What They Would Do If They Were Broke

SEVERAL PROMINENT PORTLANDERS EXPRESS THEIR VIEWS ON MAKING A FRESH START IN LIFE # # 5

event of losing from one fell blow all the accumulations of a successful career is always a source of interesting and not unedifying speculation.

The contingency of "going broke" is not at best a very remote one, even in the and brain, application, honesty and energy, have gained a competence. Current annals are full of instances of business reverses which amount to absolute failure. "Going broke" is far too everyday an occurrence to be viewed entirely in the light of theory. The fear of it is too often a haunting specter which follows the man of business to and from his office and sits upon his troubled pillow at fice and sits upon his troubled pillow at night. So it happens that men are given speculation as to what they would do if some frowning morning they should awake to find that occupation, worldly possessions and prestige were all gone.

In an effort to get something like a consensus of expression on the subject, I asked a number of Portland's most substantial men in many avenues of activity what they would do if tomorrow they should find themselves "flat broke," with only health and their mental faculties as assets. I wanted to know what they uld do to earn a livelihood and regain their lost estate.

Some of those who answered were briefly positive and decided and said so in a few terse words, while others asked for time, and wrote out their conclusions at some length.

The effort to and out what these men would do brought the following results, and they should each one be an enc agement to the man who is "down on his luck" and thinks all the world is in conspiracy against him.

FARMING OFFERS BEST CHANCE. A. D. Charlton Knows No Vocation Sc

Certain as Tilling Soil. ' I were broke and had to begin over again? Why, that's one of the easiest questions I ever undertook to answer, said A. D. Chariton when the query was passed along to him. "I'd go to farming and I'd soon get on my feet again."

The Northern Pacific's distinguished Assistant General Passenger Agent was not joking either. He meant it and took ad- over for a few days before deciding. That vantage of a chance to tell why.

"Of course, if I had no money I couldn't little dust to the job. buy a farm, but without a cent I'm sure could rent one, or at the worst I'd go work as a farm hand. I've farmed and know it to be the most satisfying,



of wheat and volunteered 160 that had sowed 160 acres and volunteered the other my office and, as I say, I have never yet]

"It would be no difficult matter for cherry. That's why if I were broke I'd strike into the country and rent a piece of ground, or if I couldn't rent I'd begin as a hand and watch my chance to get some land of my own. Yes, I'm certain I'd dearry again on a farmer."

"What I was been done can be done over "What I was been done can be done over "What I was been done over ""What I was been done over """

"HAT would I do if I were broke?"

manager of the Regulator Line, with his bearty laugh. "Why, I'd go around and borrow from all of me of the regulator Line, with his Honesty is the best policy," or transborrow from all of my friends."

is just one thing I would not do-I would not scorn any honest work that would unfortunate tendency among some of our young men of today, who have been college trained, to feel that only some pro-fessional or high-grade work is becoming to their dignity. Two young men from the East recently came to me bringing letters of introduction from an old friend of mine. They were desirous of getting something to do here, and in the course of our conversation I said that some very fire young men had come been said by fine young men had come here and had taken up work on the streetear lines as motormen or conductors; that one of our former carmen was now getting \$200 a onth in Spokane and another had been

victions was quite offended that I had suggested the possibility of his going to work as a carman. For myself, it I were without other occupation tomorrow, I would be quite willing to begin at the

Ex-Mayor Rowe Thinks No One Who X-MAYOR H. S. ROWE, when the was put to Secretary Gage. The Secre- sources which offer best openings for a tary answered very promptly, If I were man. out of money, I suppose I should do what "It :

men of affairs would do in the the reporter disappeared, and then besical. So in breathless haste he started out after the reporter, who gave him a chase of several miles.

"The Secretary's experience is a warn-

TRAVELING SALESMAN FOR HIM. Arthur Devers' Idea Is to Sell Good for Some One Else.

