darkening campus. Fireflies flickered about the oaks and cedars and over the sweet grass. The evening stars intermingled their light until sky and earth were joined. In their wistful faces was the determination to carry the ideals of this amazing builder of life back into a thousand hamlets scattered through the plains and hills of the southlands.



The courtyard to the Henry Ford Buildings at Berry College

Chapter 16

Maud Ballington Booth

1817–1862

They call her the Little Mother — this woman of whom I am telling you. Why they gave her that name will appear as my story proceeds.

The Little Mother devotes much of her time to the doing of golden deeds among those who are commonly supposed to be undeserving of kindness.



Photo of Maud Ballington Booth

She is the friend of wrongdoers, although not of wrongdoing.

You ask how this can be? I will tell you.

In the state prisons of our country, like that of Sing-Sing in New York, there are many men who are undergoing punishment for crimes committed against their fellow-men.

Some of these are hardened criminals without friendships and without friends — men whose lives have been given to wrongdoing.

Some are men who were once respectable and are now suffering punishment for, perhaps, their first offenses against the laws.

Some have wives and children, mothers, sisters, or other loved ones struggling in poverty and disgrace, and with many misgivings hoping darkly for the day of their release.

The most of these men will sooner or later have served out their terms of punishment. They will be given their freedom. They will go out again into the warm sunlight and the wholesome air and the fellowship of

their kind.

What will they do then?

Has their punishment made better men of them?

Too often it has not. Too often it has only filled their minds with an ever-increasing bitterness towards all the rest of mankind. Too often it has shut the door of hope, and closed the hearts of these men to every kindly influence. Too often it has made them worse instead of better.

And what of the few who go out earnestly wishing to live honest lives and do right?

Do good men offer them a helping hand? Do friends encourage them? Or are they not shunned, mistrusted, shut out from every worthy endeavor?

Can we wonder, therefore, that only a small number of men who have once been in prison ever become good citizens again? Can we wonder that so many are never reformed but return at once to their evil practices?

A hundred and fifty years ago, John Howard, a great and good Englishman, devoted his life to the befriending of prisoners and the improvement of prisons in Europe. A hundred years ago, Elizabeth Fry, a sweet-faced Quakeress, visited the jails of Great Britain and wrought many a golden deed in behalf of the wretched men who were confined in them.

All prisons the world over are to-day far less horrible than they were in the days of John Howard and Elizabeth Fry.

But the problem of what shall become of the criminal after he has suffered his punishment is perhaps greater now than it ever was before.

It IS the problem which came into the mind of the Little Mother one Sunday morning when for the first time she saw the inside of a state prison.

It was in the penitentiary at San Quentin, California. The prisoners were in the chapel. Their faces, "plainly bearing the marring imprint of sorrow and sin," were turned toward her. They were impatiently waiting for such words as she might speak to them, yet hoping for no comfort.

It was the first time that she had seen the prison stripes. It was the first time that she had heard the iron gates; the first time that she had realized the hopelessness of the prisoner's life.

From that day she was resolved to be the friend of the friendless, yes, the friend of even those who have forfeited the right to friendship.

"The touch of human sympathy — that is what every man needs in order to bring out the best that is in him. No man was ever so hopelessly bad that there was not somewhere in his mind or heart some little spark of goodness that might be touched by true sympathy truly expressed."

So argued the Little Mother. She therefore organized a prison league or society for mutual help, and she invited prisoners everywhere to become members of it.

Each member of the league promised to do a few simple things faithfully, as God gave him strength: —

To pray every morning and night.
To refrain from bad language.
To obey the prison rules cheerfully and try to be an example of good conduct.
To cheer and encourage others in welldoing and right living.

Then he was given a little badge to wear on his coat — a white button bearing the motto of the league: Look Up and Hope. And as soon as the league in any prison numbered several members they were given a little white flag to float above them as they sat in the chapel on Sunday mornings.

All this was very simple. It did not seem to be much, and yet it worked wonders.

It united the men in a bond of brotherhood. It gave them a definite and noble object to strive for. Above all, it told them that they had one friend who was earnestly striving to do them good.

And they united in lovingly calling that one friend their Little Mother.

They talked with her about their aims and hopes. They were like children going to their mother for counsel and encouragement.

And they wrote her letters such as this: —

"Little Mother: As I entered the chapel Sunday and looked at our white flag, I thought again of the promises I had made, of all they ought to mean, and I promised God that with his help I would never disgrace it. No one shall see anything in my life that will bring dishonor or stain to its whiteness."

The field of the Little Mother's work widened. From the great prisons in all parts of the country came the call. Would she not visit and talk with the prisoners? Would she not organize a prison league among them?

It was surprising how many of them really and earnestly wished to be better men. The touch of human sympathy — that was what was needed.

And so the Little Mother's golden deeds multiplied. She became known as the prisoners' friend, and hundreds of prisoners vowed to be faithful to her.

Men served their terms of punishment and went home, changed in heart and in purpose. They might meet with scorn, with cruel rebuffs, with cold neglect. But the Little Mother had taught them how to be brave; she would help them to be strong. Every member of the league learned to look up to her; and his conduct after gaining his freedom was made her personal care.

Then through the aid of benevolent men, of prison officers, and of the prisoners themselves, she founded homes in which those who were newly-liberated could find shelter until they were able to support themselves by honest labor.

Thus they were prevented from falling into the snares of former evil associates. They were encouraged to persevere in their efforts to attain to a nobler manhood.

These sheltering homes were called Hope Halls. To many a man who otherwise would have despaired and returned to a life of crime, they were the means of salvation.

Thus the Little Mother's golden deeds have produced golden fruit, and hundreds of men have been reclaimed to good citizenship; hundreds of families have been made happy that otherwise would have remained in wretchedness; and the world has been shown that the work of punishment is most efficient when tempered by the touch of human sympathy.

And now shall I tell you the name of this Little Mother? Her name is Maud Ballington Booth. Shall we not say that it is worthy to be placed in the same honor roll with those of Clara Barton, Dorothea Dix, Peter Cooper, and other lovers of humanity?

Chapter 17

Wilbur and Orville Wright

1867–1912 and 1871–1948

In 1878, the Reverend Bishop Milton Wright left his home in Dayton, Ohio, to visit New York City on business. When it was time for him to return he looked in the shop windows for a gift that he could take to his two sons, Wilbur and Orville Wright. He saw books, handkerchiefs, and neckties, and he also saw an odd mechanical toy labeled "flying machine."

These two boys were very much interested in any type of mechanical instrument, so the bishop went into the store to examine the "flying machine." It had wings, and was driven by a cardboard propeller that turned by the untwisting of a heavy rubber band. It was a fascinating toy, and the bishop carried it home feeling that his sons would be pleased.

Wilbur and Orville Wright were both delighted and interested in their toy "flying machine,"

