

An Unconscious Slave

By ELIZABETH WEED

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William Remington left the farm when he was seventeen years old and went to the city. He had but one idea—to get rich, go back to the country and give his old father and mother every comfort.

Remington was a natural hustler, a man of remarkable concentration. For the first few years of his business life it was work, work, work, and save, save, save. He wrote regularly to his parents. Occasionally he would ask them if they needed a little money. The reply was that they were doing well enough; he was not to worry about them, but get himself established. He would then write back that he was straining every nerve, saving every cent, to get together some capital. As soon as he could use capital himself he could help them much better than now.

They wrote him every summer to make them a visit, but he replied that he never took a vacation; he was too busy. But he was forging ahead, being promoted rapidly. One day he received a letter from his mother asking if there was anything the matter with him—they had not heard from him for two months. Remington was astonished. He had not written for two months. He had been so busy that he had forgotten to write. He wrote at once, and very penitently, explaining that all his time was required to open a new field in the business and it had absorbed all his attention. He promised that it should not occur again.

When Remington was twenty-five he had succeeded on two lines. He had saved money and made himself valuable. He was worth more than his money. The concern he was with offered to pay him each year five times the amount of his savings. He accepted and remained with it.

Remington sent his parents remittances from this time forward. But he never went to see them. He was too busy. At first he mailed the checks himself with an affectionate letter, but finally, having turned over his private matters to his clerk, they were always mailed by him on the first of the month with no letter at all.

The members of the firm were dying off, and Remington after awhile became managing partner. He was now so busy that he had no time whatever to write to his parents and never did so. But his clerk sent the remittances regularly. One day a man asked him something about his mother. He looked at the questioner, dazed. For an instant he did not seem quite sure he had a mother. The next moment a pained expression passed over his face. But three men were waiting to ask instructions on some point pertaining to the business, and his attention was diverted.

Remington would not permit any one except himself to decide any question of great or small importance. It was not long before the other partners—they were now all juniors—discovered that his health was breaking down under the strain of too much work.

"What's the matter with him?" asked one of them of a doctor.

"He's a slave to detail, same as some one to liquor or drugs."

They remonstrated with the managing partner, but he would not listen to them. Something must be done.

One Sunday morning in early spring when Remington couldn't very well go to business one of his junior partners prevailed upon him to kill time till he might recommence the week's drive by going for a sail on a yacht.

Remington did not get off that yacht for six weeks. He had been kidnapped. He swore, he fumed, he threatened, all to no purpose. The yacht was headed for the island of Madeira, and he couldn't get ashore. Finally he gave himself up to the pleasant, lazy surroundings, and the nervous furor that had been driving him on began to wear off when he reached Madeira and went into its tropical gardens filled with perfume exhaling plants. There he luxuriated in a sort of convalescence. He was ready to listen to reason. He signed a bond with \$100,000 forfeit, agreeing to divide the business into departments, appointing a manager for each and solemnly pledging his word of honor not to interfere with any manager in any particular.

After a week spent visiting the different parts of the island the party returned to America.

There was nothing to do in arranging the business in accordance with the new plan, for it was so arranged already. What was necessary was for Remington to leave each department to its manager. Therefore on his return, finding the business going on just as well as it had been under his personal supervision, he started to visit his father and mother.

He found two old people who did not recognize him when he entered. Nor did he recognize them. His mother was very feeble. Remington put his arms about her and said:

"Mother, I'm Will. I've come back to take you to the city and give you every comfort—a fine house, horses and carriages, automobiles—anything, everything you want."

"And take me away from home?" whimpered the old lady. "I don't want any of those things, nor does Pa."

"Thirty years lost in slavery," said Remington to himself.

A Clear Case.
"So you think Mars must be inhabited?"

"Yassuh," replied Uncle Rasberry. "Dar ain' no doubt of it. An', what's mo', dem 'habitants is culled folks. All dem canals wouldn't be no good wifout canalboats, an' canalboats wouldn't be no good wifout mules, an' dar ain' no use o' tryin' to run any kin' o' mule business wifout de help o' culled folks."

—Washington Star.

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