M R. A. H. DEVERS report. "Just the question was put to him: "Just R. A. H. DEVERS replied when at this moment, if I were busted, I would want a man, but they all have to think it



A. H. Devers Would Turn Drummer.

The truth is, so much depends on a man's past. For myself, I would try to Allen, one of Portland's most successget a position as traveling salesman. I ful merchants and the most popular Irish-am not as young as I was once, and there is a bald spot on my head, but I think there are perhaps half a dozen jobs in the city I might get. Falling the salesman's chance, I would get somebody to give me a few goods to sell, and I would go out and peddle them. That would be my WRY."

WOULD MASTER SOME TRADE.

Ben Selling Believes Today's Opports nities Are Better Than the Past. B EN SELLING, in reply to The Ore-

"The world loves a winner. Strange as it may seem, the man who above all others needs sympathy and good willthe unsuccessful man-never receives it. The multitude applauds him who out shead in the race and haswell-faint censure to heap upon the more unfortunate. For these and other reasons it is somewhat difficult to an-What I would do if I had to start

life over again "With my present knowledge of affairs, I would take up and learn a trade in line with the business whi and if done properly, one of the most lu-crative employments. The fact is, I'm a farmer now. For two years I've owned a 69-acre farm over in Washington, and otherwise I have been properly and the second of the s a 48-acre farm over in Washington, and although I have never seen it and have farmed it from my desk here in this office, the place has already paid for inself. I hought the place two years ago and the first season I put out 320 acres of wheat and volunteered 180 that had nish opportunities for the foundation

of huge fortunes.
"With 20 years of my life to live over again I would join with two or three other young, energetic, upright, honest, young men and engage in mer-cantile life, wholeanle or retail, either of which could be developed far beyond Farming in the Northwest is certain time citizens.

"It would be no difficult matter for "It would be no difficult matter the anticipations of most of our old-

"What has been done can be done ov-WILLING TO RUN A STREET CAR.

H. C. Campbell Would Not Scorn Honest Work.

H. G. Campbell Would Not Scorn Honest Work. fairy story. "One more thing -and that most im-

"But suppose you were away from all CUTTING CORDWOOD FOR BREAD. as rapidly as my services warranted.

bring me in honest money. There is an Clarke & Co., "I assume that it is taken Clarke & Co. "I assume that it is taken in its common sense and material sense, meaning dearth of funds and a pressing need for the same. This condition came to me once in my life and was quickly relieved. At 18 years I was looking for a position in Portland, a stranger without influence. Pending the aforesaid position I cut cordwood for R. A. Habersham at \$1.60 a cord. a stranger without influence. Pending the aforesaid position I cut cordwood for R. A. Habersham at \$1.00 a cord. doing this for several months until something better offered. As there has never been a dearth of either of wood suggest this as a cure in all able

> MINING OFFERS BEST CHANCE, H. C. Wortman Thinks No Other Equal

bodied cases."

Opportunity Offers Itself. R. H. C. Wortman, of Olds, Wort-M man & King, was caught at a busy moment in his busy day, but he found time to make a thoughful response to

"As a Portlander," he said, "I should perhaps make a different reply from that I would make in Chicago or New York or Washington, if the same question were question was propounded to him, be- put to me in either of those cities, because came reminiscent. "Once upon a time," the opportunities in any place must be he said. "a question something like this considered in answering this, and the re-

the other fellows do, go out and steal.'

He had a few moment for reflection after the reporter disappeared, and then bethought himself that it would sound very reprehensible next morning if a newspaper should say that the Secretary of the Treasury had been advising men to steal. So in breathless haste he started out after the reporter, who gave him a coportunities.

West a man seeking for a business opening could not do better than to go into mining. He could take up a Government claim, and by working for some one else, could gradually acquire the implementate to work his own claim. The mineral resources of this country and of Alaska have scarcely been touched. To the man who will work, they offer stupendous coportunities.

opportunities.
"The stock industry, sheepralsing and agriculture all offer splendid chances, but if I personally had to start all over again tomorrow, I would go in for mining."