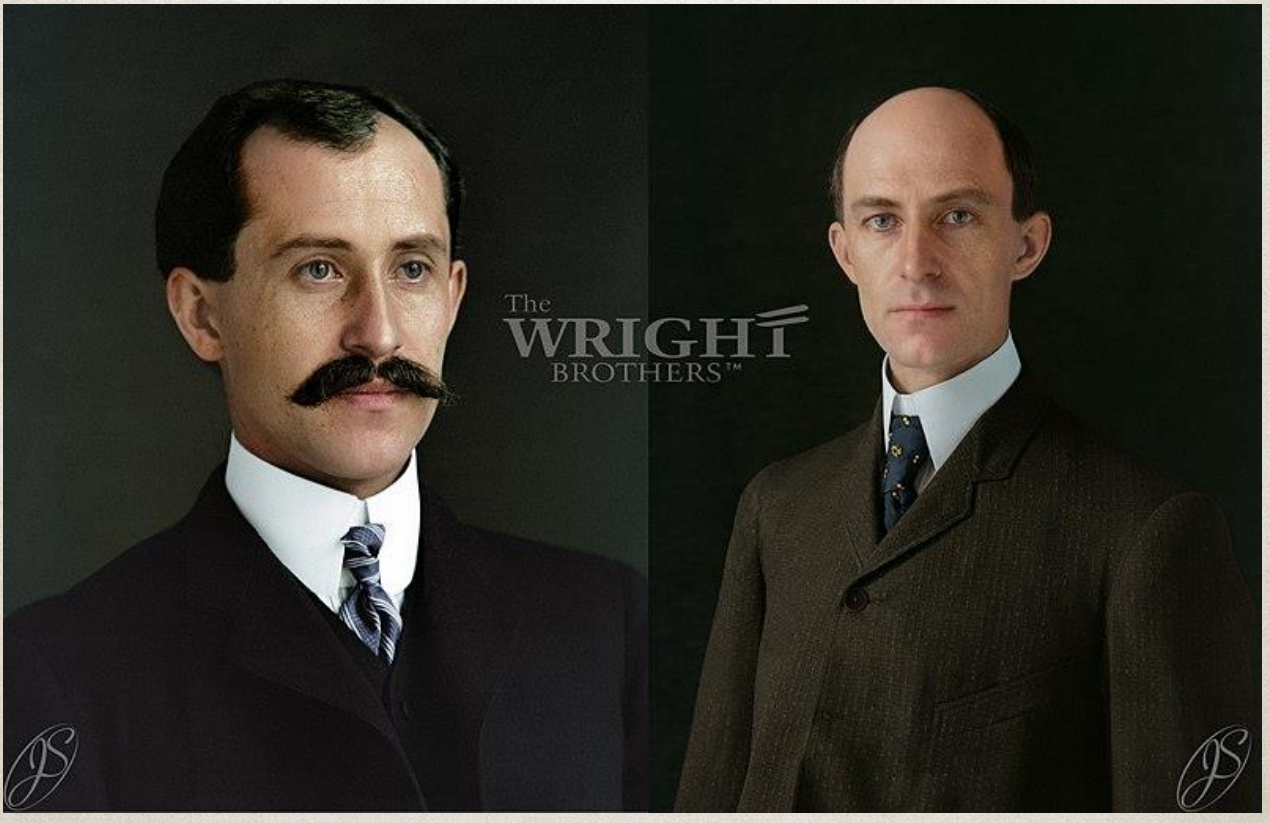


Photo of Orville and Wilbur Wright

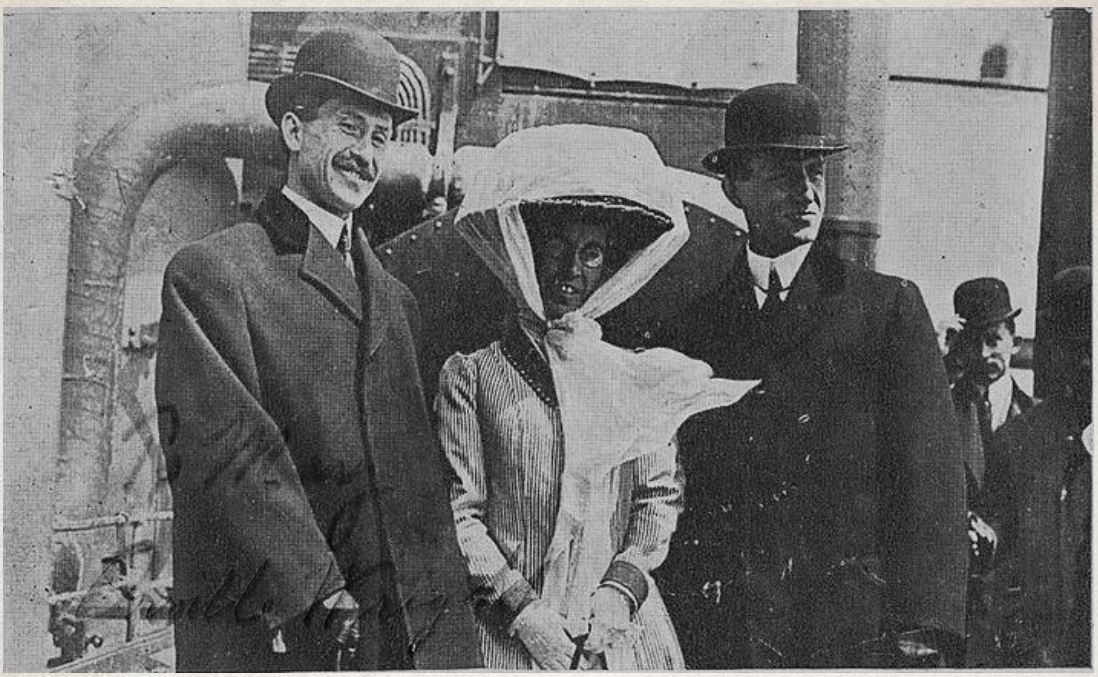


Photo of Orville, Wilbur, and Katherine Wright

which they called the "bat." Long after it was broken they remembered the toy that would glide through the air.

One day, years later, they started to experiment with a big model of a "flying machine," one large enough to carry a man. Every boy knows, of course, how successful these brothers were, and that to-day men have flown in aeroplanes across the country and even across the Atlantic Ocean.

"The Wright boys," as Wilbur and Orville Wright were known in their home at Dayton, Ohio, were always the greatest of pals and worked and played together. Wilbur was four years older than his brother, having been born near Millville, Indiana, on April 16, 1867. Orville was born at Dayton, Ohio, August 19, 1871.

Both of the Wright boys were educated in the grammar school and high school of Dayton. They were clever boys, but more interested in mechanical experiments than in literature and history. Bicycles were just then coming into great popularity. When the boys left school they opened a bicycle shop to sell and repair this speed vehicle of the day.

During this time their interest in flying machines had not abated. They began to build models of aeroplanes, and to test them out. These models were very practical, and the boys felt sure that in time they could really build a machine that would fly. Bishop Wright was greatly interested in his sons' ideas, and when he realized that they could go no further without more funds, he gave them money to continue their experiments.

The two young men then started for the coast of North Carolina, accompanied by a machinist who had worked with them at Dayton. They established a camp in the sand hills near Kitty Hawk, North Carolina.

Their first experiments were in the building of "gliders," or planes without engines. The brothers

thus learned the proper angle at which their planes would have to be set, and also the secret of balance.

When they had mastered these important things, the Wright boys decided to use an ordinary small engine attached to a propeller. They found that this did not suit the purpose so they began to build a special aeroplane engine. After months of experiment, this motor was completed, but the two young men realized that they were facing failure and success.

They were sure that their machine would be a success if they had money to go on with their experiments. But they seemed doomed to failure, for all of the capital was spent. However, they had not counted on their young sister, Miss Katharine Wright. Miss Wright was a teacher of Latin in the high school at Dayton, Ohio. When she learned that her brothers needed money, she sent them all she had; and with the added capital they produced an aeroplane that flew!

It was on December 17, 1903, that the first Wright aeroplane, carrying a gasoline engine, went into the air against a twenty-mile wind, stayed up fifty-nine seconds, and covered eight hundred and fifty-two feet. This was the first time in the history of the world that a successful flight of this nature had been made.

