

Weekly Chemawa American.

CHEMAWA, OREGON,

FRIDAY JANUARY 17, 1902.

Low Wallace's Father Threw Him on His Own Resources.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE, according to his own words, was a poor student in his young manhood. He grew tired of his college course after six weeks and returned home. But his failure at college furnished the turning point in his career. He said:—

"I shall never forget what my father did when I returned home. He called me into his office, and took from a pigeonhole in his desk a package of paper neatly folded and tied with red tape. He was a very systematic man, because perhaps, of his West Point training. The papers proved to be the receipts for my tuition, which he had carefully preserved. He called off his items, and asked me to add them. The total, I confess, staggered me.

"That sum my son," he said, with a tone of regret in his voice, "represents what I have expended to provide you with good education. How successful I have been, you know better than anyone else."

"After mature reflection, I have come to the conclusion that I have done for you, in that direction, all that can reasonably be expected of any parent; and I have, therefore, called you in to tell you that you have now reached an age when you must take up the lines yourself. If you have failed to profit by the advantages with which I have tried so hard to surround you, the responsibility must be yours. I shall not upbraid you for your neglect, but rather pity you for the indifference which you have shown to the golden opportunities you have been enabled to enjoy through my indulgence.

He Had to Learn, Evenings, What He Might Have Learned in College.

"What effect did his admonition have on you? Did it awaken or arouse you?" General Wallace was asked.

"It aroused me, most assuredly. It set to thinking. The next day, I set out with a determination to accomplish something for myself. My father's injunction rang in my ears. New responsibilities rested on my shoulders, as I was, for the first time in my life, my own master. I felt that I must get to work on my own account.

"After much effort, I finally obtained employment from the man with whom I had passed many afternoons strolling up and down the little streams in the neighborhood trying to fish. He was a county clerk, and he hired me to copy what was known as the complete record of one of the courts. I worked for months in a dingy, half-lighted room, receiving for my pay something like ten cents a hundred words. The tediousness and the regularity of the work made a splendid drill for me, and taught me the virtue of persistence as one of the avenues of success. It was at this time I began to realize the deficiency in my education, especially as I had an ambition to become a lawyer. Being deficient in both mathematics and grammar, I was forced to study evenings. Of course that was very exacting, after a full day's hard work, but I was made to realize that the time I had spent with such lavish prodigality could not be recovered, and that I must extract every possible good out of the golden moments then flying by all too fast.