ANY WORK THAT WAS OFFERED. That is What F. E. Beach Would Go at and Push Upward.

HAT would I do if I were broke?" repeated Mr. F. E. Beach. "For an answer to this question one must look back over his personal experience, if he has been obliged to rely on his own efforts. The young man starting out without practical knowledge is Sable to 'go broke,' but from my own experience and observation, if he is willing o do any kind of work at wages he earn, he will not be broke long. My first earn, he will not be broke long. My first year's work on the Coast was driving an ice wagon, getting up at 1:20 and starting at 2 o'clock in the morning. If I was a young man today, without business experience and found myself broke, I would do any kind of work, and if the wages were 30 cents a day I would try to earn for my employer 35, knowing that the character of the work would improve and wages be advanced to my earning and wages be advanced to my earning capacity. But, if I was possessed of some-business experience, I would get work in the lines I was most familiar with, relying on the same principlesworking for any wages if only 155 a month, but trying to carn 1250, and I would get the same results—a better poaition and better pay.

"This is 'what I would do if broks,'
and there is not an idle man wanting
work in Portland today, if he has even
ordinary ability and wfil adopt this poiordinary ability and will adopt this pos-icy, who will not get a position. He may have to accept small wages and unde-sirable work, but if he has it in him and will work for it, be will get a better place and better pay, and will not have to move on to some other city. Every business firm in Portland is increasing the volume of its business and has posi-tions writing for men who have or are ns waiting for men who have or are ng to show that they can earn a good

BACK BEHIND THE COUNTER, Dan McAllen's Best Hold Would B

Selling Dry Goods. T is only necessary to talk to Dan Mc man in the city, to discover that the



prospect of "going broke" has no terrors for him. He is by nature sanguine and happy, and is on very good terms with

"Why. I'd begin again behind the coun ter. I've done many things in my time.
I've been a farmer, a miner and a dock
laborer. I've also been a dry goods cierk, and that's how I became a dry goods mer-chant. I've been broke a good many times, but don't expect to be again. However, if we suppose a case and say that I was I wouldn't hesitate a minute. I'd go to work at most any kind of wages as a clerk, and I'd have a store of my own to trious and reasonably economical,"

IN THE OFFICE OF A GOOD HOTEL Here Is Where H. C. Bowers Would Make a Fresh Start in Business.

THAT'S something that might hap-pen to any of us," said H. C. Bowers, the manager of Portland's great hotel. "If such a calamity befell me I would apply for a situation behind the desk of some respeciable hotel, and when I found a place I'd take such an interest in that hotel and work so faithfully that the management of the business would advance me

W. F. Woodward. Speaks From an Actual Experience of His Own.

N using the word 'broke,' " said W. F. Woodward, of Woodard, way as employer's are now either the way as employer was now either the way as employer who are now either the way as employer who are now either the way as employers who are now either the way.

a magnificent hotel is being built for him in New York, and he is recognized as one of the most efficient men in the business. Too many men in this and other businesses watch the clock to see when their shift of duty ends, and as soon as the hour strikes they walk out and forget all about their employer's interests. This course never advanced any man, and in the hotel business such a one is fortunate if he can retain a place, even as the humblest of clerks. The man who is willing to work an hour over time in case of emergency, and who studies the business and makes it siware his first determined and makes it siware his first determined. ness and makes it always his first duty will succeed.
"If I were suddenly to find myself without money or influence I'd take any kind
of a place on some botel force, and am
confident that I' would soon be on my
feet area."

feet again."

por to me it either of those cities, because the opportunities in any place must be considered in answering this, and the resources which offer best openings for a man.

Phil. Metschan Would Take the Very First Thing That Came to Hand.

Casey—An' Kelly's lasht wurds wur, "Of wish Of cut live two days longer."

Fiblip Metschan, proprietor of the limberial Hotel. "I would rustle, that's hacks wid be at his funeral. Phil. Metschan Would Take the Very

quicker a man begins to rustle, the better it is for him."