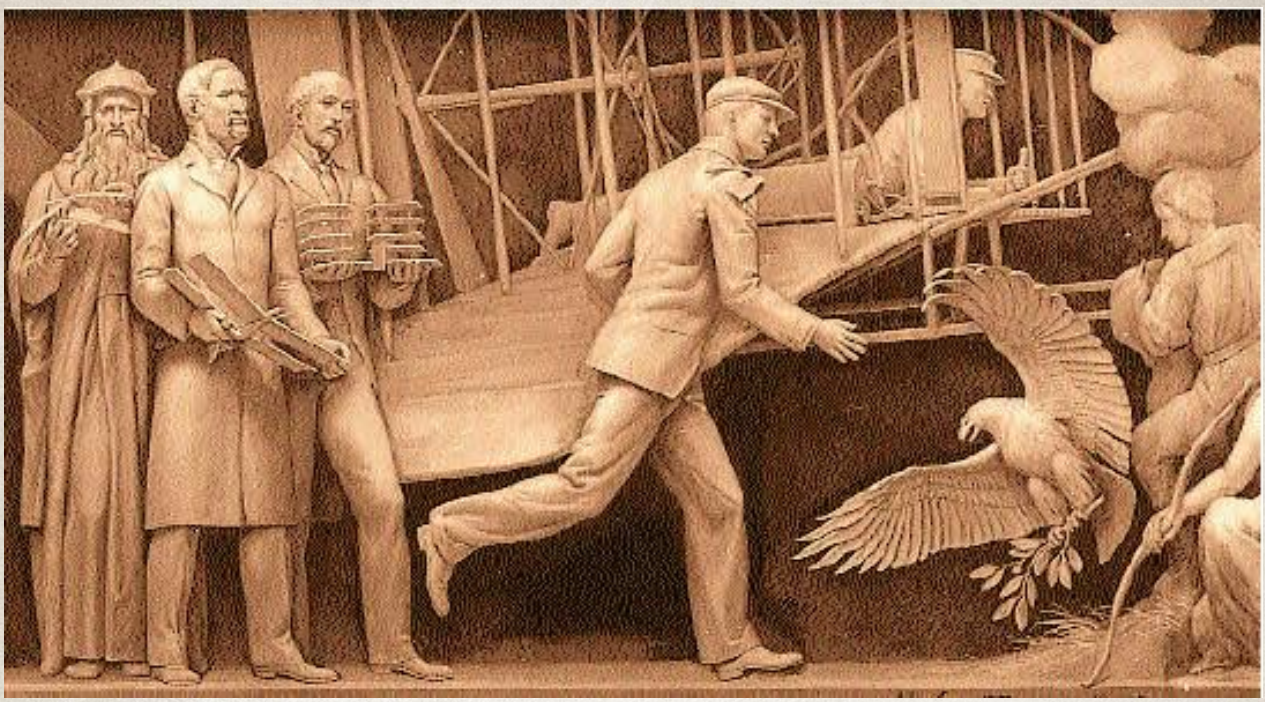
After a few more experimental flights the brothers returned to Dayton, where they worked over their machine for a year and a half. They rebuilt it, tried it out in various winds, and learned to turn corners and to do all the daring stunts that were necessary if they were actually to learn to fly.

They said very little about their work and they did not at all mind when their friends called them crazy. They had a mission on earth, and they worked night and day until they were satisfied with their machine.

Then, in the fall of 1905, they really began to fly. On October fifth their aeroplane flew twenty-



Photo of Wilbur and Katharine Wright seated in the Wright Model A Flyer with Orville Wright standing nearby



"The Birth of Aviation," Capitol Building, Washington D.C.

four and one-quarter miles in thirty-eight minutes and three seconds. In a few years the brothers began to give public performances of their plane.

Later they went to Europe, there to receive the homage of rulers and statesmen. They insisted that their sister, Miss Katharine Wright, accompany them. She had given them the money to go on with their work, so both brothers desired that she should share with them any praise they might receive.

The Wright brothers' success did not turn their heads. When they came back to America they were as quiet and self-contained as when they left. They had yet much work to do on their machine even though they had conquered the art of flying, and they did not intend to cease their labors until they had perfected their plane.

One of the greatest honors paid the two young men was the presentation to them, by President Taft, of gold medals given by the Aero Club of America. At this time President Taft also honored Miss Katharine Wright for the aid and encouragement that she had given her brothers.

The achievement of Wilbur and Orville Wright is a great proof that success follows perseverance and hard work.

Chapter 18

Helen Keller – Part 1

1880-1968



Photo of Hellen Keller

To feel sorry for Helen Keller would be not only a mistake but an impertinence. If most of us who can see and hear were half as cheerful and useful as she is, the world would be a happier place. Mark Twain once said that she and Napoleon were the two most interesting characters of the nineteenth century, and she was only a girl when it ended. Since then she has become, and remained, the most widely respected woman in the world. She won fame first for her triumph over her disabilities; but that was a purely personal triumph, and only the gateway to a career of service to others. Devoutly religious, she has always believed that she has a mission in life, given to her by God, to help others who are disabled and especially the blind. No one could have helped them more.

Helen Keller was born on June 27, 1880, in Tuscumbia, a small town in Northern Alabama. Her father, a former captain in the Confederate Army, was a gentleman-farmer and edited a local paper. Helen was a normal infant, but quicker than most to learn. When she was six months she would call out "How d'ye!" and once she called attention by saying, "Tea, tea, tea." She first walked when she was a year old. She was active, vigorous, and self-assertive when, at nineteen months, she became so ill that the doctors thought she would die. Instead she recovered, and the rest of her childhood was extremely healthy; but the illness had deprived her for ever of

both hearing and sight.

Because she was deaf, and too young to have learnt to talk properly, Helen was also dumb. There was nothing wrong with her vocal organs, but speech is acquired by imitation. Her only method of communication with others was by touch. She expressed her wants by signs. In compensation for the loss of two senses her sense of touch developed, and at the age of five she was able to pick out her clothes from the family laundry parcel and fold and put them away. She could tell when her mother and aunt were going out by the dresses they were wearing. When guests left the house she waved her arm — "I think with a vague remembrance of the meaning of the gesture."

At first she did not know she was different from other people, but she soon began to understand. She discovered that her mother and friends did not communicate by signs. She sometimes stood between two persons who were talking and touched their lips, and so learned that communication was made by mouth. Then she moved her own lips, but found them useless to her. "This made me so angry at times that I kicked and screamed until I was exhausted."

As she grew older her kicking and screaming fits grew worse instead of better, and her parents made no attempt to control her. They felt so much love and compassion for her that they could not bear to do anything that might make her unhappy; and, being naturally strong-willed, she became a little tyrant and had the whole household under her thumb. She was unusually intelligent and cunning, and in spite of her handicaps she found means of making her wishes known. They were always granted, but her feeling of frustration increased rather than diminished as she became more and more aware of her inability to do all the things that were so easy for every one else. Her temper was violent, and the slightest annoyance sent her into a crying fit; and all her mother's efforts to calm and soothe her failed.

There was no one in Tuscumbia to help her parents. The doctors were sure she would never see or hear again; there were no schools for the blind or deaf in Alabama, and it was generally thought that a child who was both blind and deaf could not be taught at all. Helen's mother had read Charles Dickens's American Notes, and vaguely remembered the account of the education of a girl named Laura Bridgman, who was also deaf and blind, by Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe — the man who had advised Florence Nightingale to "go forward" when she asked him if she should take up nursing. But Dr. Howe had died four years before Helen was born, and presumably his methods of teaching the deaf-blind had died with him.

Hope of a different kind came when Helen was six. Her father heard of an eminent oculist in Baltimore who had cured many cases that had been given up as hopeless. He took Helen to see him. The oculist was sympathetic, but said her sight could never be restored. However, he suggested that she might be educated, and recommended her father to see Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone and a pioneer in the education of deaf-mutes. He was in Washington, and Helen was taken there. Dr. Bell told Helen's father that Dr. Howe's work was being carried on in the Perkins Institution for the Blind, in Boston, where Laura Bridgman had been educated. The director of the institution was Dr. Howe's son-in-law, Michael Anagnos, and on Dr. Bell's advice Helen's father wrote to him to ask if he could provide a competent teacher. Anagnos replied that he could; and in March 1887, three months before Helen's seventh birthday, the teacher arrived at Tuscumbia. Her name was Anne Mansfield Sullivan.

Teacher, as she was to be called, was not quite twenty-one. Her qualifications were slight, and

to say she was competent to educate Helen was, at the best, a shrewd guess. She was the daughter of illiterate Irish immigrants. Her father was a drunkard, and educated her with a whip. At fourteen she was still illiterate herself. She was also almost totally blind, and that was why she entered the Perkins Institution. There her sight was partially restored, and she was educated and then trained to teach the blind. She also learnt the manual deaf-and-dumb alphabet, and lived in the same house as Laura Bridgman during her six years at the institution; but she had no experience of teaching anyone who was both blind and deaf.

Nor had she any sense of vocation. "I came here simply because circumstances made it necessary for me to earn my living," she said later, "and I seized upon the first opportunity that offered itself, although I did not suspect that I had any special fitness for the work." Luck, or Providence, sent her to Tuscumbia; but the sense of vocation appeared soon after, and kept her with Helen until she died, fifty years later.

When Teacher arrived at the house Helen rushed at her and nearly knocked her down the steps, snatched her bag from her hand and tried to open it, and flew into a temper when her mother tried to restrain her. The next morning Teacher's luggage arrived. In it was a doll sent by the blind children of the Perkins Institution and dressed by Laura Bridgman. Teacher gave the doll to Helen, and took the opportunity to try to teach her a word. She took her hand and slowly spelled the letters d-o-l-l in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. Interested, Helen imitated the fingering. Teacher picked up the doll — and Helen thought she was taking it away, and flew into a temper and started fighting for it. "I forced her into a chair and held her there until I was nearly exhausted," Teacher related in a letter. Then she gave up the struggle, got some cake, spelled c-a-k-e into Helen's hand, and gave her the cake — "which she ate in a great hurry, thinking, I suppose, that I might take it from her." She gave her the doll back, and Helen ran downstairs with it and refused to return to Teacher's room for the rest of the day. Helen had given Teacher her first lesson — that her pupil was wild and would have to be tamed before she could be taught.

"The greatest problem I shall have to solve is how to discipline and control her without breaking her spirit," Teacher wrote. "I shall go rather slowly at first and try to win her love." That was not easy, for Helen would not allow anyone to caress her except her mother; and in the next few days Teacher as well as her pupil was reduced to tears. There seemed no way of winning Helen's love. "I soon found that I was cut off from all the usual approaches to her heart." Teacher could find no solution to the problem but force, much as she hated using it.

According to the views of most child-psychologists to-day, she doubtless used too much force; but at that time child-psychology was itself in its infancy, and the idea of allowing children self-expression was still something of a novelty. Many parents deliberately broke their children's spirit in order to make them obedient. Some still do to-day. The fact that Teacher tried so hard to avoid this, and her belief in the greater power of love, show that her attitude was advanced for her time.

But she was very determined, and from the start she stood up to her employers. "I have done my best to make them see the terrible injustice to Helen of allowing her to have her way in everything," she wrote in a letter. She succeeded, too. "They have promised to let me have a free hand and help me as much as possible." They even agreed to let her take Helen to a cottage about a quarter of a mile from the house, where Teacher could bring her up alone and, as she put it, "stand between her and the over-indulgence of her parents."

There was more kicking and screaming, but there were also periods of peace and quiet; and Teacher used these to teach Helen more words. She spelt out simple nouns on the little girl's fingers, like 'pin' and 'hat,' relating them to the objects. Helen liked playing this game, but she did not at first understand its purpose. She realized that there was some association between the different finger-movements and the objects, but did not know what it was. She could not differentiate between 'mug' and 'milk,' because she did not realize that they were separate names.

Understanding came only a month after Teacher's arrival. One morning, when Helen was washing, Teacher spelt the word 'water' into her hand. "Then it occurred to me that with the help of this new word I might succeed in straightening out the 'mug-milk' difficulty. We went out to the pumphouse, and I made Helen hold her mug under the spout while I pumped. As the cold water gushed forth, filling the mug.

"I spelled 'w-a-t-e-r' in Helen's free hand. The word coming so close upon the sensation of cold water rushing over her hand seemed to startle her. She dropped the mug and stood as one transfixed. A new light came into her face." Helen had made the great discovery that, as she put it later, "everything has a name."

She had, in fact, discovered language, and so entered the world of communication; and at the same time her whole personality changed. Her frustration vanished, and discipline was no longer a problem; and for the first time she kissed Teacher of her own accord. She now directed all her energies to learning new words. She went from object to object, and Teacher spelt out the name of each in turn. Within less than three weeks she had a vocabulary of a hundred words. Most were nouns, of course, but she could also understand simple verbs and adjectives. Abstract ideas would obviously be more difficult for her, and the greatest problem would be to teach her to construct the sentences we use in everyday conversation.

Dr. Howe had struggled with this problem, but he had not solved it. He taught each word separately by definition, and had only a limited success. Anne Sullivan invented a method of her own. She asked herself, "How does a normal child learn language?" The answer, she decided, was by imitation. A normal child was surrounded by adults who spoke in a language he did not understand. The same words, phrases, and sentences were repeated so many times that they stuck in his memory. He learnt the names of things by asking what they were called, but he learnt language by imitation. Teacher decided that Helen would learn in the same way. She would learn not by rules and definitions but by practice and habit. "I shall talk into her hand as we talk into the baby's ears. I shall assume that she has the normal child's capacity of assimilation and imitation. I shall use complete sentences in talking to her, and fill out the meaning with gestures and her descriptive signs when necessity requires it."

The idea was revolutionary. It had never been tried with a deaf child, let alone a child that was both deaf and blind. Previously the deaf had always been taught to build sentences according to grammatical rules, because it had been taken for granted that they could not learn in any other way. They were given formal lessons, and did not go on to a new lesson until they had shown they understood the one they had just done. Teacher would have nothing to do with this system, which seemed to her "to be built on the supposition that every child is a kind of idiot who must be taught to think." She refused to teach Helen grammar or sentence construction or the definitions of new words. "Never mind whether she understands each separate word of a sentence or not," she said. "She will

guess the meanings of the new words from their connection with others which are already intelligible to her."

When Helen wanted her mug she spelt the single word 'mug' into Teacher's hand. Teacher gave it to her; and then, when she wanted it back, spelt "Give me your mug" into Helen's hand. She kept on doing this until Helen copied her and also used the whole sentence when she wanted the mug. "Walk," said Helen, meaning she wanted to go for a walk. "Let us go for a walk," said Teacher, meaning the same. "Let us go for a walk," repeated Helen, who had never heard of a tense or mood. And so it went on. Helen learnt, as Teacher had said, "without the slightest suspicion that she is performing a most difficult feat. She learns because she can't help it, just as the bird learns to fly." She learnt just as the baby that can see and hear learns to talk.

There was one other important feature of Teacher's method, and this was that the pupil, not the teacher, should choose what was to be learnt. "I see no sense in 'faking' conversation for the sake of teaching language. It's stupid and deadening to pupil and teacher. I have tried from the beginning to talk naturally to Helen and to teach her to tell me only the things that interest her." Teacher believed that all children were naturally curious and interested in the world about them, and that if their curiosity was encouraged and exploited there was no difficulty in getting them to learn; on the contrary, they would want to learn, although probably not what were considered the right lessons. Teacher was not interested in the right lessons. "We shall never properly develop the higher natures of our little ones while we continue to fill their minds with the so-called rudiments," she said. "Children will educate themselves under right conditions. They require guidance and sympathy far more than instruction." This was a revolutionary outlook in the nineteenth century. It is still rather 'advanced' to-day.

So there was no classroom for Helen, who learnt to 'talk' during long walks with Teacher on the banks of the Tennessee. She learnt with amazing speed, and Teacher did not flatter herself that this was due only to her original methods. "I know that she has remarkable powers," she wrote in a private letter after three months with Helen. "She is no ordinary child."

Meanwhile Helen had already begun to 'read.' At first she used pieces of cardboard with words printed in raised letters, which she arranged in a frame to form sentences. Then Teacher gave her printed books of a similar kind, and finally taught her braille. These new 'toys' fascinated Helen, and she began writing letters before her seventh birthday. Then she learnt to count and do simple sums.

She also became famous.

Teacher sent regular reports on Helen's progress to the Perkins Institution. She did not make any extravagant claims, and, indeed, tried to save her from publicity: "My beautiful Helen shall not be transformed into a prodigy if I can help it." But Michael Anagnos, the director of the institution, had a different outlook. He credited Teacher with a sense of vocation she had never had, and boasted that he had discovered her genius before she went to Helen. So publicity came in spite of Teacher's efforts, and when she took Helen to Memphis it was "drives, luncheons, receptions" all the time. Eminent teachers and scientists wanted to meet her, and afterwards reported the little girl's prowess to the world at large. Dr. Bell said that her progress was without parallel in the education of the deaf even without allowing for the fact that she was blind as well.

Shortly before her eighth birthday Helen went with Teacher to Boston, and visited the Perkins

Institution and then a school for the deaf and dumb. The teachers there were amazed at her command of language. None of the children there could 'talk' as she could, although they were not blind and had been under instruction for two or three years. But it was a different kind of instruction, as Teacher was quick to see. "In one room some little tots were standing before the blackboard, painfully constructing 'simple sentences.'" Teacher asked the woman in charge of the class why she wrote sentences on the board instead of talking about things that interested the children. "The teacher said something about getting the correct instruction" — and Anne Sullivan was full of pity for the children. "Nothing," she wrote afterwards, "crushes the child's impulse to talk naturally more effectually than these blackboard exercises. Language should not be associated with endless hours in school, with puzzling questions in grammar, or with anything that is an enemy to joy."