LAY SERMON TO YOUNG MEN. B. Lee Paget Sets Down Rules He

Thinks Must Win Success. DO not have to draw on my imagination or evolve any pretty theory or fairy tale in order to answer your somewhat

unusual question.

A Methodist is expected to be always ready "to give his experience," and this must be my excuse for seeming to take advantage of an opportunity to parade some methods, which I found useful 16 years ago as an entire stranger in Portland, beginning absolutely at bedrock, under conditions similar to those indicated

Perhaps I may be pardoned if, for the nefit of any young man who may read this symposium in order to glean practical ideas for his own guidance, I suggest that my experience has shown me that, in en deavoring to secure a goodly share of the the following aids have been absolutely

Prompt and energetic application to the first honorable employment attainable and contentment with its duties and remunera-tion until a better opportunity is found. Persistent economy, whilst avoiding par-

movements and organizations instituted solely for the public welfare.

Active and consistent church membe

enip.

A conscientious and faithful discharge of all duty, including political responsibility and affiliation with a party measuring fully up to the standard of one's political ideals. Last, but by no means least: A wife who is ever ready, with intelli-

gest and sympathetic counsel, in any problem that presents itself.
This combination will create for any man an asset which would prove of priceless value in the event of such disaster as is contemplated by your question, and enable him to rapidly regain any com-mercial or financial prestige of which he might temporarily be deprived and to remight temporarily be depite confidence.

tain a full measure of public confidence.

B. LEE PAGE.T

ANY KIND OF HONEST WORK,

John F. Cordray Speaks Against the Great Error of False Pride.

F I WERE "flat broke," the first thing that would come into my head would Work, work, is the greatest panacea for

What kind of work? Any kind of work that was honest. "Root up" the earth; till the soil. No one need go hungry in this land of plenty unless crippled to such an extent that he cannot work. It is certain the Great Master who created the universe intended that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Allow the body to remain idle and watch the result. An absolute decline of everything result. An absolute decline of everything that goes to make life worth living. Therefore, I say, if you want to succeed in any kind of business, if requires work. Be a producer, if possible. Did you ever stop and think what could be done with a single potato by dividing it into several parts and then plant in the ground. In a short time you would reap a peck of fine potatoes. Here is the nucleus. Try it. We have too many living off the other fellow. Manage to be a producer and see how quick you will be above want.

Ope great error amony many is false.

Ope great error amony many is false pride. Some people consider a pair of oversils a diagrace or a kitchen apron aw-ful. Keep away from the dandy who abhors manual labor and look out for the young lady who reclines on a sofa in the front parior, reading a yellow-back novel, while her poor mother is washing the fam-ily dishes. A subject of this kind always reminds me of a railway station in one of the Eastern cities that was bothered a great deal by an indigent class, who were always "broke" and would appropriate articles (not steal). The agent stuck up this notice: "The Lord helps those who helps themselves; but Lord help the one

JOHN F. CORDRAY. STAKES OUT A STRAIGHT ROAD. Samuel Connell, After 20 Years' Expe-

rience, Indicates Essentials. F I WERE beginning my use over again I would at the very outset identify myself with the church, and in all things strive to act consistently with its teachings. This step, as I know from over 20 years of experience, will save any young man who takes it honestly, from many temptations. I would arrive for a good practical education along technical lines and especially in the use of the very best English. A knowledge of mathe-matics is not one-half as important as to know how gracefully and forcibly to write a letter or issue an order that will secure the desired end without giving of-

I would seek employment and take any job that I could get, providing the work was honest and I could do it at all. I would work as diligently and thoughtfully as though I were to participate in the results of my labor and thus by intelli-gent application to my work I would seek advancement. Every man who em ploys men knows that good, thoughtful, diligent employes are valuable and advances them. Too many young men are not satisfied with their employment and are constantly looking for and thinking about a new position. This is a poor plan, and I would never change employ-ment except there was a good cause for my doing so and a decided advantage to