Of course Teacher was right; but her criticisms were not altogether fair. She had only one girl to teach, and could spend all day talking to Helen and could let her read. All credit to Teacher for going against normal teaching practice and giving her pupil a free hand — but she could hardly have done the same with a whole class of children, even if they were all as bright as Helen; and that would have been very unlikely. Helen was indeed no ordinary child, and Anne Sullivan was no ordinary teacher; but it cannot be disputed that if Helen had not been born into a family that could afford a private teacher her story would probably have been very different.

Helen had already visited a circus, and fed the elephants and ridden on them, stroked the baby lions and shaken hands with the bear, played with the monkeys, and been lifted up by one of the keepers to feel how tall the giraffes were. Now she went to the seaside, to Brewster, on Cape Cod, and bathed in the sea. Back at home, she began riding a pony, with Teacher holding the leading rein. Later she went tobogganing, and, as she grew older, she took up other sports, including rowing and canoeing and sailing. She saw the world through Teacher's eyes — for Teacher's aim was to give her the means to live and enjoy life in the same way as those who could see and hear, even if it often meant enjoyment at second hand. She has been criticized for this, and it is often said that she went too far in trying to give Helen a veneer of normality instead of training her to accept her limitations and live within them.

Yet Teacher was at first opposed to the idea of teaching Helen to speak. Her vocal organs were perfectly normal, and she cried and laughed and made other ordinary human sounds; but when she fell ill, at nineteen months, she had learnt little more than the usual infant babbling, and now she could not remember the sounds of any of the words she had learnt. Of course she knew that other people talked not with their hands but with their mouths, and she continually tried to do the same. She asked Teacher how children who were just blind learned to speak, and Teacher told her they could learn by imitating what they heard. Then she asked whether children who were only deaf could learn to speak; and Teacher said that some could, but they were greatly helped by being able to see their teachers' mouths. Helen interrupted by saying that she could feel her Teacher's mouth and asked if she could learn by that means. Teacher discouraged her. She knew that Laura Bridgman had learnt to pronounce a few simple words, and did not doubt that Helen would be able to do as much; but she did not think anyone who was both deaf and blind would ever be able to learn to talk properly, and she tried to kill Helen's desire.

Then one day, when Helen was nine, one of Laura Bridgman's teachers came on a visit. She had just returned from Norway, and told of how a deaf and blind girl there had been taught to speak.

She said the girl had learnt in the way that Helen had thought of — by feeling the movements of her teacher's lips.

When Helen heard this she was absolutely determined to speak. She began trying to learn by herself, and Teacher realized it was useless to repress her any longer. Not knowing how to set about teaching Helen, she sought the advice of Sarah Fuller, the principal of the Horace Mann School for the Deaf. Miss Fuller agreed to teach Helen herself.

Her method was simple. She simply took Helen's hand and made her feel the position of her tongue and lips each time she made a different sound, and then told Helen to try to imitate her. After only an hour Helen could make the sounds M, P, A, S, T, I. After a little further instruction she mastered all the sounds of the alphabet, and at last she uttered her first sentence: "It is warm." Altogether Sarah Fuller gave her eleven lessons. "I am not dumb now," Helen said with delight; but she was still a long way from being able to talk intelligibly. It was a matter of practice now — practice with her own Teacher.

Anne Sullivan encouraged her now, and spent hours and hours training Helen to speak. The ambition of both was that she should eventually learn to talk like other people; but this ambition was never quite achieved. For those who were used to her voice it was easy to follow, but strangers usually failed to understand all she said. She never quite mastered some sounds, and always spoke with what sounded like some kind of foreign accent. Still, at sixteen she gave her first public address — to the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf.

Chapter 19

Helen Keller – Part 2

1880-1968



Photo of Hellen Keller and Anne Sullivan

From the beginning of her education Helen had been a tremendous reader. She read her first book when she was seven, and went on reading all the books she could get hold of. She also became a very keen letter-writer. As so much of her experience of life was second-hand — received either from books or from what Teacher had told her — there was a degree of artificiality in her literary style which appeared even in her early letters and is noticeable in all her later published works. "Mildred's eyes are very big and blue," she wrote when she was only eight; and later she wrote quite lyrical descriptions of spring blossoms and autumn leaves, rugged mountains and crimson sunsets. She also had a habit of using expressions and phrases that she had absorbed from her reading, although when questioned she rarely remembered their source and often had no recollection of having read them at all. This was a natural result of the fact that so much of her contact with the world was indirect. But it had an unfortunate result when she was eleven, and wrote a little story of her own; at least, she thought it was her own.

She called it "The Frost King," and sent it to Michael Anagnos at the Perkins Institution as a

birthday present. He was delighted at this fresh proof of Teacher's achievement — for which he was inclined to take more of the credit than he deserved — and he published the story. Very quickly a reader was struck by its resemblance to a story called "Frost Fairies," by Margaret Candby, which had been published in a book nearly twenty years before. The two stories were compared, and it was obvious that the resemblance was too strong to be accidental. The only possible conclusion was that Helen had read Margaret Candby's story before she wrote her own.

She said she had not. She did not remember even having heard of it. Teacher also denied all knowledge of it — and, as she had hardly ever left Helen, it seemed unlikely that Helen could have read it without her knowing. Helen's parents had never heard of the book, and it had never been published in braille.

But the circumstances were so strange that Michael Anagnos suspected a deliberate fraud, and sent for Helen and had her examined by a committee of teachers and officials of the Perkins Institution. Teacher, who was under suspicion of having helped in the supposed fraud, was not allowed to be present while Helen was examined, and the eleven-year-old girl was put through an unnecessarily cruel ordeal. The committee consisted of eight persons — four of them blind — and they interrogated her without pause for two hours. "I was questioned and cross-questioned with what seemed to me a determination on the part of my judges to force me to acknowledge that I remembered having had 'The Frost Fairies' read to me," she wrote later. "I felt in every question the doubt and suspicion that was in their minds." But she insisted on her innocence, and in the end — according to Anagnos, only because of his casting vote — she was acquitted.

Meanwhile Teacher, determined to clear the names of Helen and herself, had begun a private investigation with the help of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. At last she learnt that Mrs. Sophia Hopkins, with whom she and Helen had stayed at Brewster three years earlier, had had a copy of Margaret Candby's book. During their visit Teacher had been away for a short period, and Mrs. Hopkins had then read some stories to Helen. To anyone who knew Helen, and who had read the unconsciously imitative style of her letters, it was obvious what had happened. The idea of the story, and much of the expression, had stuck in her remarkably retentive memory long after the story itself was forgotten. When she reproduced the idea and expression in her own story she sincerely thought they were original.

This explanation satisfied Teacher, and it satisfied Margaret Candby too. "Under the circumstances, I do not see how any one can be so unkind as to call it a plagiarism," she wrote. "It is a wonderful feat of memory, and Helen is indeed a 'wonder-child.' Please give her my warm love, and tell her not to feel troubled about it any more. No one shall be allowed to think it was anything wrong."

But Helen was very troubled about it indeed, and for some time she would not write at all. "The thought that what I wrote might not be absolutely my own tormented me. No one knew of these fears except my teacher." Moreover, she eventually lost the friendship of Michael Anagnos. After apparently believing in her innocence for two years, he let her know that he had changed his opinion. Some years after that, when Helen had published *The Story of My Life,* he changed his mind again and publicly implied that he had not doubted her innocence. But by then Helen had given such proofs of both her talent and her utter honesty that doubt was impossible. Even Teacher could joke about it, and when Helen came out with a fine phrase she would say wryly, "I wonder where she got that!" For, although she tried hard, Helen was never able to avoid the unconscious

borrowing that makes her style artificial.

Meanwhile she had been continuing her education, at home and in the world outside. When she was twelve she went to Washington for the inauguration of President Cleveland, and then visited the Niagara Falls. She stood where she could feel the air vibrate and the earth tremble, and Teacher completed the picture for her. "I wish I could describe the cataract as it is, its beauty and awful grandeur, and the fearful and irresistible plunge of its waters over the brow of the precipice," Helen wrote in a letter. "One feels helpless and overwhelmed in the presence of such a vast force. I had the same feeling once before when I first stood by the great ocean and felt its waves beating against the shore. I suppose you feel so, too, when you gaze up to the stars in the stillness of the night, do you not?"

Then they went with Dr. Graham Bell to the World's Fair, and Helen was given special permission to touch the exhibits.

She was reading French plays at thirteen, and had read histories of Greece and Rome as well as America and Europe. She could recite poetry, and was learning Latin grammar. She was also studying mathematics, which she found "as troublesome as it was uninteresting." Literature was her first love, and soon she learned "to know an author, to recognize his style as I recognize the clasp of a friend's hand."

At fourteen she went with Teacher to the Wright-Humason School for the Deaf in New York, which specialized in lip-reading and voice-culture. Her speech was slowly improving, and she took some singing lessons too. She also learnt German as well as French; and in New York she went for daily walks in Central Park and "saw" the Statue of Liberty. The verb was her own. "The glorious bay lay calm and beautiful in the October sunshine," she wrote in a letter, "and the ships came and went like idle dreams; those seaward going slowly disappeared like clouds that change from gold to grey; those homeward coming sped more quickly like birds that seek their mother's nest." This was the way of writing that had become and always remained her 'natural' style.

At sixteen Helen entered the Cambridge School for Young Ladies, to prepare for admission to Radcliffe College. Teacher attended the classes with her, for this was an ordinary school and none of the staff teachers had any experience in teaching girls who were blind or deaf. Helen now studied English history and literature, German, Latin, and arithmetic. She did all her homework compositions and translations on a typewriter. She read Shakespeare's *As You Like It* and Burke's *Speeches,* and for the first time in her life she worked and played with other, normal girls. She joined in their games — naturally she excelled at blind man's buff — and some of them learnt to talk to her in deaf-and-dumb language.

The following year Helen took her preliminary examinations for Radcliffe. She had a room to herself, and answered the questions on a typewriter. When she had finished one of the teachers read over what she had typed, to allow her to revise her work before handing it in. She passed in every subject and gained honours in English and German.

In her second year at Cambridge Helen studied mathematics, physics, astronomy, and Greek and Latin. Here she had new difficulties, for many of the text-books had not been translated into braille, and Anne Sullivan had to read them to her. And algebra and geometry problems could not be worked out on an ordinary typewriter, and a special braille writer had to be obtained and mastered. To visualize the geometrical figures drawn on the blackboard for the other girls, Helen

constructed them on a cushion, using straight and curved wires which had bent and pointed ends. Geometry and algebra continued to be her most difficult subjects — especially as she had no special ability for mathematics. The teachers wanted to cut down her lessons, to prevent her from over-working, and delay her entry to Radcliffe by a year or more; but she protested, and eventually left the classroom to study under a tutor. This was more satisfactory, and she made good progress even in mathematics.

At last, a few days after her nineteenth birthday, Helen took her final examinations for Radcliffe. This was the hardest test she had ever had, and it was made more difficult by the fact that her typed answers were not read back to her, so that she had no opportunity for revision. She also had trouble over the algebra paper, which was set in American braille, for she had learnt all the signs and symbols in English braille. But in the end she passed the examinations, and won the right to be the first deaf and blind girl in the world to enter college.

In 1904 she graduated with honours, and became the first well-educated deaf and blind girl in the world. Her fame and prestige were tremendous; and she used them both for others, with smaller ability and fewer opportunities, who were also blind or deaf. For the next fifty years she worked for them, encouraging and inspiring them, writing and lecturing, making society aware of their problems and needs. Teacher went everywhere with her until her death in 1936. Helen made six journeys round the world, until, in 1955, she retired to her Connecticut home to devote the rest of her life to writing. She remains the most remarkable woman of our age.

Chapter 20

Alvin York

1887–1964

Alvin C. York is the greatest hero of the World War. As Corporal York of Company G, 338th Infantry, he killed twenty Germans and captured one hundred and thirty-two prisoners. Also, he put thirty-five machine guns out of action, and broke up a battalion of Germans who were about to attack the Americans during a battle in the Argonne Forest.

York's boyhood and youth were spent on a small farm on Wolf River, in Northern Tennessee. The country there is rough and hilly. His father had a little forge in a blacksmith shop near the road. When a neighbor wanted new shoes put on his horse or new rims on his cart wheels he always stopped at the York forge. Alvin played around the shop when he wasn't hoeing corn or pulling weeds in the potato patch. Sometimes he worked the bellows to make a hot fire in the forge. When York's father died the son took charge of the forge and farm, and earned a living for his mother and the ten younger children.

The United States declared war against Germany on April 7, 1917. Alvin York, the tall, strong mountaineer, was drafted into the army. He was an elder in the church and did not believe that one man should kill another, even in battle. When he arrived at Camp Gordon, Georgia, where he was sent to be trained, his captain was glad to have the big, red-headed recruit from Tennessee in his company.

"If we had an army of men like that," he told his officers, "we could beat the Germans in no time." The officers agreed, but they soon learned that York did not believe in fighting. The captain heard this, and the two had many long talks together.

When the captain tried to show that it was the duty of every American to help defeat the Germans, York opened his Bible and read verses which said that all men should lead peaceful lives. York firmly believed that it was wrong to kill, and the captain could not make him change his mind at that time. Before the next night the captain got out his Bible and looked for verses which say there is a time for men to fight. Then he went to see York a second time in order to prove to him that he should fight the Germans.

The officer quoted a verse that pointed out that men must fight at times and York read one that said it was wrong to fight. That evening the two were well matched, but the captain did not give up. For hours he searched through his Bible until he found a story in the twenty-third chapter of Ezekiel. This was taken to York and when he read of the punishment in store for the man who knows of danger but does not help his friends, he said, "All right. I'm satisfied." From that night York determined to become the best soldier in the American Army — and he succeeded.

Alvin York was made a corporal in his company. His division was sent to France and was soon

in the thick of the fighting in the Argonne Forest. On October 8, 1918, York's company was caught by rifle and machine-gun fire from three directions. A party of sixteen men, including Corporal York, was sent out to put the German machine-guns out of action.

The Germans were on the other side of a wooded hill. The little party of Americans climbed up the steep slope while the bullets whizzed about them. At the top they found an old trench which the French had built early in the war. The men dropped into the trench and followed it along the ridge. The sergeant was in the lead and the men followed him in single file. Still they saw no Germans, but they could hear the firing on all sides. The Americans left the trench and went down into a cup-like valley. There they saw two Germans who started to run. Some shots were fired. One man surrendered and the other disappeared. Pushing on, the party came to a small stream. On the other side were twenty or thirty German soldiers and several officers. The Americans fired into the crowd and most of the enemy dropped their guns, held up their hands, and shouted, "Kamerad!" The men, including a major, surrendered.

Just as the Americans were about to march their prisoners back to their headquarters a machine-gun fire broke out. Instantly every German dropped flat on his stomach and the Americans followed their example. Before the shots stopped, six Americans were killed, and three, including the sergeant, were wounded.

Alvin York sat amid the brush and picked off the enemy one at a time. At the wild turkey hunts, back in the mountains of Tennessee, he always was able to shoot the head off the bird. He fired his rifle twenty times and when the fight was over twenty Germans were stretched out before him. At one time a lieutenant and seven men charged down the hill toward York. He picked them off, with



Alvin C. York, Frank Schoonover

his revolver, before they covered twenty feet. When the lieutenant dropped, the major who had been captured, came to York and said, "Don't shoot any more and I will make them surrender."

When the prisoners were lined up York marched them back in the direction of the American lines. On the trip, the party ran into another German machine-gun nest. York put the major in front of him and ordered them to surrender. By this time York had a small army of prisoners ahead of him, all marching in the direction of the American lines. He reported to the nearest headquarters where his prisoners were counted. There were one hundred and thirty-two in all. York was given the Distinguished Service Cross and promoted to the rank of sergeant.