I would not be over anxious to engage in business on my own account, but af-ter reasonable experience I would look ter reasonable experience I would look for a business opening for myself, pref-erably in the manufacturing line. I would then seek to employ only good men, and by this I mean men of char-acter as well as skill. I would treat all my employes well and encourage them in putting thought, as well as time and muscle, into their work. I should have a sufficient system whereby I might ac-

John Davenport, Colfax, With "Chinned" Beard

AN OREGONIAN WHOM THE INDIANS LOVED BECAUSE HE NEVER TOLD THEM A LIE # # # # # # # #



O NCE in Silverton. Oregon, under the big cak tree that stood in the center of Main street, an old Indian was seen to be half crying as he talked to a white man. They had been dear friends for a great many years, and they had met to say good-bye, apparently forever. The Indian was an old one, and his face and hair were about the same color of the tears that went streaking down the deep wrinkles of his face till they met under his chin. The white man was young in appearance, although with which he gave a peculiar toss now and then. There was a long hand-shake with the Indian clinching, apparently to save time. Finally the white man pulled himself away, turned and walked into the last of the store down and one and had a small silp of greasy paper, on which was written. There was a long hand-shake with the Indian clinching, apparently to save time. Finally the white man pulled himself away, turned and walked into the NCE in Silverton, Oregon, under the | "Tell your Indians to get their blankets | turned to be the Indian's enemy, and self away, turned and walked into tife time he got up, and with the middle of the street till it changed into the Molalla Road. There's where his pony was tied. Here, drying his eyes with the corners of his buckskin coat, he scrambled onto his pony's back, as only an indian would, and went at a slow dog trot down the road towards the heavy timber ranges of the Upper Molalla No. the heavy timber ranges of the Upper Molalia. Not many noticed the incident, and there was little or no comment outside of a few joking men, the main joke being that an Indian could cry or nearly

being that an Indian could cry or nearly One evening a strange chief came to his store. He spoke different jargon, even looked different from the other Indians. Through an interpreter that he had he

said that he wanted to sell some deer and beaver skins and buy big lots of

"We will buy your skins and sell you blankets after 6 o'clock." At which prospect the Indian chief seemed pleased.

At the given hour the hides the Indian tribe had to sell were brought in, the

"All right," answered the storekeeper. We will buy your skins and sell you muscle, into their work. I should have a sufficient system whereby I might accurately know my own business in all of its various departments. I would cultivate a friendly tolerance for all of my competitors, believing that there is more profit and satisfaction in such a course than can be found in intense, intolerant competition. I have found that no competition is small enough to be ignored and that no man's business ever becomes so great as to justify him in becoming unmindful of his competitors.

I would cheerfully give a portlon of my time to the consideration and promotion of public matters. There is a large amount of work to be done for the general good in every community and it should be done cheerfully by our busiest business men. As to politics—well, I would at least register and vote regularly. It is my ambition to proceed upon the foregoing lines doing my duty to myself, my employes, my competitors and the public, for I believe that such a course consistently followed will result in a useful and successful career.

SAMUEL CONNELL.

His Last Wish.

His Last Wish.

Casey—An' Kelly's lasht wurds wuz, "Olysish Oj cud live two days longer."

Riley—An' fer what?

Casey—So be could see how manny hacks wud be at his funeral.

hout waiting for d peoped around

much to the Indians of that country, each being that an Indian could cry or nearly so. The Indian was old Shian, the last of the Moialia tribe. The man with the pleasant smile and the queer chin beard was John Davenport, a partner with Ai Coolidge, ploneer in the old brick store. It was about the year 1875 that John Davenport was going to the Palouse country to go into the general merchandise business on a large scale, and he finally settled at Colfax, Washington. There were more Indians there than there were in Silverton, and, perhaps, for that reason alone, John Davenport was happy. He laughed and played practical jokes on them, and they seemed to like it, and they talked loud whenever he passed by. In fact, they cackled like greese whenever his name was mentioned. They hung about his store and examined misutely the fiber or texture of all the grains of brown sugar, during which time he learned their language, and they in turn learned most of his. He soon came to be the most popular man in town with whites as well as Indians. Other tribes came and camped and sold their beaver skins and bought his flour and blankets, and before many months had passed John Davenport was deing a big business.