When Sergeant York arrived at Hoboken on his way home, he was met at the pier by newspaper men, moving-picture men, friends from Tennessee, and thousands of others who wanted to see the man who had captured one hundred and thirty-two Germans. He was placed in an automobile and taken to the Waldorf-Astoria, one of the best hotels in New York City. The bell-boys fought for the honor of carrying his blanket roll, helmet and pack up to his room.

After dinner was served, a surprise was sprung on the sergeant. The telephone operators in the towns between the big city of New York and the little village of Pall Mall, Tennessee, had been busy connecting up the lines so that Sergeant York could talk to his mother. He was called to the telephone and the door of the room was closed softly. No one knows what the soldier said as he sat in the fine hotel room, or what his white-haired mother heard as she stood at the telephone in the little grocery store in Tennessee. Fifteen minutes later, when he returned to the dining-room, a smile played under his stubby red mustache.

When Sergeant York was called upon to make a speech, he replied, "I guess you folks all understand that I'm just a soldier boy and not a speaker, I'd love to entertain you-all with a speech tonight, but I just can't do it. I do want to thank Major-General Duncan for coming to this dinner party you-all have given for me, and I want you-all to know that I appreciate all your kindness and attention. I just never will forget it."

From New York, Sergeant York was taken to Washington by the congressman of his district. As he sat in the gallery of the House of Representatives the congressman pointed out the soldier to the members who were seated at their desks below. As they recognized the hero of the Argonne they sprang to their feet and cheered. York stood at attention and saluted.

The soft spoken, red-headed soldier from Tennessee is now living on a farm which people of his state bought for him. To see him at work one would not guess his war record. The small boys who live in the neighborhood wish that Sergeant York would tell more about what he has done. The older folks are just as curious as the children. When some one asked him how he explained the fact that one American was able to capture one hundred and thirty-two Germans, he made this reply, "We know there are miracles, don't we? Well, this was one. It's the only way I can figure it."

Chapter 21

Charles A. Lindbergh

1902-1974

It seemed almost as if a kindly fate put young Charles Lindbergh from his earliest years in training for his wings of adventure and good-will. Two months after he was born, on February 4, 1902, his parents moved to a farm in Minnesota, and the boy's first glimpses of a world of large spaces were followed by more changes in home place and more chances for travel than come to many children.

He was a small lad when his father was elected to Congress, which meant journeys each year to Washington and back again to the West. This constant migration kept him from completing school terms but had the advantage of giving him a real interest in different kinds of living. He never had the chance to take root firmly in one place and feel that there he belonged. Instead, his natural longings were all for travel — for going on and discovering what life held for people in new places.

"I always knew I wanted to fly since I saw my first airplane in Washington, D.C., in 1912," he said, "but it was ten years later when I was enrolled in a flying school before I was near enough to a plane to touch one."

During the two months that this plane, which, in honor of the city that had given him his chance, he called *The Spirit of St. Louis,* was under construction in San Diego, California, he stayed by, ever vigilant and intent on working out each detail of the trip over land and sea to the airport in France. The spirit of the young pilot seemed to have been communicated to the mechanics at work on the wonderful plane. Sometimes they worked for twenty-four hours without rest, and the chief engineer was known to have kept at his drafting-board on one occasion for thirty-six hours. No wonder the finished plane was one of the most air-worthy and efficient ships that ever sailed the blue above earth and ocean.

The level-headed care with which Lindbergh had made his initial plans, together with his proved ability as a pilot, were followed up by an extraordinary attention to the least detail of navigation.

Day after day and far into the night of the weeks when the plane was taking shape at the factory, his plans were taking shape on maps and charts.

Lieutenant Maitland, who visited San Diego soon after the whole world was talking of Lindbergh and his flight, remarked:

"I inspected the factory where *The Spirit of St. Louis* was built and went over the maps, charts, and other data which he studied while the ship was under construction. It was amazing. I gave up the idea of luck then and there. This young man was no child of fortune; he had attained his end by hard work coupled to his amazing flying ability."

It was a capacity for taking pains in the preparation of all factors — those concerned with knowledge of land formations, of weather areas at sea, of the minute tricks of the navigating instruments,



Photo of Charles Lindbergh, with
The Spirit of St. Louis in background

and the quirks of his own mind and temper of body, as well as his instinctive command of his plane, which put him in line for success. The most careful tests were made under different conditions before the take-off for the flight. Then when all was in readiness he could still wait for the right moment. A storm held him in San Diego for four days. All of the time of enforced waiting, as well as that spent in making the overland hop to St. Louis and on to New York, was taken as opportunity for gathering additional data that might prove valuable in the days ahead.

We read the modest account of that voyage in his own story of his experiences, which he called *We*, because he always shared the honor with the beloved plane that came to work in such harmony with his every touch that it seemed another self. There was the final check-up of plane and instruments at the flying-field in New York. Then came the word from the Weather Bureau that in spite of a light rain and overcast skies, general conditions over the North Atlantic promised well for the next few days. Besides, the moon had just reached its full round and might be counted on as an important ally. A further wait, moreover, would mean increased liability of fog off Newfoundland. Surely the moment had arrived.

He went to his hotel to snatch two and a half hours of sleep before the start, but some other details of preparation thrust themselves forward as of greater importance. People who wondered how he was able to keep awake during the hours when his plane was going along the way of sea-gulls over the ocean are nevertheless not able to imagine how many things he had to be alive to at every moment. He was glad of every hour he had spent in hard work while his plane was growing under the hands of engineers and mechanics, and in study under weather experts of the charts of the North Atlantic. He had now some guide to the movement of winds, to temperature changes, and he felt real triumph in being his own navigator.

There was, of course, his genius for flying, that air-wisdom which can only be compared to the

instinctive adaptation to atmospheric conditions of a bird in its native medium. But there was besides the hardly won experience of a master mechanic, who knew the language of his motor down to the least quiver and hum inaudible to others. This had been gained in testing and repairing, as well as in controlling, all sorts and conditions of planes from hard-pressed war survivors to the most approved new models purchased for Government use.

Besides, there was a kind of uncommon common sense that he readily applied, as when he flew around clouds that he could not go through because of the sleet that began to collect on his wings. He was alert also to the opportunity of making up for time lost when obliged to turn aside from his course by taking advantage of the "cushion of air near the surface of land or water through which a plane flies with less effort than when at a high altitude." There was another compensating factor when flying close to the water. He could tell the direction and rate of the wind, as well as the nature of the cross-currents, by the way the foam was blown from the whitecaps.

So it was that in spite of fog and sleet he reached the southwestern part of Ireland, which his study of his maps helped him to recognize, got his bearings from Cape Valentia and Dingle Bay, and set a straight course by compass for Paris.

Two hours after leaving the coast of Ireland he was enjoying his first glimpse of the neat, garden-like farms of England, marked off with stone walls and hedge fences. He reflected that since the air was clear he had, after crossing the English Channel and passing over Cherbourg, France, probably seen more of that part of Europe than many people who had passed their entire lives in the countryside over which he had flown.

"You never know what a place is really like until you see it from the air," he said. "It is when they are on the ground that people find it difficult to see the woods for the trees and the relation of roads and water-ways."

At ten o'clock on the night of May 21, 1927, the Columbus of the air-trail across the Atlantic had seen the lights of Paris and was circling about the Eiffel Tower trying to decide whether the beacons of the flying-field that he saw close to the city were indeed those of Le Bourget, to which he was bound. After assuring himself that there was no other field which might be the spot he sought, he flew close to the ground, made out the line of hangars, the surrounding roads packed with cars, and the field covered with a surging mass of people running toward him as he circled around and landed. He had made the air-trip in thirty-three and a half hours from New York, with the factors of both time and place according to plan.

Our well-beloved ambassador to France, Myron T. Herrick, was one of the first to greet the Lone Eagle. "Young man, I am going to take you home with me and look after you," he said.

Lindbergh looked into the eyes that met his in fatherly kindness, and drew nearer. "I can't hear you very well; the sound of the motor is still in my ears," he said.

Among emergency equipment, the aviator had not included clothes for social occasions. So it was in a suit provided by the ambassador that Lindbergh was received by the President of France, who kissed him on both cheeks in the French manner and pinned to his coat the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

To Lindbergh one of the most interesting events was a luncheon where he was guest of honor together with the famous French aviator, Monsieur Bleriot, who made in 1909 the first airplane flight across the English Channel. He then drove with Ambassador Herrick to the Chamber of

Deputies.

"What will happen now?" asked Lindbergh, whose policy was preparedness.

"There will be speeches, of course, and you will have to say something in reply to the addresses which will surely be made in your honor," Mr. Herrick told him.

In describing the occasion afterward the ambassador remarked that Lindbergh's speech showed how ready he was to turn to good account ideas that had come up in conversation.

"Something brought up Franklin's name and I told Lindbergh about my great predecessor's interest in balloons when he was here. He liked that and asked me several questions. I then told him the story of some one's asking Franklin what was the use of a balloon, and his reply, 'What is the use of a new-born baby?'"

There was a breathless moment afterward in the hall of the French House of Representatives when General Gouraud greeted the hero of the hour as "belonging to the glorious band of which Monsieur Bleriot standing there beside you is one, which has opened up the great spaces." Lindbergh waited quietly until the outburst of applause had entirely spent itself, and then replied calmly and with simple directness in the first speech of his life:

"Gentlemen, one hundred and thirty-two years ago Benjamin Franklin was asked, 'What good



BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE

★ NEW YORK CITY, SUNDAY, MAY 22, 1927. ★

LINDBERGH AT PARIS IN 33½ HOURS; SLEPT ON WAY; RAN THROUGH STORM

'HERE WE ARE,' HIS FIRST GREETING TO FRENZIED THRONG

Map Shows How "Lucky" Lindbergh Made His Record Flight to Paris. Insets Are the Intrepid Flyer and His Plane, the Spirit of St. Louis

BELLANCA FLIGHT OFF, SAYS LEVINE AFTER NEW SPLIT

LINDBERGH TO GET FORTUNE BESIDES PRIZE OF $25,000

Heroic Flight Crowns Record Of U. S. Aviation, Says Coolidge

LINDBERGH BORE LETTERS TO PARIS SO HE'D BE KNOWN

Frontpage of the "Brooklyn Daily Eagle" May 22, 1927: Charles Lindbergh crosses the Atlantic Ocean.

is your balloon? What will it accomplish?' He replied, 'What good is a new-born child?' Less than twenty years ago when I was not far advanced from infancy, M. Bleriot flew across the English Channel and was asked, 'What good is your aeroplane? What will it accomplish?' To-day those same skeptics might ask me what good has been my flight from New York to Paris. My answer is that I believe it is the forerunner of a great air service from America to France, America to Europe, to bring our peoples nearer together in understanding and friendship than they have ever been."

Lindbergh was always thinking of things ahead to be accomplished rather than of himself. It seemed hard for him to understand the meaning of the enthusiasm of which he was the center.

"Why, look at all the American flags everywhere!" he exclaimed as he drove through the streets of Paris.

"They are hung out in your honor," Ambassador Herrick said, as he tried to make him understand the wish of every one to congratulate him on his great feat.

Lindbergh looked troubled. "I find myself thinking of the two brave French flyers who lost their lives in trying to cross from this side," he said. "You know it is much easier to fly from New York to Paris than from Paris to New York."

He paid a visit to Madame Nungesser, the mother of one of the missing aviators, who seemed to think he bore a charmed life and begged him to find her son. He also visited the sick and helpless veterans of the World War, cheering them by a glimpse of young courage, triumphant over difficulties and unspoiled by praise.

More remarkable than his mastery of his machine, and the other factors that contributed to his marvelous success as an aviator, were the human qualities that enabled him to steer a straight course through the bewildering fog of publicity, which all at once closed about him. It was apparent that here was a man who cared more for his work than for honors or rewards. The one thing he asked was the chance to live his life untroubled by curious crowds and use his wings of adventure in a way to further the cause close to his heart — the development of air-travel in America.

When in London the Prince of Wales asked the hero of the hour what he intended to do, Lindbergh replied without hesitation: "I am going to keep on flying." Later, when he was welcomed in America by his new title of Colonel and decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Cross of Honor, and the Medal of Pioneers, his brief speeches showed that his first wish was to carry on as a flying-man in the service of his country.

"Some things should be taken into consideration in connection with our flight that have not heretofore been given due weight," he said. "That is, just what made this flight possible. It was not the act of a single pilot. It was the culmination of twenty years of aeronautical research and the assembling together of all that was practicable and best in American aviation. It represented American industry."

So it is that Lindbergh ever shares the honors with those who have had part in the work of making his "wings of adventure." Our great scientist, Michael Pupin, said of him, "Whenever you speak of this land as the land of machines, remember the machine and its pilot who with a honey-hearted smile carry our American message of good-will to the nations of the earth. The gentle soul of the pilot is so closely welded to the soul of his machine that the union cannot be better described than by the affectionate title 'We.'"

Chapter 22

How We May Be Patriots

As you have read these pages, you have seen that our country has a long hue of noble men and women who unselfishly gave time and strength and often life itself in her service.

In the early days of the colonies, the founders of our nation endured great hardship that they might establish a free land.

The brave men of Revolutionary days fought against a great nation, and with little but their resolute spirits to encourage them, to keep this country free.

In the Civil War, thousands of young men, to whom life was bright and dear, cheerfully laid it down to preserve the Union, and make it a nation of free people.



The Immigrant's Ship, John C. Dollman

The memory of these heroes, many of them unknown to us by name, is a precious inheritance. What has cost so much we cannot but value highly.

We know that to this land have come millions of people from foreign countries — some in earlier days, some but recently — among them your ancestors and mine, the ancestors of us all.

We ask, Why have they come? For what has America stood that she has drawn so many millions of people from their far-distant homes across the seas? Why have they left their relatives and friends, to take the long, hard ocean journey to a land that is new and strange, and where perhaps their own language is not spoken? Why have they chosen this as their home? Why do they wish to become American citizens?

In many cases, it is the love of freedom which has drawn them — the same spirit which brought the Pilgrims and other colonists across the seas to these shores back in the days when life here was a hard and perilous struggle.

To others it has meant the land of opportunity — better wages, better homes, better chances for their children.

Others have come for different reasons, but all because America had offered them something they could not get in their own country.

And to all America has stood as the land of liberty and opportunity. As the newcomers approach the great port of New York, the first glimpse they catch of their new country is the beautiful Statue of Liberty in the harbor. Free and noble she stands as the spirit of our America, holding aloft the torch of liberty. Here men may live and work and breathe the glorious air of freedom and hope.

The brave people of the early days of our nation were so grateful for the privileges of a free land that they were willing to give much of sacrifice and service in return.

It has fallen to us to live in easier times. Not one of us probably has known hunger and cold and discomfort such as these people bore without complaint in their joy to be free and their desire to pass on a free country to their children.

Perhaps we have taken our blessings too much as a matter of course, not realizing with what price of suffering and sacrifice they have been bought. But if we think for a moment of what we would be without them, we know how much we prize them. And I hope down deep in our hearts is the willingness to bear and sacrifice, if need be, in the same spirit as those people of earlier times. None of us is so unfair as to take all and give nothing.

I hope you are already thinking: "How can *I* help my country?" There are many ways.

First, remembering that you will soon grow up and take upon yourselves the duties of citizens, prepare for that time by doing your study and work faithfully each day. You who are children today will soon be grown men and women. You must be ready to do your part of the work of the world. You will not be, if you let slip your opportunities now.

We can all have the spirit of helpfulness. We all see each day some chance to serve or help another. And we shall find that the more we do these little services, the happier we shall be. For you and I know that making others happy makes us happy.

We love our beautiful country and are proud of her glorious history. In loving her and serving her, we strive to serve all the nations. For in a sense all the nations of the world are one great family. One nation cannot fail in justice and honor without all nations bearing the consequences. One nation cannot suffer from wrong or injustice without all nations suffering with it.



Statue of Liberty unveiled, Edward Moran

Let us, therefore, earnestly resolve that we will each do our part to keep the nation to which we belong strong and true in her inner life, and in her relations toward all other nations.

If we keep our country's good ever before us, making such sacrifices as we are called upon to make for her, we belong to the noble company of patriots as truly as did Washington or Lincoln. Are you a patriot?

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