One ovening a strange chief came to his store. He spoke different jargon, even the store. when the merchant and his family started, they found at each stage station that the road was lined for a mile either way with Indians decked in paint and gala attire. The merchant's wife and daughters were humiliated at seeing the squaws hold up their papooses, all of whom had been named John Davenport. This pleased the man with the white beard, and he smiled and shook hands with as many of the little savages as he could reach. As he passed on the Indians could reach. As he passed on the Indians all took up the line of march and fairly escorted him in a great parade as if he were their god. Sohlie tyee. No indian ever beat him out of a dollar, but a bad

sent that Indian to the Penitentiary for seven years. The Indian merchant, as everybody called him, grew to be very wealthy, but he was robbed by a white man. The Indians heard of his loss and came by thousands to try and help him, only to find that the grief of his loss had driven him away. Indians hunted for him in vain, and finally appealed to the settlement, asking if they could name a town after him, which they did, and it is Davenport. Wash is Davenport, Wash.

Some years later in Silverton, Or., near where the hig oak tree used to stand, I saw a strange sight, Old Shian had come to town, where he had not been for years. Silverton, as that was his compass. But the tree was gone, Silverton had outgrown the Indian and the tree. Father asked him if he knew him, and the Indian replied, "Wake"—No. "You don't know me," asked the white man, "Wake." "Did you ever see me before?" "Wake." The Indian and the white man stood meditating, while the other old plomeers laughed. Finally the merchant's brother spoke and said, "I am John Davenport's brother." At this, the old Molaila chief brother." At this, the old Molalia chief trembled and shook. A nervous chill trembled and shook. A nervous chill seemed to come over him. His knees al-most gave way. The old Indian reached for the white man's hand, and when he grasped it, he turned and looked off over the hills toward the darker timber in the direction of the Upper Modalla. For some minutes the red man maintained silence. while tears coursed down his deep fur-rowed face. Then with broken voice he asked, "Oh Ka John?" meuning "Where is John?" "St-ah, Portland," said the man. At which the old chief had nothing to say. "Shian," asked the white me "what made Indians like John Dave port, and John Davenport like Indians The old Indian turned, wiping some the cold Indian turned, wiping some and talked "Shian," asked the white man the tears out of his eyes, and talked to the white man some moments in his own language, a translation of which was, "Cause John Davenbort never told an Indian a lie."

Alice F. Tilden in Outing. The dawn's a-lyin' ellent on the ragged sidge of Maine.
With an arm o' mist a-windin' round a tree; While there aint no signs of stirrin', 'cept a twitterin' in the woods,
An' a lonely seal a'swimmin' out to sea.

ainder pale and cold.

An' there ain't a breath o' wind to stir the grass;

An' little clouds are clutterin' up the view, An' the water 's quiet as a lookin' glass.

All the trees are pointin' up to beaven and down into the sea;
"Till a little breeze comes crinklin' up the hay.
To smash the lookin' glass to bits and chars away the clouds; away the clouds; I' the sun comes shovin' up. An' then it's day!

Every mother feels & great dread of the pain and danger attendant upon the most critical period of her life. Becoming

a mother should be a source of joy to all, but the suffering and danger incident to the ordeal makes its anticipation one of misery. Mother's Friend is the only remedy which relieves women of the great pain and danger of maternity; this hour which is dreaded as woman's severest trial is not only made painless, but all the danger is avoided by its use. Those who use this remedy are no longer despondent or gloomy; nervousness, nausea and other distressing conditions are overcome, the system is made ready for the coming event, and the

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